

# MORWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## NEWSLETTER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, EXCEPT DECEMBER

*Meetings : 3rd. TUESDAY of the month at 7.30 PM*

OLD TOWN HALL , MORWELL

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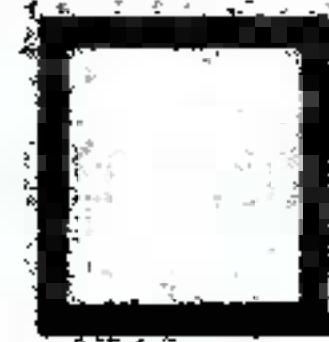
JULY 1994

### WELCOME TO THE JULY NEWSLETTER

In this newsletter there are details of two workshops being offered to members of historical societies over the next few months. Is anyone interested in attending and bringing the skills gained back with them for the benefit of our Society?

We are planning to open our display in the Old town hall to the public for one day a week. Volunteers to man (person??) the display are needed. If you can help, please contact Elsie McMaster on (051)341149.

*Important!!* If there is a red cross in this box we have no record of having received your membership subscription for 1994-5. If you wish to remain a member, please let us have your sub ASAP. You can pay Elsie McMaster, 2 Harold St Morwell or Dot Bartlett, 5 Phyllis St Morwell (NOT Neville St as advertised in our last newsletter!).



**Next Meeting: Tuesday, July 19. Hope to see you there.**



## *The Payne Family of Budgeree*

*(From notes supplied by Miss E.A.C. Payne, granddaughter of Captain H.G.W. Payne, the first settler at Budgeree.) Article taken from Morwell Historical News, 10/3/1966.*

My grandfather, Captain Herbert William Glendining Payne, was born 17/1/1843, in Chickerell, Dorset, England. His parents were Post-Captain William Payne R.N. and Cecilia Dorothea Payne, (nee Glendining), the latter being a niece of Sir Charles Hotham, Governor of Victoria 1853-55. Cecilia Payne's mother was a sister of Sir Charles Hotham.

At the age of 12 years, my grandfather entered the Royal Navy and went aboard an ocean-going warship. The ship berthed at times in Mediterranean ports to take on supplies.

As a young man he attended a big naval ball on invitation from the reigning monarch, Queen Victoria, and it was at this ball that he met my grandmother, Elizabeth Amy Cathcart Webster, who, with her sisters, was also in attendance by invitation of Queen Victoria. Their father, Francis Webster of Dundee, was a lawyer and "Writer of the Signet" for the British Crown in Edinburgh, Scotland.

My grandfather was posted Captain and sent out to Japan as Chief Navigating Officer for the British Naval Squadron there, stationed at Yokohama. Some time later, my grandmother travelled out to Japan to marry my grandfather at Yokohama, 10/7/1874. Two other ladies of the Webster family accompanied her as far as Bombay, India. A cousin, Flora Webster, better known as the authoress Flora Annie Steele, left the ship at Bombay to take up an appointment as Inspector of Schools for the British Government in India. The third member of the party, my grandmother's sister, Patricia Webster, went to Australia to marry her first cousin, Hugh Blair, a surveyor in the Lands

Department, Melbourne, and the man who surveyed the route for the Gippsland Railway Line a few years later.

In 1875, young Captain Payne and his wife left Japan to visit the Blair couple in Melbourne, sailing on the S.S. Bowen. The ship ran into a severe hurricane and was tossed about like a cork, the captain admitting that he was powerless against such a storm. It was during this gale that my grandmother's first child, William Herbert Webster Payne was born, when the ship was off Singapore.

Going back a generation, my grandmother herself, Elizabeth Amy Cathcart Webster, was born prematurely, in Tasmania, while her parents were on a visit to relatives, the Cathcarts, who owned a large sheep station in Tasmania. As the parents were booked to board ship for the return voyage the day after my grandmother's birth, the baby was wrapped in cotton wool soaked in olive oil, and taken on board. The journey back to Scotland by way of Cape Horn took six months, and only after landing in Scotland was the birth registered.

After landing in Melbourne in 1875, Herbert W.G. Payne selected land at Lilydale and Oakleigh. He held the position of Harbour Master until he decided to take up land at Budgeree, south of Morwell, Victoria. Late in 1878 or early in 1879 he travelled on horseback to Budgeree, via Yinnar (seven miles south of Morwell). He had with him as guide and adviser, Mr Quigley, the hotel proprietor at Yinnar. Mr Quigley's inn, which was later burnt down, stood opposite to where the Mechanics Hall is now, on property owned by Mrs Bennett, a daughter of Mr Quigley. The party travelled along a bridle track to reach the selection Herbert Payne had decided to take, situated about fifteen miles from Morwell. My grandfather built a two-roomed hut out of split timber with silver-top bark for the roofing, and had about an acre of ground about the hut cleared of scrub.



Soon after the family settled in, my grandfather decided to navigate his way through the dense scrub to Welshpool on the coast. He left my grandmother and his two little sons and set off on this journey in search of more land. Up till this time my grandmother had led a sheltered life in Scotland but now she was roughing it in the Australian bush. During my grandfather's absence a huge bushfire broke out in the Budgeree area. At the height of the fire, my grandmother, with the two boys and a pet dog, took refuge in a hollow log clear of the scrub, placing wet blankets over the entrance hole. Grandmother said she prayed that the hut would be burned so that she could go back to Melbourne, but to her amazement, after being nearly smothered by smoke, she looked out to find the hut still standing. Even the log where they were sheltering had caught alight and she was surprised indeed to see that the hut had withstood such flames and such heat.

There were large packs of dingoes in the area in those days. I myself have heard them howling at night when I was a child there.

Later, at the time of the big fires, 1898, grandfather was on his way, with the aid of his compass, walking to the sea coast, to Welshpool. He had run out of food when he came across the den of a dingo containing three pups, one of which he took for food. Then he met some settlers who helped him with provisions, and he found he was close to his destination.

Eventually, after years of toil, cutting, grubbing and burning, he cleared 365 acres and had a nice home built. All the timber and accessories needed for it were carted by bullock wagon from Melbourne. This home was built near a small creek running into the Morwell River.

Mr Henri Louis Pettavel, with his family, was the second pioneer to arrive at Budgeree. He was Swiss born and his wife, Rose Cecile Marendaz came from the south of France. They, along with a third pioneering family, the

Morrell family, became my grandparents' closest friends. The Pettavels and the Morrells held blocks adjoining my grandfather's. Mrs C. Morrell was the sister of Mr Walter Firmin of Yinnar. The Pettavel farm was on the south side; the Morrell property was on the east side of the Payne block. Grandfather's second bush block was on the north side of the first, along with the holdings of the Tuckers, Elliots, Primroses and Polworths. My grandmother's brother, John Webster, had a block on the west side near the Morwell River, which formed part of the western boundary of the Payne property. John Hall had property at the back of Pettavel's selection further along the river from the Payne's. Mr George Fox selected across the river from Grandfather's property and at the western end.

My grandmother's brother, John Webster, was the first manager of the Bank of Australia in Melbourne. He married Dr Martha Turner (Doctor of Divinity) who used to preach in the Unitarian Church, and who was the sister of Sir Giles Turner of Melbourne.

My grandparents were generous people and as the land was taken up by more and more people, they used to invite the single young men for meals on Saturdays and Sundays. These young men were regular visitors until they had places for themselves, ready to bring their young brides to their blocks. Mr Grange, who had come from New Zealand, bought a small piece of land from one of the settlers. He helped build my grandfather's home and many of the other homes. Grandfather gave the land for the Church of England, the hall and the school, the early teachers boarding at his home. We have a photo of the old school building at the time it was being removed, when a new school was opened on the same block of land. We also have a photo of the old school with the teacher and pupils, at the time my mother (Helen Payne) and uncles were pupils there.

My grandfather fattened bullocks, milked cows,



kept sheep, pigs, goats, horses, ducks, turkeys and fowls. He planted a large orchard of fruit trees of various kinds, and berry bushes which flourished well.

When the Kalgoorlie gold rush occurred, my grandfather and his second son, Sam, a lad in his teens, walked from Fremantle to Kalgoorlie (about 300 miles). They pegged out a claim there. However, there was a chronic shortage of water; disease broke out, and Sam was stricken with fever. Grandfather managed to get a ride for Sam on one of the horse drawn drays, but he himself had to walk. So ended the gold digging venture.

Another time my grandfather walked to Sydney, a distance of 500 miles, over the Blue Mountains, to buy a horse. He had a cousin by the name of Payne, also, and he was the editor of the "Sydney Times". He called at the cousin's house, but the cousin was not at home and his wife was busy entertaining some ladies to afternoon tea. Grandfather was given a small cup of tea and a small sandwich, when he was hungry enough to have eaten a hearty meal. He missed seeing his cousin, bought the horse, which he called Paddy, and set off walking back to Budgerie. My grandfather disliked riding horses and would rarely mount one. On one occasion, when he was on horseback, with his youngest son Charles, on foot beside him, Charles, who was then only a lad, put his stick across and under the horse's tail. The horse clamped down on the stick with its tail and bolted. Grandfather managed to stay on and regain control, but after that experience he could not be persuaded to get on a horse again. He was a good walker and always walked when he had to go to the neighbouring townships of Boolarra, Yinnar and Morwell. He used to carry two sugar bags across his shoulders with provisions for the family.

In the first years when there was no creamery or separators, my grandmother used to set the milk in large flat dishes after it had been scalded.

The milk was scalded each day after the milking, and next day the cream was skimmed off, the skimmed milk being used to feed the calves, pigs etc. The cream was made into butter and salted down in big stone jars, with a thick layer of salt on top of the butter. It was then lidded down and exported to England and Scotland, taking six months to get there. However, it would arrive in good condition and the salt was then washed out of it ready for it to be eaten.

My grandmother made all the bread, butter, jam and preserves for the family. Grandfather built smoke huts to cure their own bacon, and big softwood troughs to corn the meat in. They killed their own animals - bullocks, sheep, pigs etc. for their meat, taking it turn about with their neighbours in sharing the carcasses.

When my mother was about 15 years old, (about 1893), or a little later, a creamery opened up on a piece of land at the back of Mr Morrell's property and Llewellyn Jones' farm, on the road known as Morrell's Road. Mother said they would take the milk there, wait for it to be separated, and bring back the skimmed milk for the calves and the pigs. The creamery bought the cream. This continued until the farmers could obtain their own separators. They used a sledge and horse to cart the milk to and from the creamery, the sledge sliding over the grass and mud.

My grandparents with their son, Sam, and their daughter, Florence, are buried in Boolarra Cemetery. I remember that, as a child of three and a half years, I attended with my grandparents the funeral of their daughter Florence. In their later years my grandparents moved to their bush block opposite the school, the hall and the Church of England. The church was burnt down in the fires of 1944. In the early days, members of all denominations attended this church.

My grandfather started a black coal mine in Boolarra. He built a cottage for the manager of



the mine, but there was not sufficient demand for the coal and it was unprofitable to keep the mine open. My uncles Samuel Payne and Charles Payne both selected land in Budgerie East on the Little Morwell River.

We have photos of my grandfather's first homestead, which is now almost demolished. The property is now owned by Cr. Alan Hall. The bush blocks owned by my grandfather, my step-father, Mr Arthur Fish, and his uncles William and Henry Wratten, adjoined one another. Sawmillers cut out timber from these blocks and so did the sleeper cutters for sleepers for the railway.

When my mother, Helen Payne, was a young girl, she used to go down to Mrs Halliday's place (nee Primrose) to get a ride to Boolarra on her sledge. Mrs Halliday had a big white bull harnessed to the sledge, and an armchair tied on to the sledge for her to sit on. She had no horse so she used the bull to pull the sledge, driving to Boolarra and back for household supplies.

### ***The Way It Was* A.R.Fish.(continued)**

By a small creek in the scrub I made my camp. After a quick refresher in the cool water, then to smoke some of the cigarettes (which did me a lot of no good, as I was not used to this caper and the nicotine on an empty stomach made me feel a bit squeamish), I bedded down in the scrub. I was not alone as it was the middle of the holiday season and a lot of campers were in the area, some in tents but most sleeping under the stars, sleeping bags being rare things in those days, and if they had not been then probably few could have afforded them. One young fellow in a nearby tent remarked that I "looked done up", and I did feel a bit that way, what with the effect of the smokes and the long day and the heat and dust of the fourth day. But I soon revived after a short rest and a bit of bread. There was no butter. Many months went by before I again tasted it. But dry bread and

black tea was good, and as the scripture says: "to the hungry soul even the bitter things are sweet".

Breakfast was late the following morning as I had to wait for the baker to open up his bakehouse, then he told me, over the sale of a loaf, how he had humped his swag around the Gulf of Carpentaria when only in his teens.

Then out upon the road to Stawell. Better lucky than rich, they say, and I was picked up and given a ride into that town by a man and his son - also on holidays - so made it before midday.

Stawell was rather hot, but interesting and thronged with travellers. That year, when the Stawell Gift was due to be run, there were reputed to be over five hundred 'bagmen' camped around the town. I got into conversation with one of the local dead-beats who told me of the Mud Hut, where most travellers liked to stay, and told me how to get there. Here I found shelter from the hot sun and a feed, as a small party were frying up sausages and it was on for young and old. "No depression here," I remarked as I tucked into the meal. Later I left the swag there and went out to see the town. Meeting an ancient local, I was advised that there was plenty of work out at Pomonal. I had never heard of the place before, but this district, out on the slopes of the mountains, was the centre of the tobacco-growing industry. And there were apple orchards there, and fruit-picking, and all kinds of exciting things, so it was to Pomonal I decided to go.

So I set my face again to the mountain wall, and out onto the road again with an eighteen mile hike before me. But I set a steady three-mile-an-hour pace and, as the sun was dropping over the western wall I walked into the township of Pomonal. It was cooler here. There was a little shop by the wayside, past which a small mountain stream flowed, and on either side of the dividing road were the dark green richness of the tobacco crops, and higher up on the slopes the wide-spreading grey-green of the



apple orchards. There were men, too, and women, coming homewards from the fields with hoes, and rakes, and horses. There were small huts and apple-packing sheds, and tobacco kilns, and shacks, tar-lined and bark-roofed homes set among the trees. And between the - mostly - small plots of green tobacco, winding tracks running through the trees.

After a crust of bread, washed down with water from the creek, I set about looking for a camp for the night. So far the weather had been fine and dry, but the sky was clouding from the west and a gusty wind heralded a change. I went a mile or so along the road and tried several places but they were all "full up", and those that were not so were in the process of getting "full up".

There was not a great deal to do at the end of a day's work. Also I found that this place was a real United Nations, so many different nationalities around - Swedes, Greeks, Ities, French, Chinese, Irishmen, Scots and English, Canadians, Yanks and Norwegians. One of the most prosperous tobacco farmers was a Lebanese, a Mr Zeeach, before whom most of the inhabitants almost prostrated themselves. He had money, and he was proud, and his tobacco fields were flourishing, and he was a power in the land. It was "Yes, Mr Zeeach" and "No, Mr Zeeach". And they bowed him into the store, and bowed him out again. And I met Jack Ness, Norwegian ex-sailor, who had jumped ship at one of the Australian ports and come to make his fortune on the tobacco fields. And this is the way it was.

Dusk was deepening, the wind was gusting, clouds were working up over the mountain ridge and the large corrugated iron shed looked a good place to camp. I came to the door and looked into the gloom, and there, by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, with another half-empty bottle before him on the table, sat a man, stooping over and holding, in apparently huge hands, a fiddle. He was trying to do

something with the bridge. "I'm looking for a place to camp" I said. There was a growl from the gloom and the ugliest dog I have ever seen sprang up from the corner and came with a clashing of ugly teeth to the open doorway. There was another growl, this time from the man, and the dog subsided. "Come in" he invited me. "Put your swag down. Have a drink." He held out the half-finished bottle. I declined the drink, but let the swag slide to the floor and sat down on an upturned box. He was quite drunk, but happily so. Later I was to learn that often in drink he was a wild, violent man, feared and respected by his friends. He then would have been in his mid-forties, well over six feet tall, wide-shouldered and slim in the hips, with an enormous capacity for work and a similar capacity for grog. But he was also fair and straight and honest - this I also found out later. He was noted for great feats of strength. Locals told me of the time when someone bogged a car by the front wheels in soft ground and Big Jack put his enormous hands under the front of the car and heaved it up while others pushed from the rear. So they got it out.

But of these things I had yet to learn. That night we talked. I told him something about myself, and he also told me a few things about himself. How, when he was fifteen, he set out from Norway to seek an uncle who had migrated to the U.S.A. And how he arrived a stranger in a strange land, unable to speak a word of English. How he somehow got onto the right train and was befriended by a couple of fellow travellers who fed him on biscuits and bananas and set him off at the right stop.

Well, he took me in and made me welcome and gave me a job. So I became a tobacco grower. Pound a week and my keep. AND a share in the crop. It sounded good to me. Too good, of course. For as the night wore on and the effects of the grog wore off, the wages began to come down. First to fifteen shillings then down to ten. I was glad they stopped at that figure else I



might have ended up paying him. And I had no money. but then, neither did he. Nor was he alone in this for he had a lot of mates.

True, some growers cleared fantastic amounts of cash - hundred pounds to the acre was not uncommon. (I speak of pounds - not weight, but money). Most of the growers struggled hard to get a few acres cleared and under cultivation, and planted out, then struggled to keep alive and keep the crop moving, while they hired out to some more prosperous grower, or took clearing contracts on the side, and just lived in the hopes of striking it rich. Life was hard. Grubbing and clearing and ploughing and planting and hoping for good crops and good prices. Then the picking season came, and sometimes the frosts, and did the picking for them. Or maybe the blue mould which would, in a day or two, sweep away a year's work, and almost overnight the entire field would turn to withered stalks.

Some hired out to work for their keep, and some for not quite that. There were some Italian workers there, hated by their fellow men, despised even by the Greeks, because they worked for no wages at all, just for bread and potatoes and tea and some tobacco for smoking.

Well, that first week-end I rested up. Having covered the best part of one hundred and fifty miles, mostly on foot, I needed a bit of a spell. But early Monday morning saw me out in the tobacco field, working with the hoe, loosening the cement-like soil around the plants, pausing to straighten the back, stopping a moment or two to look at the long length of row, and over the rows to the mountains beyond. The sun was hot on the ground and the rows were twelve chains long; at the top end was the road and at the bottom end a shady bit of bush through which a small creek trickled. I think I might have spent more time there than I should have. Strange thing about these small creeks. Forty years later I visited through this area and found most of these small creeks had disappeared - perhaps they ran in winter - maybe the clearing

of land had something to do with it, or maybe the climate is changing.

But anyhow, the days were long and hot. When evening came I would take my rifle and wander down along the creek and knock over a rabbit or two. This kept us in meat. Or else I would stroll down to the wayside store at the corner and talk to the boys and maybe there would be a girl or two there also. Life was free and easy in those days and there were few formalities, friends came and friends went, and life went on, despite the toilsome days and the hard times. And sometimes in the evenings or on the rare days when it rained, then Jack would take down the fiddle and bow and charm the hours away with the kind of playing I had never heard, or have ever since heard. And in the mid-night, when the rain was on the roof and the wind loud in the trees, and Jack was dreaming, then he would be back on the heaving deck, or struggling with the tossing rigging, and he would be calling out to reef sails or let go the top gallants, while the wind rattled the iron on the roof and the rain came swishing down the mountain side.

*(To be continued)*

### *Glimpses of Pioneer Days (cont).*

**Jesse William Huggett. (written in 1919)**

McFarlane's Station. Well, the party then went down along the fence about a mile or so and they came to a house. This was McFarlane's cattle station, on the Acheron River, a bit over twenty miles from the present township of Warburton. They went to the door but had no need to tell the story. Father said it was easily seen what was the matter with them. They were told to go to the cook's hut and he was instructed to give them food so he put a great lump of corned beef on the table and with it about a dozen pound loaves of bread and a big bucket of tea. They divided this beef up into about six parts and ate too much for men who had been on a starvation diet, being then all in a weak state.



There was an aborigine there from the Protective Station who was returning home on Monday and he said he would be their guide. It was some miles distant but he said that from his station there was a good track to the Yea road. Father said they were all weak and ill with dysentery and he felt worse than he had when he was starving. However the blackfellow set off at a great rate, tearing along the track and did not seem to sympathise with them a bit, but they struggled along behind him and camped that night at the black's camp. On the next morning - Tuesday - they started off again, arriving about midday at a place on the Yea road called Jerusalem Creek, where four of them said they had had enough and decided to head back to Melbourne.

Father and his mate remained and after the rest had started back, they two got a job at a shanty and storekeeper's place - named Nicholas. He had a few sheep and grew some crops and got 30/- a bushel for his oats. He packed stores to the Jordan diggings, 55 miles away, Flour Bag Mountain fourteen miles from foot to foot, two days journey with a packhorse. The same shanty keeper had lived for a while at Dandenong in 1836. Father's mate stayed about one month and then also headed back to the city. During Father's stay with Nicholas he was packing the Jordan with seven horses, six to load and one to ride. It was a full week's trip, seven days there and back. His pay was 15/- a week and food plus a quarter pound of tobacco each week - worth about 2/6. Everything was dear at the Jordan, nothing less than a shilling a pound.

Drumheads on the Flourbag. A man took up some seed and made a garden on the top of Flourbag Mountain and grew some large cow-cabbage or drumhead - 20 lbs in weight or more. Other types of vegetables were also grown and they were packed up to the Jordan diggings twelve miles away, getting a shilling a pound for them and making over £900 from them in one season. (Proves that gold is where

you find it.)

Plenty of beautiful water on top of Flourbag. My father came home by way of Tommy's Hut and Queenstown. Tommy the butcher was murdered in this hut - that's how it got its name. Well, when Father arrived home again he found his mate had got a job of squaring logs for a saw-mill up in the Dandenong Ranges, five or six miles up from the township of Lilydale. He wanted Father to join him, which he did, and they then arranged that I should go along with them and do the cooking.

In the Bush. So on Boxing Day 1860 I went back with Father's mate from Nunawading. This was my first sight of Lilydale which was a very small town at that time. Father and his mate were to camp in a cart near the running creek by the falls about six miles up from Lilydale - it is now called Olinda Creek. Only two could get into the cart so I camped underneath on some bushes and when rain came it blew in all over me. We had nothing to put round the sides but that did not worry me in those days. Their work was about a mile away from the camp and they had to climb over three spurs to get there. In between the cooking jobs I would go up to the work and fell a tree for them and score. Scoring consists of cutting notches about a foot apart all along the log with a fourteen inch blade broad axe, and the squarers came along and finished it off square. The trees were white messmate - beautiful timber - 100 to 150 feet without a limb and as straight as a gun barrel. We had one log ninety feet long and squared 20" at the smaller end. Some of the white messmates were twelve feet across the butt in these parts. The mill had only one circular saw, no vertical saw and for power a very small water wheel with a log dam across the creek. The plant was not up to the work that had to be done. The mill-owner later put in a larger plant - asking his men to allow their wages to stand until he got a new start again. In the meantime they could have their food and tobacco and any working clothes



they required. They agreed to do this. The work of putting in the new plant including a bigger dam across the creek took some months to complete.

Father and myself would go home every other Saturday, returning on Sunday in the mornings or sometimes in the evenings when it would often be dark and we had no light. On one occasion we came back over Mt Coorawarrabool - or the Observatory Mount as it was later called - the highest of the group. This way was by Nelson's Hill and what was called in those days "White Flat", passing near the place now known as Bayswater, in those days Bourke Station. We came to a swamp which we thought was a small affair but it proved to be over a half mile wide and we had to wade in mud and slush mostly up to our knees. This swamp was the source of the Dandenong Creek. We got to the other side and climbed the mountain called Bald Hill, which was very steep, and specially on its western slope. We reached the top, then, after a rest, on to Coorawarrabool. After a long look at the view we started for the mill - 3 miles - but it was dark and only a bridle track so we got off it and wandered about in dense scrub, sometimes passing through creeks up to our armpits in water. It was pitch-dark and raining for about three hours until we at last had the good fortune to strike Double Pitts road which was on our way to the mill, where we arrived at eleven thirty, tired out and soaking wet.

Mount Coorawarrabool Again. On one occasion an employee of the mill, a man named John Stephenson, had been to see some relatives at Nunawading and when he was returning with us we all got turned off the track on the Double Pitts road when we decided to go to the top of Coorawarrabool again. It was a very hot day and when we got to the top the weather turned cold and rough and a heavy thunderstorm came up over the top and over White Flat. We could hear the thunder and see the lightning flashing, one might say, almost under our feet, a most

unique experience as we were told by Mr Turner, the only resident at White Flat at the time.

Splitting Palings. While we were working for the mill on deferred pay we got acquainted with a splitter - William Callender - and he asked Father to let me go and work with him. He agreed to give me 10/- a week and keep, and my washing and ironing done. Also he would teach me how to split palings, shingles, slates, and mine stakes, and a rise in pay after six months. Not bad for a boy who had just turned sixteen.

Off to Yankee Jim's Father and John Stephenson started from the mill with a little flour and fourpence in cash, bound for Yankee Jim's Creek, now called Warburton. Father was owed £43 in wages and myself £7 and our friend John £47. After they arrived at Yankee Jim's their first job was to build a lock-up for the benefit of any who might fall foul of the law. Previous to this prisoners had been chained to a tree or log pending their removal to Melbourne.

With Callender we went out into the forest and discovered a lovely stream of water running through a gravelly bed through the timber, lovely trees, most of them blackwood 150 feet high and many of them 100 feet to the first limb. And all straight - a bushman's paradise. We boiled the billy and ate lunch and we strolled around, trying the trees in splitters fashion, and we found Mr Selwyn's camp of 1853, with all the stores of jams, fish and other tinned food just as he had described it to us.

Well, we started for home again and we got about half-way, about four miles, when it became dark. We decided to camp for the night and tried to make a fire but heavy rain began to fall and we could not get it going so we had to stand in the rain all night until daylight when we got going again and arrived home at 10.30. Except for feeling a bit sleepy and stiff we were none the worse for our experience. This rain (12th December) was the start of the big flood.



FROM  
**THE ROYAL HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY OF VICTORIA**



**NEWSLETTER**

**NO. 149 JULY 1994**

**LETTER TO MUNICIPALITIES**

As reported in June *History News* the President has written to all Councils and Shires in Victoria to remind them, during this period of amalgamations, of their duty to care for local records. Already a number of positive replies have been received. The following is the text of Professor Bate's letter:

Dear Councillors,

At its meeting on 26 April the Council of the Royal Historical Society of Victoria discussed the issues surrounding the on-going security and care of local government records during the present amalgamations.

Through our affiliation with over 200 member societies state-wide, we are very conscious of the extent to which people rely on the preservation of such records for the research and writing that keeps the past alive and underpins the identity of their communities. Local government records provide details about individuals and groups, properties, structures and public events - indeed everything that helps to give meaning to a place and its inhabitants.

We are also aware that in the past, during times of emergency, like World War II, or administrative and institutional change, important bodies of records have been destroyed outright or stored in conditions that ensure their decay.

We hope you will accept, therefore, an expression of concern that everything is put in order in your municipality according to the provisions of the Public Records Act.

To keep faith with the present generation, respect the past, and provide future access to these vital elements of community memory, councils about to amalgamate have, we believe, a strong moral as well as legal responsibility - to see that their records are well organised and properly housed.

We assume that the Keeper of Public Records will remind councils of their legal obligations. Our purpose is to draw attention to the underlying philosophical situation.

Yours faithfully,  
Weston Bate  
President

**MUSEUMS AUSTRALIA (VICTORIA) AND THE  
AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY OF ARCHIVISTS  
(VICTORIAN BRANCH)**

**KEEPING ARCHIVES WORKSHOP**

**Ballarat Gold Museum  
Saturday 6 August 1994  
9.45am - 4.15pm**

**Do you have Archival Records, Photographs, Minute Books, Diaries and Letters in your collection but don't know how to deal with them?**

**This workshop will answer your questions.**

**The cost for the workshop, including morning and afternoon tea and lunch is just \$25.**

Book early to avoid disappointment. Contact Karen Corrie at Museums Australia (Victoria) on (03) 684 8715

**MUSEUMS AUSTRALIA (VICTORIA) AND  
THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF  
VICTORIA (RHSV)**

**Display and Framing Techniques Workshop**

with Lorenzo Iozzi, Curator, RHSV  
Arts Victoria  
2 Kavanagh Street  
South Melbourne  
Thursday 8 September 1994  
9.00am - 4.00pm

This one-day workshop is designed for people working in historical societies or small museums who require practical training in basic display and framing techniques

This program includes:

- techniques for mounting photographs, or other documents or prints
- framing mounted documents
- dismantling and then re-framing poorly framed and mounted documents