

CAMPERDOWN & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.

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 Facebook Page: <https://www.facebook.com/camperdownhistory>

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NEWSLETTER

October, 2014

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Hello to all our members,

This is the last newsletter for 2014 and it brings you a great success story about one of our young schoolgirl volunteers from quite a few years ago. We also have a whole lot of information about the workings of the Heritage Centre and a request for your suggestions about possible future events.

On Page 2 you'll find a couple of really interesting events for November and December. We'll be very happy to accept a generous gift from the Boyd Family History Group and expect an interesting and enjoyable evening on the 11th November. Then there's our Christmas Breakup in December and we are all looking forward to seeing the latest developments at Purrumbete. Members are welcome to bring friends to these events but please let us know numbers for the December event.

Page 5 brings an article from the Geelong Advertiser of 1851 telling all about the early days of the Stony Rises – not a pretty sight! And there's a poem about the Rises today.

Our Facebook page is updated regularly with photos, news and sometimes requests for help. You don't have to be a member of Facebook to visit the page, just click on the link below and you can read all our posts. However, you will not be able to 'like' us or leave comments unless you join Facebook.

Here's the link: <https://www.facebook.com/camperdownhistory>

New members welcomed are: Judith Gilbert and Alycia Nevalainen. Welcome aboard – and we hope to see you at the Heritage Centre soon.

Gillian Senior Newsletter Editor

Camperdown Heritage Centre

241 Manifold Street
 Camperdown 3260

Opening hours

Tuesdays and 1st Sunday
 of month, (Market Day)
 10am-3pm
 Or by appointment

**From the Heritage Centre Collection:
 A VOLCANIC "BOMB"**



As those who live in the district know, the rocky terrain of the South West is the result of many volcanic eruptions which took place over 20,000 years ago. Volcanic 'bombs' were part of the lava eruptions and were hurled into the air and partly cooled before crashing back to the ground to be buried in the scoria. They can still be found in many areas, particularly the Stony Rises – see Pg. 4 of this Newsletter.

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Camperdown & District Historical Society

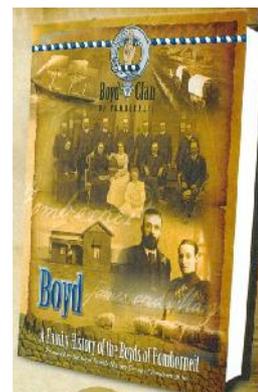
COMING EVENTS:

Tuesday 11th November, 10.30 am: Executive meeting at the Heritage Centre

**Tuesday, 11th November 2014,
THE BOYDS OF POMBORNEIT**

**Camperdown Heritage Centre
at 7.30 pm**

Laurie Boyd and his hard-working committee will be donating a copy of their family history book: *Boyd Clan Of Pomborneit* to the Camperdown & District Historical Society.



Laurie will give a short presentation with DVD of the family's background and will join us for supper with tea, coffee, or a glass of wine.

A second edition of the book will also be available for purchase at \$55.

All members and friends are welcome.

(Members: Please bring a small plate of supper)

Saturday, 13th December, 2014

CHRISTMAS BREAKUP

**HIGH TEA AT
PURRUMBETE HOMESTEAD
HISTORICAL VILLAGE**

2pm – 5pm



**Historic cottage, "Lolly Shop",
Tea Rooms, Vintage Cars,
Farm Machinery and extensive
gardens.**

**Cost \$20
(Includes High Tea!)**

**Share cars from Camperdown
Heritage Centre at 1.45 pm**

Bookings essential:

**Ray Watson: Ph. 0487 261 048
by 28th November, 2014**

FROM CAMPERDOWN M.R.C. TO BALLARAT

CDHS Member, Sue Cole's original James Dawson Scrap Book had been on loan to the Art Gallery of Ballarat during their Scottish Exhibition earlier this year. When it was returned to her one Tuesday morning, Sue suggested to the two staff members that they call around and see our Heritage Centre which they happily did. During a conversation with them, we learned that one of them, Julie McLaren, had worked with Norma Wynd at our Museum as a schoolgirl volunteer quite a few years ago. We persuaded her to tell us her story. Here it is:



The James Dawson Scrap Book

JULIE MCLAREN – A SUCCESS STORY



Julie as a Year 12 student - her future success all ahead of her.

I always knew I wanted to work in the field of history so while undertaking my final year of high school at Mercy Regional College in 2001 I decided to volunteer at Camperdown Heritage Centre. I worked with Norma Wynd transcribing and sorting archives and spent some time teaching other volunteers how to use a computer. Most of all, I loved being immersed in Camperdown's history and hearing stories about the past.

The following year I commenced study in History and English Literature at Deakin University in Geelong and then moved to Canberra in 2004 to study Art History, Australian History and English Literature at the Australian National University.

After graduating from ANU in 2006 with Honours in History, I commenced work at the National Film and Sound Archives where I worked on a project involving rehousing television scripts into appropriate archival storage.

In 2008 I commenced work at the National Museum of Australia where I was part of the Legacy Collections Project. The Museum had been acquiring objects at such a fast rate since the 1980s that proper documentation of the collection had fallen behind. I worked with an amazing team of people at NMA working on collections as diverse as taxidermy, postcard collections, Australia's first jungle gym, and props from children's television show Playschool. My role largely involved documenting these objects to increase the amount of information on the museum's database and preparing works for exhibitions.

In 2009 I moved to Ballarat and fell in love with the town. After training as a volunteer guide at the Art Gallery of Ballarat, I was offered a paid position involving conducting a stocktake of the entire collection. Part of this job involves conducting a physical stocktake of the collection where I locate each artwork on our database (current count is over 9,000 objects) and ensure that the object is correctly measured, documented and photographed. I have also been conducting a documentation audit of the collection which has involved working with volunteers to organise our archives which date back to the 1880s.

I also have a curatorial role at the gallery and have written essays for exhibition catalogues such as *Capturing Flora: 300 years of Australian botanical art*, *Robert Clinch: Fanfare for the Common Man* and *Jeffrey Bren: The dark mirror*.

I have been involved in many areas of art and history since moving to Ballarat including the Ballarat International Foto Biennale and the Ballarat Apron Festival, both events which bring many visitors to Ballarat. It is the perfect town to indulge my love of history and the arts as there is a wonderful, enthusiastic community of people with similar interests.

In 2015 I will commence my Masters in Art History where I will be focussing on the work of muralist, graphic designer and war artist Harold Freedman. He was the artist responsible for the *Cavalcade of Transport* mural which was formerly on display in Spencer Street Station and is now displayed at the Northern end of the Spencer Outlet Centre. This mural would be recognisable to anybody who travelled by train from the country into what is now Southern Cross Station. There will be an exhibition at the Art Gallery of Ballarat in 2016 and an accompanying catalogue of the artist's work.

I am often asked by university students or people early in their career how to find work in a museum or gallery. The first thing I tell them is: **volunteer!** It can be an area where paid roles are sparse so the best way to show you are enthusiastic and interested is to volunteer your time.



Julie today - at the Art Gallery of Ballarat.

NEWS FROM THE HERITAGE CENTRE

MEMBERSHIP LIST

One of our newer members has requested that a membership list be available so that we can recognise fellow-members. This is always available if you call into the Centre and ask to have a look at it. For privacy reasons, not all contact details will be shown but we can give you the name and the town.

MRS. COLLIE'S SCRAPBOOKS



Locked away in our safe is a very special book. During the years of WW1 and for some time later, Mrs. Collie of Hopetoun Street, Camperdown kept every newspaper cutting she could find of local servicemen who had lost their lives. This is one of three that she put together all those years ago and it has now been photographed page by page and the names of all the servicemen have been listed. This now makes it so much easier for researchers to use. Mrs. Collie put together two other books which are not Camperdown specific, and they are held by the Camperdown R.S.L. Alan Fleming has also

photographed and listed their contents and all three books are now available on computer which eliminates the constant wear and tear of actually handling the books.



It contains cuttings from the Chronicle and other papers.

OUR VOLUNTEERS – WHAT DO THEY DO?

Firstly, we enjoy ourselves! We ARE volunteers and we're here because we want to be.

Sometimes we work very hard preparing a special display; this means searching for photographs or information in our files or on computer or maybe old copies of the Chronicle which we have on microfiche. This material often needs to be photocopied or typed up and printed.

We share what we're finding and learn from each other different ways of finding information.



Jock Hay doing a bit of research.

Sometimes we ask a question about the past and find that Jock Hay or

another long-time Camperdown resident has the answer right there in their heads; then a fascinating conversation follows!



Lunchtime can be quite a busy time!

We have a roster for someone to "man the front desk" so we can welcome visitors and offer them help if they are there for research. We often have very interesting visitors who turn out to be old residents with many valuable memories. If that's the case, we try to record information for our files.

There are always areas in our storage that need cleaning up or sorting so that we actually know what we've got. If we take on that task, then decisions need to be made about what's valuable, how to store it and how to catalogue it so it can be found again.

Some of us are good on computers and some don't even want to KNOW about them! That's all right too; we have lots of other jobs available.

There are many more things that get done on Tuesdays and first Sundays and other jobs that members do from home – such as emails, Facebook, etc.

Did I mention that there always seems to be a lot of laughter? Maybe that's why we sometimes call ourselves the Hysterical Society!

If any of this sounds interesting to you – why not come down and see us. We can always find a job for you – even if it's only once in a while.



Shelves of old ratebooks - invaluable for research.

OUR EVENTS

We have a file in the front office that says, "Ideas for possible events". This is an area where our members can help us. It would be great if we could have YOUR suggestions for an interesting outing, speaker or tour that would be enjoyed by historically-minded people. We'd love to hear from you.

THE STONY RISES



Local residents know all about the road through the Stony Rises – the rocks, boulders and swamps on each side and how the road turns and twists through cuttings and up and over hills. We can only imagine what it must have been like before the road was properly made. It's not surprising that 'the long way round' through the Cressy region and past Lake Corangamite was often taken by the heavy-laden bullock-carts or drovers bringing cattle or sheep to the Camperdown area.

The following article gives us some idea of how the journey through the Rises affected travellers in the 1860s.

FOR CAMPERDOWN OH!

To the Editor of the Geelong Advertiser, 26th August, 1861.

Sir,

After eight years sojourn in Geelong without moving more than seven miles therefrom, I accepted of an invitation to assist at the opening of a Temperance Hall at Camperdown, and on Tuesday last, in company with Mr. R. D. Bannister, shipped on board the Royal Mail, *Captain Scott*, and at five a.m. bore away to the "Land of the West".

Our first adventure was at the Belmont toll-gate, which we found locked and were politely informed by the newly awakened keeper to jump the mail over it on the next like occasion.

(After breakfasting at Winchelsea and discussing the spreading of the temperance cause with the local Police Sergeant, the writer continues....)

Leaving the Barwon and with every confidence again entrusting ourselves to the kind guidance of Mr. Scott, away we went and in due time and with much groaning and struggling through the roads (so called) of a "parental government", we at length came to what are termed "the plains" but alas! "the corrugations" are assuredly their true cognomen, for the rolls, the bumps, and the tumbles endured by ourselves and mates were most terrific. I was informed that Mr Nixon, the newly elected member, had promised to attend to the mending of their ways, and he has certainly got his work before him.

Having at last, drenched and plastered with mud, arrived at Colac, I had the honour of an interview with His Sable Majesty, Coc Coc Corue, the warriors' king and was delighted to find that that ancient potentate was a distinguished member of the teetotal society.

(The passengers dined at the Bridge Inn, Colac and disappointed the young lady serving them by all but one asking for water – until at last "one portly passenger, taking pity on her disconsolate look, ordered for himself a glass of gin".

There was a change of horses and, "at a snail's gallop" they continued their travels, passing through Larpent.)

In due (or rather undue) time, we reached the terrific region of the Stony Rises, and the rises we got very soon raised us out of the mail, and made us glad to foot it over the station of our Geelong neighbour, Mr Roadknight. I am not aware of how the ancestor of that gentleman came to be knighted, but am sure it must have been for the construction of a much better road than that horrible region of rocks of all shapes and sizes, of roaring streams, of gnarled fantastic trees, and of "confusion worse confounded"; in the midst of this frightful solitude our horses were exchanged for their brothers in the bone, and so we toiled on, passing for long miles the gigantic fences of the cattle station of Mr. Manifold, and with many extra coats of mud, at last



No, it's not the Rises – but Hawk's Nest Road, nearby. The rocky edge gives some idea of the terrain in the past.

reached the Leura Inn, where a deputation of teetotallers bore away Mr Bannister; and I, with Her Majesty's mails, was conveyed to the hospitable dwelling of the vice president of the society (Mr John Wells), who, in addition to being postmaster, is the blacksmith of the township and one of the finest sons of Tubal Cain I ever had the good fortune to meet with.

The morning rose, bringing with it drenching rain, which continued the whole day; notwithstanding which the people kept pouring in from every quarter of the district, some coming as many as forty miles to behold the opening of the Temperance Hall. Knee deep in mud they waded on; coaches car and wagons went round the township bringing in the women and children, and at length seven o'clock saw the hall crammed in every part with teetotaly soaked admirers.

The hall, a substantial wooden building, was beautifully decorated with the lovely plants of which this romantic locality affords a never failing and ever enduring supply. The chair was ably filled by the President, a most worthy friend to our cause, Thomas Shaw, jun. of Woordoyrite, Darlington. After tea, addresses were delivered by the Reverend Hugh Blair of Colac, the Reverend James Rowe, Messrs Bannister, Small, Taylor, Riddle and other friends.

(These excerpts are from a very long and detailed article which is concerned mainly with the opening of the Temperance Hall and further meetings held there during the writer's visit. As the main subject of this Newsletter is the Stony Rises, we now cut to the final paragraph as the party sets off for home:)



Stone walls, rocks and hills.

How we got through the rises aforesaid; how we forded creeks, and tumbled amid rocks; how we blessed the blessed Government which adores Melbourne and forsakes the wealth-producing interior; how the Queen's letters were dragged thirty miles in eleven hours; how we parted with Cornstalk (***the writer's nickname for their driver***) and were handed over to valiant Captain Archer; how for the edification of the passengers I sang ten teetotal songs; how that worthy carried us safely into our beloved Pivot; how battered and shattered, rattled and battled we were restored to the arms of our wives and children; how we mused upon the benefits to be

derived from local men representing the provinces; how we thought about the ways and means of getting there ourselves; how we as last fell asleep to dream our wondrous adventures all over again, I shall for the present say no more of.

Will it not be written in some future Chronicle of ye Geelongese by
Your faithful servant,
W. Still Jenkins.
Geelong, 26th August, 1861.

NOTE: The Temperance Hall was situated on the corner of Brooke and Manifold Streets. From the time it was built, in 1861, it was used by the community on many occasions for meetings and entertainment. The first church services of St. Paul's Church of England were held there, as well as their first Sunday School. The hall was also used by the Bible Christian Chapel, the Presbyterian Church and the Methodists at various times when they were either building their own church or undergoing repairs. The fledgling P&A Society held a "Grain Show" there in 1870 and in 1901, a short-lived Camperdown College leased the premises for a couple of years.



This hall, probably the second one on the site, was demolished in 1975.

which was built in 1975 with funds raised by the local Guiding community. The full history of the hall and its replacement/s as well as the Temperance Society itself may be interesting subjects for future research.



Current guide Hall

A more recent contribution to the story of The Stony Rises: a farmer's view.

Reflection Rolling of the Rises

by Barry Scott



Oh for a farm in the Rises
With its trees, thistles and rocks;
With its ragwort, rabbits and reptiles
And places you can't find the stock;

With its swamps and gullies and saltbush
And blackberries – you'd never believe
How a farmer survives in the Rises
With mostly ferns for feed.

There's deer to bust the fences
And roos to eat the grass,
Droughts to dry the waterholes
Same as in the past.

But still it's not all hopeless
Since arriving on the scene
A big mechanical monster
Like something from a dream!



It rolls and breaks and bashes
The paddocks into shape;
The rocks they just disappear
With soil in its wake.

Now the grass has started growing
With an early autumn shower,
We're out to check our paddocks
At forty miles an hour!

The farmers all are smiling,
The banks are happy too;
The women are behind us
There's nothing left to do
But sit and watch and wonder
How all this came to be.
The rolling of the Rises
Looks pretty good to me!