

# KANGAROO GROUND

## CHRONICLE

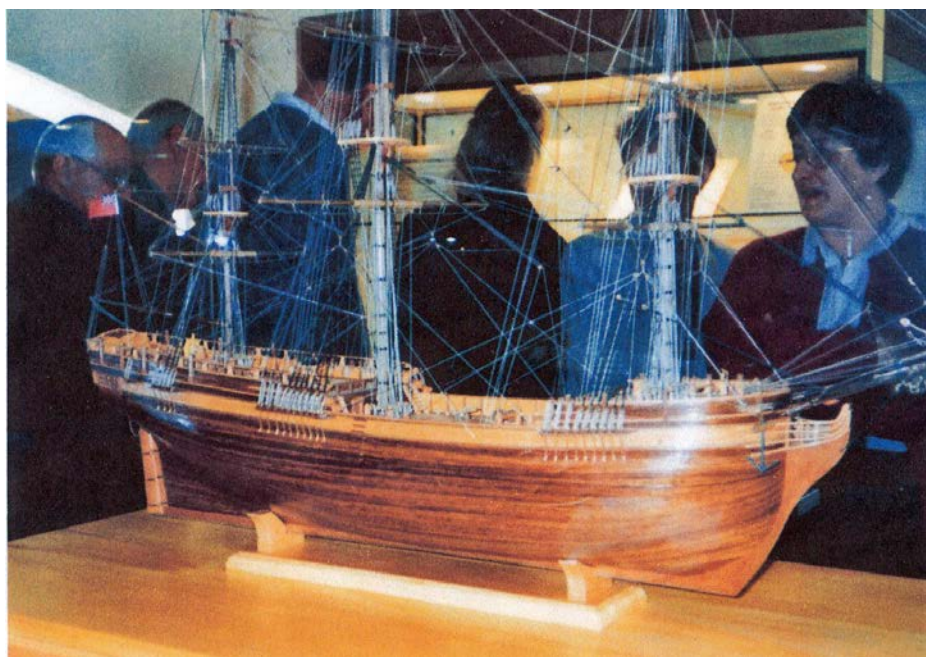
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### Andrew Ross Museum INC

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### IN THIS LASER PRINTED ISSUE

- Proudly displayed on the cover is a replica of the barque *David Clark*, photographed at the Queenscliff Maritime Museum by Jessie Agnes Cameron Bull.
- Amongst Andrew Ross's first pupils at Kangaroo Ground in 1851 were several Furphy children. Dick Austin begins a series of articles on the Furfys on Page 1.
- Broadcaster Sheila Dixon focuses on the familiar icon, The Back Verandah Room, on Page 6.
- Wenda Fleming watches the behaviour of local Redwattle birds on Page 8.
- Check your membership status with Diana Bassett-Smith and your cheque book on Page 10.
- Why attending school at Kangaroo Ground in the 1940s was so much fun is detailed on Page 12 by Emma Atherton.
- Wellers Restaurant was recently full of Wellers, as you'll read on Page 15.
- Aboard the *David Clark* in 1839 was young Scotsman Francis Rogerson, whose story is told on Page 16.
- Our special racing correspondent Mick Woiwod reports on Annual Cup Day at *Pigeon Bank* on Page 19.

## HIGH ACHIEVERS OF KANGAROO GROUND

### John and Joseph Furphy

Kangaroo Ground has been the home, workplace, inspiration or refuge of some high achievers. In the next few editions we look at two of them, John and Joseph Furphy.



These two brothers were amongst the first 22 pupils at Andrew Ross's Kangaroo Ground school when it first opened in April 1851. Together with their brother Isaac and sister Judith, the Furphy family constituted four of the school's foundation pupils

John went on to establish an innovative and successful engineering business, which is still in operation today. He invented a number of agricultural products, including the Farm Water Cart, which became known as the *Furphy*, the use of which by the AIF during WWI in the Middle East led to the family name becoming a common Australian English noun, used to mean suspect information.

His brother, Joseph, went on to become a major Australian novelist, and is now widely acknowledged as the Father of the Australian novel.

## Part 1: The Furphys in Kangaroo Ground

Samuel and Judith Furphy, aged in their early 30s, moved to Kangaroo Ground in 1850, along with their five children. John, aged 8, was the oldest; then Joseph, aged 7, followed by Isaac 5, Judith 3, and finally Euphemia, aged 1.

Samuel's family had for generations been tenant farmers on the estate of the Duke of Manchester at Tanderagee, County Armagh, near Portadown, existing on less than 4 acres of boggy land. Their background was Protestant (Wesleyan), conservative and pious. When Samuel was 19 his father died and he became the family breadwinner.

Judith's family were also tenant farmers at nearby Derryadd in County Armagh, although there were also musicians and teachers in the family. She had similar values and background to Samuel, and described herself as "improved Scotch" rather than Irish.

Both Samuel and Judith were educated, and books, debating, religious argument, poetry and ideas were to play an important part in the life they created together for themselves and their children. They married in Northern Ireland in 1840 and then boarded a ship for Port Philip, arriving early in 1841, aged 23 and 21 respectively.

Upon arriving in Melbourne they were engaged by James Anderson to work on his Yarra Bight cattle run, with Samuel responsible for the milking and butter making, and Judith as cook. Andersons Creek, which flows into the Yarra at Warrandyte, is named after James Anderson.

After a year at Yarra Bight the Furphies moved to Moonee Ponds for a few months, and here their oldest child John was born. They then moved to Yarra Glen to work for the Ryrie Brothers.

The three Ryrie brothers, William, James and Donald, occupied an area of 60,000 acres of what is now Coldstream, Yarra Glen, Tarrawarra and Healesville. They took up the land in 1838, the first Europeans to settle in the Upper Yarra. The Ryries farmed cattle, but also planted an acre of vines – the origins of the Yarra Valley wine industry. They employed a small army of people, including 18 convict servants, and they also attempted to employ Aborigines.

Samuel Furphy obtained employment with Ryries as a gardener (including the vineyard), dairyman and station hand. He also grew and processed all the tobacco used on the station. Judith was not employed, but did sewing and laundering for the “Master’s House” (Chateau Yering). The family lived in a wattle and daub hut in what is now Yarra Glen. Joseph, their second child, was born in this hut in late 1843, the first European child born in the area. An indication of how isolated they were is that, when he became seriously ill, Samuel called in an Aboriginal healer to tend him.

A number of other Furphy children were born during the seven years they worked for the Ryries. There was no school so Judith educated the children. She taught them to read with cards and then used The Bible and the works of Shakespeare. By the time Joseph was 7, he could recite fluently from these works.

In 1850, the Furphys left Yarra Glen and moved to Kangaroo Ground, a move probably due to the sale of Ering Station in that year. Kangaroo Ground by now had

2,000 acres under cultivation and a population of about 100. The *Argus* of 29/8/1851 reported that “There is no portion of Victoria that has undergone a greater transformation than the Kangaroo Ground”.

The family lived in a hut on William Bell’s property, to the south east of what is now Weller’s Pub, a place called *Crows Nest* in Andrew Ross’s reminiscences and *Ants Nest* in those of John Bell. It may have been the original Donaldson hut. Samuel did not own any Kangaroo Ground land, probably because there was none available for a price he could afford. While living here he did buy land at Broadmeadows and Kyneton, perhaps an indication that he did not plan to stay for long.

Samuel worked as a shoemaker at Kangaroo Ground, a trade he had learned in Ireland. He had an apprentice, James Rosier, who later became a well-known boot maker in Melbourne. Samuel also helped to build the Kangaroo Ground school in 1851. It does not appear that he was employed to do this, but rather he worked with the other people of the town to build the school. The school was between the site of the current school and church, and was an unlined slab building with open windows and an earth floor. It was to serve as both the school and church for the next 25 years, and for its first year it was also home for Andrew Ross and his wife. In 1878 the building was replaced with a new school, the building that now houses the Andrew Ross Museum.

The school opened in April 1851, one of 74 schools in the Port Philip colony, of which 9 (including this one) were Presbyterian. The school had few books, but every child had his or her own bible. There were 22 children when the school opened, and four of these were Furphy children. This

was the first school for the Furphys, although Andrew Ross would have found they could already read and write well.

By the time the Furphys moved to Kangaroo Ground, Samuel had brought all his family to Port Phillip, although his mother died during the sea journey. His sister Mathilda and her husband George Moore lived in the Kangaroo Ground area for a time, before moving to Kialla in the Goulburn Valley. In 1851 Samuel's sister Elizabeth married Alexander Innes, who leased *Cumis Nillen*, the farm next to the school. In 1853 another sister, Jane, married James Kirkwood of Kangaroo Ground. Both these couples later moved to Lancefield.

In May 1851, a month after she had begun attending the school, Judith Furphy became ill. Andrew Ross borrowed Samuel's horse and rode to Melbourne for medical supplies and advice, but even so she died. Her death was the first European death at Kangaroo Ground. She was buried on unoccupied land overlooking Watson's Creek towards the dividing ranges. This land was later granted by the Government to be the Kangaroo Ground Cemetery, the first Port Philip cemetery outside Melbourne.

Samuel, Judith and their family moved from Kangaroo Ground to Kyneton early in 1852. Their motivation was almost certainly the gold rush, which had commenced late in 1851. Samuel, unlike many, did not head for the diggings at Castlemaine or Bendigo, but instead opened a feed store on the road to the diggings, a less risky venture.

John and Joseph's stories will be covered in the next few editions of the *Chronicle*.

- Dick Austin

(to be continued)

## THE BACK VERANDAH ROOM

If ever there was a more useful room in early Australian country houses this one had to be it. The back verandah room tacked on like an afterthought to add a bit of space to an ever-growing family. These days it would be called a sunroom and be far more upmarket. The rules were different then, red cedar weatherboards half way up the walls and then the dear old fly wire and flapping white canvas blinds on the outside to keep out the weather. The floor was covered in brown dog coloured lino with tricky patches where it had been worn.

But it was the furniture that gave the room its special flavour. Firstly a huge pine table well sprinkled with marks and gouges from countless games, meals, and years of use. Kangaroo chairs and a long bench on one side for us kids and over in a corner a big coolgardie safe which held butter, milk and meat for a very dubious number of days. "Who left the door open on the safe?" was the eternal cry, for there was always a hopeful blowie hanging about.

On the walls near the flywire door was an amazing contraption for the time. It's the thirties I am talking about and this was a telephone. Fixed to the wall with a large handle that you wound vigorously to get the attention of the lady who ran the party line switchboard at Warrandyte. In the bushfires in 1939 she stayed at that switchboard with the fire brigade hosing down the wall of her wooden building so she could keep the lines open. I believe she got a medal for this.

The most memorable day of use for this room was Christmas. The whole family packed in there round the table waiting for my Grandmother's wonderful dinner. A vegetarian would have had a hard day for the meat was in

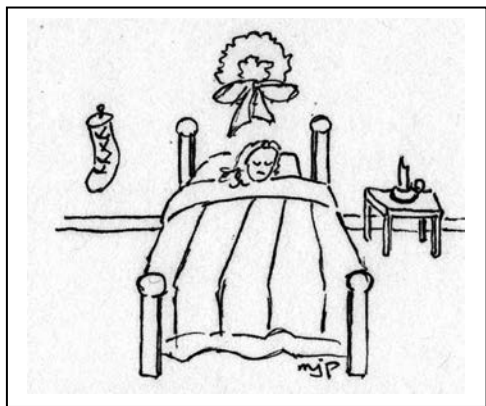
grand supply. A pickled leg of pork from one of the pigs on the farm and huge roast turkey from the flock that used to harass us. Especially big Tom, but he seemed to be saved from the axe. We hated the gobbler. It always seemed to be hot in those days at Christmas and Grandma's one fire stove would have provided enough heat to send a train to Sydney. Her puddings were memorable and were generously speckled with sixpences and thrippences. Or thruppences as my Yorkshire Grandma called them.

In the school holidays when it rained this room was the focus for games. Ludo and Snakes and Ladders, cards and Fiddlesticks and as the years went by then the new ones like Monopoly which we played for hours. I bet there are some of you out there that remember Beetles and the special one for the girls which were cut out dresses for Shirley Temple dolls. Ah, those were the days.

Just off this room was a tiny little bedroom that I loved. Pine tongue and groove walls and a lumpy bed with a patchwork quilt and the odd army greatcoat for cold nights. When I slept there I loved hearing the grownups play cards and chat away just nearby. I would fall asleep to the sound of their voices and dream about the adventures my cousins and I would have the next day. I was so safe.

- Sheila Dixon

- illustration by Joan Pickard



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## BIRDS OF KANGAROO GROUND

### Red Wattlebird Behaviour

The largest of Australia's honeyeaters, the red wattlebird, flocks here in May to take advantage of the great factories of nectar which are our iron bark trees. In any year not all the iron barks flower, and this year, in particular, the numbers are substantially reduced. So we've had fewer wattlebirds. But then a new thing has happened. They have stayed on after the iron barks have stopped flowering. They have stayed to feed on our grevilleas, banksias, and wattles. And as never before they are dominating our hill and keeping other birds at bay. Not just the other honeyeaters, not just the little birds, but almost all other birds.

We have seen the wattlebirds harassing both the eastern and crimson rosellas, both kinds of corrawongs, a kookaburra on his own, and even a group of yellow-tailed black cockatoos feeding in our nearby black wattles. All of these birds are substantially larger than the wattlebirds. The other day a wattlebird was harassing a sulphur crested cockatoo high up in a dead gum tree. There was a lot of screeching from the cockatoo and then it flew off in disgust. We didn't mind seeing that one go. However, we have not seen any encounters with the magpie family that lives on our hill. Nor have we seen encounters with the blue wren family. These three groups seem to ignore each other.

In the sense that all the other birds put together would make little difference to their food supply, and that there is plenty of food for everyone here, this appears to be maladaptive behaviour on the part of the wattlebirds. After all, they are expending a lot of energy driving away birds that

don't really compete with them for food. It would seem that excessive aggression is just part of their nature. But why should it be?

On the other hand, our magpie family is only aggressive towards the other magpie family which would like to take over the worm supply in our lawns. This seems rather more adaptive as energy is not used up on unnecessary aggression. In addition, the magpies do not drive away either our grey thrush family or the occasional blackbird who also eats the worms in our lawn. Do they understand or know that there are enough worms for them all? Scientists who have studied magpies consider them to be among our more intelligent birds, and, it would certainly seem, they are rather more intelligent than the red wattlebirds.

Here is what Graham Pizzey has to say, in part, about them: -

Red Wattlebird 33 – 36 cm  
... noisy, aggressive,  
acrobatic at blossoms, takes  
flying insects, hops on  
ground. Flight strong, direct,  
undulating - - - Often settles  
on high bare branches.  
Attracted to gardens, nectar-  
feeders, vineyards. - - -  
Common. Blossom nomad,  
with contradictory seasonal  
movements.



- Wenda Fleming

## MEMBERSHIP

Welcome to this edition of the *Chronicle*. Yes, this is a request for you the reader to support the Museum, for you to become a contributor.

There are reasons why you should provide support. The Museum is proud to continue the collecting and displaying of the history of Kangaroo Ground. History is ongoing. No matter how simple, today's happenings in Kangaroo Ground are our descendants' history and Australia's heritage.

We are seeking support from readers of the *Chronicle* as financial members who may also actively participate as volunteers.

The Andrew Ross Museum is a not for profit organization. We are funded entirely by donation and grants from local governments and other groups.

The Andrew Ross Museum is run and managed entirely by an active band of volunteers who are always keen to have people share in the Museum's activities.

What are these activities?

Collecting oral and written history, collecting photographs, and cataloguing and storing these under archival standards.

We are accredited with Museums Australia, which means that our small museum has defined standards that are acceptable Australia wide.

The Andrew Ross Museum can only function with adequate finances to support its infrastructure, including items such as cabinets, files, archive standard storage, software, power and maintenance, postage and office supplies, insurance, collating and publishing the *Chronicle*.

We are asking you, the reader, to come and see what is done and to ask yourselves what you can do to help the Museum continue the splendid work it started over ten years ago.

You may ask, What do I get for my money?

- Knowledge that you have contributed to the preservation of a segment of Australian history.
- One of the most important records of early education in Victoria, the Andrew Ross Diary, a copy of which is lodged at the Museum.
- Displays of local history.
- A source of historical material for students of primary, secondary, and tertiary groups.
- A source to those who are trying to trace their background.
- An edition of the *Chronicle* every three months.
- Importantly, by becoming a participant in a worthwhile organization, your own life can be enhanced together with that of others.

**So please fill in the attached form, either renewing or commencing your subscription, and enjoy being a supporter of the Andrew Ross Museum at Kangaroo Ground.**

- Donations of \$2 or more are fully tax deductible.
- Annual Membership is \$22 per family, \$11 per individual (including GST).
  - Life Membership is \$150 (including GST).

- Diana Bassett-Smith, Membership Secretary.

## SCHOOL DAYS

Emma Atherton (née Love) recalls her schooldays at Kangaroo Ground in the 1940s.

### Part 2 of 3

Friday afternoons were for organized sport but not inter-school as today. Team sports included rounders, basketball, cross ball, tunnel ball, and cricket. There were not enough students for football teams. I think we competed at district athletics a couple of times at Diamond Creek Football Oval. Because of our numbers we had to enter lots of events but we did pretty well. We had to rely on our wider community to transport us there and back. Friday afternoon was also the time two of the older boys earned a shilling each for emptying the pans of the outhouses (girls and boys toilets). My brother Gordon could tell a tale about that if he chose to, concerning Mr Morgan's pet magpie.

There were some occasions when our school routine differed from the norm. One of these was Empire Day which was an annual event held on the 24<sup>th</sup> May. All students were given a small cardboard Union Jack flag to pin on their chest for the day. A shire councillor visited our school and spoke to us of the might of the British Empire and our role and duty as part of it. A map of the world showed all countries of the Empire in pinkish red and it seemed to be at least half of the map.

One year, with the help of the ladies of the district, K G school children held an empire pageant in Stevenson Hall. We learnt all the national anthems of the main countries of the Empire to sing as a group on stage. We also participated

in still life scenes dressed appropriately for the different countries with the products of the land displayed. The curtain opened on each scene and we held our poses until it closed again and the next scene was set up. My sister Es was a Welshwoman dressed in a long black skirt, white blouse, and wearing a tall black Welsh hat and carrying a basketful of coal. I was a Canadian mountie dressed in Miss Bourchier's jodhpurs and someone else's red jacket and hat, with a rifle in the crook of my arm and there were heaps of furs on stage. Those were the days when rabbit and fox furs brought good prices. The show climaxed with the curtains opening to show Britannia (me) suitably crowned and draped, with the rest of the students in the background singing *Rule Britannia*. Another year a prize was offered for the best essay on either *The British Empire* or *Australia's Role in the War*. That prize, which was a book, *The Story Of the British Empire in Pictures*, signed by A J Naylor, Lt Colonel, and Stanley Addison, Eltham Shire Councillor, sits in my bookcase today.

Another day different from usual at school was when Red Cross held an egg appeal. I can't remember whether it was once or twice a year but the eggs were for hospitals and I think they were preserved in some manner. Older students in small groups went out in various directions collecting eggs all over the district. Everyone with fowls donated and poultry farmers brought dozens and dozens direct to the school. I think the eggs were then taken to Eltham Station and transported to Red Cross.

Now to playtime. Instead of the cypress pines in front of the old school today there was a trimmed hedge two metres tall, and there was a similar hedge at right angles separating the school ground from the residence front

garden. The front one was the boys hedge and the side one the girls, and we played houses in them. Big old pines, not cypress, bordered the school grounds, and girls heaped pine needles to form walls and rooms of houses, and beds and tables for our homes. Most boys had pocket knives and whittled chunks of the pine bark into cars and trucks and boats, and they made roads and garages around and under pine roots.

(to be concluded)

- Emma Atherton



Emma with some of her siblings, Kangaroo Ground, c 1946.

l-r: Betty, Emma, Ron, Esma and Gordon Love.



## WELLERS AT WELLERS

Weller family members came from far distant places to enjoy a luncheon at Wellers Restaurant, Kangaroo Ground in September. The ones from furthest away were Malcolm and Tracy Weller, visitors from England. It seemed that John Weller's descendants predominated. One of them, Rochelle Haines, organized the event. Wellers Restaurant host Shaun Wolfe, who politely answered questions with "I'm not a Weller", ensured that service, atmosphere and dining facilities were well in accord with the long Weller tradition in that particular corner of Kangaroo Ground.

Julie Morgan, a descendant of John Weller's eldest brother Edward, not able to attend the luncheon, provided this picture of her great-grandparents Edward Weller (1864-1929) and Sarah Jane Crichton (1876-1906).

- John Austin



## THEY CAME TO KANGAROO GROUND

### 1. Francis Rogerson

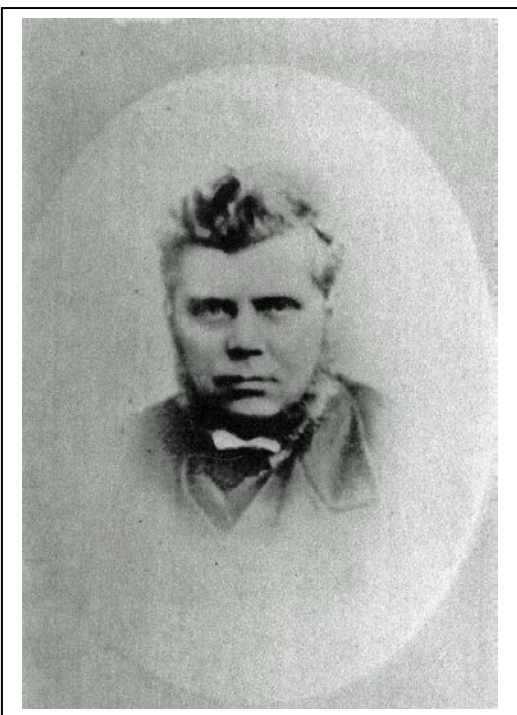
The ship most continuously talked about and remembered by Kangaroo Ground's earliest white settlers and their descendants was the barque *David Clark*. A replica of it (see front page), on view at the Queenscliff Maritime Museum, was photographed in 2003 by one of these descendants, Jessie Agnes Cameron Bull.

Three of the young men on board the *David Clark*, all Scotsmen, had settled in Kangaroo Ground within about ten years of arrival in 1839. John Bell, one of them, had married Janet Rogerson, the sister of another of them, Francis Rogerson, and settled on the Bell property *Violet Bank*. Francis and the third, John Barr, pooled their money in order to purchase 160 acres fronting the main road opposite the present school site. Opting to occupy the half nearest the Warrandyte road, Francis named it *Pigeon Bank* and began constructing his homestead.

In 1853 he returned to Scotland, in company with his brother-in-law, John Bell. His object was to acquire and import farm machinery and building materials for use at *Pigeon Bank*. He also married, while in Scotland, a lady his own age (33), possibly known to him before he first emigrated to Australia.

Whereas everything Francis attempted following his first voyage to Australia had flourished, his luck now changed. Arriving at Melbourne, a city still in the grip of gold fever, he found that so many of the able-bodied waterside workers had decamped to the goldfields that it was

impossible to have his cargo unloaded. Impatient to set sail again, the captain ordered it to be dumped into the bay.



Apparently, Francis never considered returning to Kangaroo Ground and living again at *Pigeon Bank*. After residing in Melbourne briefly, Francis and his wife settled at Newnham, near Woodend, where Francis began erecting a small bluestone residence, part of which still stands. In 1860 he sold part of his land to the Wesleyan Church for erection of Newnham's first church.

Aged 47, and now the father of five children, he developed pneumonia in 1868 which resulted from a chill he caught while out of doors during a storm attempting to cover a haystack. There was time to make a will, in which he named his old *David Clark* friend John Bell his executor, and he died three days later.

Included in his estate was the Kangaroo Ground property *Pigeon Bank*. John Bell was directed to supervise the leasing of the property and the directing of its income to Francis's widow and children. This arrangement, maintained for several generations, existed during *Pigeon Bank's* long

tenure by Ewen Cameron MLA, whose wife Agnes had also been a passenger on the well-remembered *David Clark*.



Part of the "Francis Rogerson" ceiling at *Pigeon Bank* photographed in November 2000 by Peter Bassett-Smith.

A faded picture of Francis Rogerson (1820-1868) – reproduced on the previous page - and many family papers have generously been lodged at the Andrew Ross Museum by some of his descendants. At *Pigeon Bank* today, above the main central room, are the sapling rafters clad in wooden shingles forming a ceiling that was probably erected by Francis Rogerson himself.

- compiled from Rogerson papers, lodged at the Andrew Ross Museum, by John Austin

## MUSEUM NEWS

The year has concluded with two enjoyable social events. The Happy Hour on 22<sup>nd</sup> October saw 40-50 friends of the Museum enjoying refreshments, including a range of King's wines, and viewing Don Brown's beautiful mural on the south wall of the Andrew Ross Room while listening to Peter Oyston's wonderful rendition of William Barak and Andrew Ross talking about their time here in the 1850-70s. Everyone was very impressed with both the mural and the voice over (produced by Ilan Abrahams).

The second event was the third annual Melbourne Cup Family Day at *Pigeon Bank* (see Page for Mick Woiwod's account).

Another milestone passed is the transferring of the whole of Bruce Nixon's collection of historical photographs of Kangaroo Ground to CD-ROM. They can now be copied easily from the computer as we have acquired a new laser multi-function centre, which is already producing this edition of the *Chronicle*.

Thus concludes a very busy year in which, since our accreditation by Museums Australia, there has been a steady stream of people every Thursday morning providing stories of the history of the area, offering significant objects for our collection or doing research using our facilities.

The Museum will be closed during the school holidays, but can open by appointment by ringing 9712 0276 or 9712 0563. We wish all our members, friends and readers Seasons Greetings and hope yours is a safe and prosperous New Year.

- Peter Fleming

## CUP DAY AT PIGEON BANK

What a day! So full of surprises, not the least being the weather. The Bureau had been issuing increasingly dismal forecasts for days but when the big one came, Oh what a glorious morning! In the Bend of Island where we live, the sun smiled through the mist then beamed down as if to say 'I call the shots around here, not the bureau'. As the morning progressed to a warm 24° we packed our hamper and headed for *Pigeon Bank*.

Entering the gates between the two National Flags our hosts Ron and Sue James had in place to welcome guests in, we found that they had indeed been busy preparing for the big day. The grounds were immaculate, the croquet lawn and the *Pigeon Bank* Hunting & Sporting Club Pavilion ablaze with colour, its marquee bedecked with flags, balloons and pennants of every hue and now the beginnings of a milling crowd.

At the top of the hill we were met by an attendant in a sporty-horse helmet and a gaggle of ducks and geese all eager for a contribution. With an eye to the weather we chose the members car-park and ambled down to join friends on the lawn.

It was *Pigeon Bank's* third Annual Melbourne Cup Day event organized to assist the Andrew Ross Museum and other worthy causes attain their goals. Here I would like to place on record the museum's appreciation for the energy our hosts put into the day. Many thanks also to those who gave prizes: Carol of the K G fire brigade, Evelyn County Estate, *Sampson Hill*, Kings of Kangaroo Ground, and many others.

As the early afternoon progressed the locals flowed in to place bets with the bookies ensconced in the rotunda above the ornamental lake. The odds were generous and as *Pigeon Bank* money exchanged for betting slips, a special book was opened for patrons to bet on the weather. Would the rain come and when would it fall!

The patrons of course had the advantage, *Pigeon Bank's* excellent vista allowing them to watch as blue skies gave ground to rain dogs racing in from Flemington.

Back on the lawn the finery flowed in to the pop of champagne corks. Over there, Wenda Fleming in elegant black and red trim and husband Peter in tartan cap and colonial flannels. I introduced myself to a couple of strangers only to find them to be fellow museum volunteers, Joan Pickard and Don Brown – Joan encompassed in stunning beige and Don transformed to race-track tout, perfect in every detail down to the braces. No one though outshone Ron James in top hat-and-tails nor Simon as race steward nor Sue James, a most winning jockey.

The 'Fashion in the Field' had their best showing when the rain struck with a vengeance at 2:30pm with the mad scamper for hampers and a spring to the 'Big House' on the hill, Sue James graciously inviting guests into its magnificent interior; the windswept bookies re-establishing on the verandah to pay out dividends on the storm. 'Tou' Don (aka the Museum's artist-in-residence) – who'd correctly gauged the rain's arrival – placed his all on 'Vinnie Roe' to take home a tidy sum and a huge hamper.

Our move to the Big House gave all ample opportunity to admire the home's magnificent interior, its



fine panoramic views and colourful gardens tended with loving care by our hosts.

Noticed among the crowd were current contenders for the crown of ward councillor affably exchanging taunts. And the thought struck that perhaps in the shadows lurked the spirit of old Ewen Hugh Cameron MLA with an evocative smile, happy in the knowledge that the old game played on and his much-loved home continued to dispense hospitality to all true believers in Kangaroo Ground.

- Mick Woiwod

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