

MORWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, EXCEPT DECEMBER

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

OLD TOWN HALL , MORWELL

Vol.

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5

MAY 1994

WELCOME TO THE MAY NEWSLETTER

At our April meeting, we said goodbye to Dot Taylor, our Treasurer for nine years and the person who was instrumental in getting our Society up and running again in 1985 after it had been in recess for some time. Dot's enthusiasm and energy have been one of our Society's greatest assets and we will miss her cheerful presence at meetings. Dot and Gordon are moving to Queensland to live but they will be visiting Morwell often and we look forward to catching up with them on these visits. They will continue to be members of our Society.

Dot and Gordon - best wishes for the move to the 'Sunshine State' and thank you both for your support over the years!

Members have taken part in a variety of activities over the past month - Mirboo North's Centenary of Local Government, The Combined Gippsland Historical Societies' conference at Bairnsdale, the unveiling of the Hernes Oak/Haunted Hills Memorial and our own Heritage Walk along Commercial Road. Reports of these activities appear inside.

**N.B.!! *Members are reminded that annual subscriptions are now due.
\$7.00 Single member \$10.00 Couple or family***

You can pay either Dot Bartlett, 5 Phyllis St. Morwell or Elsie McMaster, 2 Harold St. Morwell, or send your sub to the next meeting with any of our members.

Guest speaker at our May meeting will be Mrs Lyn Powter who will speak about her family's links with the Morwell district.

Next meeting TUESDAY MAY 17 at 7.30 pm in the Old Town Hall.

REPORT ON THE EXCURSION TO MIDDLE CREEK - March 19, 1994.

By Eric Lubcke

About 12 members of the Morwell Historical Society met at 1.30 pm on March 19th at the Old Town Hall with the intention of visiting the site of the original selection of Mr Patrick Walsh (Mr Ben Walsh's grandfather) on Middle Creek, about 5 kms from Martin Walker Reserve. This farm, of 1000 acres, was selected about 1880.

On the way we stopped at the farm of Ben Walsh's father, Tom. This farm of 320 acres was on the south side of Billy's Creek, the western boundary being Walsh's Rd. It was bought by Tom Walsh in 1900 after his father Patrick died. The family sold the Middle Creek farm and Tom moved to Billy's Creek.

When Tom Walsh bought the Billy's Creek farm there was a line of 200 poplar trees which stretched for about three quarters of a mile along the south side of Billy's Creek. The trees had been planted in 1869, nine feet apart. Today there are still seven or eight of these trees that have survived. It was a great spot for picnics in the early days. There being no bridge where Walsh's Rd. met the creek, it meant all traffic had to drive up the south side of the creek for about three quarters of a mile to find a bridge to cross at Frasers Rd.

This farm also contained 200 fruit trees of various types but only a couple are still surviving. A box thorn hedge was planted on the west boundary in front of the house around 1890 and it is still there.

The house that was on the property when Tom Walsh bought it had had one of its rooms set aside as a school room back in 1885, it being owned then by Mr Hugh Morris. School began in this room on 11/1/1886. The room was leased from Mr Morris for this purpose at a cost of £13.00 per annum. The house was called 'Seafield'. It was a lovely big timber house with a verandah all around and beautiful views of the farm land and the Jeeralang hills. It was only pulled down about twelve months ago and Gordon Walsh's daughter has now built a lovely two-storey brick house on the site.

After our stop here, we moved on up to Middle Creek to the site of Patrick Walsh's old selection. When we arrived at the site we were met by Susan Zent, who is the present owner,

but the farm is not as big as when Patrick Walsh owned it. The original house is still there, a small, two-roomed timber building, which is now used as an art studio and store room by Susan, who has built another house on the property.

We had a very interesting time looking around and talking about past time. I took Arthur Coleman with us as he used to live a few miles up the creek in his early days. Arthur is 92 years old now. He and his sisters used to ride a pony to school in Jumbuk around 1910. To get into town they had to cross Middle Creek twelve times!

After a cup of tea and a good talk we decided to call it a day.

REGIONAL MEETING OF GIPPSLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

This was held at Bairnsdale on Saturday May 7, 1994 with representatives from thirteen Gippsland historical societies participating. Mr John Murphy was re-appointed delegate to represent the region at meetings of the Royal Historical Society of Victoria.

Concern was expressed that, in the forthcoming local government amalgamations, municipal records may be lost or placed in storage where they will be unavailable to the public. These are valuable sources of information to local historians and genealogists. Mr Murphy will be attending an R.H.S.V. meeting this weekend, where he will raise this concern and suggest that all municipal records relating to the Gippsland area should be placed in a central repository in Gippsland where their preservation and access will be assured. Individual historical societies are requested to write letters of support to Mr Murphy on this subject - which our President has done.

'HERITAGE ON THE MOVE'

This was the theme of this year's Heritage Week and, to fit in with it, Morwell Historical Society conducted a walk along Commercial Road on Sunday April 24th. About forty people set out from the car park near Gippsland Business College and, led by Mr Will McRoberts, took a leisurely stroll along Commercial Road, stopping at the sites of the first swimming pool and bowling green in Alexandra Park, the band hall, the cenotaph and the level crossing at Church Street, none of

which are now in existence. (The cenotaph still exists but in a different situation). Mr McRoberts, Mr Lou Bond and several other long-time residents added colour to the walk with their descriptions of lifestyles and events of earlier years. Taking part in the walk were several Girl Guides who are working on their Heritage Badge and it was a pleasure to have some young people involved in our activities. It was also pleasant to be able to offer a cup of tea or coffee to the walkers in our own rooms in the Old Town Hall at the end of the excursion. (By the way, have you seen the new sign on our front door?). Readers are reminded that Grades 5/6 at Commercial Rd. State School in 1993 compiled a book of historic walks around Morwell which is available at the School office. As a matter of interest, here are the requirements of the Guides Heritage Badge:

1. *Make a collection of stamps which depict scenes of our heritage*

OR

Make a collection of recipes used in the pioneering days of Australia.

2. *Visit a place of interest in your locality e.g. local museum, pioneering cottage, landmarks. Make an "on the spot" record of your visit - tapes, photos, interviews etc*

OR

Name three historical buildings in your region and find out a little of their history.

3. *Visit an elderly person who has lived in your area for a long time, and interview them about their childhood.*

OR

Read a book or article about the early pioneers of your district.

4. *Find out what organisations exist in your area, working to preserve or increasing public knowledge of our heritage.*

OR

Make a collection of newspaper cuttings on efforts to preserve our Australian heritage.

SHIRE OF MIRBOO CENTENARY

President Eric Lubcke, with Elsie and Bruce McMaster, attended the launch of the book "On the Ridge", a history of the Shire of Mirboo 1894-1994 by John Murphy. The launch was part of the celebrations of the centenary of Mirboo Shire which will continue for the rest of the year.

It was a most enjoyable evening. A string and

keyboard ensemble - The Strzelecki Players - provided music before and during the ceremony and a feature of the evening was the performance of a song written about Mirboo a number of years ago by a local resident. After the book was launched by Mr Hal St Ellen, a member of a well known Mirboo family, supper of wine and cheese was served. 'On the Ridge' tells the story of the development of Mirboo Shire over the past century and includes many photographs, reminiscences and extracts from interviews with local identities. It's a good read and our Society has a copy in the library.

HAUNTED HILLS/HERNES OAK REMEMBERED

On Saturday May 7, 1994, a plaque commemorating the township of Haunted Hills (later Hernes Oak) and those who lived there, was unveiled. The plaque stands in the viewing area which overlooks the Yallourn Open Cut from De Campo Drive (off the old Haunted Hills Road), about two km from the centre of the old township. About sixty people, many of whom were former residents of the township, gathered to see the plaque unveiled. Our member Dot Taylor, author of "Along the Old Bush Track", was the driving force in getting the memorial set up and the S.E.C. provided the materials and plaque. Hernes Oak was once a thriving 'dormitory' for the Yallourn works area but it was taken over in the 1980s by the S.E.C. and little now remains to show where the town once stood. Those who lived in the little town agree that it was a great place to live and most have very happy memories of their time there. It is pleasing that the existence of this community has been recorded in 'Across the Old Bush Track' and that the general area in which the town stood has been marked for future generations.

THANKS FROM DOT AND GORDON

We have received the following note:

Dear Morwell Historical Society Members,

Many thanks for the very nice words conveyed to me by Eric on your behalf, also the card and the special gift of glasses for both Gordon and I.

Thank you too for the delicious supper you prepared and the social time after the meeting for my benefit.

I have appreciated your support, especially

when compiling the history of Hernes Oak. It has always been a pleasure to be part of our very friendly Society. My successor, Dot Bartlett, is an excellent choice adding to the current office-bearers who are doing such a wonderful job for the Society and to the benefit of the Morwell community.

Both Gordon and I wish you all the best personally and best wishes to the Society in their exciting work ahead.

I am going to miss your friendship but will look forward to the newsletter. Elsie will be aware of our address, we'd love to see any one of you, if you come up our way.

Hope to see you in November.

Warmest regards,

Dot and Gordon.

THE WAY IT WAS

One of our members, Mr Arthur Fish, has loaned us two very interesting manuscripts. One, titled 'The Way It Was', is a record of his wanderings during the 1930s when he decided on a life 'on the road'. The second is an account written by his great grandfather of the family's arrival in Australia. Although neither story directly relates to Morwell district, both are extremely evocative of the times in which they are set and 'The Way It Was' is sure to stir many memories. We propose to publish both of these accounts in serial form in the Newsletter. Arthur is a resident of Morwell and, as he says, his story really began here because he is related to the Bridle family and his mother and father met at the Bridle home in Morwell.

So, here is the first installment of *The Way It Was* as recollected by **A.R.Fish**.

"Son, never go carrying the swag." It was my father speaking. We were standing on the verandah of our home that looked out upon the highway which ran through the town of Warrnambool, and westwards towards the Victorian border, and further. It was Sunday evening, and as we stood there a light rain was falling, and along the side of the road heading out of town was one of the travelling gentry making his way towards the westering sun, with his tucker bag and swag balanced on his shoulder and his blackened billy swinging in his hand.

"It's a terrible life, standing up all night under a tree somewhere, sheltering from the rain." I made no reply. But already plans were forming in my mind.

Chapter 1. Tobacco Road.

It began, I suppose, about the time my mate and I put up a small bag shelter in the back yard of my mate's home - it was somewhat insecure and I am sure would not have survived a bit of a breeze - and we had to enter it crawling and then could only occupy it by adopting a sitting bent-over posture, but with a bit of a squeeze we could both get in. We had always been keen on hiking. In those days, if we did not walk, we did not go, it was as simple as that; there was no other way of going anywhere.

We thought, and talked, of a camping trip - we were almost sure we could live off the land with the rod and the rifle - and later in my wanderings I was to find that this was not so easy as I thought it would be, but all the same the rifle did help. We talked of the Grampian Mountains, far away but inviting as faraway places can be, all of sixty miles distance as the crow flies, but these crows would have to walk; visible dim-blue in the haze of the northern sky on a clear day the peaks could be seen - Mts. Sturgeon and Abrupt, the two nearest points in the Grampian Ranges. I resolved that I would become better acquainted with them before I was much older.

Finance was one of the main problems. This problem was solved Christmas Day 1932. That year the day fell on a Sunday, and in the afternoon we played cricket out in the street and, while chasing after a long one I spotted something lying in the grass and quickly snatched it up. It was a ten-bob note, cobwebby and wrinkled, but a good one yet. Here was sudden wealth, a whole week's wages, technically the equal of a dollar in present currency, but unlike present-day debased currency, of some real value. Why, in those days many a man worked a whole week for much less. Ladies down in "Little Lon" would sell themselves twice over for that amount. It would buy, then, a pair of shoes or a shirt and a pair of trousers, or carefully expended would keep one eating for two whole weeks. Three pence would buy a quarter loaf of bread, twopence would buy a black or white "pudding" from the butchers and still leave one penny for a bit of fruit or an onion.

This, then, was the answer. I would do the Grampians trip. My mate, however, when put to the test, declined to make the break, so alone I planned the trip and made ready that evening, gathering together a few things I would be

needing, and then made plans to depart - tentless - in the morning. That night I said to my father: "Call me early, Dad, I'm going on a hike", and call me early he did - at six o'clock - and I went on a hike which was to take me many months and see many miles of Western Victoria, and some of the South-Eastern parts of South Australia, during which walk I would see some strange things and experience many strange situations.

The morning was fine that Boxing Day (1932) as from the gate I made my way, and out along the broad highway, heading for the faraway mountains and forgetfully leaving part of my food supplies by the front gate. I was not over-burdened; a ground sheet, a piece of blanket, some spare clothing, frying pan and billy, and last but not least, my good old Winchester .22. This was to be a faithful friend to me over the years, and now over forty-two years later I still have it. And whereas I paid all of seven shillings and sixpence for it, second-hand, it is now allowed to be worth somewhere about 'two hundred dollars, depending on condition.' (antique dealer's report). More than once it saved me from going hungry, once I held it on a man, once I held it, taken down, under my coat while being questioned by the police about 'someone doing some shooting', the barrel up my right sleeve, bolt resting in my hand, the butt shoved under my coat on the left side. About the shooting, I of course 'knew nothing'. I was quite an accomplished liar at an early age, but more of that later. But not, I hasten to add, in this narrative. This story is named as it is because that was *The Way It Was*.

My swag swinging by a leather strap from my shoulders, I made my way in the early sunshine, without a word of farewell to my home folks, whom I was not to see again until the latter part of the next year - 1933. A mile along the highway I turned into what was known in the early days of settlement as the Great North Road, and on this road I headed away from the coast and set my face to the north, in the direction of the great Australian Outback - with my back to the sea, and behind me also my childhood and my youth. As poet A.R. Fish says:

"We grew up fast when we carried our swags,
We men who went on the tramp:
We were old before we were young, our backs
Were bent by the length of the tedious tracks
And from sleeping in cold and damp"

I got a lift part of the way in a large milk

truck so about mid-day I reached the small township of Woolsthorpe, scene of my early childhood days and although it was a holiday the local store was open. Here I bought up some supplies, getting half a pound of tea, a loaf of bread and some tinned fish. And still had some cash in hand. You could do a lot with ten bob in those days. And I might add, you would do a lot for it. Mem would slave all day in the harvest field and think themselves well paid for that amount. But then three times ten shillings and you could buy a suit of clothes - and get a spare pair of pants tossed in for 'free'.

Of course I remember more of those first few days away from home than, thanks to a lapse of forty years or more, I can recall of the days that followed - those first days and nights stand strong and fresh in my memory. I recall passing through the township and passing the time of day with an old identity, 'Rock' Dwyer, who reported later that he had seen me going by "with his swag dragging at his heels."

I took to the fields after this - striking a straight as possible course for those dim-distant peaks, following up a little way the Gipsy Creek, and then when it wandered away from my course, filling my billy and pushing on through the mid-afternoon. I shot a rabbit, which I carried along with me, also I destroyed a snake which had darted for a hole in the ground but the .22 bullet was quicker and one shot was enough. Later as well as quickness I developed an accuracy that was to stand me in good stead in the days that were still ahead, but then one learns to shoot straight when it means no meal if one misses. Not that I ever had to eat snake - I never got that hungry. I have heard of men who have eaten snake and my own brother said that when he was up in Darwin during the war years he had sampled a slice of fried python and did not think much of it. I don't think much of it either.

But anyhow, I had the rabbit, which I carried until it came time to camp for the night. One thing I remember about rabbits - it was on this occasion that I came upon a large warren of rabbits - all white - most remarkable - there must have been upwards of two dozen or more, squatting around about the warren and by the mouths of their burrows. I did not try to shoot any of these, they looked too much like pets.

Evening came as I neared a small sheep-feeder shed, or box might be better described - a low fixed wooden feed trough under the shelter of a small roof. It made a good

camp, enough wall to keep out the wind, and here I rested as the sun went down and on a small fire I got the billy boiled and the tea made, and tried to roast on the coals part of the rabbit, not very successfully. Then the wind began to blow and I was afraid the fire might get away into the dry grass, so I used the rest of the tea to put out the fire - for had a fire got away it would have meant the end of my wanderings. So I lay down to sleep and soon dropped off into deep slumber just as the sun sank out of sight. I slept very soundly through the night as I had covered about twenty-five miles or so since leaving home and had here a strange experience. Waking just as the sun was peeping over the eastern horizon I had the puzzled feeling that somehow the world had been turned round about, but as consciousness returned I realised the sun was on its way upward and that it was the beginning of another day, and shaking off the mists of sleep and looking towards the mountains lit now in the pink splendour of the early sun was sufficient for me to get my bearings.

Then it was on again. Rolling my swag and shouldering it, after a swagman's breakfast - spit and tighten the belt - I set my face again northwards towards the ranges.

To be continued.

GLIMPSES OF PIONEER DAYS by Jesse William Huggett.

(This account was written by Arthur Fish's great grandfather in 1919)

I, Jesse William Huggett, was born on April 17th, 1846, at the village of Banstead, Surrey, England, distant three miles from the town of Epsom and one and a half miles from the well-known race course of that name. My father was a builder and contractor at Banstead. When I was just over eleven years of age my father decided to come to Australia. His work as a builder was for the well-to-do, good people but very poor payers, so he disposed of some property and made all arrangements, selling off his house and goods, and paying all his debts, but failing to collect all that was owing to him, he left it in the hand of a lawyer to collect and forward on to him in Australia any amounts forthcoming, which unfortunately he never did, so we never did receive anything.

Well, on the 21st day of August 1857, we left our native place and went up to London where

we stayed at my mother's cousin's hotel called the *Pigeon and the Seven Stars* for one night - being at that stage fifteen miles upon our journey. Next morning at 8 o'clock we entrained for Liverpool, arriving there at 8 o'clock on the same day - evening - and found that the ship that was to take us to Australia was not due to leave until the 26th of that month. Well, on that day we stepped onto the *David George Fleming* and in the afternoon amid great cheering and waving of hands the tug was hitched on and we were towed out of the Mersey to sea.

We had an uneventful time through the Bay of Biscay (which same was then considered a danger spot). I remember seeing the white chalk cliffs of the town of Madeira in the distance - also remember hearing the passengers talking of the Cape de Verde and the Canary islands. We had a flock of humming-birds and canaries flying around the rigging. We also saw numerous whales during the voyage and one huge albatross which was caught on a hook and hauled on to the deck. It measured twelve feet from tip to tip.

During the trip out to Australia there were some exciting moments. On one occasion when it was very rough for seventy-two hours, all hands were on duty on deck continuously and one of the officers, who was drunk, ordered the saloon galley cook to make tea for the sailors from the salt water. When this became known among the passengers there was almost a riot. About a hundred of them went and surrounded the galley and threatened to kill the cook, who was a giant negro. The captain came with a loaded pistol in each hand to disperse the crowd. Later on the same steward, who had a grudge against the captain, attacked him with a loaded revolver, but some passengers rushed him and prevented him from using it. He was put in irons for the rest of the journey. He was an Indian and when a search was made of his cabin a large Bowie knife and two loaded revolvers were found under his pillow.

We were becalmed on the equator for a fortnight and large tarpaulins were erected over the deck to shelter the passengers from the fierce heat, then when some heavy storms came up, barrels were brought up to catch the rainwater which fell and this was rationed out to the passengers for tea.

We went very far down south to catch the Trade Winds to the Cape of Good Hope and got into the region of perpetual ice. After about three

days of this very cold going, we got out of it and soon made and left the Cape behind. From then on nothing of any note occurred until our captain said that we should catch our first sight of Australia the next morning - and all became bustle and excitement.

Well, we anchored in Port Phillip Bay on the morning of the 27th of November 1857 - and a roasting morning it was. After the health officer had been aboard any passengers who wished to go ashore were now free to do so - so father and mother went and secured a small five-roomed house in Gore St. in Fitzroy at 35/- weekly rental. In Monday 29th November we all moved ashore and stayed for two weeks in Gore St. and then we moved to Webb St. to a house with cheaper rental of 28/-

The ship's passengers were all agreed that they had not been fairly treated on the voyage while on board, as the bill of fare was supposed to have included a certain quantity and quality for each passenger - potatoes, bully beef, pickles, preserved ginger, currants, raisins, butter, tea, sugar, coffee, white cabin biscuits, pork, fresh meat, water, lime juice and treacle. We had only half our ration of flour, mouldy potatoes, rotten bully beef, no coffee, eight-cornered dog biscuits (like honeycomb with weevils) - also no fresh meat, only half the quantity of water and no lime juice and no treacle. There was no doctor appointed to the ship, but Dr Whitcomb, who was a passenger himself, had a chest of medicine and other supplies and out of this from his own stock he treated the passengers and such of the crew that needed it. He practised afterwards in Stanley St. and later in Gore St. Fitzroy.

We had two ministers on board, Revs. Sayers and Middleton, who formed a Sunday School for the children and each child was presented with a New Testament, this a present from Captain Hatfield, with the name and date of sailing entered by him. I still have mine - 1919.

There were four classes of passengers: Saloon...£50; Second cabin...£30; (by which father came), Intermediate...£20; Steerage...£14. 400 passengers in all. On arrival here some of the dissatisfied passengers summonsed the owners through the captain and secured a refund of portion of the fare money but only a few made any claims. My father did not. The trial was held at the court at Williamstown and is recorded in the *Argus* of December 1857 and can be seen at the Public Library.

Well almost the first news we heard of importance was of the death of Mr Price at Williamstown by the convicts and the next was the news of the discovery of the Welcome Nugget at Ballarat. in 1856. The unfortunate Mr Price was murdered by the convicts and an attempt was made to seize a ship but this was to no avail so they were recaptured and duly punished.

Well, my father was looking for work, which was rather scarce at the time, and he called on the late Mr John Stone, a timber merchant of Fitzroy who was just making his first start in business. He seemed to like the look of my father for he offered him 8/- per day wages and to come in as a partner with him. but father preferred to go on his own. A baker named Morgan advertised for a carpenter for Brunswick and father got the job and seeing the prospect of plenty of work, bought an allotment in Tuscombe St. and built himself a cottage.

I remember we spent our first Christmas in Webb St Fitzroy, 1857, my mother sending me for eggs, going at sixpence each at that time, for the pudding. The New Years Day we spent at my father's uncle's place at the corner of Oakover Rd and the old tram track - now St Georges Road. This uncle arrived in 1846 and his two sons were engaged with him in carting stores to the goldfields from 1851 to 1861 - to Ballarat, Bendigo, Bright, Castlemaine, the Buckland, Omeo, Sale and other places. I well remember going to their place one Saturday when my cousins had just come back from a three month's trip and on the following Monday they started into town for another load across what is now Bell St - just a track between the trees. They crossed the Merri Creek on a log culvert to Pentridge (now Coburg) and down Sydney Rd to town. When we got to Elizabeth St I counted fourteen bullock drays with their teams and the men who had camped there all night, from the old Bush Inn and upwards - they were boiling their billies in the street. They used to put their bullocks up to graze in Royal Park while waiting for their back loads.

My brother and I went to Paddy Doyle's for school when at Brunswick, in Edward St. We bought very little firewood for the house as my brother and I would take the barrow and the axe and go to Prince's Park (now North Carlton) and cut enough for the week, and father blasted a big log to pieces with gun-powder, getting about two tons out of it.

To be continued

FROM: May '94

history news

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF VICTORIA
ROYAL MINT, 280 WILLIAM STREET
MELBOURNE 3000



Phone: 670 1219

Fax No. 670 1241

Office Hours: Monday to Friday, 9am to 5pm.

Library Hours: Monday to Friday, 10am to 4pm.

POLLY WOODSIDE MARITIME MUSEUM

Sunday 29th May - Family History - Family Fun

Immigration made Australia.

Which Ship Started your Family ?

Join in a day of celebration and information. Pipe band; Historical Re-enactment & cannon firing; Family History displays and research focusing on the famous Canadian clipper ship *MARCO POLO*. Descendants from immigrants who travelled on this famous ship especially welcome at the Canadian Flag Raising Ceremony at 2pm.

Polly Woodside Maritime Museum

South Wharf Road

entrance via Lorimer St, South Melbourne

Ph: 699 9760

EXCURSIONS

There will be no excursion during May. The next excursion will be on Tuesday, 21 June - 'More Things in Heaven and Earth: Observatory and Herbarium. Details in the June edition of 'History News'.

It has been decided that in future a cancellation fee will be charged to those who book for excursions and subsequently cancel. The fee will be advised when excursions are advertised.

MEMBER SOCIETIES : PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITIONS

It is the RHSV's policy to make the Ramsay Gallery at the Royal Mint available to member societies for photographic exhibitions. An exhibition mounted by the Woody Yallock Historical Society has just concluded, and an exhibition from the Apollo Bay Society will open soon. Exhibitions normally run for about six weeks. We would be glad to hear from other societies who would like to exhibit photographs from their own collections. Please contact Executive Officer, Kevin Gates, or Curator, Lorenzo Iozzi.

MEMBER SOCIETIES: LIBRARY

We would again like to draw to our readers' notice that access to the RHSV library and archives is available to member societies at week-ends, by prior arrangement.

Please telephone Secretary, Joan Murphy, to make bookings.

AUTUMN HIGHLIGHTS

Discover the delights of Autumn in the Royal Botanic Gardens by taking a free Guided Walk.

May 10th-14th

Walks start at 2.00pm from F Gate

(near the corner of Birdwood Avenue and Dallas Brooks Drive, South Yarra)

Bookings are essential

Phone: (03) 655 2341 or enquire at the Visitor Centre

(Herbarium Building, near F Gate).