**Memories of Walking up the Plenty River**

by William (Bill) Cecil

I would cross the ford and make my way up river past a large pond in the Plenty which we as 1950 kids called "Middies" which I thought was short for "Middleton’s", a family we believed lived nearby.

Rabbits were in good numbers in those days and I would most times have a couple by then, I would continue up to a sharp bend in the river where there is a deep rocky body of water that we young'uns called "Bucks Dam".

We swam in most of the pools in the Plenty including "Bucks", which we believed was an old mine shaft filled by a river diversion during a storm. We were never able to "bottom" Bucks", too deep even for pretty serious young swimmers.

In later years, we heard of a sad event when a well-known local resident was said to have taken his life in our Bucks Dam. We were too young at the time to confirm or otherwise the truth of that story.

My rabbiting hunts were at times met by another shooter, a Mr Stan Cade, a resident with the Marsh family who lived in an imposing bluestone dwelling on the corner of Hailes Street and Church Street. Stan was an accomplished shooter and gave me many tips.

If my bag was not to my liking I would continue further to an area where a war service camp had been set up during WWII, we thought by Air Force Personnel, this had evidence of rough camps with rocky fireplaces and camp tables made of timber cut from nearby bushland.

The 1st Greensborough Scouts used this site for overnight camps to qualify for various badges under the direction of our Scout Master, Mr Vic Coe. If I was keen for more kills I would push on to the pipeline crossing of the aqueduct which I always found most imposing.

Then back home, hang the bunnies in a hessian bag overnight to be skinned and cut up the next day and presented to the cook (mother) for preparation for dinner.