

Epilogue

**“A Mission to Count”**

**By Caitlin Andrews**

‘The Scone Advocate’; September 12<sup>th</sup> 2013; 11:37 a.m.



Scone’s Bill Howey with three of his books written to feed his passion for writing as well as provide useful information to others.

He may have moved to Australia as a ‘Ten Pound Pom’ but ever since landing in Scone Dr. William Patrick (Bill) Howey has set his mind to his ultimate belief that you should aim to build society and give something to your community.

Describing himself light heartedly as a boat person, only he came in a plane, Mr. Howey believes if you have the benefit of education, you should bring that with you and make a contribution to the society you move to.

This is a belief he holds very close to his heart and one that has driven the husband, father and grandfather to give everything he can to society and the community Australia wide.

The Scone Advocate had the opportunity to chat with this extremely interesting man and before you is a taste of some of the remarkable things Mr. Howey has achieved.

Born in Northumberland, England, a young Bill grew up on a mixed farming property that had been in the Howey family for hundreds of years, where they “bred fast cattle and fat horses”.

After attending a school of about 30 children in primary school, he had the option of continuing secondary school or going to work on the farm, however with things on the farm going ‘pear shaped’ it was decided by Bill’s father and Irish born mother he would go away to boarding school at Ackworth School in West Yorkshire for the next seven years.

This is the same school that the 2005 Australian of the Year Doctor Fiona Wood attended in later years.

The University of Edinburgh in Scotland was Mr. Howey’s next stop where he studied veterinary science for five years and ultimately led to him moving to Scone.

It was during his undergraduate years that Mr. Howey witnessed a presentation by Scone’s Murray Bain at the British Veterinary Association Conference, planting the seed for his move to the Horse Capital of Australia.

After working for 12 months as a veterinarian graduate in North West Ireland, in 1967 at the age of 24 Mr Howey made the big move to Australia, venturing straight to Scone.

It was an advertisement in the British Veterinary Record for a suitable assistant to work with Mr Bain that cemented the decision and with Bain’s neighbour and good friend Sir Alister McMullin president of the Australian Senate at the time, Mr. Howey’s application was fast tracked and he was here within three months.

He chuckles as he remembers finishing work in Strabane, County Tyrone on the Thursday and starting work in Scone, Australia the following Tuesday.

A keen and enthusiastic writer Mr. Howey has written three books – RIRDC Equine Research & Development: ‘Education & Training in the Horse Industry in Australia’, ‘The Infinite History of Veterinary Practice in Scone’ and ‘Geraldton’ Scone – A History - and more recently has completed a memoir writing course in Sydney where he documented his journey to Australia in ‘The Voyage Out’.

Since moving to Australia, Mr. Howey’s life has been filled with love, hard work, success and the community.

In 1975 he married his wife Sarah, a local girl who grew up on ‘Tinagroo’, and two years later Mr Howey with John Morgan and Nairn Fraser established Morgan, Howey, Fraser and Partners in Liverpool Street, now the Scone Equine Hospital.

The trio worked to establish the veterinary practice for the next 20 years before Mr Howey joined the NSW TAFE system teaching and fulfilling the role of project officer in the veterinary science field.

He then extended his portfolio joining the University of Sydney as a lecturer and driving the education of vets in Australia, Australasia and the world through the Post Graduate Foundation in Veterinary Science, which is now known as Continuing Veterinary Education.

Locally, Mr. Howey has enjoyed making many contributions being a big player involved in White Park and the Scone Race Club, where he was president from 1978 to 1984, when the decision was made to move the racecourse from White Park to its current location.

He is now a life member.

He is also a life member of the Hunter Thoroughbred Breeders Association, the Australian Veterinary Association, the Equine Veterinarians of Australia and the Australian and New Zealand College of Veterinary Science, an honorary member of the Royal Agricultural Society of NSW and was the second Scone and Upper Hunter Horse Festival VIP.

His career and passion led him to be a key stakeholder in the Hunter Valley Equine Research Centre and he has been on the board of the Veterinary Sciences Board of NSW, plus many others.

With Peter McBeth and Dennis Johnston, Mr. Howey was instrumental in introducing junior soccer to Scone and was also active in junior cricket, swimming and pony club.

For the past 12 years, the 71-year-old has poured a lot of time and effort into Strathearn, which he remains on the board of.

Being the former chairman for five years, Mr. Howey shares the desire with others to offer local elderly residents the best possible opportunities.

With a passion for writing and reading, Mr. Howey now finds himself in the role of secretary of the Australian Decorative and Fine Arts Society Scone and recently joined the steering committee of the University of the Third Age.

After completing his term as a Councillor of the Upper Hunter Shire last year, Mr. Howey said he enjoyed his time in local government as it was full of challenges, however feels it is something he should have started a bit earlier in life.

It is the 'enlightening and enriching' experiences he has had the opportunity to realise that have fulfilled life for Mr. Howey and he has always enjoyed being very community involved.

Still keeping his foot in the door, Mr. Howey is a current member of the University of Newcastle's Animal Care Ethics Committee, which he says is a gold standard tool to ensure animals are used appropriately in research.

Apart from travelling to enrich the mind, Mr. Howey enjoys writing and reading for posterity and to stimulate the brain.

He believes his greatest contribution in life has been his two children, Kirsty – a civil rights lawyer and Hugh – a teacher, and he now has two grandchildren with another on the way.

Some of the many awards and medals in Mr. Howey's office are the 1995 Hunter Valley Blood Horse Breeders Association President's Award, the 1985 Scone Shire Council Service to Sport Award, the 1995 Hunter McLoughlin Citizen of the Year, the Australian Equine Veterinarian Association Literary Award and Excellence in Equine Veterinary Field and the Sutton Farm Foundation Award for Outstanding Caring to the Scone Community.

I mentioned in my manic prologue I might resort to established 'First Nation' philosophy as my finale? In this case I can find no better examples than the last two 'free leaders' of the Nez Perce tribe of North American Indians in the Oregon Territory during the latter part of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. I will let them tell their own story.

#### Old Joseph

A strange man was old Joseph ('Tuekakas' converted and baptised by the Christians), a sturdy, strongly-built man, with a will of iron and a foresight that never failed him but once – when he welcomed the Americans to his country. He had some strange notions too, one of which was that “no man owned any part of the earth, and a man could not sell what he did not own.”

Old Joseph went to his grave in 1871, in blissful ignorance of the fact that his land was not his land. Captain Whipple says, “Uniformly and with vehemence to his last hour, he asserted to his children and friends that he had never surrendered claim to this (Wallowa) valley, but that he had left it to them as their inheritance, with the injunction never to barter it away.” His son says, “I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said, ‘My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more, and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father’s body. Never sell the bones of your father and your mother.’ I pressed my father’s hand, and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit land. I buried him in that beautiful valley of Winding Waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father’s grave is worse than a wild animal.”

#### Young Joseph (Chief Joseph)



Chief Joseph 1877

This son was worthy of his father's legacy. His name was 'In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat' – the Thunder-Travelling-Over-the-Mountains. To the Americans, he was known as Young Joseph, and to the world, since 1877, he is Chief Joseph the Nez Perce. He was six feet in height, well-formed, of serious and noble countenance. He was grave and thoughtful, as becomes a ruler. He was shrewd and cautious, as becomes one who transacts business for a nation. He was exact and resolute, as becomes one who must preserve peace between two factions prone to misunderstanding and jealousy. Most dear to him, after the death of his father, was his brother Ol-la-cut, a little younger than himself, tall, handsome and gay. Both of these youths were students in Mrs Spalding's school in the happy olden times. Probably the good seed which was sown then ripened into good deeds afterwards; possibly it accounts for their honourable conduct when war came.

A Commission was appointed, and General Howard was made a member. They came to Lapwai to talk with Joseph and the other "non-treaties" that had never been able to understand Governor Grosvenor's logic. These bands were sufficiently confederated in interest, and sufficiently sensible of Joseph's abilities, to make him the leader of the "non-treaty" party.

The Commissioners talked with them in November, 1876, in the mission church in Lapwai, but Joseph nonplussed the commissioners. They say, "An alertness and dexterity in intellectual fencing was exhibited by him that was quite remarkable." It was remarkable. They were unable to answer his arguments. He said, "That the Creative Power, when he made the earth, made no marks, no lines of division or separation on it, and that it should be allowed to remain as then made. The earth was his mother. He was made of the earth and grew up in its bosom. The earth, as his mother and nurse, was sacred to his affections, too sacred to be valued or sold for silver and gold. He could not consent to sever his affections from the land that bore him.

He was content to live upon such fruits as the Creative Power placed within and upon it, and unwilling to barter these and his free habits away from the new modes of life proposed by us. Moreover the earth carried chieftainship (which the interpreter explained to mean law, authority, or control), and therefore to part with the earth would be to part with himself or with this self-control. He asked nothing of the President. He was able to take care of himself. He did not desire Wallowa Valley as a reservation, for that would subject him and his band to the will of and dependence on another, and to laws not of their own making. He was disposed to live peaceably. He and his band had suffered wrong rather than do wrong. One of their number was wickedly slain by a white man during the last summer, but he would not avenge his death. But unavenged by him, the voice of that brother's blood, sanctifying the ground, would call the dust of their fathers back to life, to people the land in protest of this great wrong.

The commissioners knew that Joseph's statements were true. His brother had been killed, as stated, in a quarrel about some stock, by a man named Finley, and the Indians had refused even to appear as witnesses against the murderer in court. Joseph said, "When I learned that they had killed one of my people I was heart-sick. When I saw all the settlers take the murderer's part, though they spoke of bringing him to trial, I told them that the law did not favour murder. I could see that they were all in favour of the murderer, so I told them to leave the country. As to the murderer I have made up my mind. I have come to the conclusion to let him escape and enjoy health and not take his life for the one he took. I am speaking as though I spoke with the man himself. I do not want anything in payment for the deed he committed. I pronounce the sentence that he shall live."

## Wants and Needs

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians to the Board (including General John P. Shanks & Governor Thomas W. Bennett of Idaho) appointed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Lapwai Reservation, Idaho, March 1873:

"Do you want schools or school houses on the Wallawa Reservation?" they had asked him.

*"No," he has answered. "We do not want schools or school houses on the Wallawa Reservation."*

"Why do you not want schools?"

*"They will teach us to have churches."*

"Do you not want churches?"

*"No, we do you not want churches."*

"Why do you not want churches?"

*"They will teach us," Joseph had said, "to quarrel about God, as the Catholics and Protestants do on the Nez Perce reservation and at other places. We do not want to learn that. We may quarrel with men sometimes about things on this earth, but we never quarrel about God. We do not want to learn that."*

## Fight No More For Ever

Speech of surrender by Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians to General O. O. Howard, Colonel Nelson Miles, Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood, Guy Howard & Arthur Chapman; Bear Paws, Montana, Friday, October 5, 1877.

He dismounted his horse with dignity, handing his gun to the General. With Chapman doing the interpreting and Wood taking down the translation, Joseph began to speak:

*"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before, I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. "Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Toohoolhoolzote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say "Yes" or "No". He who led the young men [Ollokot\*] is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are – perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs! I am tired. My heart is sick and sad. **From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever.** I could not bear to see my wounded men and women suffer any longer".*

(Ollokot, ['Alikot'] War Chief was the younger brother of Chief Joseph whom General Howard had known and respected). There was a moment of silence. Then Joseph drew his blanket over his head. The war was over. Joseph's sad and beautiful words affected the officers. The long journey was ended. After a thousand miles of fighting, only eighty-seven warriors were now alive, and half of them were wounded. Joseph's wife was dead. His older daughter had escaped to Canada with White Bird, and only the girl papoose born on the flight was left to him.

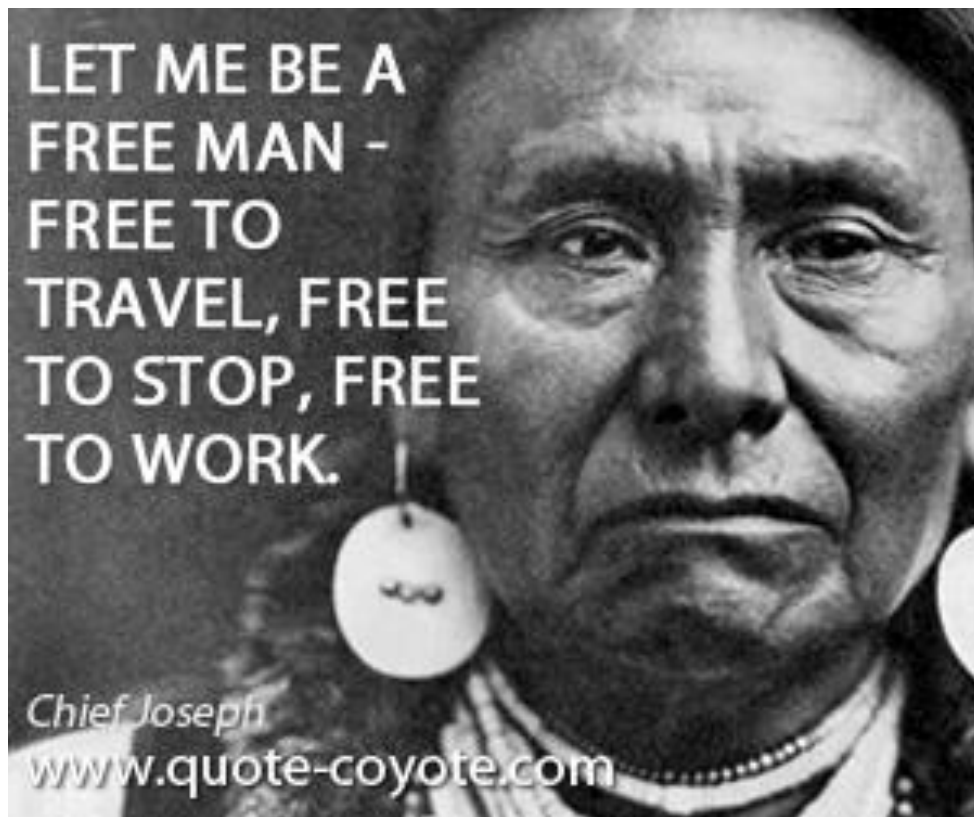
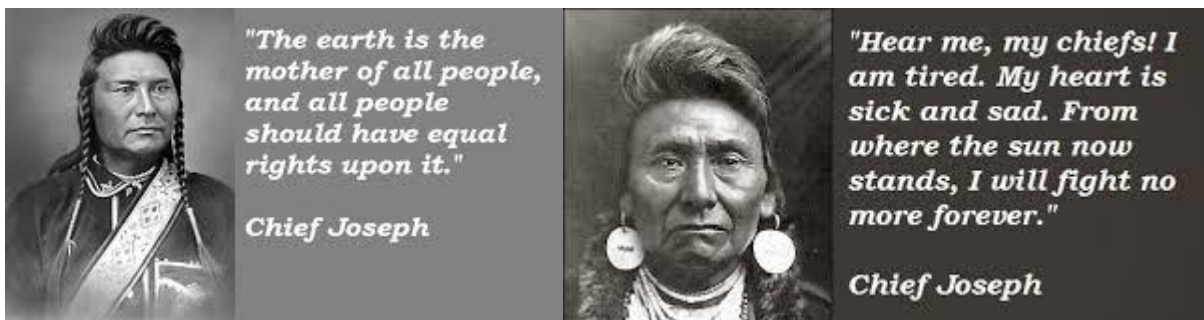
Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood was overcome. He later became a major civil rights lawyer and territory administrator.

Free Man  
Chief Joseph

"Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to talk, think and act for myself -- and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty".

"Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht has spoken for his people."

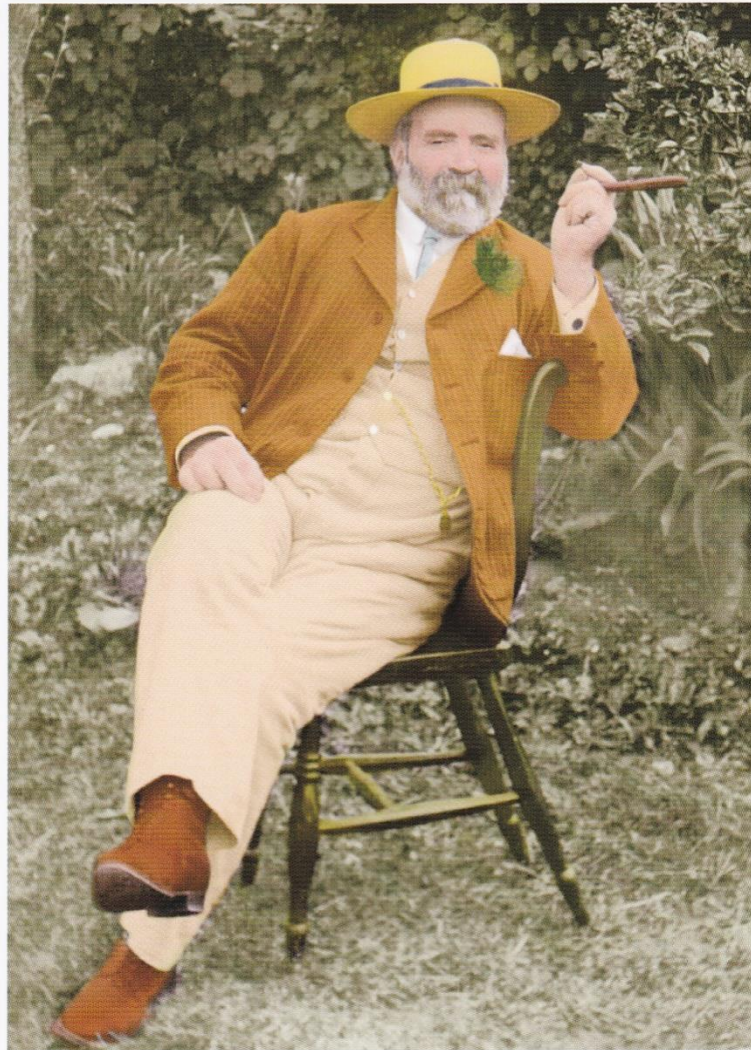
"If you desire the grander chivalry of strength of mind and nobility of soul, I will pit Chief Joseph against any barbarian that ever lived." J. P. Dunn, Jr., M.S., L.L.B.; 'Massacres of the Mountains': A History of the Indian Wars of the Far West 1815 – 1875, Ganis & Harris, New York 1886



*"It does not require many words to speak the truth"*

Summation

Age doesn't matter,  
unless you're a cheese



The problem with a memoir is that it is both illimitable and inexorable. It never ceases. Eventually however there comes a time? This is it. I have to stop