

MORWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

published monthly, except December

Meetings: 3rd Tuesday of the month at 7.30 pm

in St. Andrews Presbyterian Church Hall

Vol. 8 No. 11

NOVEMBER 1992

WELCOME TO THE NOVEMBER NEWSLETTER

In this Newsletter, which will be the last for 1992, we present a brief history of the well-known Vary Family of Driffield.

There are three extracts from the 'Morwell and Mirboo Gazett' of 1890 which highlight the changes in land use between then and now in our area. Thanks go to Claire Wood for finding and typing these extracts.

Our final meeting for 1992 will be held on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19th at the CHURCHILL HOTEL-MOTEL after a counter tea. The change of date was necessary in order for us to have the use of the saloon bar for our meeting.

The first meeting for 1993 will be held on the third Tuesday in February but you will receive newletters before then to remind you of it.

Meanwhile, a safe and happy holiday season to all readers!





R.H.S.V. HISTORY NEWS

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EXCURSION - DARNUM

Sunday 14 March 1993

The focus of interest is on Albert Fox's living musical museum, housed in a collection of local historical buildings at Darnum, near Warragul. The route covers highways and byways of West Gippsland. For those looking for relevant holiday reading, Sally Wilde's *Forests Old Pastures New - a history of Warragul* is suggested.

The excursion starts at Glen Iris (details later) at 9.30 am and ends there at 5 pm. BYO morning coffee and lunch. The cost, \$25, includes entry into "Darnum Musical Village" with guided tour and afternoon tea. This fee is payable on booking with the Director, RHSV, no later than Friday 19 February 1993: earlier indication of interest would however be helpful.

WOORAYL SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Until 31 January 1993

From the Handknitters' Guild. "Bedjackets, Bootees and Balaclavas", a re-interpretation of the handknitting of the 1930s and 1940s, the golden age of knitting. Also a large room of memorabilia of "Wool in Woorayl". Mechanics Institute, Leongatha.

RHSV CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ARRANGEMENTS

The office and library will close on Tuesday, 22 December, until Wednesday, 13 January. A limited library service may be available between 13 January and 1 February when the library will reopen fully. **During this period please ring before your visit to confirm the library is open.** This is the last issue of *History News* until February 1993.

STATE LIBRARY OF VICTORIA RESTRICTED OPENING HOURS

Between 23 November 1992 and 14 February 1993:

Sunday: closed

Monday: open 1 pm - 6 pm

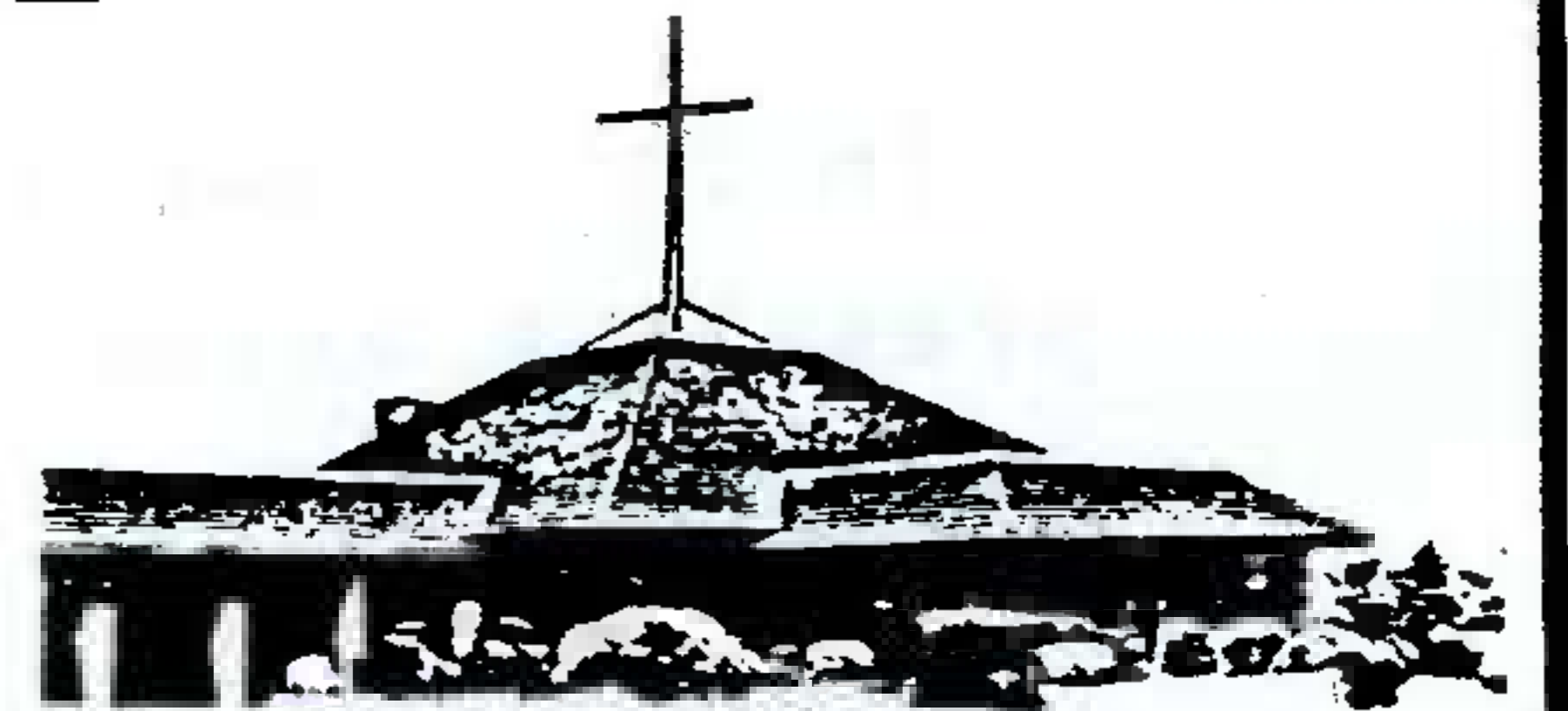
Tuesday-Saturday: 10 am-6 pm

SACRED HEART PARISH CENTENARY 1892 - 1992

Parish Priest Fr. John Allen

PRESBYTERY
226 Commercial Road,
MORWELL, Victoria, 3840
Telephone (051) 34 4949

CORRESPONDENCE
PO Box 31,
Morwell, Victoria, 3840



Dear Mrs. McMaster,

On behalf of Father Allen and the parishioners of Sacred Heart Church I would like to convey our sincere appreciation and thanks to the Society for the contribution that was made to enable our Centenary celebrations to be such a tremendous success.

Your Society's co-operation and assistance with the Memorabilia display and the selling of our history book is most appreciated.

Once again many thanks and pray that the co-operation between our organisations continues.

Please note that I have written to Mr Lubcke thanking him personally for his courteous and untiring assistance.

Tony Haines

Tony Haines
Secretary, Sacred Heart Centenary Planning Committee
PO box 1137
Morwell 3840

20-10-92

THE VARY FAMILY OF DRIFFIELD

(Taken from a history of the family compiled by Michael Hobgen) 1986

The Vary story begins in Great Driffield, Yorkshire, with four brothers - Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Luke (aged 22) married Elizabeth Jackson (aged 32) on May 17, 1837. They had four children, one of whom was Samuel, born in 1840.

They left England, for reasons unknown, in 1853 and arrived in Geelong aboard the "Melpomene" on November 16, 1853.

The family spent some time in Ballarat, then in New Zealand but returned to Victoria in 1861. Samuel set up a butcher's shop in Queenscliff and in the same year (1861) married Mary Jane Stewart.

Samuel and Mary moved to Mt. Moriac, then, in 1869, with their three children, and Samuel's mother and father (Luke and Elizabeth) they a four-[^] journey to Morwell by wagonette.

In 1870, Samuel took up the lease on Merton Rush station which comprised all the land bounded by the Latrobe River, Morwell River, Narracan Creek and Wilderness Creek. Rental was 75 pounds per year. Merton Rush was named by Henry Scott, the first holder of the run.

It is interesting to note that, even though Merton Rush was massive by current Gippsland standards, (some 24,780 acres), it was assessed in 1846 (when Scott was the leasee) as able to carry only 640 head of cattle, a fraction of what it was later capable of taking after clearing and grassing.

In 1871, a year after Samuel acquired his run, his wife gave birth to their fourth child and named her Alice Elizabeth Morwell Vary after the small town in the area. Two years later, Florence Jane was born, and Charles Albert was born in 1876.

In 1877 the four oldest children were enrolled at Maryvale Ridge school on Buckley's Hill.

In 1878, Frances was born and Sam became a founding member of the first Shire Council of Narracan. He remained a member for the next ten years.

By 1878 Sam had held Merton Rush for eight years which was the term of his squatter's licence; the government refused to renew the licence and opened the run up for selection. Samuel claimed his pre-emptive right and selected 320 acres on which Merton Rush Homestead stood. He later named his estate Driffield after his home town in Yorkshire.

Sam and other landowners signed petitions for the opening of schools at Morwell Bridge and Driffield and in 1881 these two schools opened on a half-time basis with each other.

Edwin Llewellyn was born in 1879.

Sam served two terms as Narracan Shire President in 1880/81 and 1882/83.

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THE VARY FAMILY (CONT).

Over the next few years, Sam purchased a number of crown allotments adjoining Driffield, increasing his holdings to 321 acres freehold in addition to his earlier pr-emptive right holding.

Mary gave birth to the couple's last child, Ernest Hugh, in 1883, and later that year Sam's father, Luke, died. He is the first person to be buried at Hazelwood Cemetery. Six months later, Luke's wife, Elizabeth died and was laid to rest beside him.

In the years 1885-1889, Sam continued to add to his freeholdings, buying various properties in the area. It appears that his daughter, Eleanor, "dummied" for him on at least one occasion ie she applied for a selection in her name but later transferred it to Sam. This was probably the property which later became Max and Win Vary's farm.

In 1894, Sam was elected to the Morwell Shire Council and was to serve for 15 years until 1909. He served as President of Morwell in 1897/98 and for a further two consecutive terms in 1901/02 and 1902/03.

Alice Vary had by this stage become a pillar of the Methodist Church and in 1891 and 1894 was appointed a circuit steward (apparently a type of missionary) in the Morwell area.

Between 1895 and 1900 Sam acquired further land bringing the Driffield estate to around 932 acres.

Early in 1898, fires described by the "Advertiser" as 'far worse than those of Black Thursday forty-seven years ago' raged through Gippsland. By Wednesday 12th January the fires had reached their peak with a temperature in excess of 100 degrees Fahrenheit and a strong northerly wind blowing, the fires swept through anything remotely flammable including the Driffield estate. Fortunately Sam's homestead survived but damage right throughout the district was extensive.

Just after the turn of the century, Sam served his two consecutive terms as Morwell Shire President and in 1903 he was elected to the Legislative Council as member for Gippsland Province. He served only one year.

In 1915, Sam's wife Mary died of cancer, aged 75, and in December of that year, his youngest son Ernest Hugh (better known as Hughie) married Mary Jensen in Morwell. Hughie and Mary (better known as Molly) bought a property in the area and farmed it (dairying) over the next ten years or so. In 1925 when butter prices began to fall with the approaching depression, Hughie gave up farming, bought a T-model Ford truck and started the Morwell Carrying Company, the first motorised carrying business in Morwell. One of his contracts was collecting milk in the Hazelwood area and taking it to meet the 9.00 am train - many times the train was held over until the milk arrived.

Around 1926/7, they were forced to walk off the farm, as were many others, and moved into Morwell. Molly's father gave them 100 pounds with which they

THE VARY FAMILY (CONT).

bought and renovated a house in Buckley St.

1930 saw the end of a long and interesting life for Samuel Wesley Vary. He died, aged 90, on October 7th 1930 and was interred in Hazelwood Cemetery next to his wife. During his life he had seen the problems of the Industrial Revolution in England, emigrated to Australia during the excitement of the Gold Rush, travelled to and lived in New Zealand, returned to Australia, married and sired eleven children, nine of whom survived. He had built himself into a highly respected citizen, serving on two Shire councils for a total of 25 years and as Shire President for a total of five terms, as a member of Parliament for one, and had served as a Justice of the Peace for many years.

Upon his death, he granted Alice life tenancy of the estate - she had looked after her father in his later years and remained a spinster. She remained on the estate until her death in 1949.

In 1932, Lou Bond (who later became Shire President for three terms), bought the carrying business from Hughie, who began sharefarming the Driffield property under the charge of Alice, renting the Buckley St. house. The floods of 1934 ruined the entire potato crop planted on the flats. They were milking 90 cows by hand, which took the greater part of the day, and Andrew (eldest son) was suffering from chronic bronchitis. In 1935 they left the farm and returned to live in the house in Buckley St. Morwell. Hughie and two sons, Andrew and Graham, started fencing in the district, and they were later joined by Max.

In 1940, Hughie and Molly bought 684 acres of bushland, cleared some of it and ran sheep. (They lost 200 lambs in one severe frost). Andrew, Graham and Max all enlisted in the armed forces.

After the war the three brothers formed a partnership with the aim of farming together. By 1949, after a few setbacks, the farm was functioning and, over the next few years, with Hughie's help, it was cleared, fenced and a barn and cowshed built. Their families were growing. Max and Andy worked the farms together - Graham worked at Maryvale Mill.

In 1954 tragedy struck. Andy was diagnosed as having leukemia and needed fortnightly blood transfusions. He had a rare blood group and the only reliable source in the area was his brother Max. The two of them would travel to Melbourne once a fortnight by train for the transfusion. In July Andy fell ill with influenza and died on July 24 at the age of 37. The family was shattered - Andy had been the initial driving force of the partnership, but Max and Graham were determined to see it through. Graham left the mill to work on the farm. He and Max worked the farms until 1958 when a third farm was purchased at Shady Creek. A toss of a coin decided that Graham and family would move to the new farm.

Hughie Vary died on October 23, 1963, aged 80, as the result of a stroke and complications. While not as public as his father Samuel, Hughie will be remembered as a kind and gentle man. His wife Molly died in 1974 and is buried with him in Hazelwood Cemetery.

Max and Win became the only farming Varys left in Driffield. They continued to farm until 1981 when, after years of rumors and reports from the S.E.C. about the fabled Driffield power station, they sold the farm and moved to Yinnar.

This ended 111 years of Varys farming in Driffield.

Topics of the Week.

MORWELL MINSTRELS.—Tonight the Morwell Brown Coal Minstrels give their long-looked-for entertainment at the Mechanics' and those that miss it will only regret it once and that will be all their lives. It will be without exception the best performance ever given in Morwell, and the mounting of the stage is really as good as anything that could be seen in Melbourne.

CONSOLATION.—It is said one can find a consolation in everything, and the people of this district have a consolation in this depressed time, in the knowledge that Johnston & Co. have bought the trust estate of Cavanagh and Harris, and will open tomorrow, selling the goods at any price. Call and see them even if you don't want to buy, they will be happy to gladden your hearts by exhibiting some of their bargains. We can honestly assure you they are really selling below cost.

MORAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.—This society held its usual fortnightly meeting on Monday evening last there being a very good attendance. Mr. W. Smith presided. The main feature of the evening was an essay by Mr. Hamilton on "Athletics," which came in for a good deal of criticism. The next meeting will be a "magazine night," Mr. Hamilton has been elected magazine editor and Mr. R. Robinson president.

MORWELL ADVERTISER
December 9, 1892

GOOSEBERRIES AND CHERRIES.—The most pleasant part of the business at the meeting of Morwell fruit growers on Tuesday afternoon was the sampling of most luscious fruit. The first fruit which underwent this process was a collection of very fine gooseberries, grown by Mr. Vary, the president of the Association. They were undoubtedly by far the biggest we have seen in the district, many of them being an inch and a half in diameter, while half a dozen of them would make a tart. Mr. Vary assured us that his trees were heavily laden with them—the gooseberries, not the tarts. The samples include such prize sorts as the Goliath, Royal Oak (so named from its shape being very similar to that of an acorn), and Roaring Lion. A small boy to whom we spoke about the gooseberries wishes to know if Mr. Vary keeps a dog in his garden. Mr. Spalth next produced a two pound tin of gooseberries which had been canned by himself. They were of excellent quality and of splendid flavour. At the close of the meeting, Mr. F. Howlett displayed a basket of very fine ripe cherries which were grown in his garden at Spring Vale. We liked those cherries, so did others who were present. Mr. Howlett took the basket home with him; it was not heavy.

[A CARD.]
DR. W. MOIR,
(M.D., Ch.M.)
HAS COMMENCED PRACTICE at
Morwell,
And may be consulted at Munloch's Hotel.

Small Goods a Speciality,
FAMILIES WAITED ON FOR ORDERS.
H. A. Butters,
RETAIL AND FAMILY BUTCHER,
COMMERCIAL ROAD, MORWELL.

MORWELL FORGE.
JOHN RINTOULL
BEGS to announce that after this date
SHOEING WILL BE DONE, and TO
TO MEET THE BRISK TIME.

Chimney Sweep
W. H. SMITH, MORWELL.
BEGS to inform the public of Morwell and surrounding district that he is prepared to thoroughly sweep chimneys at the lowest possible rates at all hours.
W. H. SMITH.

H. LEVISTON,
H. LEVISTON,
TEACHER of Violin and Brass Instruments.

ADVERTISER
Nov. 25 1892

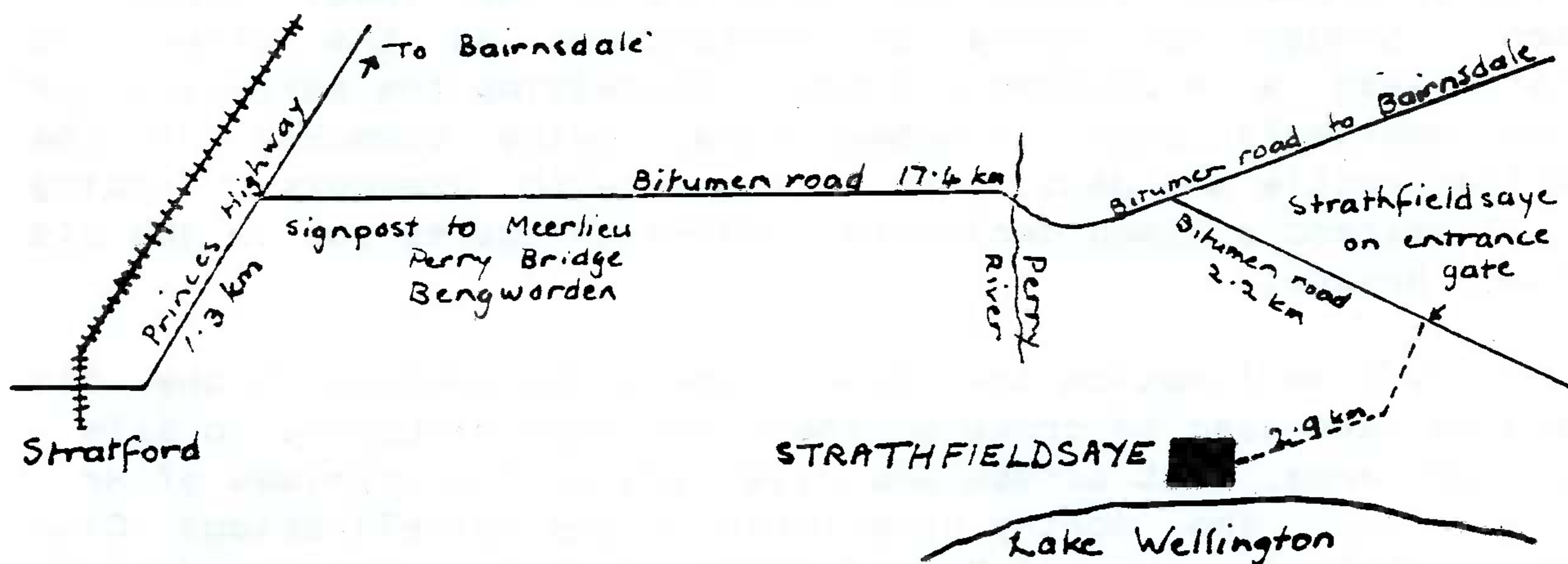
BUILDINGS AND HERITAGE

Annual History Conference
Centre for Gippsland Studies

Saturday 28 November 1992
at Strathfieldsaye via Stratford

- 9.30 Registration
- 10.00 Welcome
- 10.15 Graeme Davison - What Makes a Building Historic?
- 11.00 Morning tea provided
- 11.30 Miles Lewis - Building Technology in Gippsland
- 12.15 Chris Johnston - Heritage Studies and the Consultant
- 1.00 Lunch - BYO or can be purchased from Perry Bridge Ladies as it is Open Day
- 2.00 Launch of 'Strathfieldsaye : A History and a Guide'
- 2.30 Tour of garden and inspection of homestead

Cost \$10 - this includes entrance to homestead



Enquiries to :

Centre for Gippsland Studies
Monash University College Gippsland
Churchill 3842
(051) 226 356

- from the Morwell and Mirboo Gazette April 1890

LOCAL SCENES
BY [WANDEROO]

THE OLD MORWELL

This picturesque stretch of country is situated about 5 miles from the township. In summer the road on either side is lined with an avenue of green for the greater part of the way, but in the winter it is not pleasant to travel, being often knee-deep in mud.

This is the same road along which the coal is at present carted from the Great Morwell Coal Mine, but, next winter, such will not be the case, as the new railway line is to be completed to the mine about the end of next month.

As I journeyed on I passed several homesteads nestling cosily among the trees, one in particular attracting my attention, which I found to be the residence of Mrs M'Coull. This house is a long rambling one, nicely situated on the brow of a small eminence and stands back from the road about a hundred yards or so. The house itself is surrounded by tall weeping willows, while at the back stretches away the beautiful green paddocks, in which may be seen the cattle grazing contentedly

Directly opposite stands the residence of Mr Thos. Theobald, which, though not quite as pretentious as the other, is nevertheless a nice homely place, possessing the advantage of being decidedly cool in summer time, being composed of the familiar wattle and daub, and festooned with creepers. Passing on, I descend a steep declivity, which brings me out to the old Morwell Bridge.

On my left as I notice the river, where the coaches in the old coaching days used to cross on their way from Melbourne to Sale and vice versa. Just across the river stands the premises of Mr H. Godridge, the worthy proprietor of the Morwell Bridge Club (until lately the Morwell Bridge Coffee Palace). This used to be the stopping place for the coaches many years ago, but when the Railway Department erected a station at the present site, the township soon grew up around it, and the old Morwell, which promised at that time to become a thriving township, has since stood still in the march of civilisation.

On both sides of the river, the country presents an inviting aspect, on one side being a green-fringed lagoon, and on the other side the rich grass and green trees meet the eye and delight the senses. All around here is thickly timbered, the road to the coal-mine (which runs past Godridge's) being lined for almost the whole of the way by a dense mass of foliage, except where, in one or two places, the clearing and homestead of the hardy pioneer' comes into view, like an oasis in the desert.

Prior to reaching the river the land is for the most part all cleared, and some of it is under cultivation, with the exception of about half-a-mile on either side of the road, where the virgin forest has remained almost untouched by the hand of man. In this section is situated the site reserved for a racecourse, but the Racing Club, having purchased a more suitable site for holding their meetings, have not availed themselves of this place, so it has been left.

On the opposite side of the road also, in the property of Mr Murdoch, there is a large patch of dense scrub, once the home of the bounding kangaroo, but now deserted, as the denizens of the forest ever recede before *gunus homo*. In this paddock may be seen some beautiful species of fern, chief among them being the diminutive umbrella-fern, with its small wiry stems intertwining, and sometimes covering a large extent of ground. As I traversed the road some little distance beyond Mr Godridge's place, my ears were assailed by the constant piercing notes of the bellbird, whose cry, as the name of the bird implies, sounds like the notes of a bell.

This part of the country was once a noble place for sport, but now the sportsman may tramp the bush for a whole day without seeing anything worthy of his steel (or gun). Having spent a very pleasant day wandering among the trees, I returned home well pleased with my day's outing.

LOCAL SCENES

[BY WANDEROO]

THE GRAVEL PITS

are situated about two miles from Morwell in a westerly direction, and are reached by following the main line to where it junctions (or rather where it used to do so and the spot is easily seen) with the Pits line. Leaving the main line at the place mentioned, I wended my way across the property of the Victorian Coal Company, which immediately adjoins the railway line, and contains about 350 acres.

The company are at present engaged sinking a shaft within about 100 yards of the line, and a depth of about 75 feet has at present been reached. Coal of an inferior quality was struck at a depth of 15 feet from the surface but has continued to improve in quality as it went deeper, and is expected to get still better as they go further down. Operations were commenced about 6 months ago, but had to be discontinued for some time, owing to the great quantity of water in the shaft. Latterly, however, an engine and pumping plant has been erected, and operations have been resumed. It is also the intention of the company to manufacture fire-bricks, fancy tiles, etc., from the clay which is found in abundance on the property, and is of a very superior quality.

Passing on I arrived at the Government ballast reserve, which is some 350 acres in extent, and is covered in timber. The line, when it enters the reserve, has some rather deep cuttings, which are exceedingly narrow, scarcely allowing room for the engine to pass through, and show several different layers of earth on their face.

At last I arrived at the pits themselves, which cover about an acre of land, but are not quarried to any considerable depth. The gravel is not of best quality, and the Government has lately discarded these pits for those at Cowwarr, which contain a superior quality of material. The rails have also been pulled, the track being marked with pieces of broken sleepers, and general debris incidental to taking up a line of railway.

The surrounding country is very picturesque, the earth of this place suddenly dipping away to the Morwell River, which is about a quarter of a mile from here. Immediately at the northern end of the pits, runs a small creek which empties itself into the Morwell River, but which at the time of my visit was dry, the banks and beds being entirely covered with foliage. Several kinds of ferns are found here, from the giant tree fern (almost extinct here, however), to the tiny maiden-hair, nestling amongst the thick undergrowth, interspersed with patches of the beautiful and curious tiger fern, which grows luxurantly in the crevices of the banks.

THE GRAVEL PITS (CONT).

I threaded my way along the bed of the creek, collecting specimens of different ferns, of which I obtained four, and I also found a young laurel tree, growing in a shady part of the bank. I also observed several different kinds of nests in the scrub, and directly above I found a ring-tail opossum's nest, almost entirely hidden amidst the long intertwining creepers of supple-jack, climbing luxurantly up the tall lightwoods

The thick undergrowth forms a fine home for several kinds of game, and as I pushed my way along, keeping one eye cocked for snakes, and the other for curiosities, I started two or three hares from their slumber, and also a bandicoot, which scudded away through the grass, making its peculiar squeak, as it disappeared from view.

This spot is beautifully cool, the tall trees almost meeting overhead and excluding the sun's rays, while here and there, are pools of clearest water, disclosing to view the small shells lying on the sandy bottom. Having loaded myself with specimens of ferns etc., I started for home across the paddocks, which is a much shorter way than the other. I passed several flocks of parrots on the way including some of the Cockatoo parrots, these birds being of a uniform slate color, the male bird having a pink top-knot, which somewhat relieves the monotony of its plumage.

from the Morwell and Mirboo Gazette 28/1/1890

LOCAL SCENES AND PLACES [BY WANDEROO]

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT

This picturesque spot is situated about a mile and a half from the township. As I left the township on my way thither, I crossed Keegan's paddock, that portion of the town which has apparently gone ahead the most, houses having been erected on all sides during the last six months, and many more about to be erected. Crossing thence I arrived at the Mirboo Line, which I followed for about a mile, when I came in sight of an old delapidated dwelling surrounded by the remains of what must have been a fine orchard, several gnarled old fruit trees still remaining. This is said to be one of the oldest houses around Morwell.

Turning to the right, I walked for about five or six hundred yards through luxuriant pasturage (the farm belonging to the aforesaid homestead, now the property of Mr E. Kelleher, who has some fine cattle grazing there) when I arrived at the banks of a pool, which are covered for the most part with ti-tree scrub and thick undergrowth.

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT (CONT).

The lagoon, as it may properly be called, is of an oblong shape, with scarcely a ripple to disturb its smooth surface. Until recently this used to be the home of numerous kinds of wild fowl, but they have forsaken it since much of the adjacent land has been cleared. Occasionally a dab-chick may be seen disporting itself on the glassy surface, ever and anon disappearing for a few moments, and again coming into view, to go through the same manoeuvres.

The only sounds which break the drowsy stillness of this summer afternoon are the twitter of the little wrens among the thick underbrush, the hoarse screeching of the brilliantly plumaged parrots of different kinds, with the occasional cry of the monkey bear, disturbed from its slumber in the fork of some tall gum tree. Sometimes a glimpse may be caught of a red-legged waterhen stalking along through the ti-trees, uttering its harsh note as it rises on the wing, scared by the unwelcome intrusion of the visitor.

The lagoon, as the name implies, is said to be without bottom, or at least the bottom has never been found, but others again assert that it has been bottomed and found to be about 70 feet deep. It is certainly a most picturesque spot, and lovers of scenery should not miss the pleasure of a visit to it. The top of the banks are covered with moss and lichens, while here and there, in the most sheltered nooks, the beautiful maidenhair is found growing luxuriantly, while over all the graceful wattles cast a deep shade. Of late years the spot has lost most of its native beauty, owing to the land around becoming cleared, but still there are many points to catch the eye of the artist.

Leaving the place as the shades of evening fall, I threaded my way through the rich long grass, passing the cattle browsing on the succulent herbage or contentedly chewing their cuds under the friendly shade of the wattle trees, and at length reached the Mirboo Line again, and started for home, where I arrived in due course.

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BLUCHER FAMILY REUNION

Sunday November 29 - 12 noon - 5 pm - Yinnar Recreation Ground

All Blucher Family members, friends and interested persons are invited to attend. \$3.00 per car entry fee to cover costs. For further information phone Dianne Sargeant (056)342569 or Margaret Horn (03)5601921.

Camus An Arbhair,
Plockton,
Ross-shire,
Scotland U.K.
IV52 8TQ

The Secretary,
Morwell Historical Society,
Morwell.

Dear Sir/Madam,

I recently obtained a copy of 'Glimpses of our Past' and was greatly impressed with the presentation of this interesting and historical publication. I was unaware of the existence of the Morwell Historical Society and was delighted to read the contents and thoroughly enjoyed the pictorial record of Morwell's past.

I spent my childhood in Morwell in the late thirties and forties and have many happy memories of life in the township and surrounding countryside.

I am writing you now in the hope that perhaps some members of your Society are in my age group. I was born in 1934 and attended Morwell State and Yallowry High Schools. I would like to contact anybody interested in discussing this period and perhaps compiling a record of these years through the eyes of people who were children at the time - such subjects as life at school, leisure activities such as swimming at the Windmill and Bridle's Creek, Sunday School outings to Walker's Farm, outings to Middle Creek and Tarro Valley; travelling to Yallowry High on the 'cattle truck', the bush fires, the circus and rodeos - all nostalgic but most relevant to historical records.

At present I am living in Scotland but make frequent trips home and will be in Victoria next January and February. I will of course be visiting Morwell.

I hope you will pass this letter onto anyone who may be interested in this subject.

I wish your society all the best in your aims to preserve the past of Morwell and district.

Yours faithfully,

Max Woodland.