



CFAQ NEWS

January 2006

Churchill Fellows' Association of Queensland Inc

www.churchillfellowsqld.org.au

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Churchill Fellows Association of Qld. Inc

**Annual General Meeting
and Social Evening
Tuesday 11 April 2006 6.00pm**

**Covers Restaurant
South Bank Institute of TAFE
Cnr. Merivale & Tribune Streets,
South Brisbane**

**2006 CFAQ Membership Subscription
\$25 Now Due
Statement of A/C in this Mailing**

Editors Bits & Pieces

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President Jim O'Donnell and wife Noela are presently at the Australian Open Tennis Championships – hence no “From the President” this newsletter

Welcome to 2006, I hope everyone had a Happy Christmas and a restful holiday to prepare for the busy Churchill year of 2006.

This newsletter is included in a mail out to all Queensland Churchill Fellows for which we have current addresses (hopefully), with an aim to publicize the Churchill Fellows Nation Convention in June 2006. I realize that some of you have not been members for at least five years, however circumstances change and old members are always welcome back again.

Churchill Fellows' National Convention Brisbane 9 to 12 June 2006

The members of the CFAQ Committee and the Planning Committee are really looking forward to the Churchill Fellows' National Convention in June. We have been planning for nearly two years now and at the moment every thing is running to schedule. We are looking forward to hosting many interstate Fellows and know our Queensland Fellows will extend a warm Queensland welcome to them. We believe than we have an interesting program with something for everyone.

CFAQ Web Page

www.churchillfellowsqld.org.au

The CFAQ Webpage now has all details of the Churchill Fellows Nation al Convention with links to all relevant sights. Facilities for Registration and Payment by credit card are also available on the website.

Christmas Picnic

The 2005 Christmas Picnic was hosted by **Kath and Allan Male (1979 Youth Rehabilitation)** at the Shaftesbury Campus; Although numbers were less than usual, those who attended had a relaxing time surrounded by 85 acres bushland. As usual it was good to share the Christmas food – other peoples cooking always seems better than your own. An added bonus was an excellent musical interlude. The Barbershop group – ‘Redlands Rhapsodies’, just happened to be enjoying a music camp at the Campus and were kind enough to give the Churchill Fellows a special performance.

Unfortunate a fast approaching vicious looking storm meant most people opted not to do the walking tour of the Campus and hurried home. It turned out to be a really violent storm with hail and strong winds. Thankyou Alan and Kath

Annual General Meeting

You will have seen details of the AGM on the front page and there will be further details in the next newsletter with nomination forms for committee members.

Churchill Banners in the City Hall

In September The Lord Mayor of Brisbane launched the exhibition “**Bringing Knowledge Home – Brisbane Churchill Fellows 1965 – 2005**”

The Museum of Brisbane did an excellent job putting together the exhibition; the MoB staff was really professional, helpful and great to deal with; thanks to all concerned.

Twelve banners telling the Churchill story and featuring a cross section of Churchill Fellows through the 40 years were on display in the Museum of Brisbane Story Hall located in the King George Foyer of City Hall from. The exhibition was of particular significance as it was during this time in 1965/6 that the first Churchill Fellows were preparing to travel overseas.

The Exhibition will be on show again during the National Convention in June

The following Fellows were chosen as representatives of the 400+ Fellowships awarded since 1965

Bringing Knowledge Home – Brisbane Churchill Fellows 1965 – 2005

1966 Brian Wilson, Glaucoma (one of the first Fellows)
1974 Stuart Pegg, Medicine Burns
1984 Adele Rice English as a second Language
1977 Robert Boughen, Music - Organ
1986 Rhyl Hinwood, Sculpture
1992 Dimity Dornan Audio Verbal Speech
2000 Sean Leahy, Political Cartooning
2003 Bob Dobbs, Horticulture in Parks
2003 Rob Graham, Marine Search and Rescue
2003 Bruce Tully, Australian Jewellery
2003 Kirsty Wright, DNA Profiling

Thankyou Fellows for the time involved in collecting your words together and the photographic sessions

***The Winston Churchill Memorial Trust provided
funding for the professional photographs***

News from Fellows

From Maggie Seitsma-Smith

I currently live and work in Hong Kong. I took on the post of Dean of Dance at the Hong Kong Academy for Performing Arts in September this year. My contract is for 4 years and it is quite a challenge I can tell you. Best wishes for June next year I am sure it will be a fabulous event!

From Jill Kinnear (03 Spanish Architecture & Textiles)

On the 3rd June 2005 I won the highest design award in the State - the Design Excellence Award in the 2005 Queensland Design Awards organised by the Design Institute of Australia. The awards were announced at a dinner at the Queensland Art Gallery on the 3rd June. I also won the Award of Merit in the Public Art Category. There was a lot of publicity about this including a colour photograph in the Courier Mail on Saturday 4th June, numerous national magazines including the national State of the Arts magazine. I am attaching the article here which is from the State of the Arts magazine website

Congratulations from us all Jill, belated as it is, your email seems to have got delayed somewhere in the system. The State of the Arts article is in the "Fellows in the News" Section - Ed

From our roving reporters – Jerry Cummins & Jill Stehn

Well! What an extraordinarily wonderful year we have had!!

This time a year ago we were in chilly Hobart part way through the restoration of the 1868 John Hardman (UK) Studio chancel window from St Mary's Cathedral. We were there for six months from October 2004 on what proved to be a long and difficult restoration, complicated by some extremely poor glass cutting by the famed Hardman Studio and by somebody from Hobart(?) who had ill advisedly covered the whole inner painted surface of the window with linseed oil which had started attacking and removing the glass paint. We were, therefore, thrilled to be putting the window back in very good condition and hope it will still be there needing no further major work for possibly 150 years.

We returned home in March 2005 for a frantic three weeks during which we completed and installed a large new window based on local flora and fauna.

It was then on to a flight to Bangkok and from there to Siem Reap in Cambodia where we were cleaned bowled by the temple ruins of the Khmer civilization and most particularly by the majestic Angkor Wat. You must see this and the other temples – they are astonishing!

From there it was on to Pakse in southern Laos, where we spent a priceless week with our friend Mike Askham who is there for two years working for Australian Volunteers International at a coffee research centre in the countryside, where he also teaches English. Along with some sight seeing we also spent much time with the local villagers. The women, in particular, fell in love with Jilly's blonde hair and big boobs! We have numerous photos to confirm this.

From there it was off to Paris where we spent a magnificent week mostly in the Louvre and the D'Orsay museums, and looking at the glass, the glass, the glass. We then hired a small Renault and spent four glorious weeks tootling around Spain (glass at Leon, Seville and Cordoba: Romanesque architecture everywhere: a Visigoth church: Moorish architecture at Seville, Cordoba and Granada: Jilly's birthday and the magnificent paintings in the Prado in Madrid: but mostly the glorious astringent countryside and fabulous white Spanish villages, and the people, and the lifestyle.)

From there we went into France for five weeks, around the Mediterranean coast to Provence, down to Rochamadour and Lascaux, up to the Atlantic coast, across northern France into southern Germany and up to Nuremburg where we spent a precious week with our German friends, Edith and Josef, who we met at Babinda in Queensland in 1988.

From there we headed down to the French/Spanish Mediterranean coast where we spent three invaluable days in Collioure with Ruth and Jonathan Cooke (from England) and their two boys, who we first met on our Churchill Fellowship trip in 2002. We spent almost all of our time together talking about – glass!

From there we went across the vast open wheat fields of central France to the mouth of the Loire and wandered our way upstream before returning to Paris for another ten glorious days before reluctantly returning home at the end of August.

Oddly enough we spent a great deal of our time talking about our business, which had become so successful that it had crushed our wonderful personal lives into a tight little corner. Since we enjoy each other's company

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immensely we decided to analyse what was happening with our business – which we hadn't had time to do over the last few years – and what we could do about it. Whilst travelling Europe we resolved to engage more staff on an ad hoc basis, and this we did when we returned. We also resolved to have every weekend off, and we have honoured this.

Our business structure now has Gerry's nephew, Paul Cummins, and his right hand man, Frank Harris, on site for removals and installations; a personal assistant one day a week to do the correspondence and book-keeping; Elli, who completed her TAFE certificate through our studio last year doing some leadlighting; and two young women, Maggie and Cindy, who help in the studio, around the house and around the property.

Now, the grand theory is that all of this is that it is supposed to free up Gerry's and Jilly's workload so they can do exhibition works after Gerry's imagination was fired up **big time** while in Europe. But to date the management requirements for both of us are so demanding that this has not yet happened..... Our workload is intense and it keeps on arriving. We spent three weeks with Paul and Frank in November in a marathon removal of more than half of the windows from Sacred Heart Cathedral in Townsville. Meanwhile, there was a pile of work not being done in our studio!

We are very fortunate that the work that we have is, generally speaking, all top shelf, so we have truly become victims of our own success. We are now saying "no" to more work.

With six months in Hobart, three weeks at home during which we didn't have time to look at our place, and four months overseas, we returned home expecting our trees to be totally overgrown by the persistent variety of introduced European weeds – molasses grass, creeping legumes, lantana, groundsel..... But we were delighted to find that our trees are now generally large enough to keep the weeds at bay, and that our weed control programme gets less each year. Some of the Eucalypts and rainforest trees that we first planted would be, perhaps, 15 metres high, and growing. We are still planting mostly rainforest species, but these are generally replacements where our planted trees have died and also as fire retardant plantings around the house and studio where we had incorrectly planted flammable trees, which we have now removed.

Our native wildlife continues to increase, as does the size of our flock of king parrots. We now also have a flock of up to twenty bar shouldered doves and visits from the secretive emerald ground doves which are becoming bolder. It's a substantial reward for having neither cats nor dogs.

And as for ourselves, we lay claim to being the luckiest people on earth!! We are pretty healthy, and we are happy beyond belief.

And for the future? Well, less work and more travel of course!
Seasons greetings and best wishes for 2006.

Cheers, Gerry and Jilly.

Fellows In the News

State of the Arts Magazine Public art work receives top Design Excellence Award 06 June 2005

Toowoomba artist Jill Kinnear last night received the 2005 Queensland Design Awards' prestigious Design Excellence Award for her Suncorp Stadium art installations *Veil and Memory*.

The Design Excellence Award, which recognises significant and outstanding achievements in design, was announced at the Awards presentation dinner at the Queensland Art Gallery.

As well as the Design Excellence Award, 16 Awards of Merit and 19 Commendation Awards in 19 categories were presented to designers and design students in a range of disciplines.

Kinnear was also awarded an Award of Merit in the Public Art Collaboration category.

The *Veil and Memory* public art installation acknowledges Brisbane's first major cemetery, which is now the site of the Brisbane's Suncorp Stadium. Printed onto 96 individual glass panels, the artwork is featured on the Stadium's south east-corner wall, which is adjacent to the Christ Church at Milton.

The exhibition, 'Design Excellence in Queensland', featuring the work of all finalists will be on display at the Queensland Art Gallery from Saturday, 4 June until Sunday, 19 June.

The judges for the Design Excellence Award described *Veil and Memory* as a rare and outstanding example of the integration of a site-specific artwork with the actual fabric of a building.

"Her research into the site history and both community and stakeholder expectations has culminated in a sensitive and deeply meaningful work, which has contributed to a spiritual, feminine quality unexpected in the context of what is now a football stadium," they said.

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In its fourth year, the Queensland Design Awards are organised by the Design Institute of Australia (Queensland Branch), the peak body for design in Queensland, and principally sponsored by Resene.

Queensland Design Awards coordinator, Scott Bagnell said the program recognised our most imaginative and inventive designers, who improved our quality of life by solving problems and developing better ways of doing things.

“An award-winning design is innovative, functional, beautiful, stylish, eco-friendly, and economical,” he said.



Glennie Old Girls Newsletter January 2006 Morley Grainger – Guest of Honour at Speech Day

Guest speaker Ms Morley Grainger '64 – '65, a professional textile artist shared her journey and her quest to express herself with her abilities and talents. Through her love of sewing and textiles she channelled her creativity into artworks using fabric to depict social injustices and human life.

Morley spoke to the girls and encouraged them to do what they do best and to live a life full of passion and not to settle for complacency.

Editors note – When I was a Glennie girl I was told “Remember girls, a Glennie girl can do anything!!”

Culinary Capers

It seems that you can not pick up any magazine lately with out a life style section and recipe in it.

Well not to be out done.....

Rita and Alan Windsor (91 Counter Disaster) brought a delicious cake to the Christmas Picnic and were kind enough to share not only the product of their culinary skills but the recipe as well.

Lemon & Apple Cake

WHAT YOU NEED

Zest of 2 Lemons
4 Apples finely sliced
2 eggs
300 grams castor sugar
150 mls milk
1 Vanilla pod or 1 teaspoon of vanilla essence
110 grams melted butter
5 tabs plain flour
125 grams blanched almonds finely ground, or almond meal
1½ teaspoons baking powder

- Preheat oven to 150 degrees, line a cake tin with baking paper and grease with butter
- Zest 2 lemons, peel core and slice 4 apples. Grind 125 grams of blanched almonds to a fine powder or use almond meal
- Add vanilla to sugar
- Beat vanilla and eggs together until thick and light. Slowly add 150 mls of milk and 110 grams of melted butter
- Fold almond meal into 5 table spoons of plain flour and stir into batter. Add 1 ½ teaspoons of baking powder, the lemon zest and ¾ of the apple.
- Pour into the prepared tin, put remaining apple over the top and scatter with one tablespoon of sugar.
- Bake for one hour and remove from tin when cool

Scott Fowler (03 Screenwriting)

Editor's Note – In the June 05 Newsletter Scott told us about his new project – his first novel. As I ran out of space in that newsletter I promised an excerpt later. Here it is

The Flood That No One Remembers' - is the true story of-

Fitzroy (a Melbourne suburb) in 1919 as it struggles to respond to the enormous change and hardship brought about by World War One. The book inserts fictional characters - Adelaide Blackbird and the two men who love her, a priest and a killer - into the real-life historical backdrop of a Fitzroy ruled by two gangs seeking to wipe each other out. Returned soldiers wash into Brunswick Street. The anti-alcohol movement is powerful. A lethal influenza virus sweeps the streets killing thousands. The gangs fight out the Fitzroy Vendetta - a deadly revenge war. Caught in it all are Adelaide and her family. Through them, the novel explores how our histories keep repeating themselves - in underworld slayings, in wars, in love - and how we use our memories to negotiate these things that flood our lives with blood or joy.

'The Flood That No One Remembers' (Excerpt) by Scott Fowler

The floors of the Easy Hotel were laid with Dandenong rainforest timber, exquisite wood that remembered the touch of water on its face. Pop had demanded that his family would walk with only the finest grain beneath them, a wood worthy of this nest of noble birds. He raised the Easy Hotel with a concrete will and the slavery of fifty men indebted to him from a year of exhaustive poker playing. He won the pouch of land in a game of two-up. He kept it when he lied to greedy councillors looking to tax him out of his prize. He claimed it was flood-prone and useless.

Pop loved horses, and Gran. He stared at her when they rode in the bush, a galloping love, oblivious to the Dandenong Ranges that soared above them. She wore ruby lipstick because it pleased him. Cantering, they talked with their bodies. When she needed his voice, they slowed to a trot. They jumped together at the Royal Melbourne Show, and rolled afterwards in beds of hay and prize ribbons. They checked each other for ticks. Pop's horse allowed him to smoke cigars atop its back rolled with leaves from the Dandenongs, and he would confess earnestly to Gran that he had never lain with another woman.

'You are enough for a lifetime,' he would say to her, and in the flush of her youthful beauty, she would leap from her horse to his, clinging to him with her mouth. His horse snorted, thinking cigar and woman quite an unnecessary burden.

They gained and lost children together, and other than the hotel in which they invested all their dreams – their

wishes for many bedrooms full of children, for a bar where the people of Fitzroy could heal their collective wounds, for a place of beauty – they managed to hold only one son to their lives, while the rest fell prey to disease. They named him Lucky. The hotel drew gasps from its guests with its exact corridors, its perfectly spherical doorknobs of crystal and running-water claw-baths. Visitors moaned and licked the Dandenong floors when they thought no one was looking, taking in the distinct and unexpected flavour of lyrebird shit.

When floods came and occupied his basements, turning his lies into reality, Pop went to war against the liquids soaking the roots of his hotel. While people slept above, he waded up to his armpits in the muck, carting it bit by bit into the street where he sold it as sly-grog to drunken sailors. He made enough to bribe the nearby brewery to install pipes directly to the Easy's basements, and convinced them to award him the contract to dig the tunnels. The city asked him to sell them the dirt in order to fill the Brunswick Street Lake, and Pop raged. He filled a room of the hotel with clods of wet earth rather than be responsible for burying a lake alive. The veins of the Easy Hotel were opened, and laid with pipe full of chilled beer. The earth was squirreled inside.

Pop installed a tub into the basement, and in moments when he needed to be alone –when he was flanked by the demons of temptation or fear that court all men – he filled it with precious amber liquid, and fulfilled the dreams of many men. He swam in beer. Drunken from his bath to the point where even his horse would not abide him, Pop scribbled plans for water-gates and escape routes for future floods that might come. He rejoiced in sluices and secret canals. He dreamed of waterwheels and love. His plans abounded. They covered his basement walls. In carving a new subterranean underbelly for the hotel, in taking a step against the waters, Pop became the first flood-beater of the Blackbirds.

Not without cost. Eventually, the ankles of the hotel dried, but the dampness had set in within the massive horse-loving chest. He developed a rattle in his rib cage, and Gran tended to his shrieks when he could not breathe, administering breath gently through his nose with her open mouth and cupped hands. His eyes ran with fear, and she swabbed them dry with her skirts. He longed to dance with her. She courted him. And he slipped away from her, leaving her one last thank-you in a whisper – 'there were no others' – that turned into a whimper and an exhalation. Their small son slept between them. Pop left with the sight of her lipstick planted firmly in his soul.

His horse gave itself to her like a dog for the rest of its days.

She took up his cigars. She tried to pinpoint the exact moment in which he had begun to leave.