

A newsletter for just one month this time. And just how is it that it is almost May? Time flies they say when you are having fun!

The next meeting of the Society will take place on Thursday 6th. May, at 7.00 p.m. We are able to meet again at the meeting room adjacent the library. This will allow us more space, and is also easily accessed.

Korumburra has been in the news of late with the closing of the Bendigo Bank, the Shire's purchase of the Top of the Town, and meetings to discuss these taking place.

Barry Sykes is organising a mine tour on 6th. June. You can put that date in your diary. Further details are to come, time, arrangements, etc. Barry's knowledge of the Jumbunna and Outtrim areas is without equal, and this is something not to be missed.

We've had a request for information on a Hughes family, specifically:

WALTER VALENTINE HUGHES b. 1987 Collingwood, d. 1948 Fitzroy, m. 1900 Carlton

He married ELIZABETH (Bessie) BLACK LATTA b. 1882 Glasgow, d. 1948 Fitzroy

FLORENCE VALENTINE HUGHES b. 1901 Korumburra, d. 1964 Coburg. Florence was one of five children born to the couple, all born in Korumburra.

Walter and Bessie lived in Korumburra, at one time the family was in Mine Road. Walter became a contractor. Latta Bros. were also contractors in Korumburra; the brothers, James Alexander Latta and David McFarlane Latta were brothers of Elizabeth.

Back to the mining theme. Members will probably know of Stag Garrard, and for those who haven't come across him it might be time now to introduce him. Arthur "Stag" Garrard, who died in 1983 is remembered at Coal Creek Historical Park. The memorial reads:

HERE LIE THE ASHES OF
ARTHUR "STAG" GARRARD
DIED OCTOBER 1983, AGED 87
RESPONSIBLE FOR BREAKING A MINERS'
STRIKE AT THE SUNBEAM COLLIERY IN 1924
THE BARROW MAN
A SURFACE HAND AT THE MINE,
"STAG" STRUCK IN SYMPATHY WITH THE MINERS
FOR BETTER PAY AND CONDITIONS,
ON RETURN "STAG" WAS SACKED, AS
MANAGEMENT CLAIMED THE STRIKE WAS NOT
HIS BUSINESS
THE MINERS WENT ON STRIKE AGAIN,
INSISTING THAT "STAG" BE REIMSTATED.
HOPING "STAG" WOULD BE HUMILIATED AND LEAVE,
THE MANAGEMENT GAVE HIM A JOB OF
WHEELING A BARROW LOAD OF COAL INTO
THREE MILE DISTANT KORUMBURRA, DELIVERING

IT AND BRINGING BACK CHAFF FOR THE HORSES.
"STAG" TOOK THE JOB,
BROKE THE STRIKE, AND RECEIVED A HERO'S WELCOME
AS HE WALKED INTO TOWN WITH HIS FIRST
BARROW LOAD OF COAL.
OVERNIGHT HE BECAME A LOCAL AND
NATIONAL LEGEND, TO THE GREAT EMBARRASSMENT
OF THE MINE MANAGEMENT.

Several years back now, we were asked to suggest names for the new roads around the new Children's Centre. One of the roads is now named "Stag Road" in memory of "Stag" Garrard.

In the days of the Karmai Parade "Stag" was given the honour of leading the parade, wheeling a barrow load of coal, and when age prevented him from doing that he and his barrow still led the parade from the back of a ute. A little story to go with this comes from Brian Blake's obituary for the late Gwen Barton. Gwen enticed "Stag" to take part in a bus trip to Tasmania that she was organising. "Stag" treasured the group photo taken during the trip, which he loved to show, and told people with considerable pride about his overseas holiday. He was just so pleased to have taken part in the tour, and was grateful to Gwen for encouraging him to be a part of it.

From Barry Sykes' LINES, MINES, PEOPLE AND PLACES comes the following. We're still trying to find the source.

For more information please contact secretary, Janet Wilson, (0409 248 603) janet.wil@outlook.com or P.O. Box 329,
KORUMBURRA. Vic. 3950.

President: Mr. Bob Newton

Treasurer: Mr. Alwyn Michie

Archivist: Mr. Doug Boston

'Barrowing' Story

A certain bloke by the name of Garrard,
Back in the days when things were hard,
Worked as a miner down below
At Korumburra years ago.
As many of the old hands know,
Hacking out coal for a mining show.
He'd a manner blythe and gay;
And if a joke on him they'd play
He'd swiftly turn it the other way.
Was Stagger shortened down to "Stag".

Then came an incident that rocked
The district to the marrow;
Concerning the manager of the mine
"Stag" Garrard and a barrow.

This manager, it would appear,
Was beefy, tall, morose, severe.
And I have it on good report
To devious methods would resort.
Was in fact to put it short,
A decidedly unpopular "sort."
He liked to give a sarcastic crack
But, could never take one back;
And following on a returned attack
To "Stag" he straightway gave the sack.
His mates said "sack him if you like;
But from that moment we're on strike."

The manager cocksure, decided
He would call their bluff.
He did, and out they came at once,
On strike, sure enough.

That work at the mine should be disturbed
Made the manager quite perturbed.
With the owners he foresaw a ruction,
Caused by dividend reduction
Resulting from lost coal production,
So his plans underwent a reconstruction.
He approached the affair with circumspection
Accorded the men a fair reception.
Yet kept in his mind a mean deception
Agreed to place "Stag" in the transport section
To convey to the factory from the mine,
One hand-barrow load of coal at a time.

To push the matter further home
And "Stag's" feelings further harrow,
Decreed, he bring a bag of chaff
Back, each time in his barrow.

The members of the deputation
Received the news with indignation.
When he heard of the plan on his behalf
"Stag" dismissed it with a laugh.
Said – "I'll play his game, and not by half;
I'll push his coal and his chaff,
Yes, my ruddy oath; I'll play,
If he wants the things this way.
But the tricky mug forgot to say
How many loads to take each day.
Let him carry on and do his worst
We'll just see who gets tired first".

He made no further statement
In protest or of warning
But, calmly reported at the mine
For work on Monday morning.

Around and about went the tidings;
Throughout the Shire, to all the Ridings.
The way that people gathered around
You'd think 'twas a race for a thousand pounds
They lined the streets both up and down
To cheer "Stag's" progress through the town.
As in each street he slowly would appear
And his load sedately steer,
He was greeted by resounding cheer,
Slaps on the back, and pots of beer.
News of such unusual capers
Brought reporters from the city papers.

Soon, grinning from the daily press,
As cheeky as a sparrow
Was a photograph of "Stag" Garrard
Complete with loaded barrow.

When the whistle went from twelve to one,
Or knock off time when work was done,
In the middle of the street or the road
Down went his barrow with its load;
Said he, "work overtime be blowed,"
And leaving it away he strode.
In that spot it would remain
Till the whistle blew again.
Not one townsman would complain
So the manager swore and fumed in vain,
To be thus made the laughing stock
And in the end he "did his block."

He went one night
In towering rage
Took the barrow away
And hid it, from sight.

Next morning "Stag: went to the scene
Of where his barrow had last been.
Then, when he discovered his loss,
He at once suspected the mining boss
Of trying to put, another across;
And determined he'd take another toss
In the face of this unfeeling
Further piece of double dealing.
He went to the police, his help appealing,
Reporting a case of petty stealing.
To solve the case wasn't hard,
The barrow was found in the manager's yard.

'Twas held that if he would avoid
A nasty prosecution,
He must of necessity make
A speedy restitution.

The official attitude was plain
And protestations all in vain,
Of abandoned property minding
They an ancient law unwinding
Alas for him, still legally binding,
Maintained him guilty, of stealing by finding.
He caved in and gave "Stag" best,
The whole town roaring at the jest.
Loud and long the laughter rang
At the trick that proved a boomerang.

Let all who hatch schemes like this
From minds so mean and narrow,
Take warning from the story of
"Stag" Garrard and his barrow.

Not game to put it to the test,
With his ego much depressed