


Appendices



Further Information




For further information about the history of Cranbourne, please contact:

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or

Cranbourne Shire Historical Society
c/o Tooradin Fisherman's Cottage Museum
The Foreshore
Tooradin Vic 3980
Telephone: (03) 5998 3643



or visit the Cranbourne Library
65 Berwick Cranbourne Road
Cranbourne Vic 3977

Guest speakers may also be available from these organisations if required.

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Memories

The Melbourne Hunt Club – A Part of the Cranbourne Community

by Graham S. Facey -
Melbourne Hunt Club Member 1954 – 1984

ranbourne has an interesting and varied history, and would not be complete without the inclusion of Melbourne Hunt Club. The history of the Club is well recorded in the book 'Hounds are Running' by Heather B. Ronald.

The Melbourne Hunt Club has the oldest established pack of hounds in Australia, founded in 1853, with hounds brought from Ireland by George Watson of Cobb & Co. fame. The original Kennels were on his premises 'Kirks Bazaar' in Bourke Street, Melbourne, followed by various moves to St. Kilda, Caulfield, Mordialloc and Deer Park, each on the outskirts of Melbourne in their time.

In 1897 the Club established at Oakleigh and then to Cranbourne in 1929, where they were based for 68 years, until they moved to Pakenham in 1997.

Our early English and Irish settlers loved their horses and riding, horses were plentiful, horse sports were most popular, and successful horses and riders were the sporting heroes of the day. Hunting was a very popular sport. Newspaper coverage each week gave reports of the Meet at St. Kilda or Melton, 'over 100 in the field and as many onlookers.' They detailed the events of the day – 'a run of fourteen miles and about 50 fences jumped in the Heidelberg area.'

Melbourne Hunt was recognised as the best in Australia, with the finest pack of hounds. The Master and Committee maintained the high standards and traditions, and with pride handed them on to each generation. They were men of very strong character. Victorian horse racing, the Royal Agricultural Society, and other organisations benefited from their support.

The Members were a most colourful crowd from all walks of life. Some from Melbourne's oldest established families, leading business and community members, the Governor and Members of Parliament, famous riders, local farmers and battlers. In the hunting field they all had the common interest – their love of horses and hunting, and the excitement and thrill of the ride across country with the hounds.



Adam Lindsey Gordon was a member of Melbourne Hunt. He and his wife hunted for years - many of his poems capture the spirit and challenge of riding and hunting. From about 1900 Melbourne Hunt often met in the Cranbourne/Berwick area. Travelling from Oakleigh on the 'Hunt Special' – a steam train with special trucks for the hounds and horses.

Locals looked forward to a meet in their area, waiting at their railway station to watch the horses and hounds unload. Farmers would have loaded their cans of milk for Melbourne on an earlier train, and now some, with the family in the spring cart would drive around following the hunt, others would be mounted and ready to follow the hounds. After an enjoyable day they would join the members for the plentiful eats and drinks at the station, before the Hunt Special loaded up and departed.

Melbourne Hunt had a very high profile, with many important members and notable riders. They encouraged the participation of the local farming community, and many long term friendships developed. Without the generous local support, hunting would not exist.

In 1928 the Melbourne Hunt Master, A. T. Creswick and his Committee decided, due to closer development around Oakleigh, that it was time to relocate further out. The Committee, and a supportive group of Cranbourne and Berwick landowners formed a Country Committee. They assisted with the choice of a property, and panelling (timber jumps set in wire fences) the new country to be hunted.

'The Kennels' Cranbourne became the new home for Melbourne Hunt Club in 1929. The property, 170 acres in Narre Warren Road, was known locally as the 'Quarry Paddock'. The exposed chalk face was a local landmark, it had been quarried in earlier times to surface roads. The long driveway swept around the Quarry hill to reveal the magnificent purpose built facility set amongst trees and gardens. All the buildings were weatherboard, stained timber interiors, with extensive brick paving in work areas.

A lovely Clubhouse - a wide shady verandah with substantial timber pillars framed the entrance, the glass panelled double doors led into the main room which had a most imposing clinker brick fireplace with large timber mantelpiece. Lovely timber panelled walls, cathedral ceiling and many red cedar windows gave a bright airy appearance. Pictures on the walls of former Masters and Huntsmen were a reminder of the Clubs history. Polished timber chairs and a large table added to the dignity of the room. A kitchen and pantry, toilets and showers, and a cosy little bar were also part of the building.

Two houses for staff were of similar pleasant style – one for the Huntsman and his family, the other for the workmen.

The stable - a substantial timber building of traditional style, a long central passage with twelve loose boxes, feed and tack rooms, all lined with timber and brick floors, above was a huge loft for feed storage.

The hound kennel and other buildings were of a similar high quality, the hound feed area included a killing and meat preparation area and wood fired coppers. Electricity wasn't available until approximately 1953. The hound kennels were spacious timber lined buildings. There were extensive outside yards and shelters, for both horses and hounds. Tree plantations

and a Polo Ground were soon developed. This facility had been built during the depression years, it had provided valuable employment.

Melbourne Hunt and their property 'The Kennels' soon became part of the local community. Permanent and part time staff were employed to run the property, care for and exercise the horses and hounds in the winter, and the polo horses in summer. At times up to 10 were employed, it was a new industry in Cranbourne. The blacksmith, grain store, hardware, saddler, garage, hotel and others all benefited. The move to Cranbourne was followed by a number of members, they bought properties in the Cranbourne/Berwick area within riding distance of most meets.

Melbourne Hunt brought a new dimension of sporting and social activities to Cranbourne and the surrounding district, the locals were encouraged to become involved with the Club, many became hunting members. The Country Committee maintained the good relations with landowners who allowed hunting on their properties, hounds often run for miles across many properties during a hunt.

The annual 'Landowners Dinner' was held at Kelly's Hotel for some years, an invitation from the Master to attend these colourful occasions was highly prized. The annual 'Landowner v. Members' Cricket Match was also a great event, both sides had many good players who took the game seriously - however, the landowners usually won!

The annual 'Point to Point' picnic race meeting was held for many years on the Master, C. C. Moores property 'Strathard' on Cranbourne Road, Narre Warren. Then from 1964 was held at 'The Kennels.' Landowners again joined the members for a great day. Some of Australia's

top horsemen and women thrilled the crowds with their skills as they raced over post and rail and brush fences in steeplechase races, and other events. Bookmakers, catering and a bar, assured a great day out!

The annual 'Melbourne Hunt Ball' was a colourful highlight. Held at various venues – St. Kilda, Caulfield, Berwick, Dandenong and Pakenham. Then for many years at Cranbourne Public Hall, about 300 would attend in formal dress – the senior hunt members wore scarlet tail coats, the ladies in the latest ball gowns. The hall would be elaborately decorated in a hunting theme. There would always be good music, lots of dancing, the traditional hunting song 'Do ye ken John Peel' would always be sung with great vigour, the party atmosphere would often continue until dawn. Local charities were given a share of the profits for some years.

'Children's Hunts' gave the young and inexperienced the opportunity for a ride with the hounds, at times over 200 riders in the field. This introduction often led to them becoming members.

'Hunt Races' were held at Moonee Valley, members and landowners were guests for the day. Some Hunt Members were eligible to ride in the amateur steeplechase, the Victorian Hunt Club's Cup was a prized trophy. The 'Royal Melbourne Show' provided events for qualified Hunters – to represent the Club was an honour.

The Club ran many other equestrian and social events. The Clubhouse was regularly used for meetings and hunting activities, also for a great variety of social functions. Members and their friends enjoyed many memorable B-B-Q's, dinners, dances and parties, etc. Other functions held at 'The Kennels' included:

- Red Cross fundraising Gymkhanas' during the War.
- Equestrian Federation of Australia, - the first Olympic style One Day event in Australia
- Polo Tournaments
- Polocross Tournaments
- Country Fire Authority demonstration championships
- Cranbourne Scout annual Gymkhanas
- Victorian Pony Club Championships
- Cranbourne Pony Club rally ground

I have many wonderful memories of Melbourne Hunt Club and 'The Kennels.' Keith Bregazzi lived at 'The Kennels' with his wife Phyllis and daughter Lotus, they were our neighbours and close family friends. Keith was the Huntsman, he was responsible for the management of the horses and hounds, the property, and the men who worked there. He hunted the hounds, and was the vital link with the local community.

Melbourne Hunt could not have chosen a finer person, Keith Bregazzi was very well known and popular, a wonderful rider, most highly respected in the equestrian world. As a Huntsman he was considered equal to the best. His horses and hounds loved him.

Keith was a lovely kind person with an inspiring personality. The Bregazzi family were great hosts. My friends and I spent a lot of time at 'The Kennels' – much more exciting than at home on the farm.

During the hunting season about 4 or 5 horses would be in feed and worked, they would take the hounds and trot for miles around the gravel roads, in summer about six Polo horses would be worked, riding one and leading another. Young horses were broken in by Ted McCoy, a great rider and horseman, who also lived and worked at 'The Kennels.' At times a stallion was available to serve the mares.

The pack comprised of at least 20 couple of English Fox Hounds. Imports from the best English and Welsh packs and careful breeding maintained the standard of this magnificent pack. The hounds were walked each day in the summer, on hot days Keith would walk them down to the dam where they would enjoy a swim. Keith controlled the hounds with his voice and the hunting horn, the young hounds were coupled to older hounds until they learned to co-operate.

Horses and cattle were slaughtered, the club also picked up dead or down stock from local farmers. Meat and grain was cooked and fed to the hounds in long wooden troughs. The hounds spent their day in a large grass yard, in the evening they were drafted, 'bitches only,' and they would stream through the door to their kennel, the dog hounds would wait for their cue, then into their kennel.

Hunting was from May to September – mostly on Saturdays. Polo was during the summer, mostly on Sundays. Tournaments were played against other clubs, many from the Western District of Victoria. Melbourne Hunt were a very successful team. One of the best players, Rupert Richardson, was also one of Australia's most successful equestrian competitors, polo, showjumping, point to point racing. He loved his hunting and was an honorary whip for many years.

'No game was ever worth a rap for a rational man to play into which no accident, no mishap could possible find it's way' (A.L. Gordon)

Hunting in the Fifties.

The popular meets of the fifties were:-

- corner of Pound and Hallam Roads
- Berwick Inn
- Beaconsfield Railway Station
- Pakenham Race Course
- Clyde Railway Station
- Craig Road, Pearcedale
- 'The Kennels'

I recall the excitement of my first hunt – a Children's Meet at 'The Kennels' in about 1951, with my old pony and some borrowed gear. I rode off behind the Master, David Knox and a field of about 40 horses and riders. The Huntsmen in their scarlet jackets and the hounds were a colourful sight. The hounds were soon hunting, their voices had a magnificent musical sound. The hounds, huntsman, and whips were an inspiring sight as they swept out of the big ti-tree covert (cover for game) in 'The Kennels,' jumped a post and rail fence, then out across the grass paddocks, over more fences towards Thompson Road. We followed the Master, galloping across the paddocks, jumping the lowered fences and over boggy ditches, we crashed through the scrub in the sandpit then crossed Thompson Road, where a few onlookers and parents anxiously watched, then over Narre Warren Road and many more obstacles. When we pulled up in 'Strathard' – the horses were all blowing and stood in clouds of steam.

For many young riders it was their first opportunity to enjoy the thrill of a fast ride across country. A great sense of achievement showed on many of the happy, mud splattered faces. I was one of those, and could hardly wait to get a better horse and go hunting regularly!

In about 1954 Keith encouraged me to 'come out hunting' – my young pony and I were very inexperienced, however despite a few harmless falls our enthusiasm always saw us get around. The following year I had a new young horse, and I was asked to assist with the hounds. 'Whipping in' was a privilege usually offered to the most experienced members. Many were unavailable – the Master, Alex Creswick took leave to manage the Australian Olympic Equestrian team. Three Melbourne Hunt members were selected to train in the U.K. for 12 months. Other members had illness or business commitments.

We would ride to most meets with the hounds. At the meet there would be cars, floats, trucks, eager horses, and riders not quite ready, many wishes of 'Good Morning.' Locals took time to stop and talk with Keith, the hounds loved a pat and the attention, they would stand by Keith's horse waiting patiently. At 11a.m. with a nod from Peter Ronald, the Master, and a short note from the Huntsman's horn, we would move off.

'time, tide and the Melbourne Hounds waits for no man!'

These winter mornings were often cold, the horses and hounds would be eager as we trotted down the road. Onlookers would gather to watch as we jumped the first panel. The Huntsman has the challenging task of using the hounds to provide an exciting ride for the members, he and his assistants 'the whips' (whippers in) need to be well mounted, wire fences and other difficult obstacles need to be jumped when trying to keep with the hounds.

Keith would encourage the hounds with his voice and the horn to draw the covert – they would spread out through the ti- tree or scrub. We would look and listen as we waited, our horses would also listen in anticipation, they also enjoyed the thrill of the chase!

Suddenly, the hounds are hunting, they sound magnificent - tally ho!

The fox has been viewed away, we wait as the hounds work through the thick undergrowth, then they are out and away, heads down, following the scent. The Huntsman blows the horn – gone away! Hounds have extraordinary noses. They can follow the scent in very difficult conditions. We gallop to keep with the hounds, there are many fences jumped, much easier for both horse and rider with the adrenalin going, at times there is a check when the scent is lost, then on! The fox is clever and knows many lurks to lead the hounds astray. Some foxes are caught – the farmers are pleased, many get away.

The Master has the difficult task of leading the field of forty or so riders, he needs to keep the Huntsman and hounds in sight, know the country well, and be mounted on a good horse. A variety of horses and riders would be in the field, senior members on their trusty hunters, young riders on good ponies, amateur riders on prospective steeplechasers, show jumpers, and hacks, local farmers on their stock horses - all enjoying their day with the hounds. In the hunting field riders are not in a competition, rather, they ride for pleasure, hunting is exciting, a day out with the hounds was always good, some days were great and unforgettable.

A hunt from 'The Kennels' may only produce a 2-3km run to the Thompson Road area, or on a better day we would hunt on across to the Cardinia Creek and on up the Creek over the Highway at Beaconsfield. A memorable run from a Pound and Hallam Road meet went through Andersons, across the South Gippsland Highway and the railway line at Lyndhurst, then turned back, crossed the Highway near the Cranbourne Golf Club and over to the sand pits in Thompson Road, the hounds ran on out towards Clyde.

There was always afternoon tea, some would stay on for a drink or two. There would be the quiet ride home with the hounds, Keith would feed the horses and hounds and take care of any injuries. When the hunt finished at 'The Kennels' the bar in the clubhouse was a cosy place to relive the excitement of the day.

'I remember how merry a start we got, When the red fox broke from the gorse, In a country so deep, with the scent so hot, That the hound could outpace the horse.' (A. L. Gordon)

'We formed into line, 'neath the merry sunshine, Near the logs at the end of the railing: Are you ready, boys? Go! Cried the starter, and low Sank the flag, and away we went sailing.' (A. L. Gordon)

My greatest thrill when I was seventeen was to ride my horse 'Blue' (Alaska) in a Point to Point race at 'Strathard'. I knew and admired many of these horses and riders, they were in the hunting field each week. In the mounting yard my friends and neighbours wished me luck, race riding can be a risky business. I looked at the other experienced riders and wondered whether I should be here! As we rode down to the start some of the horses started to reef and pull with excitement, riders discussed their plans, some expected to lead, others just happy if they got around. We lined up, 'just walk up quietly' said the starter, 'Go!' We were off - flat out - the noise of galloping horses, riders yelling, mud flying up all around us, we flew the first fence all jammed together, by the second fence three were racing ahead, it was a particularly wet year, 'Blue' wasn't fast, but he felt safe.

Horses jump more boldly when they are racing, these were big post and rail fences. About half way some horses were tiring and hitting the fences. One jumped awkwardly, they fell, horse and rider slid along in the water. Another fell at the log fence. We turned for the run to the finish, there were only three fences to jump, we were well behind –last! As we came to the next fence another rider fell. The other two were locked together as they drew to the water jump, I couldn't believe my luck as I saw both these most experienced riders nosedive.

As we jumped, the soaking wet, mud covered riders yelled, 'keep him going,' they were frantically trying to remount. 'Blue' just kept bowling along over the last, a brush fence. The crowd was cheering as we went past the post, I couldn't believe we had won a race – the lovely Norman Wood Memorial Trophy proudly sat on our mantelpiece for the next year!

Hunting in the Cranbourne/Berwick/Pakenham area continued with great success until about 1970, when suburban development again forced the Club to travel further out for suitable hunting country, and the support of the local farming community. 'The Kennels' was the home of Melbourne Hunt from 1929 to 1997 when the Club sold the property – sadly all the buildings were demolished!

I loved my Hunting, and continued for over 30 years. With pride, I held the positions of: Hon. First Whip, Committee Member, Hon. Huntsman and Life Member.

I am very proud of Melbourne Hunt history, and believe they were a special part of Cranbourne - the country town!

Masters of Melbourne Hunt Club

1853–1868		George J. Watson
1968–1871		Sam Waldock
1871–1906		George J. Watson
1906–1909		John T. Lempriere
1910–1919		Reginald C. Power
1919–1932		A. T. Creswick
1932–1947		C. C. Moore 'Strathard' Narre Warren
1948 - 1951		Major D. W. R. Knox 'Neathfields' Cranbourne
1951 - 1958		A. R. Creswick 'Kent Park' Ferntree Gully
1958 - 1967	Joint	P. B. Ronald 'Koo-Man-Goo-Nong Pakenham
1958 - 1967	Joint	C. O. Moore 'Chechingurk' Mornington
1967 - 1971		D. H. Bourke 'Monomeith Park' Monomeith
1971 - 1981		J. E. H. Spencer 'The Springs,' Berwick
1981 -		J. S. Masterton 'Byron Park,' Pakenham
1995 -	Joint	J. S. Urie

Huntsmen at Cranbourne

1909 - 1946	Norman Wood (Hon.)
1947 - 1976	Keith Bregazzi
1977 - 1978	Peter Fraser
1979 - 1984	Graham Facey (Hon.)
1985 - 1997	Tom Phelan

Growing Up in a Small Country Town

By Anice Lenzel Stammers (nee Facey)

In the 1920s, my mother Eunice Fowler frequently visited Cranbourne where she had numerous relatives. Eventually she met my father Alfred Facey, a fourth generation resident of the area and after a 6 year engagement they were married in 1930. I was born in 1933.

I have often thought how fortunate I was to be born a wanted child of loving and hard working parents. The depression years were still causing hardship for many families. My father owned the local butcher's shop and people would often settle their monthly account with a bag of potatoes, onions or sometimes a case of apples. I would often accompany dad when he made his 'long haul' deliveries to areas like Pearcedale or Langwarrin. Some customers had no form of transport so weekly deliveries were a help (no supermarkets and fast cars in those days). He also had two carts pulled by horse for the closer areas like Clyde and Cardinia.

Cranbourne in the years that I remember (probably from 1937 onwards) was a good town to live. You knew most people and they knew you, or quite often they were relatives. I had such freedom that today's children cannot be allowed. We lived on the main street (High Street) in a house connected to the shop; most of the shops had living spaces like ours. We had two bedrooms, a sitting room with an open fire, and a kitchen/dining room with a wood stove where my mother would warm my school clothes over the oven door in winter. A laundry with wash troughs and a copper for boiling the butchers coats and aprons each week. We had a very pretty garden... my mothers pride and joy. A cypress hedge screened the outside lavatory, vegetable garden and chook yard from the house. There was also a large shed that housed the carts and truck; beyond that were the stables and a paddock for 'Dolly' and 'Robin', the two horses and there was also a pond where we caught tadpoles. We had a chip heater in the bathroom and we usually only bathed on Saturday nights with washes on other nights. Our telephone was lodged on a shelf between the shop and the house so it could be used in both places, it was CRAN: 30 and connected to the manual exchange located at the Post Office.

I was an only child up until 1945 (when my sister was born) so I was always off playing with someone or over at Kelly's Hotel annoying Mr and Mrs Kelly, as they had a wonderful playhouse that their girls had outgrown. I spent many hours there. The hotel was opposite our shop and boarded the local school teacher, bank clerks and others. It is still a landmark today but not the place I remember with a huge stove in the kitchen, a pantry and ironing room, a dining room with starched white table cloths and crocheted sauce bottle covers.

At the top of the hill where an avenue of oak trees began was the Post Office, Shire Hall and Shire Offices. The hall was used for balls, picture shows and other things. During the war while the army camp was in town it was used for regular dances and card evenings to entertain the soldiers and raise funds for the Red Cross. We would go as a family, there were always other children to play chasey and hidey with. On the other side of the road was the police station complete with lock up, and manned by Constable Lewis, who seemed in my eyes a very big man and not to be trifled with.

Behind the police station was the Cranbourne School. I loved school and couldn't wait to start when I was five. You started in 'babies' or prep as it is now know and you went through to Grade 8 or Grade 6. If you went to Grade 8 you usually went on to a job or helped at home. After Grade 6 you would go to high school in Frankston (by bus) or Dandenong (by train). We had segregated playgrounds and toilets: boys on one side of the grounds and girls on the other. No flush toilets in those days! In the hot weather we sometimes had lessons under the shady oak trees and on race day we had a good view of the racetrack opposite and could

hear the horses thudding past. Every year the gypsies came and camped alongside the track near the road. We were told not to go near but it was tempting, as they were so different.

I used to love starting near Poole's Garage on my scooter and free-wheeling down the footpath to our house. First I'd pass Joe Taylor's horse paddock and his bakery shop and bakehouse where I would be sent to get a loaf of bread still hot from the oven. I'd pass Mosey Miles, the saddler then the National Bank, the estate agents, and next to our place, Mr and Mrs Cowe's shop which sold fruit and vegetables, ice cream, ice blocks, cigarettes and, best of all, lollies. A large variety that involved great decisions and must have been a test of patience for both of them. On certain mornings of the week, Dr Langmore from Berwick conducted a surgery in Mrs Cowe's sitting room. Our butcher's shop had sawdust on the floor, a large cool room (refrigerated) for the meat and wire doors to keep the flies out. The parcels of meat were wrapped in greaseproof paper then newspaper, a good way to recycle but not acceptable today.

Thorpe's Bakery abutted our place, they made malt loaves and wholemeal bread as well as white bread. Miss Thorpe was elderly, she wore long skirts down to the ground and seemed to glide rather than walk. I often used to wonder if she had legs..... Mr Bregazzi, who had the local dairy delivered our milk; he came to the back door with a pail with a lid and ladled lovely creamy milk into your jug. Going to Melbourne meant leaving early in the morning to catch the steam train and then changing to the electric train in Dandenong and not getting home until 7pm.



The town had three grocery stores, which my mother patronized turn about to be fair; they sold just about everything in the grocery line. Hoggs, who was the closer of the three to our place sold clothes, shoes, haberdashery, timber, newspapers and toys, as well as groceries. Sometimes I would be given a list of things my mother required and a basket and if I was lucky, a slice of cheese or an iced biscuit would be mine as I walked home.

We had three churches – Catholic, Anglican and Presbyterian, where every week I attended Sunday school dressed in my best, complete with hat and gloves.

Entertainment was mostly local flower shows, bazaars, penny concerts at school during the war, listening to the radio, visiting friends/relatives, and for me, riding my bike around town, especially along the Clyde Road with its sealed surface that allowed you to go really fast. However from memory, skinned knees and swooping magpies were the only hazards and as long as I got home before dark, all would be well.

Exploring the local cemetery, we would look at the tombstones to see who we knew. The sandpits behind the cemetery were out of bounds so of course we went there looking for wild flowers and just mucking about... as you do when you're a kid.

The sun seemed to always shine and the days were long, growing up in Cranbourne was a happy time for me.

Life as a Child

By Betty Johnson (nee Cowe)

As a small child (aged 4 years) I attended the Cranbourne State School No 2068 from 1938-1944.

Unlike the primary schools of today, Cranbourne State School was more like being part of a large family. Cranbourne in this era was just a little country town, so it followed that with an attendance of approximately 100 children, we all tended to know each other.

There were no signs of any cars waiting to pick children up from school as, in most cases, we walked, some up to two to three miles. If we were fortunate to have a bike then we rode to school.

The school itself consisted of three classrooms and educated children from Prep up to Grade 8, whereby if you passed your exams, you achieved your Merit Certificate and were entitled to leave school and gain employment. Things were simple in those days.

My earliest memories of my teacher were those of a Mrs Canty – a typical schoolmistress with steely gray hair thrown back in a ‘bun’, rimless glasses worn over a stern countenance and a no-nonsense attitude. Then there was Mr Livingstone – youngish, good fun, and a decided contrast to Mrs Canty. Then came Mr Mulvaney. He was an Irishman with a passionate interest in cricket. We seemed to spend more time outside playing cricket than we spent inside learning ‘A,B,C’. However we were happy and most of us went on to bigger and better things.

As we had no entertainment facilities (ie. swings, slides, monkey bars) at the school, we had to make our own fun and I can remember playing 2^o and 3^o - a running game, before we went into class on a cold morning. Skipping ropes and hopscotch were also popular. The school was built of brick, so it was a good place to practice tennis – hitting against the wall, the ball always came back.

Other happy memories I have of our school are hunting for Easter eggs that the Mothers Club had planted on a grassy slope at the school, making sure that each child received an egg. As small children we really thought



that the Easter Bunny was responsible. Then there were the 'penny concerts' which were held each Friday afternoon. A penny admission and lots of fun for all.

As my time at Cranbourne State School was during the second World War, I also remember the air raid shelters to which we were sent regularly as part of an air raid drill. Also part of our 'war effort' was to bring eggs to school – I'm really not sure why! I think they were sent

off to hospitals in the city as I can remember Mr Mulvaney giving me a telling-off because I couldn't spell PRAHRAN - I assume the eggs were going to the Alfred Hospital.

All in all our time at Cranbourne State School was a brief yet precious encounter in our lives. Brief yet in many ways it has probably moulded us into the people we are today!

Reflections

By Lotus Brady (nee Bregazzi)

It was always a fun adventure going off to school along Narre Warren Road, a dirt road with wonderful iced-over potholes and puddles. On cold winter mornings we raced to see who could ride our bikes through the most and hear them crackle as the ice shattered.

Upon arrival at school on these cold days there was a large cauldron of hot cocoa, a delicious warm-up drink that distracted us from the chilblains some of suffered from.

The students in the big room were more fortunate as they had an open fire, of course enjoyed by all as we moved to higher grades. Monday morning inspection and pledging the flag were somewhat uncomfortable in the cold, but that was not to be altered procedure. Older students also had the privilege of using pen and ink. Joining this group as we matured, the fingers were always stained with ink and woe betides the student who accidentally or on purpose spilt it. Whilst the teacher was writing on the board it was always fun to flick pieces of chalk or paper at the other kids using our wooden rulers – Mr Mulvany (the teacher) was not amused. I recall one teacher giving us Greek mythology lessons – a source of intrigue and inspiration, perhaps

planting the seed for overseas travel. Nature study walks and subsequent projects were always looked forward to, pressing various wild flowers between the pages. On occasion it was fun to ride the pony to school, leaving her at Mrs Rylands opposite the school.

There was a large peppercorn tree at the top of the play yard and a couple of shelter sheds, some boys were extremely daring and sneaked a 'fag' behind the shed. I remember little 'Bones' Duncan, he suffered from rickets and died a few years later, we were all very sad as he was such a sweet person.

Each year the gypsies would descend on Cranbourne, sometimes staying under the oak trees outside the school. We were strictly forbidden to liaise with them as perhaps we'd be kidnapped with a mysterious ugly fate to follow – difficult to comprehend as the kids seemed harmless enough..... at the time we were all of Caucasian persuasion so a different face was a novelty.

All too soon we sadly departed the old school for further education. In later years it was nice to drive by the gracious old building. I went to live overseas and upon one trip back visiting relatives in Cranbourne I passed by the school, receiving a very rude shock, it was no longer there! The so-called developers had ripped it down – an all too familiar scenario destroying yet another piece of heritage.

Remembering the Old School

By Peter Cowe

I started school in February 1929 at Cranbourne State School No 2068. The school was located on the highway opposite the Cranbourne Racecourse. I must admit I never enjoyed going to school.

Most years the number of pupils was about the one hundred mark, there were four teachers. The headmasters name was Thompson, the kids called him Wag! I think he was a nice person but a bit easy on the kids.

One teacher that I always remember was Miss Sweeney. She was not very young but must have been a very kind person at heart. In the mornings she would give many of the children a glass of milk and some biscuits and care for them like a mother. (I did not know then but I realised later in life that those were the years of the Great Depression and she knew the ones that were in need.)

There was no transport for children in those times so they had to get to school the best way they could. I remember that there were three (two boys and a girl) named Addison – they came from what is now Langwarrin about five miles away, and walked it every day! Very few had a bike, and all had to walk.

The week would start Monday. 9.00am the flag would go up the flagpole and all would be lined up in the yard with the National Anthem being sung. Also once a week we would have religious instruction. Friday afternoon was sport. Once a year a grey van would arrive in the yard, that was the dentist. I don't think he was very popular with the kids!

The school ground was rather large and one side was for the girls, the other for the boys. Some of the big boys would throw cricket balls up on to the roof and then when school was in class, Wag Thompson would ask them to get up on the roof and find them, and while they were up there he would get them to clean out the spouting. This could take all afternoon at times.