

- ♦ City of Dandenong Centenary Celebrations
This tree was planted by His Worship the Mayor
Cr. W S Titcher J P
16th May 1973
- ♦ City of Dandenong Centenary Celebrations
This tree was planted by His Worship, the Mayor of Springvale
Cr. I G N Warner J P
On the 16th May 1973
- ♦ This tree was planted on 10th November 1983
To commemorate 50 years of the Country Women's Association of
Victoria in Dandenong on 23rd May, 1983

Cr Harris was assisted in the rededication of the plaques.

- ♦ the late Cr. Tom Carroll by nine members of his family
- ♦ the late Jim Webster by sister Chris Patchell, niece Heather Rolls and nephew Jeff Patchell.
- ♦ Jack Ordish, now 95, and his grand niece
- ♦ the Late Cr. Carl Downard by his brother Keith
- ♦ the late Cr. Ian Fotheringham by his daughter Helen.
- ♦ Warren Titcher and Bill Warner cooperated in the planting of their plaques, a symbol of enduring relationship between Dandenong and Springvale.
- ♦ the Country Women's Association by its President, Edna Simister

After the ceremony a fine morning tea was served in the Dandenong Bowling Club Rooms by the Country Women's Association.

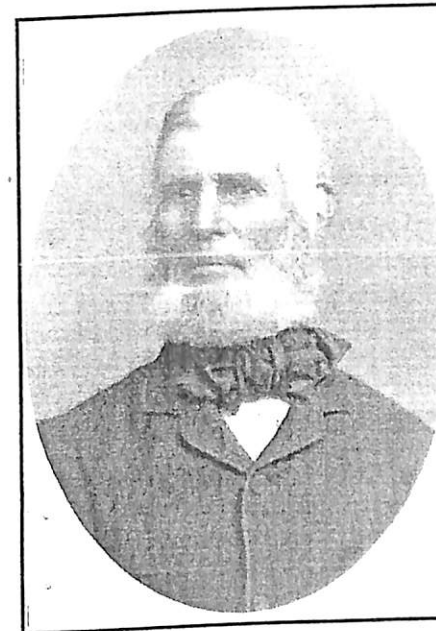
Staff coordinators of the function – Colleen Lazenby, June Ernst and Greg Groves – had every reason to be delighted with the outcome.



JAMES ANDREWS: 1803 - 1891

From Ball and Chain to Australian Civilian Service Medal.
Researched and written by Lola Marsh.

I was born in 1924 at Murray House, Scott Street, Dandenong and have lived both in Dandenong and Keysborough all my life. My curiosity about families living around me in the Keysborough area led me to this insatiable thing called *family history*. My sister, Thelma, and I attended Council of Adult Education classes in Melbourne for twelve years, studying Victorian and European history. It was a wonderful experience and we learned how to uncover facts and documents needed in our research. This first story is about my great Grandfather James Andrews.



James Andrews was born in 1803 in Verood, Nr. Cranborne, Dorset, England. He worked at St. Giles Estate, which belonged to Lord Rivers, as a farmer's laborer and he lived with the Game Keeper. His father was Thomas Andrews and his mother was Elizabeth Haskell of Rumford, Dorset.

I'd like to share with you a little from a book called *Captain Swing* where the author tells of the movement causing a stir in the south of England and lowland Scotland from the 18th Century onwards. -The young men had no work, no money and the land was being enclosed so families could no longer scrape up the loose wheat. No wood could be gathered and machines were doing the work of men. [The Enclosure Act.] There was no way to survive but to do a spot of poaching on the side and most Gamekeepers encouraged this practice, however, no help was forthcoming if you were caught.

It was when I was comparing dates and ages from birth marriage and death certificates that I discovered a discrepancy of eleven years in James age. On the certificate for his second marriage he recorded his age as 45 years. By my calculations he should have been 56. By that time I knew he had a brother John

buried in the Brighton Cementery so I sent for John's death certificate and discovered that John had spent *eleven* years in Tasmania. I then decided to see if James had also spent time there. I wrote to the Archives of Tasmania enquiring whether he had been recorded and you can imagine my shock when I received two pages of information listing both James and John's convict details as well as a long list outlining physical details.

Name:	James Andrews. Verwood, Nr.Cranbourne, Dorset
Trade:	Farmer's labourer.
Height:	5'6 ¼"
Age:	21
Complexion:	Dark
Head:	Small round, high crown.
Hair:	Dark brown
Whiskers:	Black bushy
Visage:	Broad, oval
Forehead:	Low, narrow temples and hairy
Eyebrows:	Dark, arched, Nearly meet
Eyes:	Brown
Nose:	Large, straight, sharp pointed
Mouth:	Medium
Chin:	Long, square, pointed
Remarks:	Small scar centre of upper lip, scars on first and third fingers left hand, large brown mole under left chest.

It was recorded that my great Grandfather ran off with two beehives, two bags of potatoes and a dog. Beehives in those days were big and round with thatched roofs and not easy to lift. He was caught and he'd already had three jail convictions. They had to have three offences before anything serious - happened to them. This brought him before the dreaded Assizes on the 9th Jan 1827. The prosecutor, Pottericky, who I may tell you wore a posy of herbs around his neck to protect himself from the ills of the courthouse, was looking for strong men and women to send to the colonies. They were to work and produce children to build this new place called Australia. The shortest sentence available was 7 years with little chance of ever returning to England. Prisoners just had to make the best of it, or else.

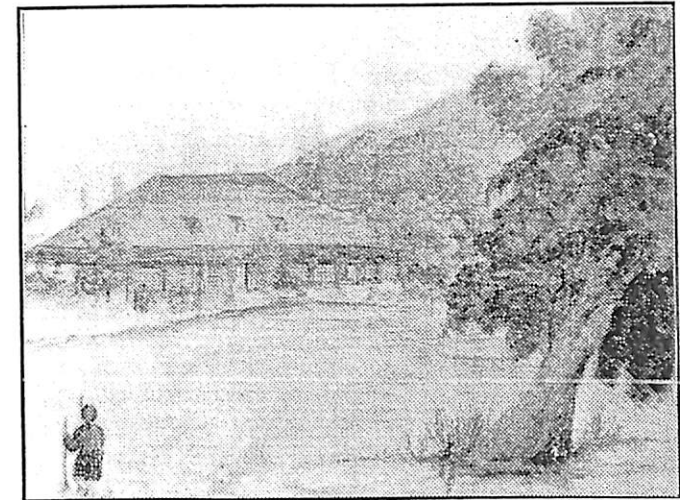
Great Grandfather James was sentenced to 7 years and served time in the hulks of Plymouth until the ship arrived to bring the men to Australia, or as it was called Van Dieman's Land. Whole families tried to come out together for what they thought would be a better life. James had his Brother John with him. John had also received 7 years and together they sailed from Plymouth on the *Bengal Merchant* on the 25th March 1828 and after 138 days or 5 months sailing arrived in Hobart on the 10th August 1828. The *Bengal Merchant* was a larger ship than most, some 503-ton, used for transportation. It was built in Calcutta in

1812 and sailed to Hobart many times. It's master was Alex Duthie and it was one of the first ships to have a surgeon aboard, a Dr. Jas Skeoch.

They sailed from Plymouth to Hobart via Rio Di Janiro, Sth America, around the Cape of Good Hope and then southeast to Hobart. Choosing this route to pick up fresh food, native plants and seeds and you can still see those varieties growing today. 170 males began the journey; four died en route and 166 persons landed safely in Hobart in good health. The masters were paid four-pound each to deliver them this way. James and John were lucky or strong or both.

They were then assigned to a Captain Fenton, an English Army Officer returned from India. Captain Fenton had purchased land in Tasmania on the Derwent River headwaters, not far from the Russell falls, past New Norfolk.

Fenton Forest Home.→
Painted by Capt. Fenton's wife, Bessie, two years after the release of James & John.



It was beautiful country but raw and inclined to be wet and swampy. He wanted to develop a farm, so our two brothers were to learn new skills and a different way of life. Fenton Forest, as it became known, was a large home and farm built on convict labour. Captain Fenton's wife apparently lived in great fear of these convicts thinking her life in danger most of the time. Unaccustomed to farm life, when she first went to Fenton Forest she wore black satin boots, to her regret.

By this time James and John only had three years to serve. When that was up they obtained their tickets of leave. They had bank accounts that they could use in 1831 and they were free. After obtaining their tickets of leave no more

documentation was needed on their whereabouts. But they stayed on in Tasmania for a total of eleven years.

In 1840, we find they are in Melbourne where our two brothers found mates. They both married Irish lasses who had been shipped out from Ireland because of the shortage of women in the colony. John married Bridget Tracey at St Francis Church and in 1840 my James married Margaret Harrogon in the Parish of St James, Church of England, Melbourne, by bands and signed with a cross.

James and John then both moved out to Brighton. They were given a grant rent-free to buy land. John bought land on North Road formerly called the Old Westernport Road, down Union Road at the back and along North Road at the front, a sizeable piece of land. There were three wattle and daub houses on it. (constructed of wood and clay) James lived in one.

19 years later James' wife died of T.B. They had no children. He then married a girl from Union road, Cleary Maple, who was born in Yarra Yarra, Melbourne in 1843 and baptised in 1844. James and Cleary were married on the 28th June 1859 at the Holy Trinity Oakleigh. The church is now the Liddiad Hall and still there. The Rev Liddiad used to ride a horse out to the new schoolhouse on the corner of Wilson Street and Langhorne Street in Dandenong to preach. He must have encouraged the Andrews brothers to come to Dandenong, which they did in 1860. Living in a Village on the South Gippsland Road where my Grandfather was born in 1862. James Senior took up land on what was called the Carrum Swamps at one pound an acre. People such as the Orgills and Keys also bought neighbouring land in 1863-4 thinking a railway line was about to be built linking Dandenong and Frankston. We are still waiting. This land was covered in Ti Tree Scrub and my James, no longer a young man, must have had a strong constitution. He was about 60 by this time and he cleared that land and was adept at post and rail fencing. He fenced for others as well as himself and could use pulleys and ropes to shift heavy articles so he was in demand. Cleary and James had five children, James Fenton, Mary Anne, George, Henry and Christine and all were baptized at the new church of St James in 1864-72.

James Andrews lived to 88 years. He and Cleary were buried in the Dandenong Cemetery but because of poor record-keeping they cannot be found.

Somehow or other it seems that the school and the church held us together. St James Anglican Church in Dandenong has been our church and we have six generations who have had something to do with it since James Senior. Six

generations over 137 years is some record I feel. James Senior came to the Colony 169 years ago dragging a Ball and Chain and I'm sure he would have felt proud of me, his great granddaughter, receiving the Australian Civilian Service Medal for voluntary work carried out during the Second World War. All the children of the 6th and 7th generations have achieved goals in life. I'm sure James would be proud of his family and maybe he knows his strength is still working for his 350+ descendents.

I have to tell you I had to **prove** I belonged to Thomas Andrews and Elizabeth Haskell, parents of James and John. The *Descendents of Convicts Group* at the Council of Adult Education in Melbourne said I had to prove I had all the relevant birth, death and marriage certificates for each generation. Even though it cost over 250 dollars, [and at the time of going to print -over twenty years of my time and energy] the exercise has been well worth the effort. When all was properly scrutinized and declared correct I was issued with my *Descendents of Convicts* certificate. Mind you it was a bit of a shock at first to find my erstwhile great grandparent had been a convict. But I am glad to have had the opportunity to defend the life he might have lived.

James Fenton Andrews 1862 – 1933

Researched by Lola Marsh.

Carmen Powell compiled this story from notes used for a lecture that Lola Marsh presented to our Society in 1978; an obituary in The Dandenong Advertiser Feb 2 1933; and interviews with Lola during April/May 1999.
For further information see Gipps-Land Gate Volume 8, No.2

James Fenton Andrews was a man with presence. Over six feet tall, good looking and authoritative by nature, known by family, friends and business acquaintances as a hard but firm man. He was always called Fenton, probably after the Tasmanian Captain Fenton. In his later years he distinguished his occupation with the title *Gentleman*.

At the tender age of 20 years he purchased his first 40 acres in Chapel Road from Mr Joseph Chandler. This land was not far from Cheltenham/Brighton Road, being Section 54, portion of Lot B. It was part of the *Le Springs Estate* in an area called *The Village of Elmsford*. This land had been auctioned in July 1853 and purchased by Mr Joseph Chandler, Mr Joseph Foster, Mr Keys, Mr McMullen, Mr Parks and Mr Orgill to name a few.



Left: Fenton as a young man.
Above: Edith Foster.

Below: Fenton & Edith's new home 'Myrtle Villa'



This group of men intended creating an English style Village with a square of houses around a church, school and Sunday school. However, due to a natural spring, the area proved to be too damp and another site was chosen nearby in Chapel Road. The area of *Elmsford* later became known as Keysborough.

In 1884, aged 21 years, Fenton married a childhood school friend, Edith Foster, and between them they produced eleven children, one died in infancy. There were Gordon, Edith, Arthur, Millifred, Walter (died), Bertha (my mother), Myrtle, Olive, George, Henry and James. Their original homestead burnt down in 1895 and Orgills the Builders from Dandenong were contracted to build Fenton a new weatherboard home with a decorative mock-brick facade, iron roof and wrought iron lace trimmed verandah. This home was named *Myrtle Villa* and I am told many happy occasions with family and friends were spent around the piano.

In his obituary Fenton was remembered as a most powerful young man, a hard worker, toiling from the early hours until late at night with success coming to him as a result of his labours.

As the years rolled by Fenton either acquired or leased a large area of land within the Keysborough district where he extended his market gardening pursuits. His sons recalled their father's boot prints stamped into the sides of the soft mounds of the vegetable beds. Each boot print ear-marked the number of rows a certain son had to weed before the end of day and they chuckled over how they often took his old boot and restamped new divisions to suit themselves.



But Grandfather was wily and no doubt aware of their tricks. They sounded to me as though they were happy as children and greatly respected their father.

They remembered how he would bring home huge hands of bananas and other fruit from market. He had a large barn and stored them in the loft. Apparently the boys would climb into the loft and throw fruit down to the others when Dad wasn't around.

Fenton became the first person to successfully grow gherkins and cucumbers for Sutherland's Pickle Company, a factory somewhere past Malvern that the family supplied for many years, and great pickles they were too. I went there with my father when I was ten or so. I remember huge vats, bubbling and spitting, and the suffocating smell of pickles pickling.

My Grandfather was the first owner of a four-wheeled lorry on which to cart vegetables to the Victorian Market in Melbourne where he sold his produce mainly to hotels, hospitals and boarding houses. Because roads were in terrible condition and the night carts regularly got bogged, a track was built by a Government body to enable the safe removal of waste as well as the consistent delivery of produce to the markets. The horse drawn lorry would be stacked and driven within two metal tracks that ran from Keysborough to Brighton. A horse could quietly pull the lorry by walking within the tracks all the way to Brighton whilst the driver caught up on much needed sleep. My husband, Jack, can remember, as a boy, he rode his bike along those plates/tracks, each about twelve inches wide, because they were the only dry surface around. The tracks were level with the ground and had a raised crisscross pattern moulded onto the surface. In later years, the driver, my father when he worked for Gordon, Fenton's eldest son, was always given money to go to a pub or restaurant for dinner and he with the Trebilcos and other people from Keysborough would meet together for a meal and companionship. Sometimes they would leave their loads and go to the wrestling before they rolled out their swags for the night on top of the vegetables. For the trip home, and to fertilize the garden beds, the driver would pick up a load of manure from a dairy or horse stables. There were hard times as well as good ones. During the depression my father remembered when you couldn't sell your load you took it home and ploughed it in, and the authorities dumped good vegetables in the bay out from Mordialloc pier.

Tragically, my Grandmother Edith, died in 1903 from septicaemia following the birth of their 11th child, James. Maple, the eldest daughter, took over the running of the household. Six years later Fenton married Edith's cousin, Marie Foster, and two more sons were presented to him, Alan born in 1911 and Roy who died in infancy. The children accepted their stepmother, who they probably already knew because she was a cousin and lived nearby.



Apparently some of the younger boys played up a bit and tried her out for a while but I sensed, as a granddaughter, that no-one ever developed the deep bond with Marie that they'd had with Edith, their own mother.

My Grandfather was a very proud man and I don't think he ever knew that his father had been a convict. At least he never mentioned it to his family, none that I know of anyway.

His personal pride was evident in his appearance, the presentation of his home, his family and his farm. For him presentation was everything. He had beautiful ponies and jinkers that were always groomed to perfection.

Everything in the house had to be scrubbed and clean and the best. He always said to his children, 'Never buy something that's not good enough. Always buy the best and it will see you in good stead.' He did that himself and I suppose we're all inclined to be the same. It was handed on to us. The family even had a washing machine when they lived at *Myrtle Villa*. It was a great big wooden barrel that somebody had to turn by hand. Twice a year a seamstress called at the house to measure everyone for two or three new outfits. I don't think Grandfather would have allowed anyone to wear hand-me-downs. Remember he classed himself as a Gentleman. Mother (Bertha) said he was so strict about how they ate that he never ate his meals with them but at another table. He would not allow a dish to be put on the table twice without it being thoroughly cleaned each time. One story she told me was that he used to line them all up before they went out and he'd inspect hair, clothes, boots, fingernails, ears and bows. If anything was out of place it had to be put right. Even though he was strict, my mother obviously thought he was a wonderful man and he certainly looked after them well. He and his father before him gave the family a sound base to live on. You made the best out of what you had and you did it well.

He was determined they would all be well educated and missing school was never an option. Before and after school they each had their duties. Times were very tough and he always had a lot of men working at the gardens. I don't think he paid them but he provided them with a bed, food, clothing and tobacco in exchange for their labour. The children helped with caring for these men. After

school a couple of them had to walk from Chapel Road to Chandler Road where he grew the gherkins, to take the afternoon tea to the men. The children also had to pick fruit, probably wash vegetables for market, gather eggs, milk the house cows and jobs like that. In the evening nine children were taught elocution, by the eldest sister, Maple. They each in turn had to stand on a table and recite to the group. James would regularly take them to the theatres in Melbourne. Apparently they saw just about everything that was showing. I don't know how he would have transported a family of ten. Maybe they took it in turns.

DANDENONG HOUSE.

By Lola Marsh

Although I had carried out many years of research into my families' histories it was the report in *The Dandenong Journal* on January 9th 1978 about the fire that gutted *Dandenong House* that prompted me to search for the correct date for the erection of this building.

My mother, Bertha Andrews, then a girl of 18 years, had lived at *Dandenong House* with her father, James Fenton Andrews, her stepmother, Marie [Foster], some of her nine brothers and sisters and two stepbrothers. One, Alan, was born to Marie in the boarding house in 1911. There were stories told of their experiences whilst living there and it's strange how some things remain in your memory. Things that enabled me to piece together dates, all very small and insignificant in themselves, but combined they enabled me to have a calculated guess at the time *the House* was built and maybe why it was built. It definitely wasn't built in the 1880's as was published in the newspaper and I estimated it to be 1909-10.

The clues I started with:

1. My mother had told me her age was 18 at that time.
2. The story of the violent storm that blew the roof off *Dandenong House* just after they'd moved in.
3. The eldest daughter, Maple Edith, who it was alleged fluttered her eyelashes at Martin Thomas, the Commercial Bank teller and later married him. Their wedding, although both families were strong Methodists, was held at the Presbyterian Church on the 6th September 1911, their reception at *Dandenong House*.

My next move was to ask permission to study the archival collection of old *Dandenong Journals* and *Advertisers* at the Historical Society's rooms. Mr Dave Mickle was kind enough to open the rooms for me and advised me how to begin my search. My sister, Thelma Keys, also helped. We spent about five hours searching and even then did not cover all the issues we wanted to, but I found what I was looking for, namely the correct date of the building of *Dandenong House*.

Some time previously I had been given a clipping from *the Dandenong Advertiser* dated February 2nd, 1933. It was the obituary notice for my Grandfather, James Fenton Andrews. It stated he had been born at Diamond Hill, Dandenong in 1862. Not only did it give his history in the district, it also stated he purchased land from the Orgills and that they built *Dandenong House* near the railway station for him. (A point that Mr Love, who researched the Orgill family history, later confirmed.) So I worked back from this date, and arrived at around 1910.

I later discovered that in 1907 Susan Orgill sold a small corner of her land to the Victorian Railways on which to dig out and install a turnplate for turning locomotives around. The Orgill family owned a large tract of land stretching from Foster Street to well down Hammond Road and the rail line had cut through that. When Susan died in 1909 her three descendents sold the remainder of her land to Fenton Andrews including her two-storey weatherboard home. This land was opposite the end of Robinson Street, on the Corner of Foster Street and a short Government road that led to the station. Across the road in Foster Street, and around the corner to the right from Robinson Street, were a group of well-to-do houses that added prestige to the area, part of the Orgill family lived in one of those. I remember that because I used to leave my bike at their house when I travelled by train to school. Fenton dreamt of his hotel being a very grand place in this perfect location. Almost everyone travelling by train to Dandenong would pass this corner. How could it fail?

Fenton moved his own family into the two-storey weatherboard, the former Orgill home, at the rear of the property but now connected to the boarding house by a first storey covered walkway. The stables must have been beneath this home because I remember cars were later garaged there. The Andrews children now attended Dandenong East Primary School and the whole family would have attended the Methodist Church in Scott Street.

Dave Mickle then found an advertisement for *Dandenong House*. From there we again worked back until we found Fenton's first advertisement which read:

South Bourke and Mornington Journal
April 13, 1911
Cook wanted, must be good, for 'Dandenong House'.
State Wages.
J.F Andrews, Keysborough, Dandenong.

This suggested to me that Fenton was still living at Keysborough at that time and must have been building *Dandenong House* in 1910

The next article we found was in the Council Notices on May 11th, 1911, stating:

'There was a notice from J.F. Andrews, Keysborough, asking that the footpaths and roadway opposite 'Dandenong House', Foster street, be repaired, and a first class lamp was necessary at the entrance of the Railway Station, where a number of accidents were reported. This matter was referred to Centre Riding Court (councillors) and Engineer.'

I wonder what temporary walkway Fenton provided for his prospective customers. He could not have tolerated muddy shoes in his new boarding house. Everything had to be the best for Grandfather; he imported furniture and decorative items from overseas. Apparently there was a fair bit of show at the boarding house as well. Everything had to be scrubbed and polished. His second wife, Marie, was an exceptionally good cook and did a lot of the cooking and seeing to. She was known far and wide for her delicious tomato soup that she regularly served and her recipe was later handed to me by a long time friend of the family.

Marie and my mother and the other sisters did most of the physical work such as cleaning, organising and running the household. But poor Marie was pregnant at the time and her first son Alan was born in 1911 so it must have been a hectic year for the Andrews family. Mum told me a few stories about the boarders but I can't remember any in particular. I think in those days people were more reserved and sedate and I think Mum would have been too busy to bother with gossip. There was one boarder who, if she saw the young sisters talking to Leo Mathews, the butcher's handsome young son, would report it to Fenton and they probably got growled at for unbecoming behaviour. Another

story was when the cook did penance by nibbling dry bread under her bed. She sounded like a mouse and caused a riot of laughter from the younger children. However, too much enjoyment and laughter would quickly bring their father's stern response.

Maple, the eldest daughter looked after the little ground floor coffee shop on the external corner of the building. I remember it as tiny, about four tables with ten or twelve chairs. You could buy coffee, cakes, sandwiches and ice cream there. I believe the formal dining room was something to see with its wood carving and decorative cornices, resplendent in its table settings and embellishments, as was the whole of the boarding house. I remember my mother saying the bedroom drapes and furnishings were very nice and that they had the best of linen throughout, products of importation through American catalogues. Fenton mixed frequently with wealthy city gentlemen and was aware of fashion and quality. *Dandenong House* became a grand reception centre catering for weddings and large functions of the day.

Another few paragraphs discovered about *Dandenong House*:

The palatial Edifice erected at the entrance to the Dandenong Railway Station, by Mr. Fenton Andrews, is now getting into working order, several boarders already being in residence. The furnishings and fittings are being rapidly completed, and the place is sure to command attention. The rooms have been planned with regard to convenience and comfort, and the arrangement of smoking and Ladies rooms, as well as general conveniences, leaves nothing to be desired. The dimensions of the building have been given in a former issue (which I could not find) but the Dining Room, 40'x 30' deserves a special word. Mr. F Andrews intends to build a garage for Motor Cars, and is very sanguine of the success of his venture.

You must remember here, that there were no building permits or building inspectors in country towns at that time so buildings were built as you liked regardless of safety or convenience to staff. The kitchen was underneath the house in a basement and there was a very steep ramp leading from the Kitchen up to the Dining Room. Carrying food up and down all day was a hazardous transaction as well as back breaking. Care in handling the trays and dishes must have been rather trying because my Grandfather was so particular and everything had to be spotless, but of course his family never complained.

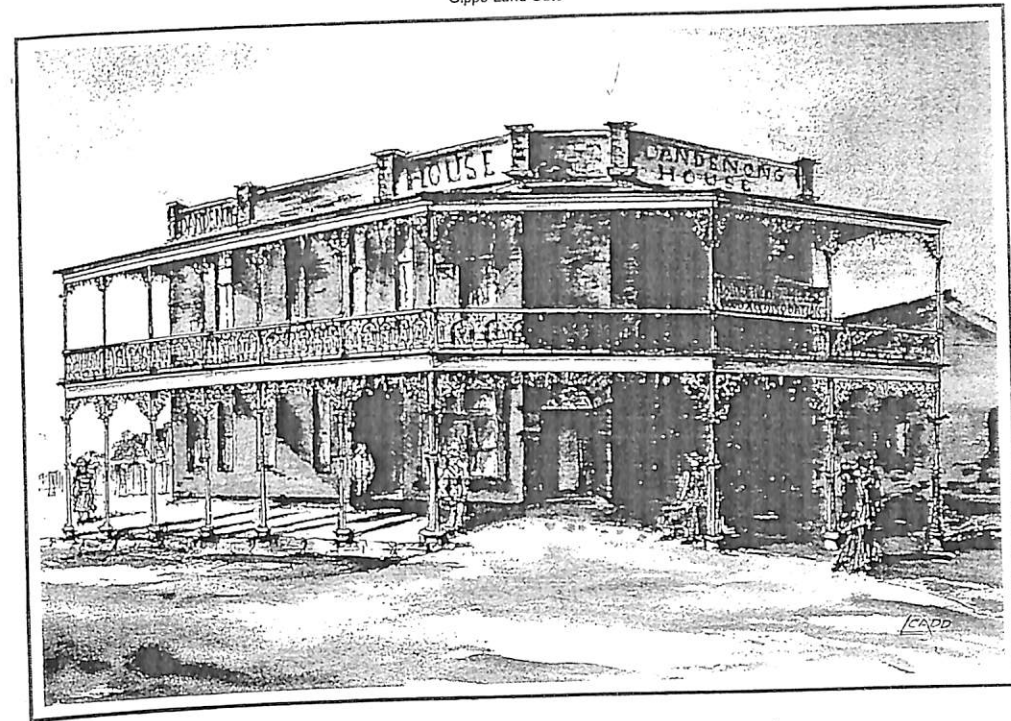
Then the first advertisement appeared in the same newspaper, front page, middle column, in bold type:

Thursday 18th May 1911.
'Dandenong House'
 near the railway station
J F Andrews (proprietor)
 Begg to announce that the above establishment is now ready for
 boarders, and the accomodation of
 The General Public.
 The comfort of Patrons is guaranteed, large and well ventilated
 bedrooms. First rate meals provided. Every attention paid to the
 requirements of visitors and Commercial travellers.
 A trial is most respectfully solicited.

By 6th June 1911 another note from the council rooms to straighten out the footpath at Mr Andrews corner.

Fenton was obviously a man with some vision. He was nearly fifty and his sons were old enough to run the market garden on their own. He could supply the boarding house with most of its fresh produce. He knew that the Dandenong market was to be relocated from the main street in the heart of Dandenong to the outskirts along Cheltenham Road not far from the Hammond Road corner. He believed that country people coming to the market would require overnight accommodation, food and drink. He knew that twenty-two acres of land beside the rail line, costing several thousand pounds, was ear marked for the erection of the Dandenong Bacon Factory. Also at that time all trains stopped at Dandenong, it was the end of the line. Passengers travelling further afield had to change to a coach.

Thanks to the detailed portrayal of *Dandenong House* painted by my cousin, Lorraine Cadd, (Andrews) our family has a permanent record of our Grandfathers dream. It was a grand 40 roomed two-storey brick construction with both the upper and lower verandahs generously decorated with wrought iron posts and lacework. The brick parapet overhead concealed the iron roofing and its mock brick piers gave the building a substantial feel. On the ground floor there were two arched doorways. The one on the corner was the entrance to the coffee shop and the other along Foster Street, invited passers-by into the boarding house.



It was exciting to discover this next piece of journalism on 22nd June 1911 about two months after the family had moved in.

The Weather:

CYCLONIC WIND AT DANDENONG

"The continuous wet and blustery weather of late, culminated on Tuesday night in a fierce storm of cyclonic character, when rude Boreas was at his worst. (Boreas was the Greek God of the north wind.) During the storm, a sudden gust of wind struck the roof of Dandenong House. The palatial structure recently erected by Mr Fenton Andrews in Foster Street. The effect was disastrous. The roof of the front portion of the building was swung from its supports and lifted bodily over Foster Street and lodged in a paddock. The parapet, for one third of its distance was displaced and as the bricks toppled over, they crashed through the balcony roof and then through the floor.

There was naturally a good deal of excitement among the inmates of the Coffee Palace, but it is pleasing to be able to state that no accidents happened to any of them.

On Wednesday a large staff of men were busily engaged in replacing the roof and making other repairs rendered necessary by the unwelcome visitation."

(I believe it lifted up and over the buildings in Foster Street and landed approximately 50 yards away, opposite Abbots, about where the Masonic Hall stands today.)
[Maybe the wind was a Southerly, for the roof to have been displaced to the north.]

If that disastrous occurrence didn't destroy Fenton's enthusiasm it must have devastated him when the nearby Methodist Church successfully lodged a petition to counter his application for a liquor licence, something that would have been vital to the success of the classy accommodation house he envisaged. A strong and devout Methodist himself, Fenton demonstrated his outrage by choosing to abandon Methodism and celebrate his eldest daughter's wedding in the Dandenong Presbyterian Church on the 6th September 1911. My mother remembered there was quite a to-do about it all.

Another event that would have had a profound effect on the success or otherwise of *Dandenong House* occurred when the councillors of the day, under immense pressure from local business men, voted against moving the market to nearby Cheltenham road. A referendum was held on 24th April 1912 to decide the fate of the Market site once and for all. It was reported on May 9th 1912, that the South Riding voted for the issue, but the Centre Riding overwhelmingly voted for no change, so that was that. The market remained in the increasingly cramped area bordered by McCrae and Lonsdale Streets until 1926 when the first sales began at the new site across the road in Clow Street. The first cattle sales at the sixty-five acre site in Cheltenham Road would not eventuate until 1958.

The third event that would have profoundly affected Fenton was the discovery of coal in Wonthaggi in 1910. It was not long before a rail line was constructed linking Wonthaggi via Dandenong to Melbourne and taking with it much of Fenton's passing trade.

In the meantime the advertisements for Dandenong House had continued in both papers, front page, centre column but these stopped on May 2nd 1912, I believe because of bitter disappointment.

It appears that Grandfather Andrews and his family went back to the farm in Chapel Road, Keysborough, because we found a report of the Keysborough School picnic, held on Empire Day in 1912. This function was held in McMillan's paddock opposite the State School in Chapel Road. On this sports day, we found that the Andrews boys excelled themselves by winning most of the games such as pole vaulting and running. Even the boys who had left school took part in the Tug of War.

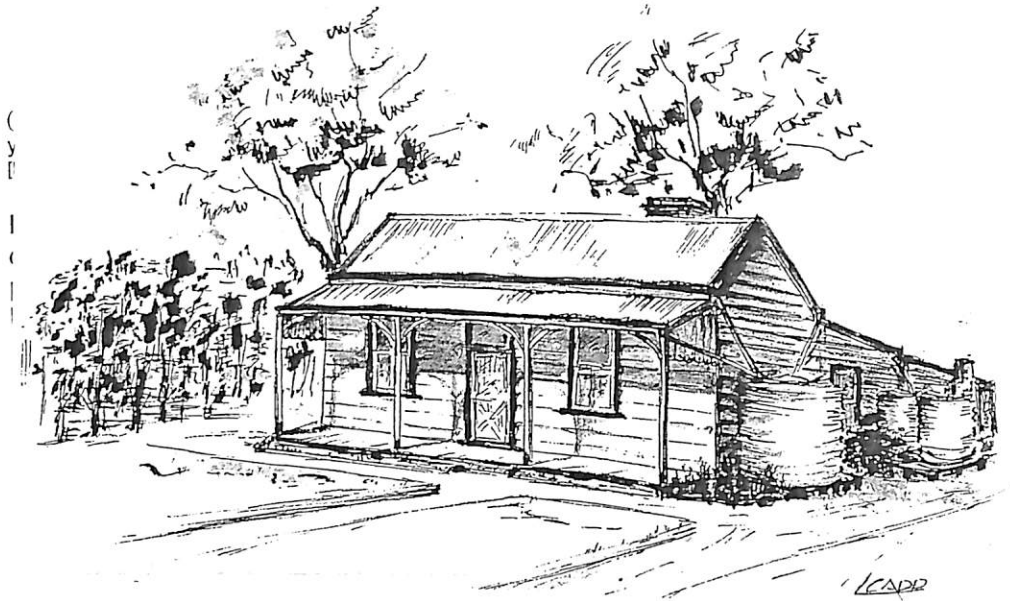
The next article we found in *The Advertiser* was a send-off to a Mr and Mrs McInnes who had leased *Dandenong House* for about twelve months and left on 17th April 1913. *Dandenong House* was leased out to quite a few different people. A Miss Mathews ran it for a long time. Mr Charlie Jones, brother of Albert Jones the photographer was another. Max Oldmeadow, a regular train traveller, confirms that the McAlpines ran the coffee shop during the 50's-60's. Judd and Innes owned it in the latter part and then a property developer bought it, a Mr Jerry Pilarinos, from Malvern. The building had been condemned on 30th December 1977 and he was going to demolish it but it burnt down instead. He replaced it with some rather ordinary looking shops. One family I know personally, Betty Williams and her parents from Sarona Street, boarded there briefly until they could establish themselves in Dandenong. Many people became long time boarders.

James Fenton Andrews with his wife and son Alan went to live at Frankston in 1916, leaving the farm in the capable hands of Arthur his second son. He later took up residence in Swan Hill for a few years. Then he bought a tremendous home named *Summerlands* at Alexandra. This home had a roomy pantry as well as a large cellar beneath. At that time the house was surrounded by wild bush land and Fenton often fished the nearby Goulburn River. He moved again, this time to Cobram where he ran a Citrus Orchard along the Murray River where he died on 28th January 1933 at 71 years. His body was brought back to *Myrtle Villa* in Keysborough where family still lived and the following day he was buried in the Methodist section of the Dandenong Cemetery. The plot was purchased by Fenton himself a few years earlier. Marie his wife lived on till 1943.

Although the Andrews stay at *Dandenong House* was relatively short, no more than two years, I guess these stories stood out clearly in my mother's mind because of their dramatic quality coupled with the intensity of her father's dream.

SHERWOOD LODGE 1925 – 1949/50

Recollections of my childhood by Lola Marsh



'Sherwood Lodge' in Perry Road, Keysborough was so named by Mr Arthur Sherwood a botanist. Arthur married my Great Aunt, Sarah Foster.

Arthur certainly understood his plants and had many exotic species growing on this small farm. Ships that called into ports of South America and Africa carried most of his plants and seeds to Australia. These plants and seeds grew strong and healthy in Victoria's climate. Arthur had eight long lanes of dark purple perfumed violets that he picked, bunched and delivered to Dandenong Market on Tuesdays. He also grew rows of berry fruits of all kinds.

I remember seeing a framed picture Arthur had constructed displaying the many different fern fronds, pressed, and found on the property. Other trees were oaks, silky oaks, hakia, blackwood, and wattles

Arthur was also a skilled tree grafter. One very large plum tree had Japanese plums, prunes and blood plums growing in profusion and all were delightful to eat. In his orchard he looked after his fruit trees and no insects seemed to bother the fruit. His apple trees were different too, one I remember was called 'Northern Spy' and had red apples with tiny white spots.

We inherited many unusual things when my parents, Charles and Bertha Rendell bought the property from the Sherwoods.

I was 18 months old and my sister four years. As we grew older this happy place seemed to retain it's many attributes. The wattles so large in limb and flower didn't change until my latter teens when they finally collapsed and Dad replaced them with a shed to house his truck.

The house itself developed slowly from the original two rooms to four then to six. The open fireplace in the living room still had bars and hooks for cooking which Dad removed. In winter, for warmth, he would roll a large red-gum log into the fireplace and it would burn all week long. By adding kindling each morning the fire would flare up again. At night we would sit around it discussing the happenings of the day or we would read, knit and do fancy work. Years later a wireless was introduced and a piano helped with entertainment.

My Father gardened in his own right taking produce into Melbourne Market sometimes five nights a week. His forte was growing onions. They purchased further land from David, Tom and Emily Foster, about 50 acres in all, bounded by Perry, Church, Chandler and Island Roads.

My mother continued to pick the berries and bunch the violets for market. It was a real task. Wet or cold they had to be picked. They were large bunches of violets, not like you get today, and they were surrounded by green leaves and tied with thin strips of palm fronds. The particular palm used was growing at Mrs Rose Andreasons home along Perry Road. Rose was Arthur's sister-in-law.

My mother was with child and she longed for a son. It was a boy, Maurice Charles, and sadly he only lived eleven hours. My father, Charles, was so distraught that there-and-then he went out and ploughed in all those rows of violets and berries believing them to be the cause of his son's death.

Mum wanted to pay off the farm as quickly as she could so she decided to keep fowls. We had hundreds. All kinds white leghorns, black, red, Sussex to name a

few, all in separate pens built in amongst the shady exotic trees. We had a brooder shed where Mum bred her chickens with great success. The incubator had four trays I think, each holding about forty eggs. Every egg had to be turned daily. One side of the egg had a cross on it to avoid errors. I enjoyed this task. The incubator was heated by kerosene lamp, but if gale force winds blew the lamp went out and disaster fell. The eggs would not hatch if the problem wasn't rectified in time. Living in the country was an exercise in vigilance. As well as the incubator foxes and feral cats caused havoc amongst the fowls. We had to dodge snakes along the track when we rode our bicycles to Keysborough School (1466) and in springtime the magpies were ever ready to dive bomb the unwary.

Living at 'Sherwood Lodge' gave me a sense of security love and belonging. Particularly living so close to many of our relatives. I remember the beautiful moments of freedom, the fresh crisp air, frost suspended on spider webs draped along fences. I remember the beauty of the grasses growing in the paddocks and larks that nested in the tussocks and rose to great heights to sing. The rich yellow of wattles in bloom, the magic of orchids and mushrooms growing in the fields made country life worthwhile.

'Sherwood Lodge' must have been built before 1900, as were many old houses that I remember in Keysborough. 'The Oaks' in Stanley Road. 'Fenton' on Brighton Road. The house on the corner of Perry and Brighton Roads that Henry Foster lived in. 'Myrtle Villa' on Chapel Road. One home in Joseph Foster's paddock was constructed in the style of two rooms with a lean-to for stock. Many of the early families would have the same story.



Lola Marsh proudly wearing her Australian Civilian Medal presented to her for voluntary work carried out during the Second World War. (V.A.D.'s Nursing)

The Keysborough School built in 1874 constructed of orange pink bricks, smaller than standard size, from clay found on McMullens paddock opposite the school. Some bricks at 'Sherwood Lodge' are similar to the school bricks. It is a pity all these old houses were not recorded before being demolished. Keysborough was unique, not to be dismissed lightly.

We are lucky 'Sherwood Lodge' still exists although not exactly in the same manner. Congratulations to the new owner.

There are many experiences not spoken of. Floods, fires droughts and storms but my time living at 'Sherwood Lodge' was full of more good times than bad. Sadness, happiness, war and weddings are all part of my memories that I will never forget thanks to my parents Charles and Bertha Rendell and my sister Thelma Keys.

This is my story, Lola Marsh. 1994.

Note: My mother was Bertha, the sixth child of James Fenton Andrews and Edith Foster of Keysborough. My father was one of eight children of Elizabeth Jane Way of Dorset Eng. & George Rendell, Farmer and Lay-Preacher of Hampshire, Eng.

Tomato Soup.

Cut tomatos up and add a little water,
Boil to a pulp,
Strain all into pan,
Add boiled milk separately.
Add butter, salt & pepper.
Thicken with flour.

The popular Tomato Soup made by Mrs Marie Andrews in 1911-13 and served to guests at Dandenong House. This recipe was handed to Lola Marsh by Mrs Maude Dyer, (nee Trebilco) a long-time family friend at Keysborough.

Editor's Note: The four previous articles – 'James Andrews' – 'James Fenton Andrews' – 'Dandenong House' and 'Sherwood Lodge' have all been checked for accuracy by Lola. Our thanks to her for sharing those years of research with us all.

Part of LOLA MARSH'S FAMILY HISTORY

1700's England

Thomas Andrews – Elizabeth Haskell
William
Joseph
Anne ?
John
James

1803 – 1891 Keysborough Aust.

James Andrews – Margaret Harrogon
James Andrews – Clara Maple
James Fenton
Mary Anne
George Thomas
Henry Maple
Christene Eliza

1862 – 1933 Keysborough Aust.

James Fenton Andrews – Edith Foster
Gordon Fenton
Edith Maple
Arthur Barrington
Millifred Martha
Walter Joseph (dec)
Bertha Vinette
Myrtle Lillian
Olive Foster
George Thomas
Henry Joseph
James Sutherland
James Fenton Andrews – Marie Foster
Alan
Roy (dec)

1835 arrived in Aust. 1854

Joseph Foster – Martha Jane McConnell
William Thomas
Sarah
Edith
Racheal Brooks
Matilda
Asenath
Walter Joseph
Violet Selina

1913 – 1958 in Keysborough Aust.

Charles Rendell – Bertha Andrews
Thelma Winnifred
Lola May
Maurice Charles (dec)

MAYOR COUNCILLOR NAIM MELHEM 1999/2000

Councillor Naim Melhem (Pron: Nay-em Mel-hem) was elected Mayor of the City of Greater Dandenong by his fellow Councillors at a special meeting on March 22, 1999.

Naim has possessed an active interest in local politics for over a decade. Elected councillor of the former City of Springvale in 1993, he played a significant role in the council until local government amalgamation in December 1994. Between 1995 and 1997 he worked closely with Commissioners to help shape the new City of Greater Dandenong and in 1997 was elected to the new 11-member Greater Dandenong Council.

His interest and passion for local politics led Cr Melhem to undertake tertiary studies in the field, resulting in his successful completion of Local Government Studies at the University of Canberra in 1994, and the two-year Local Government Studies for Prospective Candidates course at Monash University.

Since migrating from war-torn Lebanon in 1977, Cr Melhem has lived in the City of Greater Dandenong for the past 18 years. He is married to Suzan, and they have two sons – Zaynoun, aged nine and John-Paul, three. Away from Council, Cr Melhem is part owner in a small family business consisting of a shop in Noble Park North and another in Springvale North. He is also involved with a Residential Development business.

Cr Melhem has an extensive history of involvement with local community organisations. He is a founding-member of 'Division 17', a powerful organisation representing independent milkbar owners; a member of the Australian Labour Party since 1994; founder of the South Eastern Arabic Association; Vice President of St Nicholas Orthodox Church; Vice Chairman of the Springvale Community Aid and Advice Bureau from 1993-1997; a member of the Springvale Community Health Centre Board of Management from 1993-1998; President of Edinborough Kindergarten from 1991-1992; and a member of the Springvale Secondary College Council from 1993-1995.

As Mayor, Councillor Melhem has a number of exciting new future initiatives planned for the City. He is committed to working closely with mayors from