

CITY OF MOORABBIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER NO. 7.
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A MESSAGE FROM THE MAYOR.

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR, COUNCILLOR L. R. COATES, PATRON OF OUR HISTORICAL SOCIETY HAS FORWARDED HIS CENTENARY YEAR GREETINGS TO MEMBERS AND TO READERS OF THE NEWSLETTER. HERE IS HIS MESSAGE :-

In this, the year during which we celebrate our City's centenary - one hundred years of self local-government - I feel that each and every one of us is privileged to be living in Moorabbin. It is a time of great significance and importance to us.

On a population basis our city has reached the point from which it will in a very short space of time become the biggest municipality in Victoria. Our present position of second place on this scale is of a purely temporary nature.

In celebrating we commemorate those who came before us and give recognition to their achievements which were won on our behalf. These achievements should serve as an inspiration to those of us who reap the benefits which they provide for us to-day. They should provide us with the will to carry on the good work and to encourage those that follow to do likewise.

The future of any community can be found in its history, because in history lies its reputation for doing things right or wrongly as the case may be, and out of them both arises its character. Thus, if we know the history we can gauge the future. Moorabbin has an inspiring history.

So go forward and enjoy your centenary. Whatever you do in your church, your club, your organisation or in the way of sport make up your mind to do it better during the celebrations period. Make your own history in such a way that future generations will be proud of you and want to follow in your footsteps. I am with you. I wish you a happy celebration.

L. R. Coates, Mayor, City of Moorabbin.

IN 1862: AN EXCITING DAY:

We left the South Brighton homestead seated at the back of the wagon. It was early in the morning, about four o'clock. The heavy horses pulled us eastward towards the rising summer sun, and although the load was not unduly heavy the loose dry sand made the wagon difficult for the horses to pull. We passed around the wide swamp that barred direct passage between Brighton and the village of St. Kilda and at the last named place there was a noticeable improvement in the firmness of the road. The tent town that had marred the beauty of the landscape between St. Kilda and Melbourne town for as long as we could remember was at last disappearing.

Finally we reached the town. Father went on to the market while we went to enjoy our long awaited first train ride. We had a choice of destination between Sandridge, on the Hobson Bay Company's line and the Melbourne and Suburban Company's line to Hawthorn. The last named had its station at Prince's Bridge, and the other was a little further down the road. This was the one we chose to travel from ..."