

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH OF AUSTRALIA, DIOCESE OF SYDNEY

ST JAMES, KING STREET

FUNERAL SERVICE IN THANKSGIVING
FOR THE LIFE, LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP OF



Joan Marie Elliston AM

10:00AM, FRIDAY 25 MARCH, 2022

OFFICIANT

The Rev'd John Stewart
Associate Rector of St James'

PREACHER

The Rev'd Andrew Sempell
Rector of St James'

TRIBUTES

Dr Geoff Haward AM, Vivien Whitfield,
Emily Milton Smith - *State Commissioner of Girl Guides NSW, ACT & NT*,
Kate Collis & Dr Annaclaire McDonald

READER

Andrea Bashfield

CHORISTERS OF ST JAMES' KING STREET

Claire Burrell-McDonald, Alex Siegers,
Jesse van Proctor, Ben Caulkwell
Warren Trevelyan-Jones - *Head of Music*

ORGAN

Alistair Nelson
Organist of St James'

ST JAMES' GUILD OF ALTAR SERVERS

Jackie Dettmann, Peter & Ross Douglas,
Stephen Samild - *Head Server*

ST JAMES' QUEENS SQUARE GUILD OF BELL-RINGERS

Jackie Dettmann
Tower Captain

As Sydney's oldest church, St James' is a place of soul-stirring
worship, challenging preaching and fine music.

We are a progressive community that welcomes all people
regardless of age, race, sexual orientation, or religion.

ORGAN PRELUDE

An Wasserflüssen Babylon, BWV 653, Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Please stand as the procession enters the church.

HYMN

NEH 420

O Jesus, I have promised
to serve thee to the end;
be thou for ever near me,
my Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
if thou art by my side,
nor wander from the pathway
if thou wilt be my guide.

O let me hear thee speaking
in accents clear and still,
above the storms of passion,
the murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
to hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
thou guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, thou hast promised
to all who follow thee,
that where thou art in glory
there shall thy servant be;
and, Jesus, I have promised
to serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
my Master and my Friend.

O let me see thy footmarks,
and in them plant mine own;
my hope to follow duly
is in thy strength alone;
O guide me, call me, draw me,
uphold me to the end;
and then in heaven receive me,
my Saviour and my Friend.

Words: John Bode (1816-1874)

Music: WOLVERCOTE William H. Ferguson (1874-1950)

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PLACING OF CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS

The lit paschal candle stands at the foot of the coffin.

Fr John Light immortal, you brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. May we, with Joan, and all the baptised, know the full light of your risen presence. **Amen.**

The coffin is sprinkled with water.

In the waters of baptism, we died with Christ, and began to walk in newness of life. May we, with Joan, and all the baptised, be brought to the fulfilment of your eternal kingdom. **Amen.**

A copy of the Scriptures is placed on the coffin.

In life Joan was nourished by the Word of God. May Christ greet us with Joan, saying: 'Come, blessed of my Father!' **Amen.**

A crucifix is placed on the coffin.

Lord Jesus Christ, you bore our sins on the cross. May this crucifix be a sign to us of your love for Joan, and the forgiveness of her sins. **Amen.**

INTRODUCTION

Fr John ✠ We gather in the name of the Father, and of the Son,
and of the Holy Spirit.

All Amen

Grace and peace from the Lord be with you.
And also with you.

We have come together to thank God for the life of Joan Marie Elliston, to mourn and honour her, to lay to rest her mortal body, and to support one another in grief. We face the certainty of our own death and judgement. Yet Christians believe that those who die in Christ share eternal life with him. Therefore in faith and hope we turn to God, who created and sustains us all.

All ✠ Rest eternal grant unto your servant Joan, O Lord;
And may light perpetual shine upon her.

Please be seated

SENTENCES

Sung by the Choristers

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die, shall never, shall never die.

I know that my redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God : Whom I shall see myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away :
blessed be the name of the Lord, blessed be the name of the Lord.

I heard a voice from heav'n, from heav'n saying unto me, write, from henceforth blessed, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord : ev'n saith the Spirit : for they rest from their labours. Ev'n so saith the Spirit : for they rest from their labours. Amen.

Words: Book of Common Prayer 1549, 1662 & 1928
Music: Thomas Morley (1557-1603)

Please stand.

PRAYER

Fr John Let us pray.

All Loving God, you alone are the source of life. May your life-giving Spirit flow through us, and fill us with compassion, one for another. In our sorrow give us the calm of your peace. Kindle our hope, and let our grief give way to joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Please be seated.

TRIBUTES

Dr Geoff Haward AM, Vivien Whitfield,
Emily Milton Smith - *State Commissioner of Girl Guides NSW, ACT & NT*,
Kate Collis

MUSICAL TRIBUTE

'When I am laid in earth' - from *Dido & Aeneas*, Henry Purcell
sung by Dr Annaclaire McDonald

Read by Andrea Bashfield

A reading from The Letter of St Paul to the Corinthians:

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

A short silence is observed.

Reader Here ends the reading.

PSALM 23

Sung by the Choristers to a chant by Sir John Goss (1800-80)

The Lord is my shepherd :

 therefore can I lack nothing.

He shall feed me in a green pasture :

 and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

He shall convert my soul :

 and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness
 for his Name's sake.

Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death

I will fear no evil :

 for thou art with me thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me :

 thou hast anointed my head with oil and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life :
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost :
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen

SECOND READING

JOHN 14:1-6

Read by Andrea Bashfield

A reading from the Gospel of St John:

Jesus said, "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going."
Thomas said to him, "Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?"
Jesus said to him, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me."

A short silence is observed.

Reader Here ends the reading.

HOMILY

Fr Andrew Sempell

MUSICAL REFLECTION

Sung by the Choristers and repeated with the Congregation

The Guide Song - from Guide's Own Services to tune of Londonderry

Choristers

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;	I would be friend to all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be pure, for there are those who care:	I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;	I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.	I would look up, and laugh and love the lift.

All

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;	I would be friend to all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be pure, for there are those who care:	I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;	I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.	I would look up, and laugh and love the lift.

PRAYERS

Please remain seated or kneel.

The prayers are led by Fr John Stewart

Let us pray with confidence to God our Father, who raised Christ his Son from the dead for the salvation of all.

Thanks be to God for the gift of life. You have made us in your image and called us to reflect your truth and light. We thank you for the life of Joan. We give thanks for her family life and friends, for her dedication to the Girl Guides Movement and the inspiration she brought to the lives of those who knew her. We thank you for her zest for life, her generosity and selfless attitude and her love and concern for the wellbeing of others. Above all, we thank you for your gracious promise to all your servants, living and departed, that we shall be made one again in our Lord Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

Almighty God, Father of all mercies and giver of all comfort, deal graciously, we pray, with those who mourn, especially Christine, Liz, and Joan's wider family and friends; that casting all their care on you, they may know the consolation of your love: through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then, Lord, in your mercy grant us a safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

God grant to the living grace, to the departed rest, to the Church, The Queen, the Commonwealth and all people, peace and concord, and to us and all his servants life everlasting. **Amen.**

Lord, make us instruments of your peace, where there is hatred, let us sow love. Where there is injury, pardon.
Where there is doubt, faith. Where there is despair, hope.
Where there is darkness, light. Where there is sadness, joy.
O divine Master, grant that we may not so much seek to be consoled, as to console. To be understood, as to understand.
To be loved, as to love. For it is in giving that we receive.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned.
It is in dying that we are born to eternal life. **Amen**

Fr John As our Saviour Christ has taught us, we are confident to pray,
All Our Father, which art in heaven,
 Hallowed be thy Name.
 Thy kingdom come.
 Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.
 Give us this day our daily bread.
 And forgive us our trespasses,
 As we forgive them that trespass against us.
 And lead us not into temptation;
 But deliver us from evil:
 For thine is the kingdom,
 The power, and the glory,
 For ever and ever. Amen.

MUSICAL REFLECTION

Sung by the Choristers

‘Nunc Dimittis’, from *Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in G* - C. V. Stanford

Please stand.

FAREWELL

Fr John leads the following prayer -

Lord Jesus Christ, you gave new birth to our sister Joan by water and the Spirit. Grant that her death may recall to us your victory over death, and be an occasion for us to renew our trust in your Father’s love.
Give us, we pray, the faith to follow where you have led the way, to live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit, to the ages of ages.
Amen.

Let us entrust our sister Joan to the mercy of God.

Silence is kept then all join together to pray -

All Holy and loving Father, by your mighty power you gave us life,
 and in your love you have given us new life in Christ Jesus.
 We entrust Joan Marie to your merciful keeping:
 in the faith of Jesus Christ, who died and rose again to save us,
 and now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit
 in glory for ever. Amen.

COMMITTAL

Fr John Almighty God, our heavenly Father, you have given us a sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. In your keeping are all who have departed in Christ. We here commit the body of our dear sister Joan Marie to be cremated, ✠ earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, and who shall change our mortal body that it may be like his glorious body.

All Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

During the final hymn the coffin is sprinkled with holy water and censed. The sprinkling with holy water is to remind us that through the waters of Baptism we die to sin and are made one with Christ, and begin to walk in newness of life. We pray that God will bring his servant Joan, and all the baptised, to the fulfilment of his eternal kingdom. The incense honours Joan's body as a temple of the Holy Spirit.

HYMN

NEH 120

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.
*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting:
*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won.*

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of Life;
life is nought without thee: aid us in our strife,
make us more than conquerors through thy deathless love;
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above:
*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won.*

Words: French, Edmond Budry (1854-1932) tr. R. Hoyle (1875-1939)
Music: MACCABAEUS G. F. Handel (1685-1759)
CCL license: 552064

SOLEMN BLESSING

Fr John God the Father, by whose love Christ was raised from the dead,
open to you who believe the gates of everlasting life. **Amen.**

God the Son, who in bursting the grave has won a glorious victory,
give you joy as you share the Resurrection faith. **Amen.**

God the Holy Spirit, whom the risen Lord breathed into his disciples,
empower you and fill you with Christ's peace. **Amen.**

And the blessing of God almighty, ✠ the Father, the Son, and the
Holy Spirit, be among you and remain with you always. **Amen.**

IN PARADISUM

REQUIEM - FAURÉ

LATIN TEXT

In paradisum deducant te Angeli
in tuo adventu susipient te
maryres, et perducant te in
civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.

Chorus Angelorum te suscipiat,
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere
aeternam habeas requiem,
aeternam habeas requiem.

ENGLISH TEXT

*May the angels lead you into paradise,
may the martyrs receive you in your
coming, and may they guide you into the
holy city, Jerusalem.*

*May the chorus of angels receive you
and with Lazarus, once poor,
may you have eternal rest,
may you have eternal rest.*

ORGAN POSTLUDE

'Nimrod' from the *Enigma Variations* - Edward Elgar (1857 - 1934)



JOAN MARIE ELLISTON AM
11 JANUARY 1930 – 12 MARCH 2022

✠ REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Christine, Liz, and the extended Collis, McDonald, Elliston, Bashfield, and Haward family appreciate your kind expressions of sympathy and thank you for your prayerful support. A celebration of Joan's life will continue following this service downstairs in the Covered Courtyard.





(002) 23 6985

"Ellimatta,"
24 Richardson Avenue,
Dychnyrne,
Tasmania, 7005.

June 7, 1983.

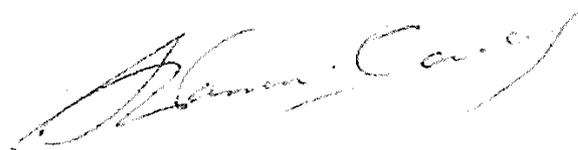
Dear Joan and Barney,

A small note to express large thanks for your great kindness and hospitality during my long stay in Sydney, and to share in your dual challenges and anxieties--you, Joan, with your quinquennium responsibility for the State's Guides, and you Barney, with your all-out effort to lead or shock the world petrologists from two generations of error. Some frustrations, disappointments, and much supreme effort lie ahead for both of you, but I have absolute confidence in your wills, determination, and above all integrity to see both tasks through, seeking opportunity in difficulty and using stumbling blocks as stepping-stones. 10 the Bulwark is shaping up to be the think-tank and action headquarters for intensive effort over the next five years!

I hope I will still be around to stimulate your campaigns, share your tribulations, and to celebrate your ultimate achievements.

With personal warmth,

Yours sincerely,



Signed by Professor Samuel Warren Carey

Short Story for NCW PUBLICATION

– The Year of the Outback* –

Can you be “In The Outback” in Tasmania?

By Joan M. Elliston

(* In the Macquarie Dictionary “outback” means remote)

Let me take you back in time to 1952. My husband a geologist employed by the Mines Department was given the challenge to set up a survey base at Lorinna, a very small spot on only some maps of Tasmania. From this centre all the field work would radiate.

If you travelled south from Devonport through Sheffield, pass Mt Roland, Cethana and along a very windy, narrow, unsealed, timber road you would come to Lorinna.

Situated near the edge of the Cradle Mountain National Park, no shops, no electricity, no running water, and mail 3 times a week, Lorinna had a total population of about 30.

The income came from cream production, potatoes and timber.

A block was bought near the school. The area had once heavily timbered before it was partly cleared for farming. From our home we could see three buildings, the school across the road, with its 15 pupils, behind us a farmhouse where the local schoolteacher lived, and a further 500 yards in the other direction was the post office. We were fairly high up on the slope of the Forth Valley and we looked across to the western side of the Forth River.

With no electricity conditions were a bit primitive. Pressure lamps and irons and wood fuel stoves were the means of lighting, ironing and cooking. A battery radio kept us in touch with the outside world.

Homes had to be built for the two geologists plus single staff quarters and garages and offices before winter set in.

In February the pieces of the prefabricated wooden buildings arrived on trucks with a carpenter to show the geologists how to put them together.

We rented an abandoned farmhouse during the building period. A neighbouring farmer's wife kept us supplied with milk and cream and other farm produce. The children delivered the milk on the way to school each morning. No school buses in those days! Milk was 3 pence a pint and cream 6 pence! With no fridges, meat safes were the way to keep your food fresh longer. On very hot days to aid in the cooling, wet towels would be draped over the safe and the milk put into dishes of cold water. Yes it did get hot on some days!

We were presented with two freshly trapped rabbits! As a townie I had no idea how to skin and prepare a rabbit. I remembered my brother skinning a rabbit after a shooting trip. I thought you took a nip near the back feet and then hey presto you gave a grab and the skin just came off. I obviously had not taken much notice and after a couple of failed attempts a hole was dug and the rather mutilated rabbits buried.

Every day some sort of fresh meat was delivered. Parts of pork or lamb, rabbits (without their fur), possum patties, kangaroo steaks. I learned how to cook rabbits in a 100

Early in 1952 the pieces of the prefabricated wooden buildings (created to a simple design) arrived on trucks and a carpenter came for the first month to show the geologists how to put them together.

There was neither electricity nor running water. What a challenge. Thank goodness I had been a Girl Guide and had camped quite a bit and knew how to operate a wood stove! We managed to rent an abandoned farmhouse for a couple of months while the buildings were put together.

We drove up from Hobart with a few essentials to get started. My husband had the Mines Department utility loaded to the hilt and I drove our 1937 Vauxhall Velox. It was February 6th. The day that King George VI died.

Lorinna at that time consisted of about 5- 6 families. Mostly inter-related their farmhouses were spread about a ten-mile radius. From our Mines Department site we could see the school across the road, then about 200 yards behind us to the farmhouse where the local schoolteacher lived, and a further 300 yards in the other direction was the post office. At least that was where the telephone exchange was that diverted the calls between 9.00am and 6.00 pm each day (but not on the weekend!). Mail came out three times a week with the grocery van from Mt Roland.

We rented an abandoned farmhouse during the construction stage. This was a couple of miles from the building site but over the gully and across the only road in the area I could make out another farmhouse.

On the first day we had a visit from the farmer's wife who had a few children in tow. She would like to keep us supplied in milk and cream and other farm produce. I was only too glad to be a customer! The children delivered the milk on the way to school each morning in the billy can that I provided. It must have added a further mile or so to their trip. No school buses in those days! Milk was 3 pence a pint and cream 5 pence!. In those days one had to scald the milk to hopefully kill any unwanted bacteria. With no fridges, cool safes were the way to keep your food safe longer. On very hot days wet towels would be draped over the safe and the milk put into cold water dishes to aid in the cooling. Yes it did get hot in Tasmania on some days!

Mrs Smith also gave me two freshly trapped rabbits! As a townie I had no idea how to skin and prepare a rabbit so hoped that my husband, who had been brought up in the country, would be able to do this task. Alas he was not the rural type at all. I remembered my brother skinning a rabbit after a shooting trip. I thought you took a nip here near the back feet and then hey presto you gave a grab and the skin just came off. Ho! Ho! I obviously had not taken much notice and after a couple of failed attempts a hole was dug out the back and the rather mutilated rabbits were disposed of.

Every day some sort of fresh meat was delivered. Parts of pork or lamb, whole rabbits (already prepared), possum patties, kangaroo steaks. When a beast (cow or bullock) was killed the whole village shared the various parts. I learned how to salt my own rationed allowance for later on as well as how to cook rabbits in a 100 different ways. We payed whatever was asked for the produce and they were happy to have an extra income but were not greedy in their requests. I had inherited a cooking book of my mother-in-law that was to be invaluable. It was Miss Drake's "Everylady's Cook-Book" Published early in the 20th Century for the beginner or the experienced cook. It was ideal for my needs. It taught me how to gauge the heat of the oven for cooking! And how to corn meat, cook game and a thousand other things. I still have it and refer to it now and then. Neighbors often placed extra peas, beans, tomatoes, potatoes on the doormat with no note of indication of where they came from.

I returned to Hobart for the birth of my first daughter Anne in May and when she and I had recovered we made the trip back to Lorinna to our finished home! Well nearly finished - some painting still required and the second bedroom had to have its cupboards finished but we did have a hot water service!

A dam had been built on the creek that went through the property and then by gravity water was piped to each of the houses and the office block. If perchance a cow broke through the fence and went for a walk the water was a bit muddy but that did not happen often and we never ran out of water.

The hot water was the result of a series of water pipes put inside the firebox of the stove and the up to a 44 gallon drum in the roof. As we were in mountainous country we needed a fire each day to cook the meals so we always had hot water.

With a septic tank also installed we also had a flush toilets! What a masterpiece of modern living! The local children and possibly their parents had not seen one before! And also an enamelled bath – showers were not as common in those days.

We had a huge fireplace, and that with the fuel stove simply ate up the wood. Almost every month the geologists and a couple of field assistants would go off with a Land Rover and a trailer and collect wood. A dead tree was felled and then with the petrol driven saw logs were cut up to bring back to the homes. We soon learnt which were the good timbers for making scones or for long lasting good log fires on the long winter nights with the snow and winds outside.

Many nights it snowed but we were never snowed in. Sometimes the road was blocked by a fallen tree and help was needed to maintain access.

Hanging nappies out every day was a chore. Although I rinsed in the lovely hot water – the cold was too cold to handle – by the time I had finished hanging out the dozen or so nappies the first ones were frozen stiff! We seemed to have clotheslines strung inside for drying clothes for months on end. I used to say that Anne was 6 months old before the weather was kind enough to dry a nappy on the line for use.

I had a huge pram. The roads were rough but one knew one had to take one's baby out for a daily walk. I sometimes worried that Anne might be bounced out of the pram on the rough roads.

Social Life was different but enjoyable.

I had been invited to visit Mrs Horton – the matriach of the village. A wonderful lady who as well as working hard all her life on the farm that still boasted a bullock team to pull the plow and move timber from time to time, also did sewing for the locals. I think there was only one family at that time to whom she was not related. I was invited to pick some plums to make into jam or sauce. This was to be an outing with a purpose.

Off I went with Anne in the pram to walk the mile or so to Mrs Horton's. The design of the farmhouse was a series of huts or rooms joined together by a long external verandah. Having braved the dogs I ventured along the verandah and at the end she appeared and waved for me to go inside while she collected something to bring along. I looked into the room and the floor appeared wet and shiny so I waited till she came, as I knew how cross I became if someone walked on my wet floors. "Oh no dear it's not wet." It was polished to such sheen that it looked wet! This would have been on her hands and knees. Mrs Horton was then about 60-70. After the cup of tea and admiring the large coloured photographs hanging on the wall of the past Hortons and the wild bee honey comb slowly dripping into a jug near the fireplace we went outside to pick the plumbs. Being younger

I thought I should do the climbing up the ladders to reach the higher limbs of the tree, but low and behold I missed my footing and fell and tore my dress! Not hurt though and although I did not have many dresses did not want to make a fuss. Mrs Horton enquired if I had any material to make up into another dress and as I did she said she would pop up in the next day or so to make me a dress. This she did.

She walked the mile or so and came armed with very large scissors which she used to attack the material with a very professional air. As we talked and ate she made me a dress!! I was so delighted! She was a skilled dressmaker and taught me a few tricks of the trade.

The Hortons keep pigs too and did their own curing so when ever there was some bacon or ham spare you would get a message to come and select your cut.

Rarely a message would come with the milk delivery that a travelling minister would be coming to speak the next Sunday in the School. Everyone turned up for such an occasion and of course "bring a plate" was the order of the day. Everyone tried to outdo the other in the cake and sandwich department.

Then the staff of the Mines unit decided to put on a play – The Fruity Melodrama - a radio play that was well known at that time. We enlisted a few of the locals to also take part. The play was to be part of one of the social evenings, which occurred infrequently when a violinist came to play for square dances. What fun we had rehearsing and soon we were word perfect. The long awaited evening came and the show was performed to a packed house. I don't think the audience had ever seen a play before and as radio was a luxury too, with batteries being the only power source, they did not quite know how to react.

To see our people dressed up and making fools of ourselves seemed to embarrass them a bit. To stony silence we performed the piece. No applause at the end. Nothing! You can imagine our disappointment. The school teacher who was in the play then spoke to the audience saying you are allowed to laugh – that it was a comic show – "Oh, is that so – in that case perhaps you had better do it again!!" This we did and this time they did laugh in the right places and did clap us at the end!

On another occasion we were invited to see the end result of the season of possum snaring. A bark hut was filled to the rafters with skins of all colours stretched out on wire frames to dry. This was legal in those days and helped to augment the family income. Another time we were taken way out to a hidden creek to fish for black fish and there we saw platypus playing in the water.

Sometimes trout or salmon were tickled in the river and if a few were caught a big barbecue gave all an opportunity to share in the spoils.

Picnics near the old bridge on the Forth River (now covered over with a dam) were a summer treat, as was collecting the blackberries for jam and wild mushrooms from the paddocks.

We also initiated a local show. By word of mouth the nearby towns heard of it and it was a great day with over a hundred people assembling for the various events. There were prize animals, best eggs, cakes, scones, children's fancy dress parade, as well as wood chopping etc. I still have my cards for winning the first prize in the plain scones and the sponge cake sections.

The people were good country folk making a living at what they knew best.

It was a big day in the valley when Mr Bott took delivery of the first tractor brought into the village. Not many of the folk owned a car or a truck. Mr Bott used his tractor as his

means of transport. He lived with his unmarried sister and one often saw them going visiting on a Sunday to one of their relatives further down the road.

Even though the villagers had received a limited education they read widely and were interested in what was going on outside the valley. Only one of them had been to Hobart. A trip to Devonport 50+ miles might be experienced once in a lifetime. The mailman came 3 times a week from Roland and he also was the grocer. Most of people at that time were related to each other so it was wise not to make any comment on anything that happened locally.

Margaret, the other geologist's wife, and I became good friends as we learnt to care for our babies, create vegetable gardens, care for our chooks and even the two sheep that we were given. Although we lived only 100 yards from each other we respected each other's privacy and also enjoyed each other's company, particularly when our husbands were away for some days on field work.

Margaret had her first child Barbara while in Lorinna and she and my daughter Christine, who was born eighteen months after Anne, became friends when their paths crossed again when my girls went to boarding school in Adelaide from Tennant Creek. Barbara and Christine are still friends and keep in touch although living in different states.

Life for the field geologist in the early fifties was quite different to what happens today. Then aerial photography was used to assist in the mapping but the hard slog of setting up survey pegs and sights in the extreme mountainous area of the Cradle Mountain Park and surrounds took great skill and physical strength. Carrying all the gear and tents and food to the outer sites and competing against the wild weather took a lot of courage.

Fortunately we were pretty healthy. The only emergency we had was when Anne fell and cut her ear and needed to be taken to the nearest doctor at Sheffield some 26 miles away for stitches.

Margaret and I went about once a month into see the Baby Health Sister at Sheffield to make sure our babies were thriving. Other than that we did not seem to need more than our own common sense first aid treatments.

We left Lorinna after 2 and a bit years when my husband was offered a post as a field geologist to a consulting firm that had clients in Western Australia, Northern Territory and Queensland. This was too good an opportunity to miss. Margaret and Les left soon after.

The geologists appointed to take our places decided Lorinna was too isolated and as it did not have electricity and permanent telephone access they moved the base closer to Devonport to carry on the work started by my husband.

After just over 2 years in Melbourne we moved to Tennant Creek in the Northern Territory where we stayed for 12 years. But that is another story too of life in the Outback.

Joan M. Elliston

Can You be "In The Outback" in Tasmania.