

Dugullumba Times



Yatala Hotel, circa 1920
(see page 6)

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Meetings: *All Meetings and/or Guest Speaker days commence at 9.30 am*

Quarterly General Meetings are held in February, May, August and November.

Annual General Meeting is held in October

NOTE EASTER & ANZAC CLOSURE DATES

Easter - 17, 18 & 19 April
Anzac Day- Friday 25 April

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Dates to Remember

| | |
|-------------|---|
| February 1 | General Meeting: Guest Speaker: Beryl Roberts |
| February 12 | Sausage Sizzle |
| March 6 | Guest Speaker Day |
| March 12 | Sausage Sizzle |
| March 21-24 | Connections Conference 2025 |
| April 5 | Guest Speaker Day |
| April 16 | Sausage Sizzle |
| May 1 | General Meeting and Guest Speaker |
| May 14 | Sausage Sizzle |

Appreciation

The Committee and Members of Logan River Family History Inc.
would like to thank Shannon Fentiman MP for Waterford and her
staff for their support in printing our journal

From our President

From our President

Hello Members

I have to confess that I am starting this year with an intense headache caused by banging my head against the brick wall of a disappearing gamekeeper. Despite money and time spent in searching through numerous records of Essex parishes, he has continued to elude me. It is my wish that you have been more successful than I in following your ancestral trees. The advantage we have in being members of a collaborative genealogical society is that we can help each other with our searches.

I hope everyone is getting excited about Connections, the Australasian Conference 2025. We are fortunate that the venue is local; a mere few kilometres up the freeway to Eight Mile Plains. I'm looking forward to it for two reasons: I want to increase my research skills by listening to experienced experts and, we have a display table in the Exhibitors' Trade Fair, which gives us a great opportunity to promote our society. You'll be hearing more from me about that as the time comes closer, because we need volunteers to staff the table. Thank you to those members who have already volunteered.

I was looking over our current membership register during the holidays and couldn't help but notice that there are many names of members who we rarely see at the rooms. That makes me a little sad as our Vision Statement is:

"Our vision is to create a collaborative environment of friendly researchers who take pride in preserving our heritage."

I guess it makes me sad because not everyone who has paid their annual membership is taking advantage of the chance to meet and make new friends, to help and be helped by others doing their ancestral research (Let's face it, friends and family often don't understand why we do it!), and spend some time working to make our group an even more successful genealogical society. You will always be welcome if you come into the rooms, even if you only stop by for a coffee and a chat. Don't get me wrong, there are many who are taking full advantage of their membership and are involved in many ways, but I would love to see many more of us doing just that.

So, there's my challenge for this year.

Come into the rooms more often than you have been:

- o try an extra different day at times, it needn't be every week,*
- o drop in for an hour or so for a chat,*
- o join the Writers' Group,*
- o ask what needs to be done and give it a go, the list goes on!*

Maybe someone can solve my disappearing gamekeeper conundrum!

Best wishes for a successful year ahead,



Rob Thomson
President



From the Editor

Who can believe that January is over already, and here we are presenting your first Dugullumba Times for 2025.

I am hoping that some of you are getting excited with your research, and perhaps thinking of writing a story on your research adventures, or for one of the topics for our display board. *(list of topics for this year on page 35)*

Speaking of which, I see a lovely display at present on POSTCARDS in our rooms. Take time to have a look at it. It is really encouraging to see so many people contributing.

I hope you enjoy your journal, it's a pleasure to present it to you.

And please take note of our Easter and Anzac closure dates.

Easter - 17, 18 & 19 April
Anzac Day- Friday 25 April

Thank you all for your support
Val Watson

Front Cover Photo - Yatala Hotel

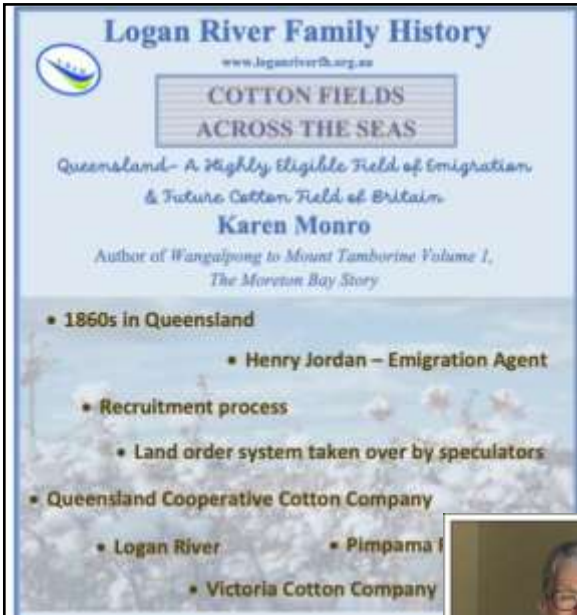
Facing the main Beenleigh to Southport Road, the Yatala Hotel was erected in the 1880s as the successor to Thomas Hanlon's Ferry Hotel, erected ca. 1870. Peter Chardon was possibly the builder as the name of the hotel was 'Yatala Hotel' by 1886. The hotel remained in business until ca. 1967, by which date, the Pacific Highway bypass of Beenleigh and Yatala (opened Dec. 1965) had destroyed much of the hotel's business

(photo courtesy State Library of Queensland)

DUGULLUMBA

*The Aboriginal name for the Logan River
meaning 'home of the hornet'.*

Logan River Family History respectfully acknowledges the Traditional Custodians of the lands across the City of Logan. We extend that respect to Elders, past and present. They hold the memories, traditions, cultures and hopes of Australia's First Peoples.



Guest Speaker

Elizabeth thanking Karen for her informative talk on early Immigration Schemes and Cotton Fields in Queensland at our November meeting



A big 'Thank You' also to Karen for judging our journal stories for the Helen Kent Memorial awards for 2024

(see Karen's report on the following pages)

To the Writers of the Articles for the Helen Kent Trophy for 2024

From Karen Monro

Reading your treasured memories warmed by heart. It was an absolute delight to be taken back to my younger days through your stories.

Memories seem to surface unexpectedly & vividly at our stage in life. Sharing those moments forms a bond between storyteller and reader, be it a similar experience such as ... childhood perceptions in the Granite Island story ... or something quite new ... how many of us have been rescued from remote north-west Queensland or lived on a World War Two airfield?

I congratulate each of the writers. Your stories give the reader a glimpse into the past, and for many of us, resurrect delightful recollections long forgotten.

Who can forget the matching shoes, handbag, hat & gloves; the Sunbeam hair-dryer complete with drying cap; those huge Butterick pattern books in the Department Stores; the treasured wooden blocks that occupied us for hours; our hand stitched school samplers and fancy work on pieces of hessian; the small tea sets for pretend teas with our dolls; the wonderful innocence of our childhood games and the camaraderie it engendered; and the open air family reunions and gatherings by the sea or in the park, complete with BBQ sausages, steak & onions, drinks and a liberal application of insect repellent.

The lovely turns of phrase that kept popping up made the read all the more enjoyable, e.g.: -

slender threads — keeping the bonds strong —
research adventures — firm memory of my
childhood — grown up wandering the wilds of
the country — flammable detritus — dipping
down & buzzing — Homemade instead of
Readymade — a simple but lasting gift of en-
joyment — it's a real treasure — a balloon be-
tween your knees and pass it on to the next set
of knees.

Your selection of photos added to each story wonderfully. A picture says a thousand words as they say, or in the case of the Litchfield family, over one hundred family members, against a backdrop of sweeping plains.

The inclusion of original sources such as certificates etc. make interesting reading and prompt us to focus on the wealth of information contained within these documents, as illustrated by the well written, and enjoyable research story on Thomas & Elizabeth Toogood.

I love being introduced to new and fascinating snippets. The term “Sliding Doors” was previously unknown to me. I had no idea that the Sunderland flying boats patrolled the English Channel, to protect our merchant ships from enemy submarines during World War 2. And the story of Major Alex. Dingwall Kennedy was a complete surprise. This Scottish doctor learned unofficially to fly so he could evacuate the wounded by air. In so doing he developed the first air ambulance. His innovative and ingenious contribution to World War 1, lay dormant for just over two decades, before a letter to the Lancet in 1943 told all.

It is obvious that your memories are very dear to your hearts. A big thank you to everyone for sharing your stories.

It gives me much pleasure to award: -

HIGHLY COMMENDED - **My Boyhood Home**

I loved the interestingly creative approach used here. From the moment you begin to read the first line, you are drawn to this story and want to keep reading. From there the writer takes you by the hand to lead you from the backyard, up the stairs and through the home, taking a moment to reminisce in each room. The poignant memories are enhanced by the lingering aroma of the freesias under the citrus trees and the sweet peas by the stairs, the sounds of the unforgettable Blue Hills on the radio, and the unique odour of the uneaten lunches in their cardboard cases.

The writer embraced his family history ... Dad growing vegies, Mum an artist, along with his childhood memories and a smattering of local history. Well Done!

And I promise, the fact that my great aunt also lived in Agnes Street, Torwood, had no bearing whatsoever, on awarding My Boyhood Home Highly Commended. ☺

With the greatest of pleasure I am pleased to announce that the: -

WINNER of the Helen Kent Trophy for 2024 is

John Robert Cockle, Letters from the Grave

This mystifying story is worthy of its very own Agatha Christie novel!

But this is no novel, for it holds an astoundingly wide range of very valuable offerings for the family historian.

The title Letters from the Grave ties in perfectly with the opening paragraph...

I am not going to start at the beginning, I am going to start at the end — of John Cockle's life that is.

immediately the writer captures the reader's interest.

This story is wonderfully constructed. The reader is taken on a history tour around the globe as the writer unravels the mystery of John Robert Cockle.

We are treated to the thought processes of the researcher as they navigate their way through the maze, picking up the hidden threads scattered across a wide range of sources, and weaving them together to form a complete picture.

What great fun to explore the tangents and asides with the writer. The reader is introduced to a variety of interesting subjects over a huge geographical range and is left wondering... what next?!

Family Historians are shown how to open doors and climb over their brick walls.

The documentation provided supports the researcher's analysis as do the references.

This story ticked all the boxes. The writer is not only a very good researcher, thorough and a great sleuth, but a very good writer to hold our attention throughout this complex and convoluted tale. What a privilege to be taken on this journey to discover the story of John Robert Cockle.

Hearty Congratulations!
Karen

Presentation of the Helen Kent Memorial Trophy Awards



Pam Hayes receiving the trophy for
her winning story

**John Robert Cockle—
Letters from the Grave**

Rob Thomson with his Award
for his story
My Boyhood Home



Top Contributor

Diane Schulz

CONGRATULATIONS
TO YOU ALL!



Logan River Family History Writers' Group

Because of the Christmas New Year break there has been no meeting of the group in the past two months.

Normally, anyone interested in honing their writing skills and improving their punctuation can turn up on the first Monday of the month at 12.30.

The gathering is relaxed and non-judgmental with Rob, as a former teacher, guiding us or setting fun challenges as a warm-up.

A topic is selected for the next meeting or we work on the posters for pioneer families from the area.

Even if you have not come before, you might find it interesting and another way to get to know fellow members.

See you there?

Anne Mitchell.
Member No 178

Urgently needed!
Volunteers to help on our display at this

Presented by Genealogical Society of Queensland Inc



Brisbane - 21 to 24 March 2025

Conference Location & Venue
Brisbane Technology Park
1 Clunies Ross Court, Eight Mile Plains, Qld

<https://www.connections2025.org.au>

Our Society will have a display at this event—Helpers are needed

If you can help, please contact Rob or a Committee member

You know you're a genealogist if
the highlight of your last trip was a
cemetery visit



From the Journals

We receive several quarterly Journals from other family history societies on a reciprocal basis from both Australia and overseas. These books are available to Members and can be borrowed from our library for a period of 2 weeks at a time and must be signed out by a room attendant. Because of postage some journals are emailed to us and can be read via Dropbox or from one of the computers in our rooms.

I enjoy reading these journals and magazines and you just never know what you may find that might help you with your family history journey

IRISH ROOTS MAGAZINE - 4th Qtr 2024

Visiting the Military Archives.

The Military Archives in Dublin, established in 1924 was founded shortly after the Irish Civil War and during the early years of the Irish Free State, at a time when preserving Ireland's military history was recognised as a priority. It is situated in Cathal Brigha Barracks in Rathmines, Dublin.

Local Resources for Family History Research. - County Armagh

This article deals with researching Armagh ancestors, but with an emphasis on the resources specific to the County and are only available within the County. It was historically part of the old Gaelic Territory of Oriel or Uriel. Several surnames relevant to the County are listed on pages 22 & 23.

Irish Roots

TRACES MAGAZINE - Edition 20 2024.

Customs House, Brisbane

Brisbane's Customs House was the bustling heart of the city's trade and commerce industry in the late 1800's & early 1900's. This building replaced a smaller one but became outdated as Brisbane grew and custom officials needed a central office to manage increasing trade & custom duties.

Face Value; The Physiognomy Fad

How our faces have been read and misread in the past.
What would physiognomy say about you?

The Life and Times of an Early Melbourne Detective

Have you ever wondered what kind of lives were led by Australian detectives in the Victorian era? The life of detective James George Seabridge was characterised by poverty, illness and perseverance.

Speaking 'Australianese'

Australian English is about more than just an accent, it's also about the words we use. This takes a look at what our language can tell us about the Australian story.

TIMESPAN (journal)

Nepean Family History Society - Dec. 2024

Looking Back

A series of occasional articles about nursing in the early 20th century.

Pioneers of Smithtown Names and Information on each one.

Tom Henry OAKES, Christopher H LAWSON, Magnus THOMPSON JP, John HIBBARD and William GRALTON.

*Happy Reading
From Esma King*



Christmas Party





Prize Winners

Hampers

Lindsay Barnett x 3
Anne Mitchell
Diane Schulz

100 Board

1. Graham Popple
2. Trevor Reynolds
3. Graham McCabe

Lucky Door Prize

Chris Bell



The Axer Family Shop in Mannum SA

By Heather Cuthbert, Member 83

I am not exactly sure when the Axer shop first opened. Mathias and Maria Axer arrived in South Australia from Germany in 1885. Mathias is listed as a carpenter, storekeeper and baker on his death certificate in 1892.

His son Alexander took over the shop after his fathers death and it sold various items and services. He is listed as being a confectioner, cycles, stationer, tobacconist, guns, rifles, ammunition. From various newspaper articles it tells us that they hired cycles out, they repaired cycles and cars and did blacksmithing. Later petrol pumps were installed and they ran the Adelaide-Mannum mail service, they purchased a bus.

The shop hosted a display of schoolboys' woodwork.

Alexander also had the contract to light the street lamps.

One Saturday night a horse was ridden into the shop and frightened the occupants.

In 1907 a man hired a cycle and then stole it. He was eventually arrested upstream on the Murray River.

After Alexander's death his son, Ronald took over the shop. Ron's wife Maxine worked in the shop before she married Ron and she worked there for 39 years.



1 Mathias Axer & Family, 2 Alexander & Sophie Axer, 3 Ronald & Maxine Axer



The Axer Shop in Mannum in 2008





In 1885 Mathias and Marie Axer settled in Mannum, by 1889, they had established a family business – a newsagency and bike shop. The business is still running, still in the same place.

Sadly, Mathias was only 37 when he died, his son, Mickey (real name Alexander) ran the business from 1908. Mickey changed the business to a general store; he kept the bike shop and newsagency going as well. Mickey also repaired bikes for customers. Like most general stores, they also sold food and confectionery.

Being quite an industrious chap, Mickey also held the post of lamplighter for Mannum in 1905. And Mickey still found time to run movie nights at the Mannum Institute.

Barry & Kaylene Barkay - Barry delivered the newspapers for Ron and Maxine Axer when Ron became unwell in 1981 then bought the business in 1983 and sold it in 2000.

Margaret Duell - remember Ron Axer and his wife Maxine
Always had a old fashioned strawberry milkshake when I went there..

(Information from Family sources, Trove and Facebook)

New Library Additions

Books

Inala District Inala 4077 Street Names and Parks, Natural Environment & Historical Context

OLD/H190-006

Magazines

Traces Uncovering Australia's Past

AUS/J018-029

Our Logan Autumn 2024 No 108

QLD/J021-108

Irish Roots 2024 3rd Qtr No 131

IRL/J001-131

Irish Roots 2024 4th Qtr No 132

IRL/J001-132

Journals

Nepean FHS, Emu Plains, Timespan No 176 Sep 2024

NSW/J012-176

Nepean FHS, Emu Plains, Timespan No 177 Dec 2024

NSW/J012-177

Dugullumba Times No 72 Nov 2024

QLD/J014-072



Motor Cars driving across the Bridge, Sydney Harbour Bridge Celebrations
19th March, 1932, Hall & Co.

Photo: State Library NSW

First Grocery Shop in Kingston Qld

My memories go back to my schooldays in the 1950-1960's. At the start of my schooldays, I would ride my bike, along with my older brother and sister, to school from our home at Loganlea to Kingston State School. As time went by, students were issued with free Rail Train passes.

Our parents would sometimes give my brother Trevor money to take his two sisters to the Kingston Store to buy us a treat. My sister and I were very excited. We chose our favourite lollies from the variety of jars on the counter, and we were given a little packet to put them in. You could buy five lollies for a penny. My sister loved buying chewing gum until one day the gum got tangled in her hair and our mother had to cut it out with scissors. Glenda was forbidden from buying gum after that episode. Ice cream in a cone, or a little bucket of ice cream were favourites of mine. The cost was tuppence. This has stayed in my memory as very special.



The Old Shop in
Kingston Qld.
Circa 1904-1960

The first shop in the early settlement of Kingston was opened by Mr. Eldridge in 1904. John and Mabel Cordingley bought the shop from Mr. Eldridge in 1906. It was a two-storey building with the residence on top and the shop below. His blacksmith shop was next door. It was on the left-hand side coming from Waterford just before the old railway line crossing. In 1944 the Cordingley family built a home on the other side of the railway crossing facing the railway line. He shifted his blacksmith shop next to the house facing Kingston Road.



Memories
of the old
Kingston shop
circa 1904-1960

In the 1950's to 1960's era, Kingston was a small township which had come to life in the late 1800's when the Kingston Butter Factory was established. There was an avenue of workers' cottages built along each side of Kingston Road from the Waterford end before the railway crossing.

The Kingston State School stood majestically on top of the hill overlooking the township toward the Kingston Gold Mine on the other hill over the railway crossing. There was a piggery along Juers Road managed by the Juers/Whittaker family. This was behind the old Kingston Store. The late 1950's saw a butcher shop and a baker's shop open on the same side of Kingston Road just before the old Kingston store. A small creek, known as Cordingley Creek, ran between the store and the butcher and baker. My mum was very happy when the new Kingston baker delivered lovely hot bread to our doorstep at our home at Loganlea.

I have many fond memories of our school days and visiting the old Kingston shop. I also remember Mr. Cordingley's Village Blacksmith Shop across the old railway crossing. It was fun catching the train home at the end of each day.

As remembered and researched by Elizabeth Lamb.

A few resources and photos from online website of the Local Stories / Logan City Historical Museum.

Elizabeth Lamb.
Member 7

My Family's Retail History

In 1863 Dad's mother's grandfather embarked with his mother and his family on the *Star of England* to sail to the new colony of Queensland. He and his mother had been the proprietors of a bakery at 43 Walnut Tree Walk in Lambeth, London. His name was George William ROGERS, and he had worked as a clerk in a barrister's office.

When his step-father, Robert BREEZE, passed away in 1860 he had already left that employ and was working in the bakery with his mother.



Roger's Bakery in Lambeth

However, he did not follow the baker's trade in his new country but went into partnership in a printing business before selling his share to his partner and finding employment at the *Brisbane Telegraph* as their Business Manager.

The attestation form that William Alexander THOMSON, my Father, filled in when he enlisted for war service on 27 August 1940 records his occupation to be "salesman". From the time that I was born until the time he died, just over sixteen years later, I had only known him to work as a conductor on the Brisbane City Council trams.

While selling fares on the Brisbane trams may not quite fit the definition of "salesman", I know that his work on the trams did not start until after he returned from the war. My memory of him as an outgoing and gregarious person, does make me think that he did have the personality to be a salesman. I also know that, when he was a young teenager, his parents owned a small general store and I have a dim recollection of being told stories of how he and his brother, John, were expected to help in the family shop and would receive treats of lollies, etc. when they did.

As far as I can ascertain, the shop was just across Shafston Ave from the Mowbray Park Picture Palace, so I imagine it would have received a lot of custom from the movie goers. I used to wish my parents owned a shop so that I might have access to some treats myself!



Thomson's store in Shafston Ave.

I think my father would have preferred the job of a shopkeeper, instead of walking up and down the aisles of trams collecting fares. When we lived at Torwood and I attended Milton State School, Dad became friendly with the greengrocer in the Rosalie shops, just around the corner from my school, and would sometimes work for him gratis. Dad was quite good working with wood, and I remember him spending time at the shop to build some shelving during one of his annual holidays.

The little suburban shops I remember from my childhood always ring with nostalgia. The Torwood shops were just around the corner from Agnes St, where we lived, in Haig Rd. The shops that made up that strip are becoming a little hazy in the mists of time but I do remember the grocers, butchers, drapers, post office, and perhaps a few more.

The shop that comes to mind most clearly is the butchers with the sawdust covered floor, the large wooden chopping blocks, the cold room, the band saw, the carcasses hanging from hooks, the knives and steel in the scabbard hanging from the butcher's waist, and the pile of paper on the counter for wrapping the purchased meat. I remember the sign that banned "expectorating" in the shop and wondered just what it was that was banned. It is no doubt the sensory overload that brings this shop most clearly to mind.



General store, cnr Haig Rd and Anne St

Then there were the little, family, general stores that dotted the neighbourhood. On the way to school down Haig Rd, after passing the aforementioned shops, I crossed Annie St, which was very wide at its intersection with Haig Rd and scared me more than a little when I first started walking to school by myself. There was a small park with a large tree and a swing on the opposite

corner and a little general store right beside it with living quarters on the first floor. In Bayswater Rd, that the school was on, there was a little shop just near the crossing that students used to cross to the school gate. The shop was more a tuckshop for the school before the days of school tuckshops. I remember the flavoured ice blocks we could buy for a halfpenny. These were a summer favourite. The smokers among the staff would send students in the upper grades across to buy a packet of cigarettes. Imagine the uproar that would cause now for a multitude of reasons! On the way home, after passing the Haig Rd shops and before coming to my street, I could turn into Payne St, walk along to Hope St and up Hope St to Agnes St – just a few doors from home. Halfway along Payne St there was another small general store owned by the parents of a boy in my grade at school.

If more extensive shopping was required, the Brisbane CBD was only a short walk up to Milton Rd and a tram ride into town. The one big shopping day I always looked forward to was the annual Christmas shopping excursion. We would spend time in the “City” buying presents for the family before getting on a tram again to go to the “Valley”, where we gazed at the Christmas displays set up in McWhirter’s street windows. We watched Santa play his organ on a platform high above the main entrance at the corner of Brunswick and Ann Streets. If we went up to the roof level, there was a small train line set up for kids to ride on.



Santa at the organ



Coles Cafeteria

Lunch on these days was usually at the Coles Cafeteria and we always looked forward to that. Getting a tray, choosing our food, sitting at those Laminex tables to eat lunch amid the hubbub of rattling cutlery, scraping chairs, and incessant racket of conversation was a treat that we eagerly awaited.

Of course, every shop was awash with Christmas decorations and our parents would often bring us into town at night to stroll along Queen St and wonder at the decorations and lights that twinkled around us. We didn't miss seeing the huge Christmas Tree that stood in King George Square. It was wonderful to see in daytime, but it really came alive at night, festooned with coloured lights and shimmering ornaments, topped by a shining star.

There are, of course, other recollections of the past such as Mum taking us to Dad's barber in the Brisbane Arcade for our haircuts. As a teenager in Forms 5 and 6, I had a Christmas job working in Allan & Starks in Queen St. The first year was in the Grocery Department in the basement and the second year I spent selling men's toiletries on the ground floor. That was a lot busier, as the public could walk through the store from Queen to Adelaide Streets, so a lot of people would come by the section I was in.

If I had been asked, before writing this, whether my family had been involved in the retail trade, I would have shaken my head, fairly certain of a negative response. It was only on reflection that I have realised just how much of our lives have intertwined with the retail and commercial world that surrounds us – and that is without considering the year I spent selling Tupperware in people's lounge rooms!

Rob Thomson
Member 229



Ocean View Store at Maroochydore

After Kevin and I were married in January 1972, I resigned from my position at the Coles Variety Store at Nambour where I had worked for seven years. Kevin was working in construction, and quite often his work would take him away from home. The company had a large caravan which was offered to us, so rather than stay on my own, I went with Kevin on his trips away.

When we returned, we settled in a unit in Nambour. Kevin's sister Margaret came to visit us one day, and mentioned to Kevin and I that there was a take away shop at Maroochydore for sale.

We were both keen, as we were looking for something new to try our hands at. An appointment was arranged with the owners to have a chat with them and look over the store, and most importantly where it was situated. Ocean View Store was an older building with accommodation downstairs which was part of the store, and upstairs was rented out. The original store was burnt down in 1929 and was replaced in 1930. A Mr. Lanham from Nambour helped to replace the building.

Ocean View Store was situated on the corner of Beach Parade and Alexandra Parade Maroochydore, and a short walk to the surf and the Life Savers Club House. There were many units and houses in the area, so this meant many visitors during the weekends and holiday seasons.

We both agreed to give it a go and bought the business, keeping the same trade name. It had also been a cafe, one of the earliest on the coast and takeaway.

Early October 1972 was the date set for takeover. It gave us the chance to learn all about the business before the busy Christmas trade was upon us. Kevin bought the groceries from a wholesale supplier at Woombye, and other stock was purchased from commercial travellers who called regularly at the shop. With his handyman skills, Kevin built extra shelving to accommodate the stock, and other jobs which needed to be done. Ads were placed in the local paper. Soon the shop was ready for the Christmas trade. The store always looked clean and tidy, and we often received compliments for keeping it that way.



The holiday season was very busy, and we both worked long hours. We were well known in the area for our freshly cooked chips, extra creamy thick shakes, hamburgers, takeaway meals and friendly service. There was a display cabinet filled with confectionery. Some names that are remembered are jelly babies, red skins, bananas, white and chocolate babies, lico-rice straps, raspberries, milk bottles and more. A bundle of white

paper bags was attached to the cabinet to fill with the purchased sweets. We saw many a smiling face, young and old leave the store with their treats.

Having the accommodation was a real bonus, as it gave one of us the chance to catch some “quiet time” while the other looked after the store when trading was not so busy. It also meant that we didn’t have to travel after a long day’s work.

Occasionally we would have someone knock on the back door for a bottle of milk or drink after closing hours or on our half day a week off on a Wednesday afternoon. Kevin used to stack the soft drink bottles for return in their crates outside, but one day we noticed a little boy in the store wanting to return some empty bottles for the money. We hadn’t served him with drinks, so Kevin checked the crates and lo and behold the drink bottles were missing!! After a quiet talking to, he didn’t do it again.

The days and weeks went by quickly and soon another holiday season was upon us. During December Kevin and I decided we would sell as we wanted to start a family. The store sold quickly owing to good trade figures and we left on the long weekend in January 1974, the beginning of the floods. Roads were flooding, so we had to travel to Nambour via Buderim. We moved our belongings to Kevin’s parents’ house in Nambour.

It was an experience being proprietors of Ocean View Store, and one we often talked about. After a well-earned break it was time to start a new chapter in our lives.

*Diane Schulz
Member 168*

*Photo: Sunshine Coast
Council, circa 1974*

Shops and Shopkeepers

By Anne Mitchell, Member 178

A) I have used the term shopkeeper rather broadly to include hawkers as they 'carry about for sale or cry out to sell'. According to members on the Scottish Indexes Facebook site, a hawker had a cart but a pedlar did not. In England, hawkers needed a license and, again according to the same Facebook site, in Scotland, licenses were issued by the police but I could not find a source, so I had to rely on census and death records. Three generations on my mother's side were hawkers.

Hugh McGinness (1) born County Down 1796, moved to Scotland in 1850. On the 1851 Scottish Census he and his wife, Catherine were lodgers in High St. Kirkcaldy, Fife and their occupation was as stocking and worsted hawker. He died in October 1860 at 238 Canongate, Edinburgh with his occupation as hawker of hosiery. Stat Death Canongate 1860 685/03 0879.

In 1861 Census, Catherine and her daughter, Ann Jervis were hawkers living in Canongate and when Catherine died in 1866, age 69, at 101 Cowgate, she was a hawker of cloth/clothes. Stat Death St Giles 1866 685/4 806

Their son, Hugh McGinness (2) born about 1826-28 in County Down, Ireland was in the same line of business. In the 1851 Census at Kirkmenton Village he was 24 years old and a hawker of linen and cotton goods, as was his wife, Ann. In the 1861 Census, now living at 101 Cowgate with his wife and 4 sons, he was a traveller selling soft goods.

Tragically, Ann died of phthisis 3 months after giving birth to her first daughter. This left Hugh with 7 young children to care for and no record for him or the family appear in the 1871 Census so they were probably scattered in the community with family members.

In the 1881 Census, Hugh reappears living at 259 Cowgate with his second wife, Euphemia. a widow, and their 3 year old daughter. His occupation was hawker of hosiery.

In 1891 Census, living at the same address, he was now a warehouseman.. When he died, aged 70, he was a woollen warehouseman. Stat Death 685/03 0311.

In the 1881 Census, he had become a woollen warehouseman and moved to Guthrie St, a more upmarket area, with his 6 children. By the 1901 Census he was a woollen merchant living in Newington, so must have been a shrewd businessman. My grandmother remembers being driven to school in a carriage and he supported his 12 children in comfortable style. Although Scotland was a centre for textile milling, I have not found exactly where he would have been a warehouseman or woollen merchant.

B) My mother's great-aunt, Elizabeth Whelahan, was married to Michael Gil-luley whose occupation was listed in the 1891 and 1901 census as butcher and in the Scottish P.O. Directories in the 1920's was an offal merchant with business premises in New Market, Gorgie. For those too young to remember offal, or pluck, it is the 'internal organs of a slaughtered animal that usually excludes skeletal muscle. The organs used vary according to culture'. (*Wikipedia*.) Most less affluent families could not afford the sort of meat we eat now. It must have been a lucrative business as the family lived in a pleasant part of Edinburgh.

C) As a young child, I lived for six years in Rankeillor St. Edinburgh. It was a quiet residential street with no shops that I can recall. One street to the south was Montague St. parallel to our street but it did have a shop that sold sweeties. I could not describe the shop as it was, except to say it was small, quite non-descript, but sold licorice root and hard black licorice sticks. The first was like chewing a twig with the licorice flavour and the second was a hard, thick stick of black licorice that took a long time to finish. I was allowed to walk by myself at the age of 5, because there was so little traffic and no way to get lost round only one corner. In the shop's position now is a very large pizza place. The other shop I was allowed to go to alone, was one street north with no roads to cross. It was also just a small shop with a few steps up and inside was an old-fashioned grocery – totally alien to supermarket shoppers of today. I took a small basket and our ration coupons. It says much about the paucity of rationed items like tea, sugar, coffee (of a sort!), butter, jam or marmalade (1 jar for a month) and one egg per person (if available), that I had no difficulty carrying the rations for a family of four – with great pride in my achievement. On Google maps, it seems to have a hair salon in its place.

D) A family friend (and possibly a relative) was Eileen Rankin who ran one of the family's many Rankins' greengrocer and florist shops. Rankins' was founded by Peter and William Rankin from a cart in Portobello in 1912 and grew to be an icon of Edinburgh. Their many shops were renowned for the freshness and quality of their produce and flowers. Inevitably supermarkets pushed them out and they closed in 1985. Eileen was so excited to visit South Africa to see the place Outspan oranges came from. She was bitterly disappointed in the quality that she 'would not have let in her store'. Not surprising as Outspan were export quality and the South Africans had to make do with grade 3 oranges!

My Grandparents' Shop

Pam Hayes Member 151

A few years after the end of WW2, in 1948, my paternal grandparents, Charlie and Elsie Allsopp, sold their house and purchased a shop from George Hunt. It was a pawnbrokers and mixed goods business, and was situated at 587 Fishponds Road, Bristol. My grandad was a pawnbroker by trade and my granny had worked as a pawnbrokers' assistant before they were married.

The shop had living quarters at the rear and upstairs. There was also a back yard. A very small laneway was to the right of the shop and the pawnbroking section had its own entry. The front entrance to the residence had a lovely front door and a 'white step'. To keep the step pristine, it was scrubbed with a donkey stone most mornings before the shop opened. This was sometimes my job, even though I was probably only about six years old.



There was a long counter where goods were laid out for a customer to inspect. This was where the purchases were wrapped in brown paper tied with string. Behind the standing space was a drawer fixture. I loved opening these to see what each contained. I was allowed at times to tidy the woollen socks. The large rugs were hung outside each morning. I vaguely remember grandad using a long pole to attach these to the outside for display.

The pawnbroking part of the shop had an internal entrance from the main shop. I was never allowed in there. I am not sure if all the customers' pledges were stored in that section or another secure place.

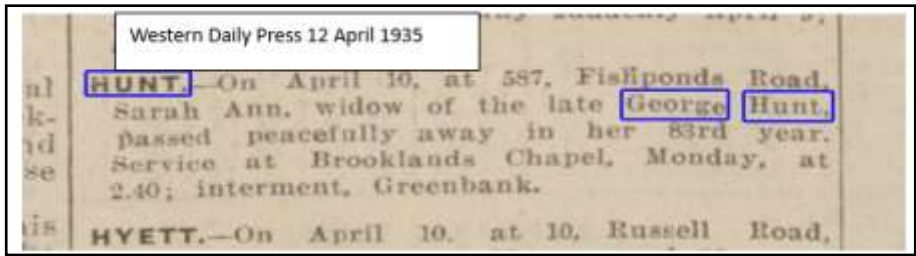
The long back yard extended to the street behind. There was a stone wall at the end and a gate. I often used to ride my bike and play in the back street with the local children.



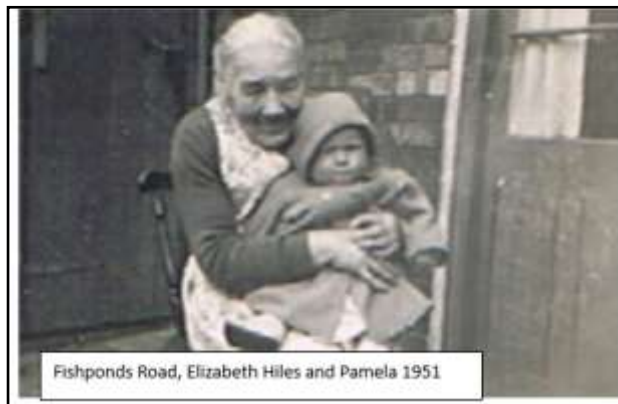
When the celebrations for Queen Elizabeth's Coronation of 2 June 1953 were in full swing all the shops in Bristol and indeed the whole kingdom were decorated with bunting in red, white and blue. The Bargain Shop was no exception. There was bunting on the roof and pictures of Her Majesty in the windows.

The shop was witness to three deaths that I know of. George and Sarah Hunt in 1934 and 1935.





Also, my Great Grandmother Elizabeth Hiles in 1951, not long after she met me.



Around 1960 my grandparents sold the business and moved back to Ashley Down, Bristol where they had lived all their married lives. The businesses at the shop changed over the years, from a carpet shop, TV and videos store to what it is today an International Grocery Shop.



Logan River Family History Inc

2025 Display Topics

Jan-Mar 2025

Postcards – Do you have a collection of old family postcards? For our Display we would like postcards that can be displayed or we can scan the front and back of the postcard and insert it in a Word Document.

Email story by the end of January 2025

Apr-Jun 2025

Artists and Artisans in My Family - Photos and stories of work done by your gifted family members. Painters, wood workers, sculptors, musicians, photographers, etc

Email the story by the end of March 2025

Jul-Sep 2025

How my family lines arrived in Australia – Photos and stories of how your family arrived in Australia. Ship, plane, boat people, jumped ship, etc

Email the story by the end of June 2025

Oct – Dec 2025

The War Effort – Stories of people who were not on active duty but still contributed to the War Effort. Maybe Land Army, factories, nursing, etc. Also memorabilia to do with this time. This can be any war.

Email the story by the end of September 2025

Your story doesn't have to be long. Photos make your story interesting but are not necessary, just a photo by itself is great as well. After the display the stories are published in the Society Journal. Don't forget to add your name, membership number, page numbers and source references. Thank you in advance for your contribution.

Please email your story and/or photos to the Display Coordinator, Heather Cuthbert –
cuthbertheather@gmail.com

Terrible Drowning Fatality - Four Lives Lost

One of the most terrible drowning accidents in the history of the Logan and Albert districts occurred in the Albert River at Tambourine on Saturday afternoon last. The victims of the sad occurrence were Mrs. Henderson (wife of Councillor A. W. C. Henderson), her two daughters— Jessie, aged 18, and Elsie, aged 17 —and Miss Doris Willcox, of Woolloowin, Brisbane, who was a nurse at the Children's Hospital. The spot where the accident occurred is a deep hole in the Albert River, near the residence of Mr. Jas. Dunn, and is a place where the ladies often enjoyed a bath.

It appears that on Saturday after-noon, about 2 p.m., the Misses Henderson decided to go for a swim, and were accompanied to the residence of Mr. Jas. Dunn (Tambourine Shire Clerk) by Mrs. Henderson. At Mr. Dunn's residence they were joined by Mrs. Dunn and Miss Willcox, and the whole party then proceeded towards the river. On the way, Mrs. Dunn remembered they had forgotten to take with them a kerosene tin, which had been fitted with handles, and was used as a float, as none of the ladies were able to swim very well. Mrs. Dunn went back to her home to get the tin, the others going on to the river. While at the house Mr. Peter MacLean, a visitor, remarked to Mrs. Dunn, that he could hear the ladies laughing in the water. Mrs. Dunn said, "Yes, they are having a good time." She then went down to the river bank, which is pretty steep at this spot, but could see no sign of the bathers, and crossed over to where the clothes were, and then rushed to the water's edge just in time to see Mrs. Henderson disappearing for the last time.

Mrs. Dunn at once raised the alarm. Mr. Henderson was one of the first on the scene, and having taken a rope with him, tied it to a tree, and taking the other end, entered the water in search of the bodies. He failed, however, to find any of them, and after obtaining a hat, which was floating on the surface, he went for further assistance. Messrs. George and Walter Plunkett, Peter Maclean, J. Rogers, P.H. Westaway, W. Walsh and others soon arrived, and helped in the search for the bodies. Mrs. Henderson's body was the first recovered, about half an hour after the accident, and every effort was made to restore animation, but without success. Then shortly afterwards the bodies of Miss Willcox and Elsie Henderson were brought to the surface. The body of Miss Jessie Henderson was recovered about two hours later. The body of Mrs. Henderson was fully clothed. It is not known how the ladies got into the water, but it is supposed that one of them slipped in, and the others, in attempting to assist her, got out of their depth and were drowned. The bodies were conveyed to the residence of Mr. Henderson, and arrangements made for the funeral.

The Hon. J. G. Appel (Home Secretary) heard of the distressing accident when at the opening of the new School of Arts at Rathdowney, and with Messrs. Quinn (Manager Beaudesert Tramway), and T. Mulcahy (of the Home Secretary's Department) motored to Councillor Henderson's residence on Sunday to attend the funeral at Mundoolun Cemetery, where an impressive service was conducted at the graveside by the Rev. H.E. Hone, of Beaudesert.

Mr. Appel said that a most pathetic sight greeted his eyes when he arrived at the home-stead in Tambourine Village. Placed on chairs under the shade of the trees in the garden, were the four coffins containing the mortal remains of Mrs. Henderson, her two daughters, and their young friend.

The funeral was very largely attended by residents from all parts of the district, and the deepest sympathy was expressed for Mr. Henderson and the remainder of the family in their terribly sad bereavement. Councillor Henderson is one of the leading public men of the Tambourine district, and has resided there for over thirteen years. He was last year chairman of the Tambourine Shire, and is a member of the South Coast Crows and Flying Foxes Destruction Board, and the Beenleigh Show Society. The family is highly respected throughout the Logan and Albert. The late Miss Willcox has been engaged for about 12 months at The Hospital for Sick Children, and was on her first year's holidays at the time of the sad occurrence.

Beaudesert Times, Friday 19 December, 1913

*Photos of Mundoolun Cemetery graves
courtesy of Find a Grave website*

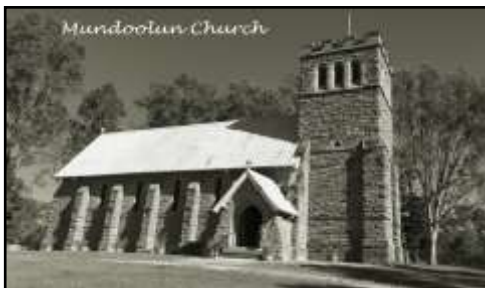


Lavinia
(Beloved wife of
Alfred W C Henderson)

Also daughters
Jessie aged 18 years)
Elsie aged 17 years



Dorice Willcox
only daughter of
Walter and Ada Willcox



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Councillor Lisa Bradley,
Heritage Specialist Dr Hilda Maclean and
Bert van Manen MP attending our Christmas Party