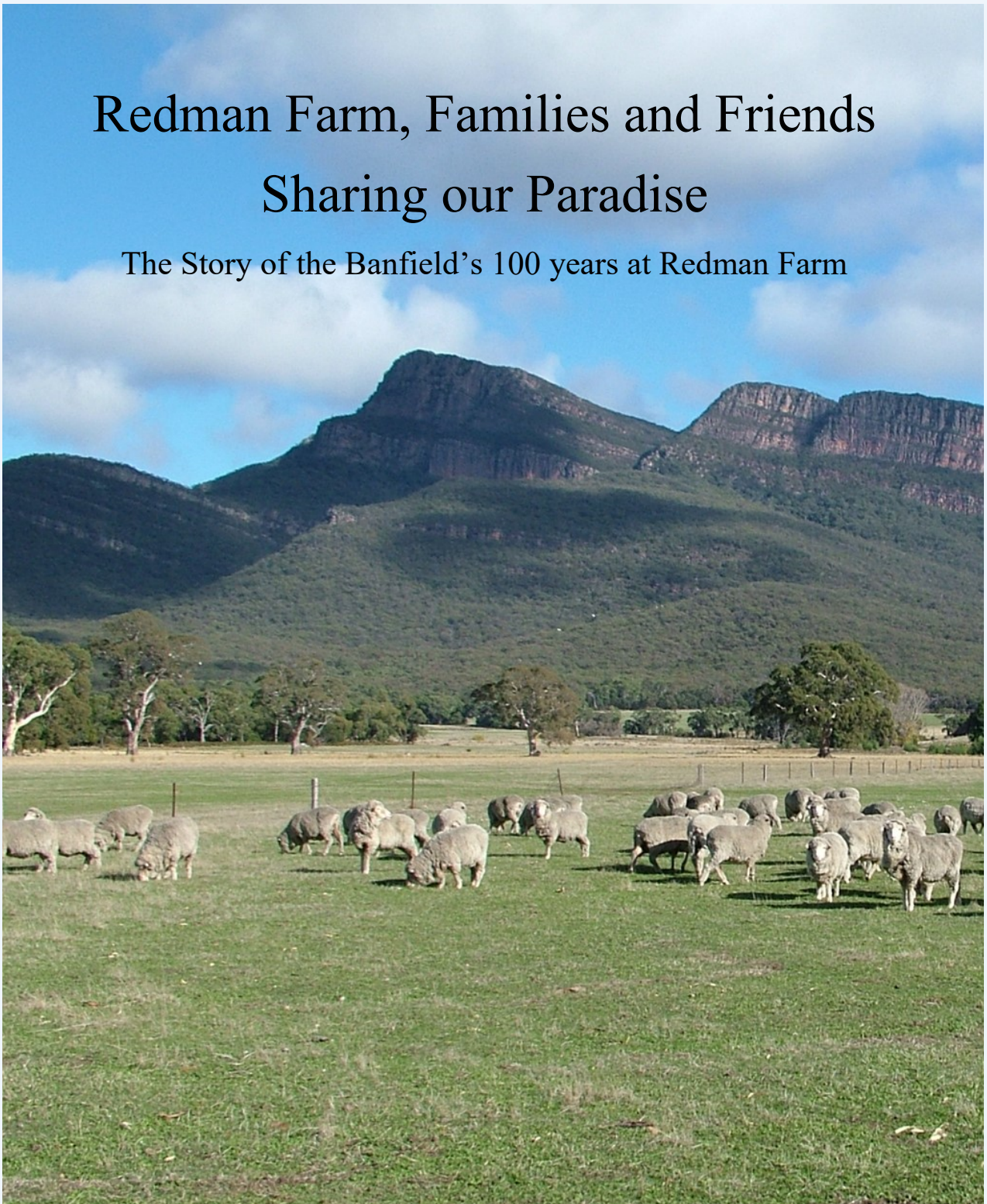


# Redman Farm, Families and Friends

## Sharing our Paradise

The Story of the Banfield's 100 years at Redman Farm







The Redman Bluff Peak, 1017 metres

#### **REDMAN BLUFF**

The early settlers named the peak, Redman Bluff because of the yellow-orange scar on the lower cliff towards the right hand (northern) end. The scar appeared to them as a man running towards the northeast. Over the years weathering has made the scar less recognisable. One of the best views is from Long Gully Road soon after turning off the Ararat Halls Gap Road. From the camping ground the scar is hidden from view by the foothill but it can be viewed from the eastern half of the Redman Farm.







# Redman Farm, Families and Friends

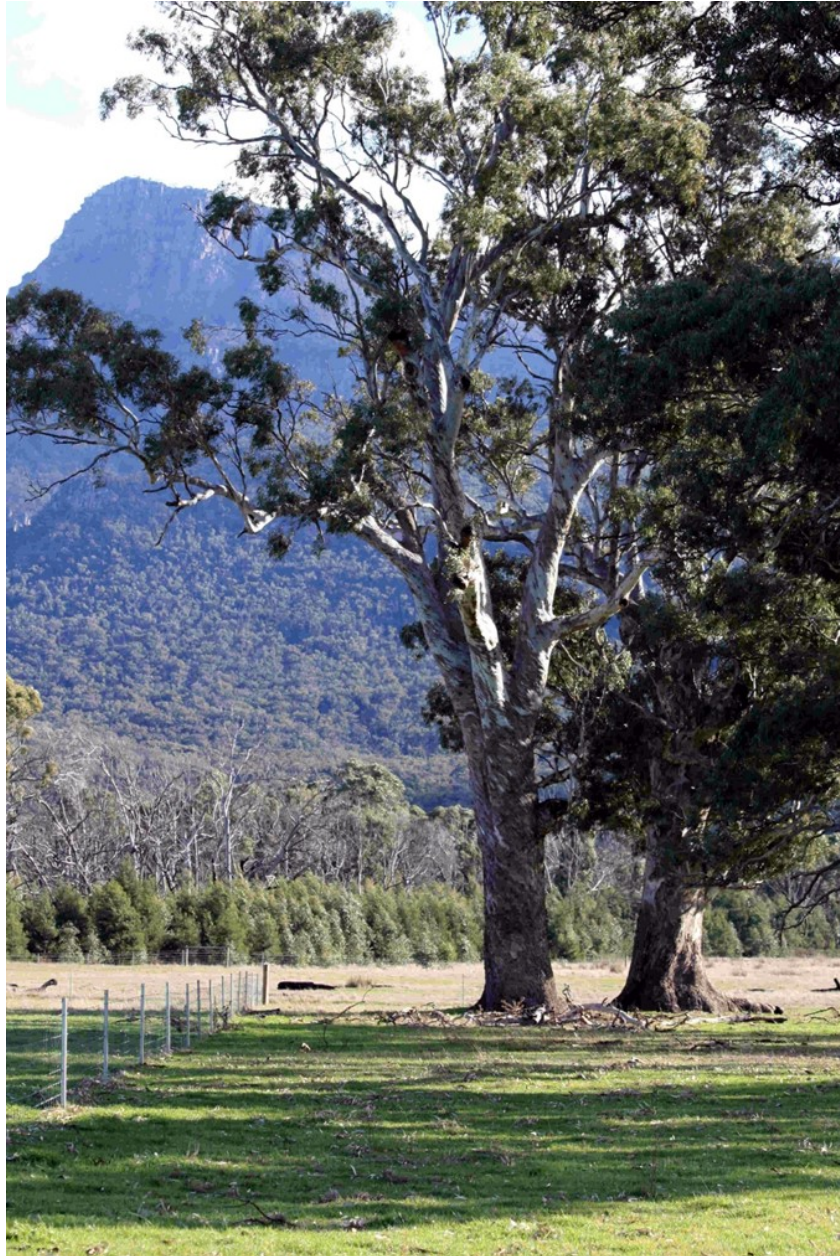
Sharing our Paradise

The story of the Banfield's 100 years at  
Redman Farm, Pomonal South



Red Gums on Redman Farm, with the House in the distance





“The Twins”, two Red Gums on Redman Farm with Redman Bluff in the Grampian





“The Mount” c. 1945

RED MAN’S BLUFF, 1939

Let W. B.  
Have Innisfree  
Or Bobby Burns his Highlands;  
Or Rupert Brooke  
His river nook,  
Or . R. L. S. his islands.

You may have read  
What each has said  
About his spot selected;  
And how he thought  
The peace he sought  
Might there be all expected.

Well, Red Man’s Bluff  
Is quite enough  
For mortals such as I;  
Of earth her store  
I ask no more  
Until the day I die.

And even then  
(They say that men  
Get heavens of their making),  
I think I’d choose  
To never lose  
These hills when days is breaking.

Or when the sun  
Day being done,  
Is nightly conge taking,  
Is over all  
Their summits tall  
His purple mantle shaking.

Ay, this would be,  
At least for me,  
A heav’n of rest in plenty—  
Within the shade  
By Red Man made,  
To dolce far niente.

*Written by W. Lloyd Williams, a former High School Teacher when  
on holiday with his wife at “The Mount”*



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## REDMAN FARM, FAMILIES & FRIENDS

### INTRODUCTION

This is the story of our property Redman Farm, on the eastern slopes at the foot of Reman Bluff in the Grampians.

I have compiled the first part of the book on material passed on to me by my aunt, Lorna Banfield. The second part contains my own memories. The story of the Wetlands has been written by my son Aidan

It was purchased by my grandfather, Harrie Hill Banfield in 1911 as a week-end farm project. Yet it was more than a hobby farm, and over the years it has been a significant source of income for his family and the families of his two sons, Walter and Hereward, at Ararat.

Harrie, Walter and Hereward, after running the Ararat Advertiser, newspaper and printing works during the week, put in most of their spare time at the Farm. But over the years, the Farm was a pleasant retreat for their families and a place to invite their friends.

Looking over the visitors' book, which my mother kept in the 1950's and 1960's the numbers of their guests, is note worthy. They very much enjoyed the company.

Redman Farm has been the location for many camps. The first, was a nature camp for teachers in 1928. Three May Camps were run for the Holy Trinity Church of England Boys Society (CEBS) 1949-51, From 1980 to 2000 family camps were based at the Farm for Anglican Family Camps. In 1990 a camping ground open to the public was established and many families and groups have enjoyed camping here and exploring the Grampians.



## **A MATTER OF NAMES**

“We are going out to the Mount”

“We are going out to the Farm”

“We will be staying in the Shack”

“I will see you up at the Hut”

“We swim in The Dam”

“We will walk around Blue Lake”!

No wonder folk are confused about what is called what! Over the years different names have been used for the Banfield properties at Pomonal. And then again confusion: because this area is technically “Moyston West”. The first property north of Redman Road was called “The Mount” and the house on it was called “The Ranch”. My Grandfather called this property “Redman Bluff” and for short “The Bluff”, but over the years the family often used the “The Mount” which distinguished it from our Moyston properties. In my time it was always called “The Mount” When we started running camps here in 1980 we called the property “Redman Farm” and from 1994 we called the camping ground “Redman Bluff Camping Ground” In 2001 we changed the name of the camping ground to “Grampians Paradise Camping and Caravan Parkland”, which has greatly helped with advertising on the internet.

The original house near the west of the property (which was burnt down in the 1939 fires) I have referred to as “The Shack” and the building by the dam “Our Hut”. The building which replaced the Shack in 1939, we now refer to just as “The House”,

After the 2006 Bushfires the fencing was changed to take better account of the different characteristics of the land, and for ease of reference the paddocks were given names. (See map page 111).

We also have land 15 kilometres to the East between Redman Road and Moyston West Road, which my father always worked it as part of “Redman Farm” and we know it as “The Moyston Paddock”. So the paddocks near the Grampians are referred to as “The Mount”.

Some notes on the different Banfield properties is set out on page 113

## THE BANFIELDS MIGRATED TO AUSTRALIA

Sarah Banfield, my great grandmother, left Liverpool with her four children, Eliza aged eight, Harrie, six, Sally, four and Edmund two on the sailing ship, "Indian Queen" on 12 November 1854 and arrived at Williamstown on the 31<sup>st</sup> January 1855. Her husband, Jabez Banfield, my great grandfather, had travelled out to Australia on the *Serampore* arriving in Melbourne on 10<sup>th</sup> October 1852 and with his friend James Gearing had worked on the goldfields. In 1854 the two men returned to their former trade of printing and were able to send home money to bring out their wives and family. After living in Richmond the Banfield family moved to Dunolly where Jabez started the Dunolly newspaper.

In 1857 Jabez travelled to Ararat where he printed the Ararat paper. Before the end of the year he returned to collect his family from Dunolly.

Lorna Banfield wrote in her family history book "Colonists of the early Fifties" "The mother and younger children rode on the wagon among the baggage, cases of type and furniture, while ten year-old Harrie walked for many miles beside his father.

"He (*Harrie*) always remembered his first sight of Ararat when one evening on the Maryborough Road he saw the camp fires of the miners twinkling like stars on the hills in the west. At the foot of those hills the English children grew up Australians and great lovers of the bush."

Harrie and Ted slept their first night at Ararat in William Vale's tent opposite the entrance to the Church of England grounds in High Street. The family lived for a short time in tents and then a wooden cottage with slab walls lined with canvas and a canvas roof. The roof was replaced with shingles. This was replaced with the brick home "Mia Mia" (at 5 Ligar Street) in 1874..

Harrie and Ted attended the Church of England School and in 1862 Harrie was top of the school. Harrie and Ted commenced work in the composing room at the Ararat Advertiser in their early teens and learnt the art of printing.

Jabez was very much involved in the life of the Ararat Community, Council, Church and Hospital. He never owned a horse and cart, and walked everywhere he went. He would take long walks in the country walking out to Mount Ararat, Mt Chalamber or to go fishing in the Hopkins River. No doubt his sons Harrie and Ted accompanied him on some of these walks, but they developed a much



greater interest than their father's in country life and spend weekends and time off work in exploring the country.

Harrie and Ted would walk out into the bush and visited farms and made friends with farmers. Seeing a picture of a "bone-shaker" bicycle in the "Illustrated London News", with the help of Mr Martin, the local undertaker and a wheelwright, they made the first bicycle in Ararat. Having only the one bicycle, between them, one would ride out towards the Grampians for about 5 miles and leave the bicycle by the road and start walking. The other boy would walk out from Ararat and on reaching the bicycle he would ride on and passing his mate ride on a further five miles or so and again leave the bike by the side of the road. This continued until they arrived at their destination.

Ted had an accident riding the bone-shaker. Freewheeling down a hill covered with tree stumps and mining shafts and piles of tailings Ted crashed into a rusty windlass badly injuring his right eye. In the course of treatment he was found to be short-sighted. With spectacles he was able to continue his passion for reading. In 1884 he returned to England seeking treatment for his injured eye, but the specialist was not able to save the eye and it had to be removed.



An English Boneshaker bicycle c 1860

"Sometimes early on Friday morning after the paper came out, Harrie and Ted borrowed the undertaker's cart and drove to Mount William or Mount Redman in the Grampians at a time when there were no tracks beyond Moyston, save to Barton Station or a selector's lonely clearing.

"Guns were forbidden, probably because their father had had a near miss in a shooting incident. But the elder boys kept one at a farmhouse. Now and then the farmer called on Mrs Banfield with a present of a brace of ducks, a pair of rabbits or a hare. If she ever guessed who shot the she never said."

In another place Lorna Banfield records “Our grandfather (*Jabez*) never owned a horse or buggy or saw a motor car or moving picture. When Harrie and

Ted were eager for the latest machine, a bicycle, he argued that as the motive power was their own legs they would not be able to travel any greater distance or faster than they could run or walk. He countered their pleadings to select land by replying ‘Do you think I would be a grower of turnips?’”

From 1867 to 1870 Jabez arranged with his friend from their brief goldmining days, David Syme, for Harrie to have experience in journalism at “The Age”.

Teds wanderings in the bush enabled him to develop his interest in the flora and fauna and his observations of the natural world shared his increasing interest in literature and books on natural history. As the younger of Jabez’s two elder sons, Ted increasingly had to pay second fiddle to his older brother, Harrie, realised that his future must be elsewhere. He moved to Melbourne and then to Sydney where he worked on *The Daily Telegraph* and the *Argus* a small local paper in Penrith. In August 1882 he sailed north to Townsville where he worked on the *Daily Telegraph* until illness forced him to retire to Dunk Island.

Harrie never lost his desire to be a weekend farmer, but which land he first leased and on the eastern slopes of the Grampians is not clear.

One weekend, when I was visiting the farm, I invited Lorna to tell me about the family and the properties they owned. She talked about the property we knew as “Astoria Park”. I was confused as to which property was the first land Harrie leased in this area.

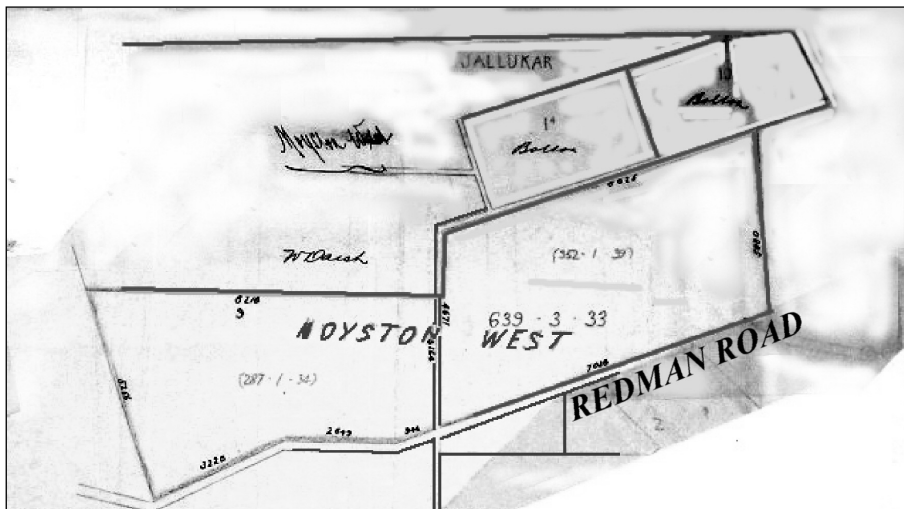
Lorna speaking about the Mount (Later known as “Astoria Park”) —

“When Dr Daish was in Ararat (about 1903-09 or thereabouts) he and Dad were friends. In those days we did not have a horse or buggy. Since early manhood Dad had been used to riding his bicycle out to the Grampians. The property now known as “the Mount” became open for rental or lease (as the former owners moved elsewhere) and Dad decided to rent it and run a few sheep – became ambitious to be a week-end farmer.

“Grandpa Lamont (my mother’s father) died about 1901 or 2. He had made provision for grandmother who died a few years later. . His daughters (he had no sons) were left his estate – which was considerable for those days,. so Mother was able to help Dad buy some sheep and rent the place. As far as the Banfield’s were concerned the Advertiser had just come through the depression 1890’s and was about on the ‘rocks’ In



fact Mr Hans Irvine had given Dad shares in a good mine in West Australia but before he profited by them the bank manager here insisted on his selling them to reduce his overdraft. Dad got nothing but the Advertiser from his father's estate and the house next door (*Mia Mia*) and the Advertiser was in debt. In fact Grandpa Lamont helped Mother to buy Caxton (from the rest of the Banfield family) and she really owned it.



The land north of Redman Road leased by Harrie Banfield. He sold the lease when he purchased Redman Farm in 1911

.. This land he called "The Mount". It was later known as "Astoria Park".

"After running The Mount (*Astoria Park*) for a year or two as a week-end proposition, land became available along the foot of the Grampians (the area you know as Astoria Park, Pomonal etc). It was sold to selectors on deposit and so much a year, Dad and Dr Daish took up a fairly large area, fenced some of it, employed men to clear part, worked themselves at week-ends, ran sheep, pigs for a time, finally employed a man, Sam Rowan, to live and work there. By this time Dr Daish had a gig and horse and a few years later a car. Eventually Dr Daish left Ararat and sold his share of the land. Dad kept the part we knew as "The Mount" *Astoria Park* (not the property, *Redman Farm*, you have now, it was called the Bluff). Your father (*Walter*) was now old enough to go out with him at the weekends there and have holidays and weekends there having by this time acquired a buggy and horse.

"Eventually the Bluff (now your place – the Mount} was up for sale by the McMasters who owned it. With the help of some of Mother's money Dad bought it and at the same time sold Astoria Park to help finance the new venture" (*That was in 1911*).

Records from the Government records bring light on Harrie Hill Banfield's licensing of the land north of Redman Road ("the Mount" later known as Astoria Park). Conditions placed on the licensee were that the land had to be cleared, improved and brought into production as a farm. Harrie had difficulties in fulfilling these conditions because he was working the land only on the weekends. However he did employ men from time to time in clearing, fencing, etc. The following is a copy of a letter sent to the secretary for Lands on Feb 13, 1905:— *"I have to apologise for delaying in answering your correspondence re improvements on 640 acres Parish of Moyston West but I have been away for some time. I will be glad if you will let me know the nature and position of the improvements on the 24<sup>th</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> and 26<sup>th</sup> December and again in the first week in January a bush fire, or series of fires swept over the place not only*



"The Ranch" at "The Mount". — It had wattle and daub walls, and iron roof. The structure in front made of bush timber has a bark roof.

*destroying all fences and burning the experimental plots of fodder plants and artichokes we had put in and also the wattle bark. I remain. I have the honour to be faithfully yours, H. H. Banfield"*

The conditions for the licence having been complied with, Harrie was invited to send the form for the application. A report from the Police Crown Land Bailiff on 21/7/1910 stated that the conditions of the lease had been complied with.. The cost of improvements amounted to £522/13/-. This included post and wire netting fence £105. A house wattle and daub; gal iron roof; a hut and a wooden stable with bark roof and a pigsty. Also listed was a dam (200 yards) with an eight foot embankment £17 and a partly timbered 20 foot well £6. Other improvements listed were ring barked trees 30 acres; clearing 25 acres and ploughing 15 acres, a total cost of £291/7/6.



"The Shack" about 1911 at "The Bluff", now called "Redman Farm"

## **SELECTION OF REDMAN FARM**

There is very little evidence of what the land in the district around Redman Farm was like before European Settlement. When Major Thomas Mitchell explored the district and climbed Mt William in June 1836 the country appears to have been more open with many streams and flood plains and wetlands. The aborigines in their practice of patch burning encouraged open patches of grassland. They certainly moved across and camped in what is now our farm although we have not seen any artefacts apart from a few flakes of quartz.

The small group of Major Mitchell's party which climbed Mt William had left the main party camped near what is today Pomonal, and skirting around the foothills of the Mount William Range and Redman's Bluff passed within a couple of hundred metres of Redman Farm.

Within eight years of Major Mitchell passing through the district a great portion of the Ararat district has been occupied by squatters. The numbers of aborigines was greatly reduced because of the introduction of white man's diseases and conflicts over grazing. Barton and Lexington stations were not far away, and the regular campsites used by the aborigines were soon abandoned.

The discovery of gold in 1854 and the gold rush at Mt Ararat a year later drew the attention of the settlers to the goldfields, and the station owners had a hard time to keep workers on their land. By 1857 the drift from the gold fields had begun and former gold miners were looking for land and a few years later land formerly locked up by large pastoral leases was beginning to be opened up for sale or leasing.

It was under the "Land Act of 1869" that John Copley was able to occupy Crown Land on a lease-purchase arrangement.

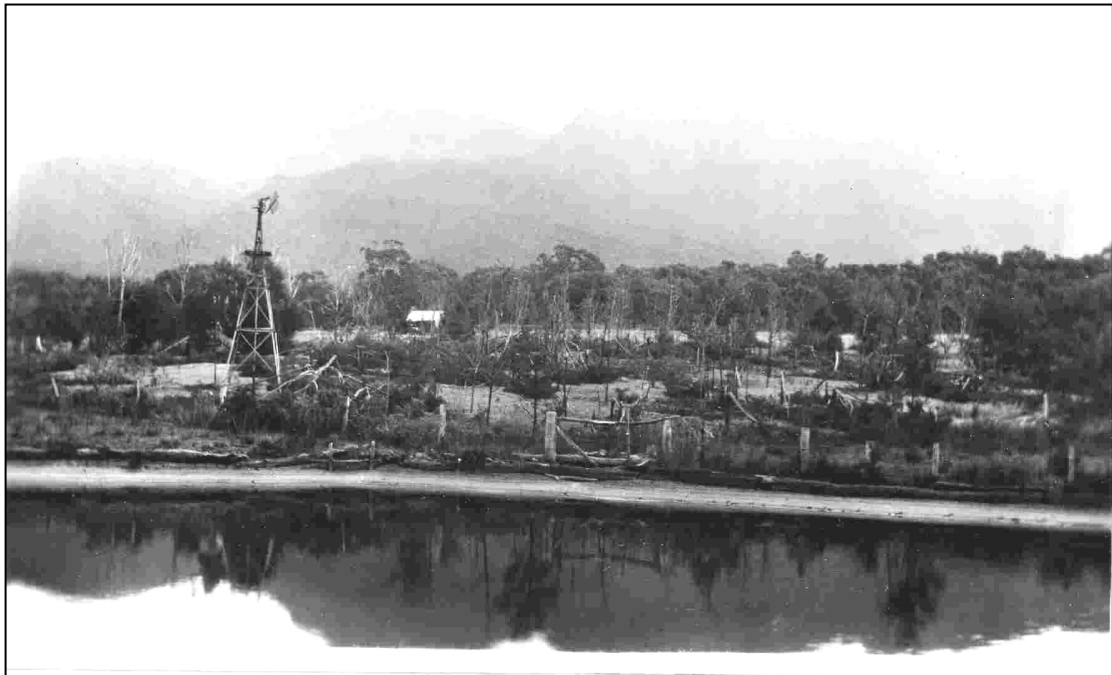
## **IRISH CONVICTS**

John Copley was transported to Van Diemen's Land and served his sentence in the Hobart area. In March 1852 he married Catherine McMahon. She had been convicted for sheep stealing with her brothers William and Denis McMahon in County Clare in 1849 and transported to Van Diemen's Land the same year. She was granted ticket of leave. In February 1854 John Copley was allowed a deduction of two years from the period he would have to serve for Ticket-of-Leave and was granted Ticket-of-leave in 1856, Soon after receiving their Certificate of Freedom, the family moved to Victoria about 1857.



Ticket-of-Leave and was granted Ticket-of- leave in 1856, Soon after receiving their Certificate of Freedom, the family moved to Victoria about 1857.

John Copley, who was by then living and farming or working as a farmer at Moyston made application for the two neighbouring allotments in 1874 which made the basis of Redman Farm—125 acres and 115 acres. On the application the surveyor noted, “This land is composed of light sandy soil very scrubby fern, tea tree, grass tree, scrub and densely timbered with small honeysuckle.” The lease granted was for 14 years. John Copley died in 1876 and the lease was transferred to his wife Catherine Copley in February 1878. Catherine married again when she was 60 to a farmer, Thomas May, a widower. The leasehold was transferred to Ronald McMaster, farmer, in August 1888. In 1895 Ronald McMaster was able to pay off the remaining rent and was granted ownership of the land.



The Shack from the Dam. The photograph was most likely taken about 1912

Nothing is known of what work was done on the property, and for what purpose it was used. But over this period when it was a leasehold property, improvements must have been carried out including the clearing of the scrub and the building of a dam. I think I remember being told by Lorna that approximately 50 acres had been cleared and pasture established when Harrie Hill purchased the property.

### **REDMAN BLUFF FARM**

The title for Redman Bluff Farm shows that Harrie Hill purchased the two blocks (125 acres (the western section) and 114 acres (the eastern section) on the 10<sup>th</sup> April 1911. (*See map page 20*). The block north of Redman Road was sold to help cover the cost (See above quotation from Lorna's letter —Page 8). In 1911 Harrie's sons, Walter was 19 years old, and Hereward ("Barney") was 11 and still at school. By this time Harrie had acquired a buggy and horse. He and Walter went out most weekends to work on the property. Lorna said that her father, Harrie had all sort of ideas –"Dad had too many wildcat schemes" Walter had a better head for business and gradually was able to make the farm a profitable venture.

There is no record when the first hut, "The Shack", and the dam which now forms part of what we call "Blue Lake", was built, but the basic hut was built by the time Harrie Hill purchased the property. The sleepout must have been added in the early 1920's. A smaller dam on the west boundary ("Valley Dam") was built on a sandy gully and never held water. The track from the entrance of the property (south east corner) ran up through the bush and crossed the creek by this bank. I can remember coming in this way as a child. Early in the 1940's the bank failed and the bank was abandoned as road access.

Most of the time was spent in clearing and fencing the land. Trees would be ring-barked and left standing until they died. Later on as the roots rotted away it was easier to pull them down. Harrie heard of a winch devise for pulling down trees called "The Forest Devil". He ordered one from Melbourne and had it sent up on the train. It had a large cable that was attached to the base of a tree or stump as an anchor. Another cable was attached higher up the tree or stump to be pulled over. With a series of pulleys the main cable was pulled around the winch with a long handle gradually pulling the tree over or the stump out. In the case of large trees or stumps, the roots of the tree were exposed with a shovel and cut with an axe. It was slow work, but the only expense involved was the energy spent by the operator. (*See photographs on page 29*).

Another means of removing trees, which gave quicker results, was to blow them up with gelignite. A demonstration was arranged and the agent came out and gave a demonstration. The agent chose a very large red gum tree, and intent on making a good impression to the group of farmers who had turned up to evaluate the method; he drilled a number of holes in the trunk and places more than the usual amount of charges of gelignite in the trunk. He then rolled out a long length of insulated copper wire to a safe area well away from the tree, where the agent and the witnesses of the demonstration took shelter. A handle operated generator provided the current to set off the charges. The result was that the trunk of the tree was blown up like a rocket, breaking off the branches and leaving them for a few moments suspended in mid air. My grandfather Harrie Hill was apparently most impressed and he purchased the device. My father was still using the device when I was about 10, but he did not use it very often because of the cost of buying gelignite



A trip with the horse and cart from the Bluff to Bolton's orchard to buy granny smith apples.

and the replacement of copper wire

One source of income in the early days of the farm was wattle bark. There were many black wattles which thrived on the sandy soil of the drier areas. Before clearing the trees for pasture, the bark would be stripped off the trunk and larger branches. The bark would be tied up in bundles about two feet in diameter and about four to five feet long. The bark was sold to be processed for the extraction of tannin which was used for tanning leather. I can just remember bundles of wattle bark stacked by the west fence.

The years of the First World War 1914 – 1918 must have been a hard time for the Banfield family. With very few wirelasses, people relied for news from the paper. The Ararat Advertiser was like other country newspapers regarded as an essential service. My father Walter wanted to join with the men of his age an join up and serve in the army. However his father insisted that he stay at home to help keep the paper in



The horse and wagon was used in the 1920's for day and longer trips in the Grampians.



production. Labour over these years must have been very hard to get, and not only was the production of the newspaper seen as part of the war effort, but also keeping production on the farm.

In the early 1920's the post-war years brought better times. Walter purchased a motor bicycle and later on convinced his father, Harrie, to buy a car, and he drove his father out to the farm most weekends.

The photos in the albums of my mother, and my aunts appear to be mostly taken between 1920 and 1930. For my father, Walter and uncle, Hereward, most of their weekends were spent working on the farm. But they still had time to pursue other interests. Walter purchased a motorbike and taught Hereward to ride.



The Shack in the 1920's. Harrie Hill Banfield leaning against post.

Hereward to ride. Some time later he purchased a motorbike with a sidecar. Photographs show his wife Alice (nee Wheat) in the sidecar and a later photograph with Alice and their baby son, Jim who was born in 1925. It was no doubt used for transport between Ararat and the farm, but the horse and cart remained the main form of transport for Harrie Hill Banfield and family. Most of the photos in the albums are of trips into the Grampians and holidays further afield in the 1920s. There are quite a few pictures of swimming and a punt in the dam at Redman Farm. There are photographs of Harrie's sons and daughters with their friends on hikes from Redman Bluff to the top of Redman Bluff and Long Gully. There are also weekend trips using one or both, a horse and cart, and a horse and covered wagon. During these years Zoe was away from Ararat. She was a domestic arts teacher but when she could, she joined in some of these trips. The majority of these photographs include one or two of the brothers.



The Shack in the 1920's. Harrie Hill Banfield leaning against the post

A 1930 photograph records a holiday at Warnambool with a car and trailer. The trailer had a homemade frame fabric cover which when raised formed a shelter for a double mattress. It was the forerunner of a modern camper trailer.

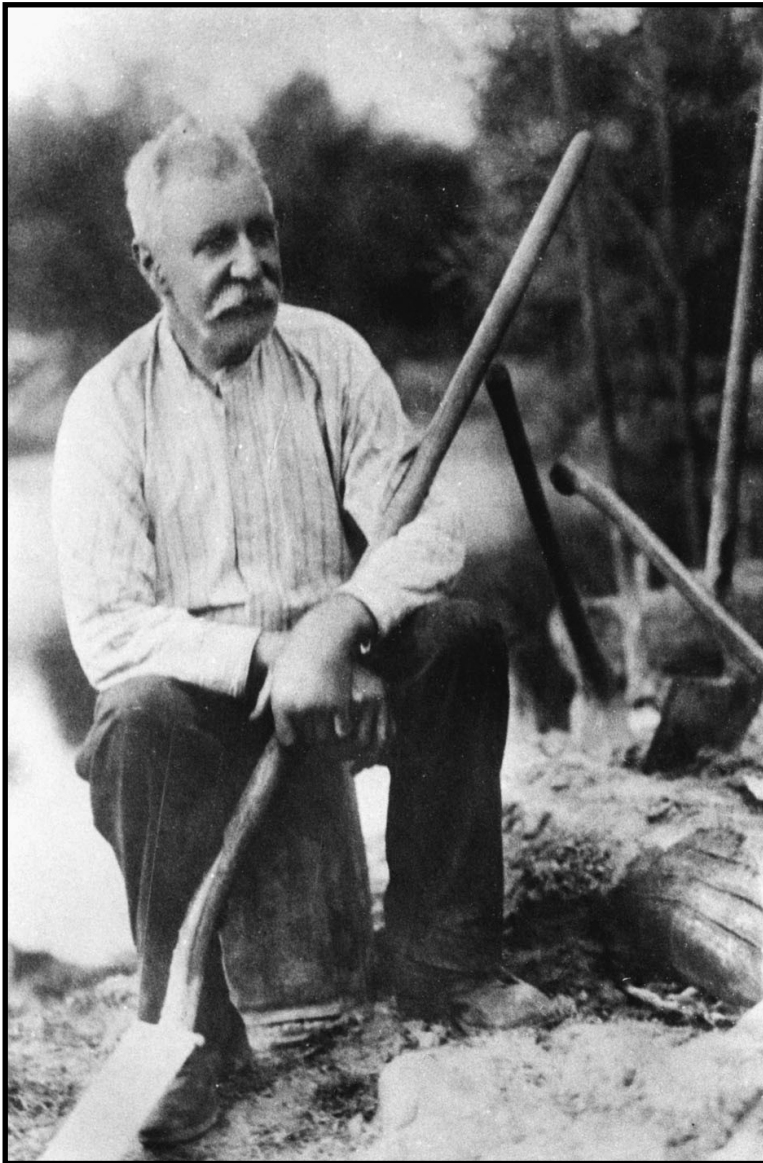
Lorna told me that every Saturday morning her father, Harrie, would walk down the back lane from Caxton to my father's house to see if he was going out to the farm to see if he. However adverse the weather, my grandfather always thought the weather was improving and it was worth going out. I have no clear picture of my grandfather coming out with us, but then, I was only four years old when he died.

The Advertiser has a very hard time to survive during the years of the depression. The extra income derived from the Farm was a great help for the three families.



Walter Banfield's car, an "A Model Ford" on a camping trip to Warnambool in 1930. This car provided transport to and from the farm and trips to Melbourne until it was replaced about 1947.

As my grandfather got older he was unable to do as much heavy work, but still he very much enjoyed pottering around the dam.



My Grandfather, Harrie Hill Banfield 1848—1934



## LORNA RECALLS

*Sometime in the late 1970's, my aunt, Lorna (LLB) and my mother, Alice (AEB) were visiting the farm. We were sitting in the hut and I asked Lorna a number of questions about the family and the farm and I (THB) recorded the conversation on a tape recorder. Years later I typed up the conversation and the following is an extract:*

**THB** What about the farm. Did that pay?

**LLB** I think when Walter got a handle in it. Dad had all sorts of ideas you know. He heard of the Forest Devil and different things for pulling down trees. A new thing came out, a Forest Devil. He wrote to Melbourne. He got a reply and had them send it by train. He enjoyed coming out here. He loved the life out there, coming out for the weekends. I don't think it ever payed any returns.

**THB** Did Hereward come out too?



The Shack in the 1920's. Harrie Hill Banfield leaning against the post

**LLB:** Yes, as they grew older. Sometimes Walter might be reporting at the weekend or he might be working on his own property at Warrayadin. One of them would come out every weekend. Before they were old enough he (*Harrie*) used to come out on his bicycle.

**THB** When did they first get a car?

**AEB** It was before I came to Ararat.

**THB** Who got that?

**LLB** It was Walter who persuaded Dad to buy it. Dad never drove it. Walter drove it.

**AEB** It was some time before he (*Walter*) was married

**LLB** 1919 or 1920. We did not get another car until they got the Ford towards the end of the 20's, a T Model Ford.



Harrie Hill Banfield at the "Ring Tree"

It was only a small car. I think a single seater. There might have been a back seat. Back to back or something

**THB:** Did Hereward get a motorbike?

**LLB:** Yes. Walter taught him to drive the car. One day the policeman said to him you had better get your licence. Dad never learnt to drive. He tried once. He was driving up Copes Hill and the car started to go back on him, He never tried again.

**THB** When did Hereward get the motorbike?

**LLB:** I think Walter had motorbikes before Hereward. That was after they got the car. I think one would be coming out with Dad. Perhaps Hereward was report-



Harrie Hill Banfield by a Grass Tree

**THB:** I can only remember the front and the sleepout with the hanging bunks. But I cannot remember anything that was inside.

**LLB:** They used to hang the kettles on the hooks above the fire. And the jolly old camp oven. I remember mother roasting a fowl in it once “What a lovely holiday you have had” Laurie looked at me and winked. We had all the children to





look after.

**AEB** I can remember Laurie Dowling. We had Tom and Jim and their four children and Mrs Archibald, I think it was. And I can remember her saying

Dark and he wasn't home. Sometimes it was long after dark when he arrived home—  
Through flood and everything.

**THB** Grandma did not come out so much?

**LLB:** No. Afterwards she did. We got a buggy. But she would not come out for the weekend. She might come out in holiday time in the wagonette. As Rene and Zoe said and bring all the family, and leave us here with mother. There was a man Sam Rowan working up at Astoria Park, which we used to call the Mount. Dad would leave us at the Hut and come back and get us next weekend.

Zoë remembers coming out here it would be in the 1920's. Sometimes I would drive out Dad and would bring a friend. I remember bringing Hilda Davies. She was staying in Ararat, I remember bringing her out.

Alice do you remember the old place here. Did you ever see such a dirty, dusty old place?

**AEB:** The frying pan used to be hung at the side of the fire and the dripping was all on the wall.

**LLB:** We used to cook in the camp oven.

**THB :** Was there a kitchen?

**LLB:** No.

**LLB:** They used to hang the kettles on the hooks above the fire. And the jolly old camp oven. I remember mother cooking a fowl in it once – roasting a fowl in it.

**AEB** I can remember Laurie Dowling. We had Tom and Jim and their four children and Mrs Archibald, I think it was. And I can remember her saying "What a lovely holiday you have had" Laurie looked at me and winked. We had all the children to look after.

The two blocks of land Harrie Hill Banfield had purchased did not go as far as Redman Road except for one point. In 1933 he purchased two triangular blocks, 23 acres and 16 acres adjacent to Redman Road. This brought the farm up to its present size and boundaries. This area was not cleared until the mid 1940s.

*(See map page 27)*



A Government Tourist Bureau Nature Study Camp at Redman Farm 1928



A Government Tourist Bureau Nature Study Camp at Redman Farm 1928

## NATURE STUDY CAMP

Among the photographs Lorna passed on to me were a number of photos of a camp at the Bluff. She could tell me nothing about them except that they were of a Railway Tourist Camp. I showed these pictures to Isabel Armer who is publishing a new edition of the history of Pomonal. She was able to find a reference to the camp in the Argus — 9 Aug 1928 —

“For the convenience of State school teachers who will be on holiday during the Royal Show week the Government Tourist Bureau has arranged a nature study camp to be held at Red Man’s Bluff, Mt William, the Grampians commencing on September 21 and extending until September 28. A Tour manager, a botanist and a competent chef will be on the staff and accommodation will be provided in tents, meals being served in a marquee. Complete arrangements will be made for the comfort of the party, which will be limited to 20. Tickets will be £6/15/- each and this will pay for first-class rail way travel between Melbourne and Ararat, meals en route, motor between Ararat and Mt William and accommodation at the camp until the following Saturday when return will be made to Melbourne. Teachers interested in botany and geology will find much

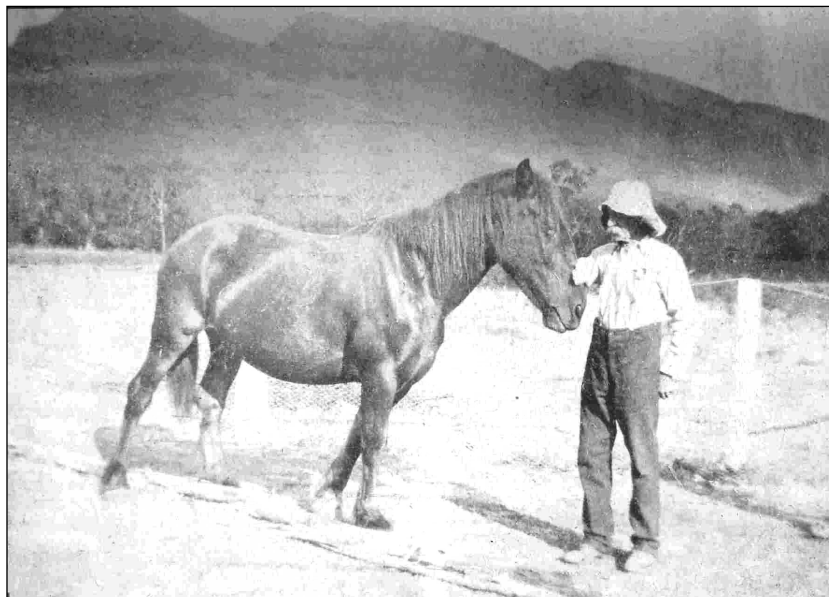


to interest them in this area. Applications for inclusion in the party are now being received by the Government Tourist Bureau.”

On a walk from The Bluff : Walter, Alice, Lorna, Rene and friend.



*Right: Walter and Alice Banfield riding his motorcycle with sidecar in Ligar Street, Ararat.*



Harrie Hill Banfield with horse



Jim Banfield sitting by the dam with eth tobacco kiln with stacks of wood for the furnace



## TOBACCO GROWING

From 1913 small plots of tobacco were grown in the Pomonal district. In 1930 the duty on imported tobacco rose five shillings a pound. This resulted in a rapid expansion of tobacco growing in Pomonal. Many orchardists ripped up their fruit trees to grow tobacco. By 1933 there were 1000 acres of tobacco growing in the parish of Jallukar (to the north of Redman Farm).

Tobacco was grown on Redman Farm. A tobacco kiln was built close to the dam, and a shed erected for storage of the tobacco. Part of the farm was leased or share farmed to someone to grow tobacco, and a small house and tobacco kiln was built on the south side of the creek about halfway down the property.

Some of my first memories of the farm were related to the tobacco growing. I can remember the raised seed beds in the house paddock. They had frames so that the seed-



Tobacco crop growing in front of The Shack n the early 1930's



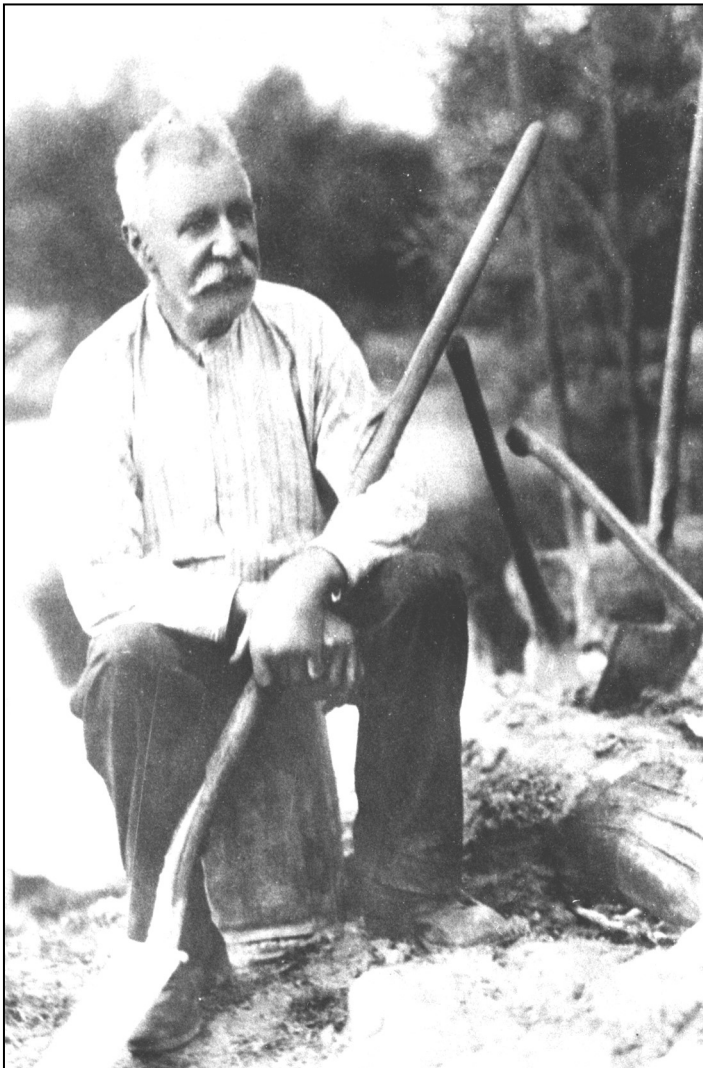
Harrie Hill Banfield showing friends the tobacco crop

lings could be covered with hessian at night to protect them from the frost. I do not know if the tobacco growing on our property was by share farmers, or some of the land was leased

I can remember the horse drawn tobacco planter. While one man drove the horse, two other men sat on seats about six inches off the ground. The machine made two furrows, and the men leant down and placed the plants in the furrow. One memory, which stands out clearly, is coming out to watch the tobacco being harvested. In front of the kiln was quite a large group of workers. As the tobacco leaves were cut and brought to the area, people would tie the leaves in small bunches and hang them on a tobacco stick. The tobacco stick was a sapling about 1 inch in diameter and 5 feet long. When

the stick was loaded with the tobacco leaves, it was carried into the kiln and placed on racks made of bush timber. These racks were about 15 feet high. When the kiln was full, the door was closed and the furnace under the building was lit and stoked with wood. When the leaves were dry they were taken off the sticks and packed in wool bales.

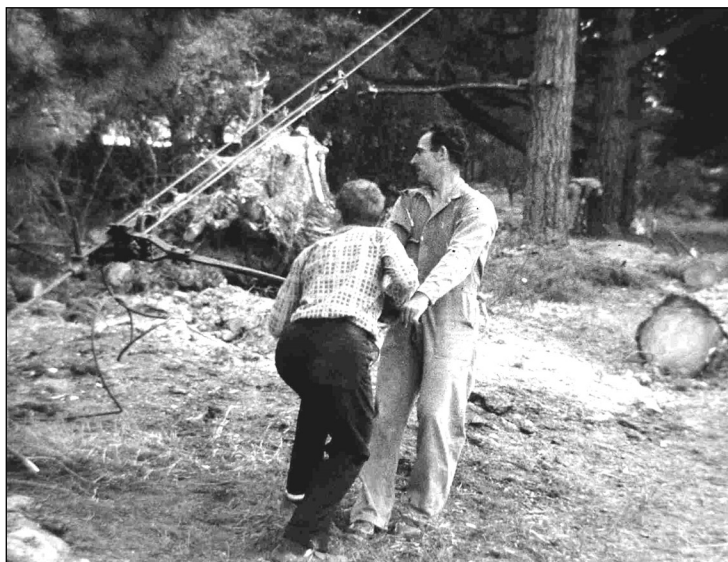
The tariff board reduced the tariff on imported tobacco leaf and there was a collapse



in the auction system for local growers. Growers would receive only one bid at auction, and before long it was not only not worth growing the tobacco, but also trying to sell the tobacco leaf all ready in storage on farms. The last of the tobacco grown on Redman Farm could not be sold and was buried near the kiln, which was halfway down the property. About 1950, I pointed out where the bales of tobacco were buried and a group of boys dug some up and even tried to smoke it!

The Tobacco barn by the dam was turned into a tractor shed. The ditches leading to the furnace were filled in and eventually the grate of the furnace fire was used as a grate in front of the present amenities block. As kids, we very much prized the tobacco sticks as walking sticks or used them to make a play tent.

My Grandfather, Harrie Hill Banfield  
1848 – 193



*Above:* Harrie Hill Banfield using the Forest Devil to remove a stump at Redman Farm

*Left:* The same Forest Devil being used to clear a block for St David's Church, East Doncaster in 1969 .

## MY EARLY MEMORIES OF REDMAN FARM

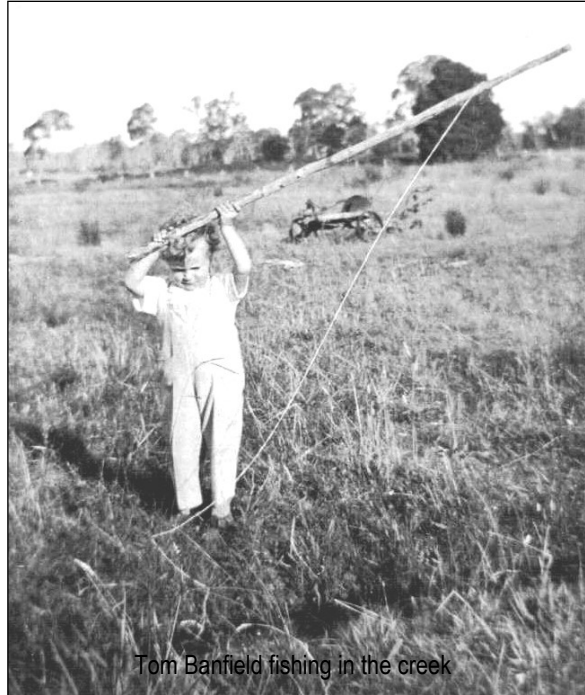
I do not remember a time when I was not brought out to one of our farm properties as a small child. Most weekends we came out to Redman Farm, but some times we would go out for the day to the Moyston paddock or the paddock at Warrayadin (on the eastern side of Ararat).

Not that I was aware of the fact, but in 1835 following the death of Harrie Hill in 1934, the ownership of Redman Farm was transferred to the family company "The Ararat Advertiser" with the shares being held by Walter, Hereward, Lorna and Rene. Our family, Walter and Alice and my brother Jim would often stay at "The Shack" Some weekend the Aunts would come out and stay in "The Shack".

We travelled out to the Mount in the A Model Ford which was the family car from about 1930 to 1945. It had a fabric roof and side with celluloid windows. In hot weather the sides were taken off. In winter the wind and rain blew in the gaps, and we would have to wear heavy overcoats and have rugs over our knees. Any excess luggage would be strapped to the running board. In this case my brother and I had to climb over the back side doors to get into our seats. Our maximum travelling speed was 28 mph.

The road from Ararat was not sealed once we got out of the town. On one occasion, we felt a bump and saw one of the back wheels racing on past the front of the car. About a month later the same thing happened on Redman Road near Mt William Creek when a wheel came off the trailer.

Our longest stay was over the summer of 1937-38 when there was a polio epidemic. My parents decided that my brother and I would be isolated from the community so as we did not catch the disease. My mother looked after us at the Mount while my father returned during the weekdays to keep the paper going at Ararat. Occasionally we would be driven into Ararat so we could have a bath, but we were not



Tom Banfield fishing in the creek

allowed to go out of the house and mix with others. While we were staying at the Mount, another family were staying in the hut down the paddock which was build during the tobacco boom. Earn Morton was the Shire Secretary and he rented the hut as a weekender. His two children were kept isolated at the eastern half of the property, a we were not allowed to mix with them.

I think it was this occasion that my Uncle Cyril Wheat, who was unemployed at the time, came up and stayed for part of this time to help my mother look after us boys. I think it was about this time that my mother took very ill and it was too dangerous to move her back to Ararat. Dr Frank De-Crespigny (senior) was called and he came out with a nurse. The old wooden table had to be used for an operating table and he performed the surgery by the light of a kerosene mantle lamp. My brother and I had to stay outside in the paddock until the procedure was over before we were allowed back inside.

My brother and I slept in the sleep out which was an un-lined corrugated iron lean-to on the north side of the hut. The beds were a steel frame over which wired netting had been stretched and hung by fencing wire from the roof poles. This was so the rats and mice could not climb up the bed posts and get into the horse hair mattresses. Each weekend, we had to rollup our bedding before leaving home at Ararat and stuff the blankets and sheets into a bag to bring out to the Mount to use for the weekend.

As Hereward's children, Harrie and Margaret were growing up, the demand on the Shack was greater and my father and mother decided to fix up the tobacco storage shed down by the dam as a weekender ("Our Hut"). It was just a large room which was lined with plaster board. We used one end as a bedroom and the other for cooking and eating. This freed up the Shack which was either used by Hereward and family or by the Aunts who mostly only came out for a day.

Jim and I each had a small area fenced off for a garden where we tried to grow flowers and vegetables. Jim had a very good plot of thryptomene which provided cut flowers. Lorna and my mother tried to establish an area with rho-



dodendrons near the gully running down from Astoria Park. They were never very successful and the last of the plants were destroyed in the 1939 fires.

My father's priority was to make the farm a financial success and his efforts were very much orientated to making the land productive. One of the greatest problems he faced was the infestation of rabbits.

After the 1939 fires the property was fenced with rabbit proof wire netting. Within this enclosure every effort was made to get rid of the rabbits. Each year poisoned carrots would be spread out on a furrow line. For three nights beforehand carrots without poison would be laid to get the rabbits used to feeding on them. Then the carrots were poisoned with strychnine and the following day my brother and I had to help gather up the dead rabbits to be buried.

All rabbit warrens had to be fumigated. Jim and I would have to help my father. We would have to pump the handle of the bellows to blow the gas down the burrow. As we saw the cloud of gas coming out a hole, we would have to stuff crushed up newspaper into the hole and throw dirt over it.

Every tree, especially the old red gums, dead or alive was seen as a problem. The rabbits would dig their warrens under the roots which made it hard to get at. So the clearing of trees was seen not only a priority to increase the average of pasture or crop, but as potential refuge for rabbits.

My aunts and mother very much appreciated the trees, especially the old Red Gum Trees. They pleaded to keep the large red gums and many were saved. Lorna wanted to plant more trees, especially on the house paddock. My father was not happy about that. However, he did let her plant trees in the areas that had not been cleared of scrub and ferns. Hence the magnificent row of trees through the camping ground which were planted just outside of the fence that formed the north boundary of the house paddock. I was not old enough to carry the kerosene buckets of water up from the dam, but Jim being four years older than me was pressed into service.

Jim was not so interested in the farm and the natural flora, but he was a great reader. Unfortunately he had very poor eyesight, and when he got to secondary school, the doctor advised that the amount of time he spent reading be restricted. So in return for helping his mother and aunts with carrying water or digging holes for plants, my mother would sit for hours reading his books to him.

## OUR CITY COUSINS

At this period of time Redman Road was not made past our eastern boundary. Our entrance track entered the property at the north east corner and wandered up the hill on the north side of the property. This area had not been cleared and the track wound around large trees and stumps. The creek crossing near the beginning of the track was, apart from very wet winters, a dry sand crossing. To ride the motorbike through this sand was a great achievement. When some of my mothers family came up from Melbourne, they were given direction of how to find their way to the farm. When they came to the entrance, they did not drive over the cattle pit, but opened the gate. They thought the cattle pit was for the cattle.

On one such visit, my uncle Sid Wheat, second cousin Arthur Kennedy, and cousin Jack Wheat came up for a week, and Jim and I were allowed to join them. My father told them, that if the toilet pan became full, they had to dig a hole and bury the contents. (No nightman called at the farm!). This was too much for our city cousins, so each morning they took some newspaper and went for a walk in the bush. A highlight of the trip was for them to walk across Redman Road to Halls Gap. I was considered too young to walk, so I went with Uncle Sid in his little Peugeot car. Sid was very lame and had the car modified so that he could drive it without using his legs. We met the walkers at Halls Gap and camped the night in the open by the roadside. Some of



Sid & Jack Wheat and Arthur Kennedy on a visit to the Farm c.1938

the party saw what they thought was a nice soft mossy patch to lay out their blanket (Sleeping bags were not heard of them, and campers used a folded blanket with large blanket safety pins to sleep in.). However the soft cushiony vegetation was a patch of Bidgie Bidgie Next morning they spent a lot of time pulling out the burrs.

## BLACK FRIDAY FIRES 13 JANUARY, 1939

In January 1939 a bush fire started up in the Wannon Valley and was burning for some days. It crossed Mt William Range and was not advancing very fast. Hereward stayed at the Farm for some time and as the fire seemed very quiet, on the Thursday evening, he came in for supplies and planned to return the next day. He left very early Friday 13<sup>th</sup> but by the time he got past Moyston the fire had flared up and he could not get along Redman Road. He was able to get to Bolton's who had an orchard not far from Lady Summers Bridge. He helped the Bolton family save their house, but ended up having to take refuge in their dam. I remember going up to Hereward's house at Ararat that evening. He was lying on the floor with very painful eyes from all the smoke.

At Ararat, the fire bell was rung many times during the day. On most times I would walk or ride my scooter down to the fire station (on the sites of the present Post Office) which was only a couple of hundred yards from our house at 53 Barkly Street to see what was happening. Sometimes it was a call for local fires, but mostly appealing for volunteers to go out to the Grampians.

That evening my father drove out to the farm and after removing some fallen trees on the road, managed to get out there. He found the Shack had been burnt down and all the sheds except for our hut (the tobacco store shed) and the tractor shed (the old tobacco kiln) and an old stable. The fire had burnt towards the dam from the north-west and the stumps under our hut and tank at the north-west corner had caught fire. The tank stand stumps burnt through and the tank tipped over. The water flooded under the building and extinguished the burning stumps. The water then flowed down towards the dam and saved the tractor shed from the fire. My father was able to put out any stumps that were still burning. These were the only buildings saved and the old Fordson tractor, and any tools etc stored in the tractor shed.

The next day (Saturday) my father drove the family out to the Moyston paddock. The fire burnt out when it got to the Nook (the bush block on the west side of our paddock. There was not enough grass to burn in the paddock, but flying embers had set alight dry wood and stumps in the paddock. These were put out using an old corrugated iron tank on the trailer. We were able to get water from the billabongs of Salt Creek which were fed with water being pumped from the Moyston Gold Mine. In the months that followed we had to fill the tank on the trailer with buckets at the Billabong and then fill up another tank in the dry dam which fed a sheep trough. The attempt to pump out the water from the Moyston Gold Mine that year and re-start goldmining failed. The water was flowing into the mine faster than what they could pump out. However it saved many farmers sheep during the drought.

The Fordson Tractor had steel wheels with spikes about 6 inches which dug into the ground and stopped the wheels skidding. The tractor ran on kerosene after being started with petrol (It had two tanks and once the tractor warmed up, we had to remember to switch over from the petrol to the kerosene tank. The kerosene was bought in 44 gallon drums for the tractor. Before my time kerosene was bought in 4 gallon square tins which were packed in a wooden box that took two tins. The boxes were used to make furniture, and the tins were used for water boxes and all sorts of storage. We used to help water trees and plants carrying the water in two half kerosene tins strung from a tobacco stick slung across our shoulders.

On the following Sunday after the fires, our family went out to the Mount. Driving out Redman Road we had to drive around a couple of bridges where the logs they were built with were still burning. We passed a bark hut which was still standing although the bark around the base of the walls was blackened from the burning weeds growing against the walls. On the other side of the road was a recently built hut made of cement sheeting. It was burnt down. The black burnt tree trunks and the white ash on the ground made a lasting impression. The only thing standing of the Shack was the chimney.

Mr Wheeler, who worked for the Agriculture Department in Ararat, had only recently purchased the land to the west and built a weekender. My father had strongly advised him to insure the house against fire, and as he had the agency for the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Company arranged a cover for him. The house was burnt down and once the initial fee was paid the company honoured the claim.

After lunch we sat in front of our hut looking across the dam to the burnt trees on the slope to the north of the dam. A kangaroo badly burnt and most likely blind came hopped into the dam where he died.

About a month after the fires we had a very heavy thunderstorm and this sparked off new growth on the paddocks and in the bush. It also washed out Long Gully. Long Gully was my favourite retreat, with its green bracken fern banks, tree ferns and creek. The base of the gully was washed out, the waterfall had gone, and the base of the valley was a jumble of rocks. It took fifty years to come back to what it was like before the fires. And now (February 2010) it is washed out again by the recent floods just like I remember it was after the 1939 fires.

As most of the farmers lost all their fences in the fires, and once they had repaired at least some, the long job of trying to round up the sheep which had disappeared into the hills begun. Hereward joined other farmers in the area who spent a number of weeks on horseback trying to round up the sheep, sort out their own sheep and drive them

back to their properties.

With new rabbit proof fences, the push was on to get rid of all the rabbits on the property or at least keep the numbers down. My brother and I were expected to help and we willingly did so. Sometimes we helped with fumigating warrens. Occasionally my father would get someone to bring their ferrets out, and this would mean rabbit was on the menu in the next few days. When a ferret did not emerge from the burrow, then we had to help dig out the warren to recover the ferret.

A regular job for my brother and I was to be sent around the boundary fences (a 2 to 3 mile walk), carrying a mattock to block up any holes the rabbits had dug underneath.

The task of clearing fallen trees and burning up the logs was another regular job. One job I found beyond my strength was digging up suckers that had sprouted where tree had been cleared. However I never dared complain or say I was too tired, but just kept slogging on. Then I would be dragging my feet on the long walk back to the Hut,

Roy Wheeler rebuilt his hut (the same design as our hut) and started a vegetable garden. Some time later, his son-in-law, Sam Anderson took over the property. He cleared about 30 acres and grew pumpkins, jam melons and water melons. He also leased the paddock on the south west of the Farm ("The Pumpkin Paddock") from my father, Walter.

## **THE WAR YEARS 1939 - 1945**

With the war came petrol rationing, and the amount the car was used was restricted to what was essential. My father would never dream of driving anywhere in the town. In Ararat we walked everywhere. Because he was a primary producer, he got a bigger petrol ration. He also got a ration for the tractor and the motor bike.

Some people fitted gas producers to their cars, On the back of the car was fitted an enclosed fire box. A fire was lit in the drum fitted to the back bumper bar or a small tailer and once the fire got going it was partly filled with charcoal and the unit sealed. The gas was fed by a pipe to the engine, providing a substitute fuel instead of petrol.

Some people were given permission to burn up the logs on the farm for charcoal. A hole about eight feet across would be dug and about three feet

deep. The logs would be piled into the hole and then set alight. Once they were well alight, old sheets of iron would be placed on top, and the pit covered with a good layer of dirt. The wood would be left smouldering for a week or more, and when the pit was opened up the charcoal would be picked out, the sand sieved out and the charcoal packed in bags for sale.

With the shortage of petrol, my father and his brother, Hereward decided to rationalise and save on travelling, by dividing the responsibility for the farm to save travelling. Instead of both brothers coming out to the Mount, it was decided that my father would look after the Mount block and my uncle Hereward look after the land at Moyston.

Sometime after my grandfather died, the family through the family company had purchased Sherrie Leighton, farmland south of Moyston. Mostly Hereward looked after this land, but he also spent many weekends out at the Mount. From this time, Hereward made Sherrie Leighton his base and he used an old hut for a weekender. This freed up the Hut at the Mount and we moved back to the Hut and our hut by the dam was rarely used from then on.

When Aunts Lorna and Rene came out to the Mount, they would spend time bird watching and collecting flower and orchid specimens. Lorna built up a very extensive collection of pressed flowers. I was always ready to accompany them on expeditions into the bush, and gradually build up a knowledge of the flowers and birds. Occasionally I would be able to go with them on a Field Naturalists

trips in the Grampians. Apart from these trips it was very rarely as a family we went for trips into the Grampians. However from late primary school age, I would wander off by myself into the hills around Long Gully.

Prices for wool and fat lambs improved, and this meant that it was worth while growing extra feed for the sheep. Various crops were tried but the three main crops were maize, millet and turnips. Portions of the farm were fenced off for these crops, and as I was by this time strong enough to depress the clutch, I was taught to drive the tractor. I was left for hours, while my father did other jobs not far away.

When the crop was mature, a temporary fence was erected through the crop so a small area could be opened for the sheep. Each week we would move the fence until the whole crop had been eaten. It was not only the sheep which enjoyed the good tucker, but the kangaroos came in droves, and in spite of shooting them they still did a lot of damage.



One year my father tried a crop of tomatoes which were grown on a wet area south east of the dam. These were sold locally.

A small area was fenced off by the creek for fruit trees and vegetables. My father was a good gardener and always managed to keep the family in vegetables, and have some to pass on to the aunts. He used the horse and plough to dig up the beds. He would walk behind the plough and guide it with handles while I had to walk beside and control the horse with the reins.

As part of the war effort there was an appeal for people to grow onions for seed. The seed was to be sent over to England. The family and friends joined in harvesting the seed.

My mother was a tireless worker for the Red Cross and Aunt Lorna for the Comfort Fund. The Comfort Fund sent parcels to the troops. In winter time a very successful way of making money was by picking and selling the Heath which grew wild on the bushland to the south of our property. The flowers had to be kept from the wind and large bundles would be wrapped in cloth to take back to Ararat. Often my brother and I would have to nurse the bundles of heath in the back seat of the car and put up with the prickles on the way home.

The family was kept in meat from the farm. It was Hereward's responsibility to kill and dress a sheep each fortnight. My father would divide the carcase and portions would be distributed to the three families. That is our family at 53 Barkly Street, Hereward's family (Isobel, his wife and Harrie and Margaret his children) at High Street and Caxton, Ligar Street (My grandmother and aunts Lorna and Rene}.

A cow was kept in Ararat. Between the three houses was a backyard where there was a chook pen, and a cow stall. Every evening after school someone (mostly me) had to ride a bike up High Street to a block of land my grandmother owned "The Wattle Paddock" where the cow had been grazing during the day. The cow would be lead with a halter to the backyard. In the evening and morning Hereward would milk the cow. Each morning the cow had to be taken back to the Wattle Paddock. Most days the cow was easy lead and it was an easy job. But every now again the cow would have a mind of its own and it would sometime break away. Then I would have to go back and get help. Occasionally my father would have to get the car out and drive around the town looking for the cow.

During the war years some food items were rationed. Our family were not great tea drinkers and we drank our tea very weak. We always had more tea ration coupons than we needed, so my parents would trade excess coupons with some of our farming

friends for butter and eggs. Most Sunday evenings on the way home from the farm we would call in to a farm house to collect supplies. Regular visits were to Frank Vanstan, Pat Poland or Alex McDonald. These were not so much business calls as social calls, and we might stay an hour while the adults chatted non-stop.

However, these war years while I was in the first three years of High School did not seem to impact very much on my life. We only once had once a practice evacuation for an air raid while I was at the Ararat High School. We were all escorted to a pine plan-



Driving sheep from Moyston to the Mount

tation west of the school where we sheltered in the deep wash-outs of the creek. With the threat of invasion by the Japanese, all road signs were removed and our house windows had to be blacked out at night, (although we never blocked out the blinds in the Hut at the Mount). The cars had to have covers fitted over the headlights which permitted a narrow slit of light to drive by. It was not a good idea to drive at night.

Saturday nights were mostly spent in the Hut at the Mount. In wintertime chops would be cooked on the open fire. Light was provided by a kerosene lamp which was fitted with a mantle. It was difficult to get the flame just right to make the mantle glow, but when it did, it gave a pleasant soft light. You had to sit at the table to read. Later my father installed a carbide light. A cylinder outside gave off the gas as water dripped into the powder. A small copper pipe brought the

gas inside to the light in the kitchen and living room. We used a hurricane lamp in the sleepout or used a torch. We would then sit around the fire and listen to the radio. Our favourite programs were "The Village Glee Club" (a pleasant program with a classic choir and guest singers), Bob Dyer's "Pick a Box", "Information Please". This program invited listeners to send in questions and try and stump the experts. Unfortunately, the only time I sent in a question, and stumped the experts we were not listening. The question was "What is the origin of the "Billy Can" and the answer was that it came from the use by early settlers to Australia of empty French "Boulie Soup" cans with a short piece of fencing wire as a handle to make a hanging pot.



Jim and Tom Banfield and Victor, the sheep dog in the Kyak on the Dam

Sometimes we went out for the day to the Moyston Paddock. We filled in the water gully scours with rubbish, and dug contour drain to divert the water away. The front paddock was sown down with clover. This meant it had to be dressed with superphosphate. I would have to drive the old semi-draft horse in from the mount. I would be sat on the spreader cart and have to drive the horse around and around the paddock. I did not have the strength to lift a full bag of superphosphate into the bin, so my father would tip the top half of the bag into a used bag and load the cart up with half bags. All day I would be going around the paddock, and be covered in wind blown superphosphate. I did survive!

If that was not bad enough, the next job was to help lift the bales of clover hay out of the shed on to the horse and cart and take them out to the paddock. Cut the hay bands and break up the bale and tip the pieces off the cart for the sheep to eat. As I suffered badly with catarrh and breathing problems, it was for me a hell of a job. But it was the war years and not long out of the depression.

Moving sheep from one property to another was a job that I enjoyed. Most times it was taking sheep between the Moyston Paddock and the Mount. This task usually came late spring, and the opposite direction late autumn. My father would get me going on the road and with Victor the sheep dog. We would slowly walk along the road. In those days there was little traffic. One of the advantages of sheep being moved along the country roads was that the sheep kept the grass down, and the roadsides were no way as big a fire hazard as they are today. One of the longest droving tasks was to drive a mob of sheep from Warrayadin 5 miles east of Ararat to the Moyston Paddock 12 miles west from Ararat. On this occasion my father followed with the car. We planned to take the sheep through Ararat (and we had to go through the centre of the town) very early morning before there was much traffic. Once this was accomplished it was the long slog along the road to Moyston.

The weekends at the Mount were not all work. We enjoyed walks in the bush, and time playing around the dam. My father made a Canadian Canoe with a wooden frame and covered with canvas. This gave many hours of fun to my brother and me. There was a bar of sand where the creek entered the dam and this was a great area to play. One weekend I rigged up a series of ropes and pullies which I attached to the harness of the horse. I stretched the ropes across part of the dam and standing on a Board, I got my father to drive the horse away from the dam, which gave me a short 'surfboard' ride.

My father had a good workshop at our home at Ararat and enjoyed making small engines. He built a small model boat with a steam engine powered by a mentholated

spirit burner. He also made a model yacht about one metre in length. It must have taken him at least a year to make. Much to Jim and my disappointment, not long after it was finished he gave it to the local Red Cross Society as a prize for a raffle.

When I was at High school, I saved up money over a couple of years and was able to buy a reconditioned second hand bike. With my mates we would ride out to Mt Langi Ghiran, Great Western or to Moyston. Sometime I was able to bring out a friend for the day or weekend. Keith ("Breezy") Gale was my best mate. He came from Woorndoo and boarded with his Aunt Mrs Bryant in Queen Street. He would often come out and we would either amuse ourselves or help with whatever farm work had to be done.

In the latter years of the war and the following years the farm was a very profitable undertaking. This enabled my father to send my brother to Geelong Grammar School in 1940 for his final year at school and on to University. 1943-1946 I was sent to Geelong Grammar which I very much enjoyed. Holiday times, it was back to Ararat and weekends at the Farm.

I was not a very good scholar and all my school life just scraped through and my parents were quite pleased when I got my Leaving Certificate. However they send me back to school for year 6 but with no high expectations I would get my matriculation. I only passed two subjects, but I did get a lot out of that year. At Geelong Grammar, I very much enjoyed the Saturday Parties, where a group of at least three boys could go off on their bikes for a day in the bush, either to the You Yangs or the Bellarine Peninsula. I was a member of the Natural History Club. Two teachers, Mr Ponder and Mr Baldwin, often came with us, and with their equipment we learnt to take bird photos. One of the members was Graham Pizzey who became a very well known naturalist and publisher.

One holiday we had a trip to the Grampians and we stayed at the Farm. The one thing I remembered is cycling down to Lady Sommer Bridge and standing still for half an hour or more with a camera trying to photo a yellow robin at its nest. I had to stand still, and dressed in shorts I was eaten alive by mosquitoes.

Another interest I developed at Geelong Grammar was watercolour painting. Mr Hirschfeld was in charge of the art school. Hardly any of the students did art as a subject, but the art school was open after school and we could drift in and take up a wide range of interests, photography, pottery, sculpture and painting. I was mainly involved in the printing group and helped to print a student newspaper. One day, a group were drawing charcoal picture of a possum and I was encouraged to have a go. This lead on to a chalk drawing from a photo of our dog "Monty" who had recently died. (It hangs

in the hut at the Mount).

Mr Hirschfelt was encouraging the boys to paint in abstract in the modern style. A few of us with more conservative tastes thought we could do better in more conventional impressionist painting. We obtained a set of watercolours and paper and started trying to do landscape paintings. Sometimes we did this on the Saturday Party trips to the You Yangs. On holidays I found a very satisfying hobby painting landscapes at the Mount.

An Adelaide Artist, Tom Bone, became friendly with the family, and he used to call in at Ararat and leave at our house watercolours for locals to purchase. The front room became a temporary art gallery. Each time he came he would have a look at what I had



Watercolour painting of the Hut and Mt William c. 1947



painted and I would write his comments on the back of the painting. These were really the only lessons I had in painting.

School finished, it was working in the back office learning to print. I started on the little letterpress machine which is now in the work room of the office at the Farm. I still use it.

I was taught to drive the car, and that summer my mother and I were enrolled at a Council of Adult Education Course at Mildura. I drove the old A model Ford, and after the course, we drove home via Adelaide. I had plenty of practice for when I went for my licence.

My destiny had been decided by my parents, I was to be a printer- reporter and week-end famer. I was sent to Ballarat to be trained as a cub-reporter at the Ballarat Courier. I was not up to the challenge. I was supposed to be trained to be a reporter, but the Editor just put me to work as a trained reporter. The challenge was beyond me, and after three months I was sacked and returned home.

Next day it was working in the back office learning to set type and work the printing machines. Gradually I was sent out reporting and took on the photography. At weekends it was work on the farm.

About 1950 my father had bought a little Grey Ferguson Tractor and a whole series of implements that fitted to the three point hydraulic implements. It was incredible how much soil and weeds could be turned over with the two-disc furrow plough. The ripper was very useful for digging up rabbit warrens.

We still made use of the horse and cart. Sometimes we used a home made sledge dragged by the horse. The sledge was made from a forked branch onto which boards were attached. It was easier to lift heavier items on the sledge than use the cart.

There was a Furphy water tank on a steel rimmed wheeled cart. I don't remember using it very much until only a bare stalk was remaining. The only trouble was that the kangaroos were a real problem as they enjoyed a free feed.

Another crop was turnips. When the sheep were let in to eat them, they would start eating the leaves, and the stalks and then the bulbs. In the end there would be only the hollow cups below ground level.

When the Ararat Field Naturalist Club had an excursion in the Grampians on a Saturday, I would go on the trip and on the return journey ask to be let off the bus either at Lady Summers Bridge or at the Borough Huts. From the Borough Huts I would run and walk across Redman Road to the farm, sometimes arriving well after dark..

For a number of years my father grew crops for sheep feed. The two most frequently grown were millet and maize. When the crop was ready, a small area would be fenced off with temporary fence and the sheep would be let in to eat that section. Some



Tom driving the horse sled with Jean Wheat as passengers

weeks later the fence would be moved, and so the amount of crop available to the sheep was regulated. With the maize, the sheep would stand up on their hind legs and eat the cobs, and when they had all gone ate the leaves until only a bare stalk was remaining. The only trouble was that the kangaroos were a real problem as they enjoyed a free feed.

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: Tom Banfield in a crop of field turnips grown for summer feed for the sheep

## **CEBS & CEBS CAMPS**

When I returned to Ararat after my short stay in Ballarat, I had lost contact with my school friends from when I was at the Ararat High School. I found out that my church, Holy Trinity Ararat, had a boys club and a youth group.. So I went over to see if I could make some friends there. The youth group was very small and only met monthly. But the boys club — Church of England Boys Society (CEBS) was a lively group of high school boys. They were all younger than me, but they made me very welcome. There was a roster of leaders including two high school teachers. After a few weeks, no leader turned up, and the Vicar Lindsay Howell, after showing a very uninspiring religious film strip left me to entertain the boys for the rest of the evening. Very soon, from being an assistant leader, I had to run the Holy Trinity, Ararat branch of the Church of England Boys Society. (CEBS)

With the help of Kelvin Turner who helped with the club we planned to run a branch camp at the Farm during the May school holidays, 1949. We would use the Hut for eating, and the leaders slept on the veranda which was screened off with hessian.

The tractor shed (the old tobacco kiln) was cleaned up as a dormitory for the younger boys. Our family tent and Hereward's old American Army Tent were used by the older boys. We had 29 in camp including the leaders. For some weeks before some of the older boys came out at the weekend and cut up logs of wood for firewood. The old hand operated cross cut saws were used and the wood stacked down near the dam. We had a trench fire on which we boiled kerosene buckets for hot water. The shower under a tree with hessian screening was a real fun activity each afternoon. Holes were drilled in the base of a kerosene bucket and covered with a piece of rubber from a car tube. To this was attached a piece of cord. The bucket was  $\frac{3}{4}$  filled with cold water and a dipper and arrived back at the farm about 9 pm.

Each day we took the boys for a hike or some activity away from the camp and if it was a long hike, we took the horse and cart so if any of the younger members could not



CEBS May Camp group. 1949 Leaders (Harrie Banfield, Stan Duver, Tom Banfield, Russell Rachinger, Norman Rachinger)

cope with the distance, they could be given a ride home. A highlight was always a hike to the top of Redman Bluff.

On arrival back at camp, the routine was for everybody to have a hot shower and to dress in their uniforms for the evening meal.

Towards the end of the camp, Kelvin Turner said he would look after the boys while I took a few of the seniors/junior leader some what more challenging hike. We decided to climb to the top of Mt William. In 1949 Mitchell Road had not been built. We set off through the scrub and bush and headed up the eastern ridge of Mt William and climbed up through a break in the cliffs to the top. There were no roads from the Fyans Valley to the top of Mt William, but there was a not very well defined walking track. By this time it was about 3pm and we could see the farm as the only cleared block of land in a sea of bush. We decided that towards dusk we might have difficulty in finding the farm, so we decided to walk around the ridge of the Mount William Range to Redman's Bluff. It was dark by the time we got down to Reman Track. Our Vicar, Revd Lindsay Howell came out one morning and we had an outdoor communion service.



CEBS members and one of the tents by the Dam

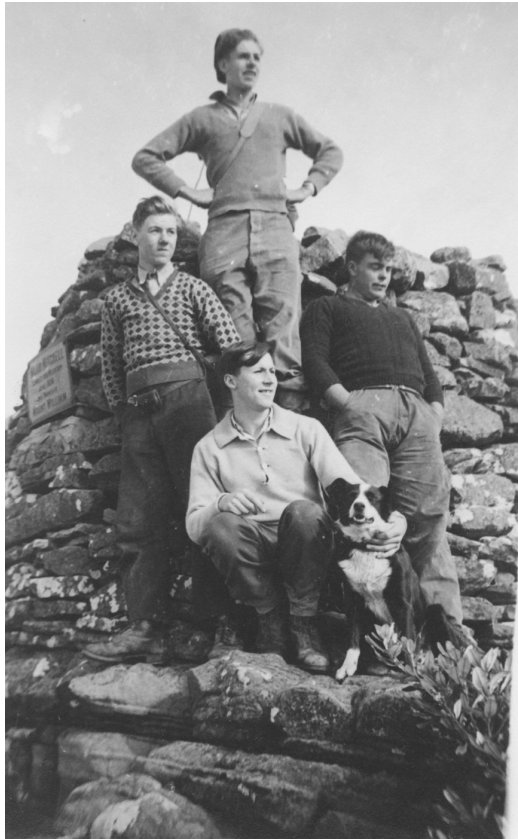


Outdoor chapel for Camp service, 1949

The following year we had 24 in camp. We had five leaders including Percy Lewin and Bob Butler who came out as cooks. We had a very pleasant week with hikes, games around camp and the highlight again climbing Redman Bluff. We had a short service on the summit.

The third camp in 1951 with 22 participants included CEBS members from Stawell and Horsham and two boys from St Cuthbert's





*Left: Cairn at the summit of Mt William. Right: top: Hike from the seven dial track.*

*Right Below: The horse and cart accompanied the CEBS hikes.*

Home for Boys from Colac. They were the guests of the branch.

It was at this camp that I began to think about the possibility of leaving the family business and farm to go to Adelaide to be trained for the ministry of the Anglican Church. When I told my parents of my plans, they asked me to delay the proposal for 12 months as they had planned an overseas trip for most of the year. If this happened, I knew that the Farm would no longer be available for the CEBS camps. The Diocese had bought a block of land at Lake Fyans to build a Diocesan Camp. The idea was abandoned in favour of purchasing buildings at Rocklands Reservoir. We approached the Diocese and were granted use of the Lake Fyans site for developing a CEBS camp.



While my parents were overseas, my uncle Hereward looked after the sheep on all properties. But there was plenty for me to do at the Mount and keep an eye on the Moyston Paddock.

I had an agreement with the senior CEBS that they would come out to the Mount and help with various jobs, and that some weekends we could go off and enjoy ourselves on trips and camps. Sometimes we would go down to Warrnambool where my parents left our caravan over the summer. Some time we would go shooting rabbits on the Farm.

During 1952 the CEBS branch with the help of some of the parishioners set about building a camp kitchen at Lake Fyans. We had a farmer donate us sand and gravel from his property. Another parishioner carted the material to the grounds of the Church at Ararat where we made cement bricks. People would see what we were doing and gave donations of cement. The members sold bricks (small erasers). Another donation was a set of steel windows, and the boys raised the money to buy the timber and iron



The camp kitchen at the CEBS camp site at Lake Fyans.

for the roof.

We then set about building the camp kitchen and the following year it was ready for their summer camp.

One of the ways we made money for the camp kitchen project was rabbit drives. These were never on our property. The most successful drives we held were on Alex McDonald's property on the western side of Mt Ararat. The paddocks were well fenced with rabbit proof fencing. On the Saturday a couple of the boys would go out and walk over the paddocks we would use. They would block up any rabbit burrows and fence off a corner to make a triangular pen with rabbit netting, but leaving a couple of openings. On the Sunday, all the club members we could muster would form a line on the opposite side of the paddock to the pen. Then with shouting, bagging tins and waving arms drive the rabbits into the pen. The openings would be closed off. Then the older boys would catch the rabbits, ring their necks and gut them. We would then drive to the butter factory/ice works at Ararat and sell the catch. We would get 2 shillings a pair and on a good day catch at least 200 rabbits.

### MY YEARS AWAY

In February 1953 I left Ararat to attend St Michael's Theological College at Mt Lofty near Adelaide for the five-year course. It was a very difficult break for my parents, and I



Grampians fires in 1960. *Left*:: Smoke in Fyans Valley seen from Lake Fyans. *Above*: Fire on Redman Bluff moving towards the farm



accepted that I would never inherit Redman Farm. In fact I did not even go home for the first 12 months and when I did relations with my father were very, very difficult.

After 12 months, my father decided to retire from the Ararat Advertiser and in the settlement with Hereward, Lorna and Rene the assets of the company were divided. Hereward, Lorna and Rene took the shares of the company, and Hereward took over

ownership of Sherrie Leighton, the Moyston property. My father took Redman Farm and the property at Rhymney.

Each holiday from College I would go hitchhiking and over the summer holidays get a holiday job. One holiday a group of student came and we camped at the CEBS camp at Lake Fyans, and one day Harrie drove us all to have a look at the Farm, and we went rock climbing on the Long Gully Cliffs.

Over these years my father spent a lot of time on the properties, but he reduced the workload by leasing the Rhymney land to Norman Douglas, who also did share farming on Redman Farm. By the time I finished college, he had leased the whole farm to Norman Douglas, but still came out to the Mount to potter around.

Sam Anderson (son in law of Mr Wheeler) who was working the property to the west leased one of the pad-



Walter and Alice Banfield

docks for growing pumpkins and rock melons. In 1953 Roy Pietsch purchased his property. When Roy arrived about 30 acres had been cleared and another area had only been bulldozed. Roy as well as going shearing grew potatoes, which he sold throughout the Wimmera.

Once I finished college I was appointed to the staff of Wangaratta Cathedral, and part of my duties was supervising the Boys Hostel which provided accommodation to country boys wanting to attend the Wangaratta Technical School and the Wangaratta High School. I was also involved with the Church of England Boys Society and the Young Anglican Fellowship. Camps were important parts of their programs. One of the camps I ran was at the Grampians camping at Lake Fyans in 1960.

From 1961-1966 I was overseas. After six months working in a Parish at Halton near Leeds, I was appointed the Bishop's Chaplain for Youth in the Derby Diocese. Over this period of time, I was able to be involved in a number of youth camps and trips and travel extensively in England and on the Continent. On the return trip I joined a bus tour from London to Bombay, and spent three months in India.

So from 1953 to 1967 I had little contact with the Farm, and only heard scanty news of doings on the farm from my mother. The entries in the visitor's book that was kept in the Hut tells of the number of friends who were invited to spend a day on the property. Very often when my parents came out for the day or the weekend they would invite someone from Ararat for lunch. Some of the visitors were friends from my mother's time in college in Melbourne, some were friends they made on their overseas trips. Some were relations and friends of my aunts. A well known member of the Field Naturalist Club, Ina Watson was just one of the many who came out to enjoy the bird life and look for native plants. My mother started to do water colour paintings of the flowers to help her to remember their names. In 1954 Mr Percy Biggin, the local magistrate and his wife were guests. Dick and Laurie Dowling from Ballarat used to own a property in Pomonal. He was the vet in Ararat when I was a child. Other well known Ararat personalities included the Scholes, the McDonalds, the Forsyths, and the Spaldings. Also a number of school teachers and ex-teachers. My mother before she was married was a teacher at the Ararat High School. She had experienced the loneliness of living in a boarding house room when she first came to Ararat and she made a special effort to offer friendship to the teachers who came to Ararat. Dorothy Mellor, my first primary school teacher visited the Farm in 1956. Other teachers were Dorothy Yule, Horace Crebbin, Norman Neylan, Mary Norman-Bail.

I arrived back in Australia after nearly a year off work while I travelled in spring 1967 and made Ararat my base while I looked for work. I was looking for work with young people but there seemed to be no openings in the field I was looking for. In the meantime it was back to work on the farm. The big project was to clear the scrub back

to the southern boundary of the property. Logs were dragged together with the tractor and then burnt.

It was not long before I was offered a position in a co-operating parish with the Anglican and Methodist parishes in East Doncaster. I was able to come up to visit Ararat and the Farm. In August, the visitors book records the visit of Alan and Marjory Collins and family. Alan was the Minister of the East Doncaster Methodist Church.

In December, a very special visit, I bought Aileen Campbell to introduce her to my parents and announce our engagement. My parents were delighted, and for my father re-established my relationship with him who suffered so much when I left Ararat in 1953.

In a very short time, my parents arranged to transfer the ownership of the Mount and the Moyston blocks to me. To avoid heavy government duties, my father "sold" the Mount block to me, and my mother "sold" Moyston block to me on the 26<sup>th</sup> May 1968. The money was a loan from Rural Finance. In the presence of the solicitor I handed over the tray of notes in the bank manger's office to my father. It was the same tray of notes that I then handed over to my mother! Duly witnessed and photographed, my parents paid off my loan, and I became the proud owner of "Redman Farm", the Mount and the Moyston paddocks. This made no practical difference to my father's involvement in the farm, and he still came out and kept an eye on the farm activities. Before long he was urging me to apply pressure on the lessee to



Passing over the purchase money to my father, Walter for The Mount paddock (*top*) and to my mother Alice for the Moyston paddock. (*right*).



comply with the conditions of the lease. It was not long after I spoke to Norman Douglas that he decided to give up the lease and I had to advertise for new tenants for the Mount and the Moyston Block.

There were only two tenders, neighbours, one for each block. Roy Pietsch took on the Mount paddocks and Victor Nater the Moyston Paddock. Roy worked hard to



*Top Right: Aidan planting a tree with his mother near the entrance behind the Hut.. 1970 Above: Aileen with Aidan and Chad at the Farm, 1972*

fix fences, clear and sow down paddocks. When the end of the leases came up in three years, I offered both properties to Roy Pietsch.

Over these years, having a young family the income we got from the farm was a great help in supplementing my stipend from the parish. But also were the extras that Roy was able to provide us with. He kept us in meat, potatoes, some times other vegetables and wood. When I came up by myself, I might return to Melbourne with a side of mutton wrapped up in a sheet on the back seat. These were good years for the farmers and for us.

With the growth of supermarkets throughout the Wimmera with their bulk buying of pre-packaged washed potatoes Roy's market for

potatoes dried up and after 1978 he only grew potatoes for the family. He had extended his irrigation scheme down to some of our paddocks and when they were no longer required for the potatoes he set up sheep troughs throughout the Farm.

The boys enjoyed their visits to the farm. Roy enjoyed children and gave them rides on the horse, visited the pigs and piglets.

My father expected me to keep the work of clearing by hand tools, axe saw and forest devil. I knew that what would take me all my holidays for two years to clear could be done with a bulldozer in a couple of hours. It was not long after my father's death in 1974 that Roy had cleared all the land and cropped the cleared area. So when I came up I fixed up the hut, enclosing the sleepout, making a room on one end of the veranda and a window on the south end to keep out the cold winds. Then I started on a new shed. Roy obtained for me treated pine poles as a base for the frame of the shed. This



The framework of Aidan's Museum



was made from materials recovered from the tractor shed (the old tobacco kiln) and second hand timber and iron.

My father died in August 1974. He had driven my mother out to the farm and then set out for a drive to Halls Gap when at the east end of Waterhole Rd he had a heart attack. The car stopped in a ditch with a foot of water on the side of the road. My mother was trapped in the car with water around her feet until a passing motorist pulled up and called the ambulance.

In 1976 I was appointed Vicar at Cobram. It was a long way from the Farm so visits became less frequent. However with my mother at Ararat and Aileen's parents at Bendigo we had added reason to make the journey when we could. When we moved to Cobram, we had the problem that as well of having to move our household goods,



St. David's Parish Camp, 1974: Bev Boreham with Nicola Boreham, Chad and Aidan on the horse at the Farm

I had developed a printing service with a small letterpress machine and an offset machine. I planned to make a storeroom in the big farm shed where we could park the printing gear and any other possession on trips to the farm before the final move. In 1980 we had the opportunity to move to Dunolly, which was much closer to visit Aileen's parents at Bendigo and my mother at Ararat



1976 Family Camp: Chris and Mandy Shave, Aidan and Chad at View Point, Wonderland Range



## FAMILY CAMPS

*This section was written in 2003 in response to a person who camped with us on one of the first Buffalo Camps.*

The idea of family camps came out of the first youth camp I organised when Vicar of St. David's East Doncaster. That was in January 1968 at Mt Buffalo. Barbara Bouchier and Yvonne Smith came as leaders and some of the parents assisted with transporting the young people and their equipment. The second weekend, the Boreham's came to help with transport and enjoyed joining in the camp activities and suggested that next year they should be able to stay for the whole camp.

In 1969 the Camp was advertised as a Youth and Family Camp. Boreham's, Collier's, Higgins's, Clague's, Birkett's and Aileen and I attended for all or part of the time along with 18 young people.



A feature of the Family camps was a hike to the summit of Redman Bluff. Resting at the summit cairn, 1999

Activities included hiking, rock climbing and swimming.

Parish Family Camps were also held at Lake Fyans, Grampians, Queens Birthday weekend, 1969 and 1970, and over the New Year period at Lake Fyans 1969-70 and at Mt. Buffalo in January 1970.

At the Parish Camp in 1970-71 at Lake Fyans we shared equipment with the Melbourne Diocesan Youth Camp and activities also included canoeing and sailing. For the 1979 camp, I was unable to obtain yachts and canoes from Melbourne DCE, but by this time I had begun to build up my own fleet, which also was used for Parish youth activities at Cobram. We went to the Lake Catani Camping Ground on Mt Buffalo with 11 families. At the 1980 camp from 4 to 20 January we had 23 families. We enjoyed natural history excursions and talks arranged by the national parks guides and the company of two lyrebirds, which had their territory adjacent to the camping ground. This was the last camp at Mt Buffalo, as I moved to Dunolly during the year, and I decided it would be too far away and too difficult for me to get the equipment to Mt. Buffalo for a camp. We decided to try out camping on our family property, "Redman Farm" at Pomonal.

That year I was contacted by the Diocese of Melbourne, stating that they no longer were prepared to be the responsible body for the family camps and suggested that I approach the Diocese of Bendigo to take over the running of the family camps. I was not prepared to ask Bendigo diocese to accept responsibility for the camps because very few families came from Bendigo and most came from the Diocese of Melbourne.

At a meeting of campers we decided to become an incorporated organization and a committee was formed to run "Anglican Family Camps".

### **ANGLICAN FAMILY CAMPS**

For the 1981 camp from the 1st to 17th January we did not advertise, but invited those who had camped with us the previous year to come to the camp to try out camping on Redman Farm.

During the year, we had several working bees to make up some toilets, and shower facilities.

We cleaned out the machinery shed, and built a tank stand. Black poly pipes across the roof provided hot water for showers under a tank stand, with black poly sheeting and Hessian to screen the showers. All very primitive, but it worked well. One of the farmers who attended offered us a wood boiler, which was installed in time for the following year's camp and served us well for many years.

The camp was a great success, and we decided to go ahead and make Redman Farm

our location for future camps. Each year improvements were made.

In summer 1981-2, 18 families attended including families from the Parishes we had been in: East Doncaster, Cobram and Dunolly joining in.

During 1982, the farm dam was enlarged to make a small lake, which proved very satisfactory for swimming and canoeing, and occasionally we even launched sailing craft, although most of the sailing was at Lake Fyans.

Each family was responsible for their own catering and cooking, sometimes sharing with another family. On most camps we joined together in the big shed for a bring-and-share meal. These meals became known as a "Shed Tea".

On hot days, camp activities usually centred on the dam, with swimming, floating around on inner car or truck tubes, canoeing and occasionally sailing.

Other days we went hiking in the Grampians, rock climbing (mostly at the Grand Canyon, Wonderland or at Summer Day Valley in the Northern Grampians).

Camp outs were held from time to time, camping at Bunadik on the west side of the Victoria Range, in the rock shelters at Bundaleer on the west side of Mt Rosea and

at Troopers Creek, Mt Difficult. A feature of most camps was the overnight hike across Major Mitchell Plateau.

Over the years, a number of parents and teenagers who became competent in rock climbing assisted as climbing leaders. The aim of climbing was to give participants an enjoyable family experience and to give parents the opportunity



The House Paddock before the camping ground was developed.

Above: The Big Shed which was used as a meeting room with the temporary shower shed which had from a coil of black plastic pipe for solar hot water on the roof.

Below: The original farm dam which was enlarged to become "Blue Lake"





to climb with their children. There was no age limit, but any child who was came to a climb with a parent was given a go, mostly on “The Nursery Cliff” in the Grand Canyon. The youngest climber was only three years old. With the climbing tower built by

Aidan, we were able to teach children to abseil from a 2.5 metre wall, before they faced a bigger abseil out in the Grampians.

We developed what we called “Bush Mountaineering”. This was scrambling up rocks, such as the Elephant’s Hide” with the protection of a long



*Left: 1983 Easter work camp. The campers cemented the shed floor where we held our camp meetings.*

*Below: A camp Service held in the shed on the Sunday morning.*



rope which all the participants were attached to. Some of the climbing leaders would not be attached to the rope, and help guide the party up the steep slopes, the leaders tying on to a rock and securing the party over any steep sections. The leaders came to be known as “sheep dogs” as they moved up and down the line of climbers.

Over the years the Manton family attended 17 camps, and the Shaves, McKenrys, Corells, Streets, Murdochs and Allens attended more than 10 camps.

In 1983 four families spent Easter at Redman Farm and helped concrete the machinery shed which we used as a meeting area for the camps,

The 1987-88 Summer Camp was the largest with 24 families plus a number of teenagers, involved and at one stage 17 families were in camp. Camping skills were tested with two thunderstorms on New Years Eve with 2.5” of rain. No sooner had we dried



Members of the Family Camp canoeing, sailing and swimming on Blue Lake



out tents and bedding and most people had gone to bed, when the second storm came and water flowed under a number of tents.

I retired from Parish ministry in 1989 and set about building an amenities block for the Camps. We had to get planning permission from the Ararat Shire Council, which meant that we registered the campsite as a camping ground.

Besides running the Family Camps, we opened up the campsite to the public and advertised for the first year as “Redman Farm” and then changed the name to “Redman Bluff Camping Ground”. We acquired two six-berth caravans for on-site vans.

The 1989-90 Camp extended for four weeks. Families came and left so that we had almost two different groups for the first and the second fortnight. We had a number of new trips but the old favourites were repeated a number of times Hollow Mountain and the Elephant’s Hide, both interesting rock scrambles. Every year we went to a place in the Grampians that we had not been before.

During 1990 we had an Easter Camp.



Folk who had attended Parish and Diocesan Family Camps Camp had a reunion in 1995 at Redman Farm

In 1992 I acquired a second hand building which was an old shop and house at Ararat. We pulled down the shop and rebuilt it as a hall, which became known as “The Hub”. The house part is slowly being re-furbished which we planned to use as a holiday flat.

Eight new families joined in the summer 92-93 Summer Camp making a total of twenty-two families

In March 1995 we had a reunion of families who had camped either with the St David’s parish camps, the DCE Camps or the Anglican family Camps. 14 families were represented who had been at one or more of the camps over nearly 30 years.

In our 1998 Christmas letter, Aileen wrote “Over the last few years the number attending have gradually receded. Changing holiday patterns, changing church attendance and the devastating cost of added insurance for adventure activities such as rock climbing, sailing, etc, have had marked effect on this style of holiday recreation.” First we had to drop sailing, then rock climbing, and then pull down our climbing walls. We retained the kayaks for use on our own Lake.

Nine families were involved in the 98-99 Summer Camp

The last Family Camp was held in 1999-2000 with six families attending, mostly for only a few days over the New Year weekend.



The house paddock in 1981 from the Big Shed. The two drop toilets were built for the first Family Camp at Grampians Paradise in 1980. The left hand toilet is now used as the wood shed for the Amenities Block which was built in 1990.



From 1981 trees were planted to provide more shaded areas for camping



Bulldozers enlarging the dam in 1983, the beginning of Blue Lake





With the success of the 1981 Family Camp, I was assured by those who attended that Redman Farm was a great place for running the camps. A feature of camps held in the past was camping by a lake with the opportunity for swimming, and canoeing.

To ensure the attraction of these water activities, I set about planning to enlarge the dam to make a small recreational lake.

With the help of Roy Pietsch we emptied out the dam, syphoning the water over the bank into the creek below. We were left with a wet muddy mess at the bottom of the dam. Roy borrowed a mud scoop. A long steel cable was stretched across the dam between two tractors and the sledge in the middle. Roy would drive his tractor away from the dam pulling the scoop, which filled with mud to be dumped beyond the bank. Then I would drive my tractor pulling the cable which emptied the scoop and pulled it back. The two tractors going back and forward, managed to clear nearly all the mud out of the dam.

We approached a contractor who builds dams to enlarge the dam. Rather than one big bull-dozer he arrived with two small dozers. It was fascinating to watch how they worked as a team. When one dozer struggled to push a big load of dirt up the steep bank, the second dozer would come in behind the first, and give it a push up the bank. The dam was doubled in size within the fortnight.

Once the contractors left we had to finish off the overflow and plant it down with couch grass. To get a good cover before winter, Roy ran a line of aluminium agricultural pipes from his place down to the overflow so we could set up sprays. The pipes Roy used were from when he was growing potatoes up to 1977. He had two big dams for irrigating the potatoes. He now had water to spare so not only did he help us out with the overflow, but we had sprays around the house to protect us from bushfires and to water the camping ground.

The following year, we started moving excess dirt from around the dam to build flat terraces for caravans and campsites.

The next project was to pull down an open shed near the dam and to rebuild it further away in the paddock north the house paddock. The original steel posts were re-used, and the frame for the roof was made from timber I scrounged from the demolished stick shed (wheat silo) at Dunolly. I purchased second hand decking iron from Maryborough and used the old iron from the shed for the walls. The shed provided storage for our boats and hence the name the "Boat Shed"

Aidan began an outdoor education course at the Bendigo College. He planned to develop a centre for adventure camps and outdoor education activities using the Farm as a base. Planning for my retirement in 1989, I made plans to build a building to house my printing equipment and to also provide an office for the camping ground. Roy's brother, Ivan Peistch agreed to give me a hand to build it. For the first time I set





about a new building on the farm using new materials. We laid the floor made out of particle boards, and I ordered the wall and roof frames which we only had to assemble. During the September school holidays with the help of Aidan and Chad we assembled the frame and started putting the iron roof and colour bond iron walls. Ivan Peitsch finished the outside work in the following

*Top and right: Building the Office / Printing shed in September 1988.*

months, we contracted the installation of the ceiling but we did the lining of the walls ourselves

In 1988 some of the women who attended the Family Camp expressed their opinion that the temporary toilets and showers were not good enough.



Realising that if the family camps were to continue at Redman Farm there had to be better facilities. One of the fathers, Richard Brooks who attended the camp offered to get the plans for the amenities block drawn up so we could get a building permit. Our first thoughts were to build the amenities with the outside cladding corrugated iron looking like a farm shed. After looking at a number of alternatives we decided on cement bricks. I visited a number of camping grounds looking at designs and then discussed my ideas with the Shire Health Officer. It was his suggestion that we do not build a urinal in the men's toilets, and the outside sinks for washing up. The idea of the children's bathroom came from the temporary showers we had built in the shed. One shower was big enough for a family to shower their children. The roofline came from our experience in building Aidan's Museum. The person in charge of the Stawell Swimming Pool advised us not to have a tiled floor. They had to pull out the tiled floor



Laying the foundations for the Amenities Block, 1986.



because of the number of children slipping on the wet floor and breaking their arm. We decided to coat a cement floor with an epoxy resin coating which had sand grains incorporated to make it a non-slip surface.

The first builder we approached looked at our plans and decided he could not build the building within our budget. He recommended I approach an Ararat Builder, Ian Phillips. Ian had been one of the CEBS boys at Ararat in early 1950's. To keep down the cost, he suggested I be the owner builder and he would help me in lining up the sub-contactors. We contacted Des Mills who gave us a price for the plumbing.

The plans were drawn up and approved. The bricks ordered and Ian Phillips gave me a hand to lay out the foundations and lay out the reinforcing.

The site was selected and the area levelled. Then there was a long hard job: I had to dig a trench around three sides of the site to install agricultural drains.



The Amenities Block. On the left the old camp toilet, now a wood shed for the boiler.

The trench on the west side was four feet deep, which I dug by hand. I lined the trenches with geo-textile, laid agricultural pipes in the bottom of the trench and then filled the trench with large screenings.

The track down from the gates had to be built up with gravel and screenings, so we could get the heavy trucks on to the site.

The building progressed during the year. Unfortunately the plans did not specify the size of pipes and for a public toilet block; the plumber did not put in large enough pipes.

When we had the building well on the way we discovered the plumber did not include the price for the septic tanks and external plumbing. To get the building ready for the summer camp, we had to accept a very expensive price for the septic tanks and their installation. We then discovered we had to have a big tank and a water pump to give enough pressure for the hot water tanks on the roof. Our costs sky rocked beyond our budget. Aileen's brother Robert came up from Melbourne and gave us a hand with the painting. Aidan and Chad helped with the painting and laying the coating on the floor. When we tried out the showers during the camp, a shower went cold when another tap was turned on. The plumber was called out but had no suggestions to cure the problem. I had to be firm in my request that he bring the cold water to the showers from the header tank on the roof. This greatly improved the showers. On the second day of camp the old drop toilets were abandoned and Bev Holland opened the new amenities block by being the first person to use the facilities.

The second hand hot water tanks and boiler that we used for the temporary showers at the big shed were transferred to the new amenities block and one of the tanks is still in use.

The Amenities block served the Family Camps very well and made the basis for a very much appreciated camping ground.

Following my retirement in 1989 I was living in Ararat and coming out for a day or two at a time. Once we opened the camping ground to the public and started advertising under the name "Redman Farm" there had to be someone out here most of the time. We had planned to build our home at the farm, but circumstances prevented this happening. I had to live most of the time in the house at the farm, and Aileen had to divide her time between looking after my aunts in Ararat and being out at the farm.

With the Family Camps we were having a number of inquiries from families who were looking for on-site caravan accommodation. We could not foresee the viability of building units but when the opportunity to purchase a couple of second-hand older large caravans, came up we went ahead and purchased them. Our little caravan that my father build was also used when we were under pressure and a small caravan, which we had purchased for Chad, and Aidan had used for a short time when he was studying



*Above:*  
Anglican Family Camps used the Big Shed for meetings, and services. A group of campers provided accompaniment for hymns and sing-songs.

*Right:*  
Enlarging the dam with the Grey Ferguson Tractor and scoop  
c.1986



in Bendigo, was set up for use in the camping ground. These caravans have enabled clubs and groups to camp here with cheap basic accommodation, and over the years the caravans have helped to boost our budget.



## THE LODGE AND THE HUB



In 1992 when I went down to an Ararat hardware store to buy two door handles the manager asked me how “the camp” was going. He then suggested that he had something that might be of value. So we walked out of the shop to a building next door. It was a house and shop that they were about to demolish to make space for their timber yard and he offered the building to us for \$1000. I did not give it serious consideration but when I arrived back to our home and told Aileen about it, she said it was an offer too good to miss out on. Aileen had an appointment in the afternoon but when Aidan came in from the farm, we decided to go and have another look. He was enthusiastic about buying it and pointed out that if we could not move it out to the farm, we could demolish the building and sell the materials at a good profit. I rang a removalist and we decided to go ahead and buy the building.

We pulled the brick chimney out and took the bricks out to the farm. The removalists from Maryborough did a very good job. They took off the roof, numbering each

sheet of iron or piece of timber so it could be put back in the same place. They brought three trucks. The shop part of the building was pulled down and the house part of the building was cut down the middle passage. Half of the house was loaded on to each of the two trucks, and all the other material was loaded on the third truck.

Early in the morning the trucks drove through Ararat and had no trouble getting out to the Farm. A gate post had to be pulled out to get through and then the drivers drove down to the site and very quickly and accurately lined up the trucks with the two halves of the house side by side. The sections of the house were jacked up and the cement stumps were installed and the house lowered onto the posts. In a very short time the roofing beams were replaced. As the hall would have been very narrow we made provision to add three feet. We had steel beams erected so that if we wanted to expand the hall it could be done at a later date. Ian Phillips was employed to make the necessary alterations to the back entrance and the east veranda and the enlarged hall. We then did the cladding and lining of the hall walls ourselves and by summer, the hall



The steel frame erected for the building of the hall onto the Lodge in 1992





“The Hub” looking out onto Blue Lake.

although not on Bob Campbell’s (Aileen’s brother) big trailer and by Sunday morning Bob had them delivered to the hall at Redman Farm.

We had a competition for a name for the hall and the suggestion “The Hub” was accepted.

Obtaining adequate public liability for the Family Adventure Camps had always been a problem, and by 1996 we ceased sailing at Lake Fyans. In 2001 we could not get insurance to cover rock climbing and sadly we had to take down our climbing walls.

In 2001 we changed our direction from adventure activities to eco-tourism making capital from our natural environment close to our camping ground and making our aim to help our guests enjoy the birds, animals and wildflowers around us. Aidan worked on improving the grounds and planting new areas with native plants. I produced a series of leaflets with guides for self-drive tours which helped our guests discover the natural beauty of the Grampians. These have encouraged guests to stay longer or return to follow more of the tours.





This picture taken across Blue Lake with the Lodge and the Hub was taken on an unusual autumn when the lake was full after rain. It became the logo for advertising the camping ground.

## **“GRAMPIANS PARADISE CAMPING AND CARAVAN PARKLAND”**

We started advertising the camping ground as Redman Bluff Camping Ground in 1990 and were beginning to get customers especially during school holidays and long weekend. We had a few youth groups, schools and adult groups.

The Hub soon became a valued feature of the camping ground, and the Family Camps and other groups made good use of the room.

In 1996 we extended the camping ground creating seven new sites to the south of the Amenities Block.



*Above:*  
The central caravan  
sites looking east to-  
wards Blue Lake.

*Right:*  
:The south camping  
ground sites.







One of the garden beds in the camping ground featuring Australian native plants

We joined the organization “Willing Workers on Organic Farms” and although our farm was not organic, our environmental camping ground and interest in developing wetlands was accepted as a host farm. The “Wwoofers”, mostly young adults from overseas, are offered accommodation and meals in return for a half days work each day they stay. Our first “Wwoofer” was in May 2002 from the Netherlands. Not only have we received a great deal of help with our projects but we have enjoyed their company. For some years we had been advertising the camping ground on the internet using commercial tourist sites. Aidan made a design for our own site “Grampiansparadise.com.au” with lots of photographs showing our beautiful grounds. A friend, Tony Wilson set up and hosted the site for us. Before long nearly all our bookings were coming from people who found us on our website.

## THE CHALLENGE TO MEET THE THREAT OF BUSHFIRES

Christmas Day 2004, we arrived back from Church and noticed a pall of smoke in the south. Half an hour later a plane flew over and the Police arrived and asked if we wanted to evacuate. We set up a temporary above ground network of 2" poly pipe and watered around all the buildings. By this time five fire trucks assembled outside our gate and set off to burn a break along Redman Road. We were under no threat and the rest of the day we watched the giant helicopter "Elvis" picking up water from Roy Pietsch's big dam and douching down hot spots.

Following this fire we decided we needed to improve our capacity for fighting fires. During the Autumn 2005 Aidan with the help of some Wwoofers laid water pipes throughout the camping ground. At the same time they helped the electrician install power points on the Lakeside and South Camping Sites. A three-phase electric camping ground and fire fighting.

As the 2005-06 summer fire season approached our improved pump and pipe network enabled to keep the camping ground greener than we had been able to beforehand. A fire which started on Mt Lubra in the Sierra Range of the Gram-



Above: Elvis fire firefighting helicopter about to take water from our neighbour's dam.

Below: Three phase electric motor and fire lines to the camping ground



pians was a concern and although it was travelling south of our property, with the main front 30 km away, we increased our watering, and mowed firebreaks on the south of the camping ground. On Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup> January about 4pm a huge smoke cloud billowed over Mt William. The fire



raced south east towards Willaura, then the wind changed and the fire raced north towards our property.

We had about 18 sprinklers going most of the day. By 7pm we could hear the roar of the fire and it began to get dark with the smoke. We filled the gutters of the buildings with water and by 8pm we could hear the roar of the fire. We were manning the hoses near the Lodge when we saw a tongue of fire cut across the farm about 500 metres east of the wetlands. The flames moving from the south boundary died down as they came to the wetlands. We hosed the Lodge and set a sprinkler over the shed. Aidan and Aileen went up to the house as flames spread along the road. As the fire did not reach the east of the camping ground I joined the others and kept an eye on the shed, while Aidan tackled a stack of wood near the house. Aileen put out low flames that crept into the orchard. By 1am Aileen and I were able to get some sleep. Aidan continued to work cutting a break around our bush block on the north west corner of the property.

Next morning we could see the extent of the damage. The farm and nearly all our fences had been burnt. Our house paddock and the camping ground and Roy Pietsch house and garden were saved— A green oasis in a sea of black. Aidan and I drove to Moyston to pick up fuel and found on the way that most of our Moyston property had been burnt out. Only the woolshed and the fence around the plantation survived. Over the next few days Aidan assisted by John Tully and Iain Lambert fixed up the old Furphy tank enough to cart water down to the paddock and put out the fires still burning in our old red gum trees.

We took the opportunity to redesign



Extinguishing the fire in the “rwin Gums”



**The House Paddock and the Camping Ground was surrounded by burnt paddocks and bush**

*Top left: the view from Paradise Cottage.*

*Top right: Redman Farm from Long Gully Road.*

*Centre left: Burnt bush the south of our property.*

*Centre right: Burnt south boundry fence.*

*Bottom left: The sign at the junction of Long Gully Road and waterhole Road.*





Extinguishing a fire in a Tree in a farm paddock

our farm paddocks and we able to get grants to build fencing for revegetation corridors surrounding the farm and between some of the paddocks. Over the months after the fire we were assisted by friends who helped clean up the burnt fencing. It was a long job to rebuild the fences, and we were assisted by a Green corps team and prisoners from the Ararat Prison. After the fires it was a while before we could receive guests in the camping ground, but we were open for Easter. With the devastation throughout the Grampians the numbers of tourists took a dive. Gradually numbers picked up.

In the months that followed it was interesting to see the recovery of the burnt bush, with trees sprouting new leaves on their trunks and the grasstrees sending out new leaves. The following year was one of the most prolific for the flowering of orchids.

Our pleasant parkland has been the scene for three very pleasant family and friends gatherings. For the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of my ordination in 2007 and my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday we



The camping ground, the day after the fires



Stacking burnt fencing for recycling





had a service with the Ararat and Stawell Parishes during a weekend where we were joined with a large number of friends. In March 2009 we had a weekend of celebration for Aidan and Nessa Beckitt to mark their marriage which we held at St John's Church Halls Gap.

The transformation of the Lodge to make it a suitable family home for Aidan



and Nessa and her sons Douglas and Henry and is still an ongoing program in 2011.



*Top left & right:* Bush east of Redman Farm after the fires show regeneration on trees and grass trees.

*Left:* The following spring after the fires, Undertaker Orchids flourished on the burnt ground as they had less competition from ground cover plants





Lakeside camping sites with power



*“Left and above: “The Hub””* used for meetings, campers lounge and recreation

## **AIDAN TELLS THE STORY OF THE BUILDING OF REDMAN WETLANDS**

About the time Tom was becoming quite concerned about water quality in the dam (Blue Lake) with the dark waters and algae growth, I was extending my interest in the environment to the frogs. I'd been hearing about drastically declining frog populations around the world. I knew we had quite a few different frogs, and thought it would be good to do something about making things better for them. We decided a series of wetland ponds upstream from Blue Lake would achieve these two aims.

The first project, in May 2000, was to build Observatory Lake. The work was undertaken with the Fiat Tractor pulling the old Ferguson Scoop on the 3-point linkage. Slow but effective and with a month of 10 hour days Observatory Lake and Observatory Hill were formed up.



Building the Observatory Dam with the Fiat tractor and Ferguson back scoop



With this success, we applied to Project Platypus for some Landcare funding to further develop the wetlands, and a native vegetation corridor along the north boundary of Redman Farm. The application was successful, and in Autumn 2001 construction of a series of ponds commenced. The work was undertaken with the help of David Crow and his small 3 ton excavator, bobcat and front-end loader. Even with me learning to drive the equipment and doing much work over a three-month period, only a portion of the project was completed. A narrow version of Crescent Pond was completed. First and Second Ponds formed and very large logs and stumps dragged from the farm onto the ponds to add structure and habitat. Sixth and Fifth Ponds and surrounding area were completed along with the removal of the New Zealand Flax. Works were started on Fourth Pond but enough rain had fallen to get the creek flowing, the soils waterlogged, and work had to stop. With the digging half complete the water found a new course, and in a matter of two weeks a large hole had eroded out and two truck loads of sand were dumped in second pond.



Building the dry stone wall on the bank at the west end of Valley Dam

For Christmas that year (2001) David Crow delivered me a large basalt rock, which we installed as a free standing bolder in the creek in the camping ground. With more of the basalt brought in from Moyston I was able to build the stonewall at the crossing of the creek at the North West end of Blue lake. The work was undertaken with the rocks slung in a cradle of climbing tape slings suspended from the Furphy Jib on the three-point linkage of the Fiat. Positioning was impossibly difficult, but a technique was developed that allowed us to build two dry stonewalls with very large rocks.

During autumn 2002 this ability proved invaluable. Works had already commence on turning the old leaking dam north west of the camping ground into something that



Excavating the Valley Dam and building the bank

would hold water, provide habitat and beauty. The old bank had been cut through in 2001, with most of the bank left as a peninsula. With the help of Iain Lambert (expert stone wall builder), Glen, and a local 14 ton excavator on hire, these ends were stabilised with huge basalt rocks stacked on top of one another in dry stonewalls. The area in between was protected with a rock carpet, and the dam excavation was commenced.

The material removed was meant to provide clay for the wall, but as excavations revealed there was a very large and deep sand seam running through the valley. The “waste” sand was trucked up the hill and later was incorporated in what later became part of the bank of Fire Wetlands. Material had to be brought in from wherever we could get it to build Valley Lake wall. One by one the sources of suitable material were exhausted. South end of Blue Lake was dug out, followed by Observatory Dam, and then in desperation a deep hold in the yet to be Fire Wetlands was dug (which provided problems for years to come). The project had expanded out of all proportion, with additional large loader/backhoe and a truck required. By this time (May) rain was also becoming a problem and as the wall was raised in foot thick layers, each layer would almost turn to jelly before the next layer was added. Still we succeeded, and apart from



## REDMAN WETLANDS FROM THE AIR



Redman Wetlands from the air, November 2010  
top dressing with soil and building the “waterfall” overflow, Valley Lake was fin-

top	0	Observatory Dam	9	Crescent Billabong	18	Bass Strait
	1	Kingfisher Ponds	10	Entrée Pond	19	Valley Lake
	2	Wattle Wetlands	11	Duck Dinner Wetland	20	Cascades
	3	Ibis wetland	12	Tadpole Soup	21	Nardoo Pond
	4	Snipe Swamp	13	Pobblebonk Ponf	22	Stone Recharge Pond
	5	Swamp Rat Marsh	14	Mudcake	23	Meadow Recharge Pond
	6	Black Duck Pond	15	Blue Lake Far South	24	Valley One Pond
	7	Hidden Marsh	16	Blue lake South	25	Stone Pond
	8	Flood Plain Ponds	17	Blue Lake	26	Fire Wetlands



Building the wall of the Fourth Dam; Aidan on the fiat tractor compacting the bank, 2002

dressing with soil and building the “waterfall” overflow, Valley Lake was finished.

Attention then turned to Fourth and Third Ponds. Fortunately in 2001 a 2” bypass pipe had been laid from Sixth Pond to south east of Observatory Lake. This had help prevent the soils from waterlogging, and despite being the middle of the year work on Third and Fourth Dam walls was able to be largely completed. All be it just. six hours before Fourth Dam filled with water the North East corner of the bank was raised to sufficient height preventing a major disaster by the skin of our teeth. We also lost the use of the 14 ton excavator on that day, and it was not until David Crow arrived with his brand new 8 ton purple excavator that we were able to finish Third Dam bank and other works for that year.

Autumn works on wetlands were starting to become a bit of a tradition, with 2003 the third consecutive year of works. The north east corner of Fourth Dam was reinforced, and raised to a safe height, and a new spillway cut though its south bank so that very large flood flows could spill out into the Pumpkin Paddock, and so take pressure



off the wetland ponds downstream. This proved invaluable in 2011 floods, with several of the down stream overflows and banks just surviving.

Through all the work thus far, it was becoming very apparent the ponds with very gently slopes worked better for wetland plants, and provided much more habitat for frogs and other creatures. To meet this need, the ponds of the Duck Dinner Plain were also created to the east of Blue Lake system in 2003. With gently slopes and shallow depths these ponds were quick and easy to build.

This brought to a finish the main string of pond running down the southern creek leading to Blue Lake. Fire Wetlands, the Waterfall below Valley Lake and Blue Lake extension were far from complete.



Lining the south bank of the Fire Wetlands with clay

## **FIRE WETLANDS**

Up to 2004 much had been done on forming the main bank, but it was comprised mainly of “waste” sands from excavations from the other ponds and dams. To complicate matters further, a deep hole existed just to the north of this bank within the dam. The highest section of the wall was quite steep, and needed lining with clay. After finishing raising the east bank in 2004, 2005, 2006 and 2007 saw several goes at slowly lining the wall with 8, 14 and 16-ton excavators. In 2006 Rock reinforcing was added to the base of the steepest part of the southern wall, and in 2007 the steep section was dressed with a broken brick liner to prevent wave erosion, and the entire inside of the walls were top dressed with topsoil. As with many of the ponds, leaves, branches, prunings and any spare organic matter was added. Only with Fire Wetlands this has added up to 100’s of trailer loads of waste vegetation and at 2011 is still ongoing.



Building the east wall of Fire Wetlands



Despite all the efforts and expense to clay line Fire Wetlands, it still seeped very badly, resulting in a loss of 1 inch of water a day! After filling with water in 2010, a granular expanding plastic polymer was added to the water in an attempt to stop the seepage. This product expands around 200 times once wet, is slimy and sticky, and gets drawn down into the cracks and pores of the dam wall where it clogs up the leaks. Being a little sceptical as to how effective it could be we limited the budget to just over \$1000, less than required to achieve the prescribed dose rates. Once applied, there was then a two to three week wait to see if the polymer had worked. While there has been still seepage after this time, it was considerably less, and warrants a second application next year. Fortunately the polymer seemed to have no ill effect on the tadpoles.



Fire wetlands looking towards Redman Bluff

## THE CASCADES

Throughout the process of building the wetland, in the Banfield tradition there were many helpers other than the contractors and their machines. Friends including Tim Dunnycliff, John Tully, David Smith Cherie & Ray Draper and Iain Lambert to name a few helped on numerous trips to Redman Farm. Wwoofers (Willing Workers on Organic Farms) have also helped on many part of the wetlands project. This was particularly so with the waterfall project. Started in March 2003, with the aim of allowing large flood waters to descend a cascade of drops and ponds over a total vertical height of 4 metres, the project at 2011 is still ongoing.

The process of building is much the same as all the large stone work we have undertaken, other than that the stone for the water fall is white sandstone carted from



Unloading stone from Mackenzie Quarry, Horsham for the Cascades waterfall



from Mackenzie Creek Quarry near Horsham. The large rocks were moved precisely with earthmoving equipment (most commonly excavators) by slinging them in a cradle of chains or lifting slings. The gaps between the rocks are packed and wedged with smaller rocks and crushed rock is compacted in the space behind the walls. It's slow work, with a team of two or three people and one machine for lifting. It was a good day if we got 8 large rocks in place. A flurry of sessions occurred over 2003 and 2004, and culminated in 2006 with the installation of the biggest rocks (up to approximately 5 ton) towards the top of the cascades. Once again Iain Lambert was instrumental in the careful placing of these large rocks, calling on his accumulated experience of dry stonewall building.

In 2009 water was allowed to spill over the waterfall, and by the 2011 floods a number of flood flows had safely descended the drops, though none as large as on 13<sup>th</sup> January 2011. 106mm of rain in the gauge at 9:00am on the 12<sup>th</sup> January and



Laying the top stone slab of the waterfall, part of the Cascades

another 97mm recorded by 9am 14<sup>th</sup> January. equated to a torrent of water forming very impressive rapids. Even though not compete, the waterfall suffered no noticeable damage, quite remarkable given that three other stone overflow structures suffered damage on the property, one resulting in the loss of the top metre of the bank to Bass Straight pond.

The waterfall that has at times been thought of as a ridiculous overkill had proved itself, and shown that it warrants completion as it did not quite manage to carry all the water that went over Valley Lake spill way.



The Cascades waterfall in flood, 13 January 2011



## **BLUE LAKE SOUTH AND FAR-SOUTH (Blue Lake Extension)**

*What we had always called “The Dam” was renamed “Blue Lake”.*



Aidan using excavator to form passage between Blue Lake and Blue Lake South, 2008

While the major works undertaken to enlarge Blue Lake in 1982 produced the main shape of Blue Lake, it was by no means the end of the road. Once the piles of excess dirt had been removed to form terraces in the camping ground, work continued on broadening the northern arm of Blue Lake and on extending the southern area near the spillway. This included working towards forming of the Island on which Jill Banfield's Liquid Amber now resides. During the 1980's and into the 1990's this was mainly done with the equipment we had to hand. The old Ferguson Scoop (until it wore out – repaired and edge rebuilt before works on Observatory Lake in 2000), a 3-point linkage grader blade, and Roy's front end loader were the main tools used during this time.

Once we developed a connection with David Crow in the later 1990's, his little



Aidan using the excavator to dig the concrete foundation for the overflow

area, though other than killing off any Redfin eggs this would have been better left in place. This mud was finally removed in 2002 using David's 3-ton excavator and a 14-ton excavator, the little one moving the mud to the next heap, and then into a truck.

3-ton Excavator was used for a number of short (maybe half day) sessions. This proved very successful and marked a change in the equipment engaged on the Blue Lake project.

As well as major works in the wetland project, 2001 saw Blue Lake drained for the first time since 1982. The Redfin fish were removed, the north-western arm broadened to its final width, and made about 2 feet deep. The white compact sands and other material from this works was moved by truck up to form part of the Southern Bank of Fire Wetlands. The mud from the base of the lake was also dragged up to the shallow southern





As the concrete mixer could not get closer than the west bank, the concrete had to be moved bucket by bucket to the trench for the foundations of the overflow by the excavator.

With the area south of the island, and to the spillway now clear, and clay desperately needed for building Valley Lake wall, this area was deepened as much as possible while allowing for an access ramp, taking on its current form. Once filled Native Black Fish, Flat Headed Gudgeon and Australian Smelt were added and now along with the fresh water mussels and yabbies form the major part of the Blue Lakes Native Fauna.





**Above:** The completed overflow with stepping stones. *Below:* Removing sand and building up the north wall with soil.

Other than building the frame of the pier and pump house in 2005, little happened on Blue Lake until joining it with the two ponds to the south in 2008 to form a billabong like shape which some of our guests have since call the river! Joining the two was a little involved though. The far south section, other than a final shaping, to produce additional shallows was pretty strait forward, and provided good bank building material for the north wall of

the south blue lake (middle part).

What is now called Blue Lake South required a lot of work. Started at the beginning of the wetland project, just before Observatory Dam in 2000 on ground that was constantly wet, Blue Lake South has seen the removal of vast quantities of white sands, used in 2002 to help build third







Finishing the north wall of Blue Lake South with good compacting soil

very large rocks removed from the site of the new spillway and stepping stones and clayey sand to make it stable. Then, using the dark wetland sands was compacted layer by layer to slowly raise the wall. The wall building was entirely done with our Kabota 45 horsepower front-end loader. In 2008 the material was dug mainly from Blue Lake South using the 16-ton excavator, though supplemented with the use of a 4-ton machine, which dug additional material from Blue Lake Far South. Even with all the material stock piled, there was not enough to compete the wall, and as my back had given out things were looking a bit dicey. This was particularly so as the gap between Blue Lake and Blue Lake South had been opened before building the wall. So the discussion was made to make a narrow bank, just high enough to hold back the water. With Iain Lambert's and David Smith's, and Tom Banfield's help the wall raised to a few inches below spillway height, was plastic lined and we hoped for the best!!! With the works having extended right to the end of August (allowed by a dry year and pipes diverting water from flowing into Blue Lake), this proved to be quite safe as we did not in the end manage to fill Blue Lake in 2008, leaving a safe amount of bank above the water.

In 2009 the remaining white sand was removed from Blue Lake South to form the

pond, and in 2008 removed to the north east until Bass Straight was build as a means of getting rid of it all! Once the base for the north wall had been scaped back by excavator to good foundation material and Nessa, Henry and Douglas and Jessie helped with moving the pump from the sump in the bottom of an excavated sand seam, the building of the wall commenced. This comprised of filling the sand seam with

bank of Pobblebonk Pond, and the base of the north wall of Blue Lake South raised a couple of feet without removing the black plastic liner protecting the narrow temporary bank that was put in place in 2008. This proved to be a wise move, as in July we experienced a flood flow which fill the Blue Lake system to full for the first time, and later in the year over spilling the bank at the west end of the north bank of Blue Lake South. This resulted in some damage to the bank, even with a shoot created of black plastic down the outside of the bank, though did not cut through the lip of the dam thankfully.

In 2010 the plastic was removed, and many tons of black sand was moved from En-tree and Duck Dinner Pond to the north east end of the north wall of Blue Lake South. This raised this section to full height, protecting the area of last years overspill, but things got to wet before the entire bank could be finished. Once again we had to resort to Black Plastic to save an overspilling bank. Thankfully it was quite successful despite vast volumes of water going over the bank during spring. Come the end of December a 20cm wide 5cm deep cut had appeared in the lip of the wall, but with the dam falling, I was sure we had made it through another season.



Blue Lake South completed and full



The weather had another idea though. January 12<sup>th</sup> to 14<sup>th</sup> saw 203mm of rain fall resulting in the biggest flood flow through the wetlands to date. It was more than the bank could handle, and even with extensive sand bagging the wall cut out losing the top foot of water out of Blue Lake System. Bass straight overflow also failed. Once it was gone it was only 12 hours till the bank behind the spillway was levelled. 6<sup>th</sup> pond, the spillway from Crescent to Blue Lake Far South, and structures along the creek through the property also suffered some damage. Remarkably the Cascades survived without visible damage.



The Wetlands from the Air

## WETLAND PLANTS AND THE NURSERY

The wetland story I have told so far has focused mainly on the process of building the system of ponds. This is only part of the story, as a wetland does not provide habitat without carpets of wetland vegetation, necessary to support the insects and organisms that wetland birds, animals and frogs feed on. At the beginning of the wetlands project, wetland plants were a mystery to me, not even being able to identify the sedges and rushes present on the property. With the help of Tim Dombain and Ray Draper, in 2001 I started to learn some of the wetland plants, and soon after started the wetland plant nursery with Ray, as we could not find a source for wetlands plants for our project, and others interested in establishing wetlands in the Pomonal area. At this stage aquatic plants were grown in pots in holey styrene boxes sitting in the recently constructed shallow recharge ponds below Valley Lake. While they had excellent access to water, managing the floating boxes was difficult, and boxes with super forestry tubes had a tendency to overturn dumping the plants in the bottom of the pond!!! Soon



Wetland Plant Nursery, 2003



after we discovered we could get styrene boxes with no holes from the supermarkets (used for fish and broccoli), which held water and in effect created a mini box sized pond to grow plants in. This allowed us to move the growing of plants to “Wood Henge” east of the boat shed, and increase the numbers of plants that could be grown at one time. The first sales for the nursery was in early 2003, and later that year Moyne Shire Council took nearly all the plants we had in stock (approx. 7,300) getting the nursery off to a good start.

2004 saw the first of the terraces in the nursery area (cut in November 2003) set up with misting spays and growing plants. At this stage the plants were still on the ground, but soon box lids were placed under the boxes to help control the weeds and make it easier to lift the boxes. In 2004 the second large order (16,000 plants) left the property in a moving truck bound for the Grange Burn Wetlands Project in Hamilton. As with many of the large orders, my back found handling so many plants from ground level more than it could take, but with no alternatives available the work continued the same way. 2005 was a big year for the nursery, with all the completed terraces occupied with somewhere around 50,000 plants. We sold 41,000 plants that year, with the largest customer Roadcon taking 32,000 for a storm water wetlands for a housing



Tractor with forklift moving plants, 2009



The new nursery area in 2004

development at Cardigan Lakes in Ballarat. As of 2011 we have not matched those numbers.

In 2006 Ray Draper left Wetlands Creations leaving Aidan Banfield as the sole director and shareholder. This marked the end of the many trips Ray and Cherrie Draper make to Redman Farm to work on potting and growing plants. Wwoofers (willing workers on organic farms) had also provided many days of help during these first years of the nursery, and were now the main source of help with potting plants.

Other significant projects we supplied were the Stawell Hospital Storm Water Wetland (7000 plants) in 2008, and Ross Creek Primary School near Ballarat (9700 plants) in 2010.





WOOFERS \_ Willing Workers on Organic Farms helping with sewing seeds and weeding plants

Supplying the Stawell wetlands project, and helping with the planting contributed to a rather undesirable event of my back giving out and landing me in hospital for 2 days, and then a long recovery with regular physiotherapy over the next two years.



Tractor with forklift moving plants, 2009

This left the nursery in a bit of a mess, as the only work I could manage was keeping three quarters of the plants alive, and preparing plants for supplying any orders that came along. As a result the stock was run right down, and the nursery became overgrown with weeds and grass. It was a question mark as to whether I could continue the nursery.

Inspired by Nessa's friend's (Keith Smith's) little compact tractor with work platform on its 3-point linkage, I started a

six-month process of researching the best solution to mechanise the lifting of boxes of plants, and thus make it possible for me to continue the nursery. Right from early days it had been a dream to have benches to grow the plants on, but the enormous cost and effort to achieve this meant it never happened. By 2008 as a temporary arrangement boxes of plants were sat on top of upturned empty boxes, getting them off the ground, however while this reduced the bending, lifting was still a problem and the plants were still not high enough to be comfortable to work on, and keep them out of reach of the seeds of weeds. The solution was to place the boxes on pallets (that could often be obtained for free), to lift the pallets of plants with forks on a compact tractor with turf tyres and to sit the pallets in the nursery on rails that the tractor could fit between. The addition of aluminium brackets to the pallets and choosing just the right tractor made it



Checking plants in the Igloo, 2006



all possible. The first pallets of plants were lifted by our Daedong Tractor into the nursery in February 2009. However to date the first rails are yet to be built.

This solved the most significant problem for the nursery, providing it with a future. The next issue to solve was storage of the potting mix. Delivered as a large truckload at a time, it had been stored outdoors under tarps (when the wind hadn't blown them off!), and every load had become contaminated with weed seeds, make for more work weeding. Some sort of building or silo was needed to store the potting mix. In the end the practical solution was a high container brought in 2010, the potting mix dumped on plastic beside the container, and then lifted inside with the compact tractor's front end loader.

There was one other significant issue that had caused much frustrations. The Polystyrene Boxes were not reliable at holding water, and as the boxes were ageing more were letting the water go more often, resulting in the death of 100's if not 1000's of plants. This was compounded by the supermarkets moving away from the use of Styrene boxes from about 2007. The ready source of secondhand boxes dried up, forcing a change to a more reliable alternative of plastic boxes. The first purchased in October 2007 cost between \$12 and \$17 each, and while extremely well made were too expensive to be viable. The next set were brought in October 2008 from another supplier/manufacture and came in at just under \$10 each, better but still not viable. Finally I got onto black plastic boxes for \$1.30 to \$2.40 each, and in September 2009 placed an order for 2 pallets of boxes.

The final part of the jigsaw was getting the one remaining green house (Igloo) up and going again. Built in 2004/05, the second igloo was destroyed by a wind gust before it even got used. The first igloo was used to grow trees and shrubs for Project Platypus, and grasses for Roadcon during 2006 and 2007. The last lot of plants died after the water timer failed and was not picked up on, and the igloo was effectively abandoned until 2011, when with the help of wwoofers and Nessa and the boys the igloo was repaired, cleaned out, pallets on styrene boxes set up as benches and wetland plants for retail sales moved in.

The work is ongoing, a second container is being sought, and currently a 9,800 plant order is being grown for a sewage treatment wetlands at Lake Bolac. With the new plastic boxes (as well as builders black plastic liners in styrene boxes), plants on pallets perched on large concrete bricks, shade cloth on wire frames to stop locusts, and the kangaroo / rabbit fence constructed in 2010 around the nursery, the wetland plants are looking fantastic.

Those that are not sold have over the years, been used to vegetate our wetlands, and this year I was able to collect seed of a range of species from these now mature plants. The frogs and wetland creatures are also doing very well this year. Wetter conditions and good vegetation have brought our wetlands to life, in part thanks to our Wetlands Creations nursery.



Wetland plants in the nursery ready for delivery

## **BUSINESS ACTIVITIES RUN FROM REDMAN FARM**

### **RECREATIONAL FABRICS & CLIMBING WALLS**

In 1990 Aidan Banfield deferred from his Degree of Outdoor Education and moved out to live in the house at the farm. While he was at college in Bendigo he started a small business “Redman Textiles” later called “Recreational Fabrics” selling fabric for tents, and outdoor clothing: At the Farm this became a mail order service and was expanded to making climbing harnesses, packs and stuff bags, and other outdoor gear. For a time he was employing assistants to do the sewing.



The Climbing Wall and Abseil Tower



Aidan developed a method for making climbing holds, which could be bolted to a climbing wall. They were originally made of sand mixed with epoxy resin and cast in sand beds. He also used a sand and epoxy resin system for coating plywood sheets to make climbing wall panels. He tried out the panels and holds on the outside west wall of the Hub, and also made a small freestanding wall that could be erected for demonstrations and special functions. When not in use away from the property it was set up in the camping ground. It had good use during the Family Camps for teaching children how to climb and abseil.

In 1992 Aidan built a large wall in the gymnasium at the ALCO Aluminium Works at Portland. This was followed by walls at Puckapunyal Army Barracks in 1994, and Laverton Air Force Base in 1997, as well as others.

He started work on components for a climbing gym to be built in Queensland. To make the panels for this job he had to enlarge the big shed and install sand trays for making holds and two large tilting sand beds for making the panels. Before the first panels were completed, the builders of the climbing gym had to pull out of the project. These panels remained half made in March 2011.

Aidan had designed a method of making aluminium framing for climbing walls. Specially made hollow square beams with flanges for fixing the panels on were extruded in New Zealand. Solid aluminium joiners were computer milled in Sydney. They were joined together without having to be welded.

Climbing wall built at the Laverton Airforce Base, 1997





Climbing Tower at the Four Wheel Drive Show at the Melbourne Exhibition Centre



A demountable 7 metre high climbing tower was built for the 4WD show at the Melbourne Exhibition Building in 1997. Due to last minute problems the tower was not ready. The organisers of the show were contacted and they arranged for help to get the tower to Melbourne and help get erected. Some of Aidan's team worked all night and the tower was erected in time for the opening of the show. In spite of the fact that it proved a very successful feature and hundreds of children climbed on the tower, he was never paid for its use.

This was the final straw, ending the climbing wall business. However Aidan was able to use the techniques he developed for coating climbing wall panels for coating the concrete walls of a tunnel in the Forest Gallery at the Melbourne Museum in 2000.

## **WERBIL AVIATION — GRAMPIANS FLIGHTS**



Chad Banfield finished his flying course at Moorabbin and qualified with a commercial pilot's licence in 1990. He was unable to get a job as a pilot so he decided to



hire a plane and run scenic flights over the Grampians while living at the farm. For the next few years he set up “*Spectacular Grampians Flights*”. At first he hired a plane from the flying school at Moorabbin and used an airstrip owned by Alf Rudolph at Pomonal. Bookings were passed on by the Grampians .

## REDMAN PRESS

One of the responsibilities I, Tom Banfield, had at Holy Trinity Anglican Cathedral, Wangaratta, was to supervise boys living during term time at Holy Trinity Hostel. On a Saturday evening I had to keep up to twenty boys entertained. I came up with the idea of hobby clubs for the Hostel boys and members of the CEBS (Church of England Boys’ Society). Some of the parishioners welcomed a small group of boys to their homes to share in their hobby activities, We had a carpentry club, radio club, motor mechanic club. I was left with about five boys without a club, so I came up with the idea of a printing club. My father gave me a little Pearl letterpress and the local printer gave me some old type.

Occasionally we went down to the printing office for a demonstration. The group became known as



Two of the boys, members of the Parish Printing Group , Wangaratta



The Pearl Letterpress, feeding paper.



Type in a chase ready for printing.



The A.M. Offset printing press.

“The Parish Printing Group” and we produced business cards and letter-heads and other small jobs.

When I returned from overseas I reformed the Parish Printing Group at St. David’s East Doncaster and taught some of the CEBS members to print. When I took my stencil duplicator to be serviced I saw in the shop a small second-hand Roneo Offset Machine that I purchased for \$100. This hobby enabled me to do any printing required for the Anglican Parish and a few jobs including some small books for clubs and other people. In 1974, I purchased an

A.B.Dick table offset machine and a second-hand plate-maker.

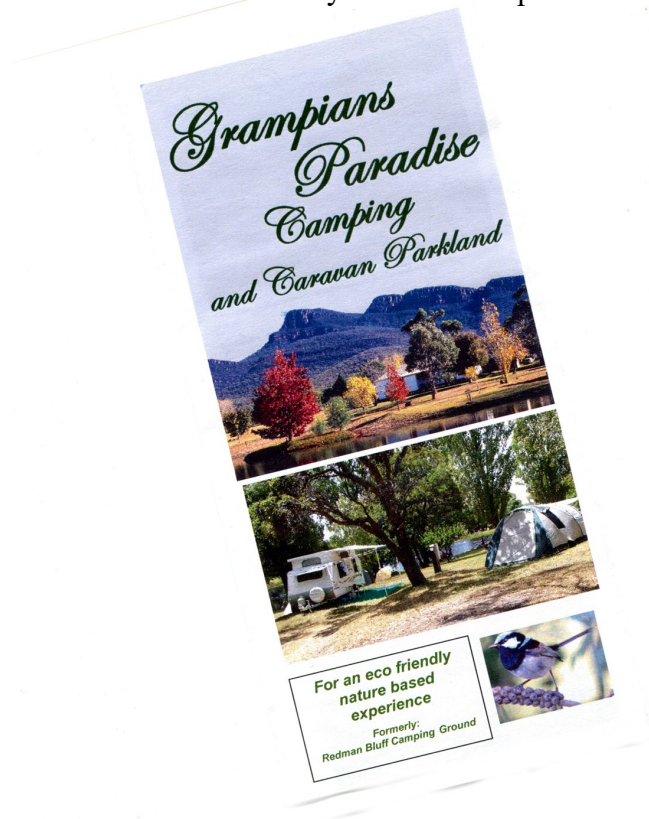
When I moved parish to the Anglican Parish at Cobram in 1976 I again did all the parish printing and having purchased a second-hand IBM Composer, a typesetting machine. I even printed a few small books.

The next move was in 1980 to Dunolly. The small country Parish could only afford to have very little printing, but there was a big demand for printing in the town and there being no other printer in the town, I became a part time printer. For setting up small books, I paid a person to type up the text on the IBM Composer. Aidan and Chad were able to make some pocket money printing cards and envelopes etc on the little Pearl Letterpress.

At Redman Farm, The Parish Printing Group became “Redman Press” in 1990.. Most of my customers were Dunolly people who continued to get me to do their printing.

Halfway through printing a book, the AB Dick Press broke down. The supplier in Melbourne had gone out of business and no one was stocking and providing service. I had to rush off to Melbourne to get a replacement machine. The only affordable replacement was an AM Offset machine. But it was never very satisfactory. I had trouble getting good results and we lost customers. By this time computer printers had become popular and a lot of people and small businesses were using these to do their own printing.

In 2003 we purchased an OKI Laser Printer so we could print our own brochures in full colour. This small desktop unit replaced a shed half full of printing and dark-room equipment and enabled us to do all our own printing for Grampians Paradise. Now we do very little printing for outsiders. The touring guides, maps, information leaflets for the Grampians area have been a great asset to use and provide an exceptional service to folk who come to stay here at Grampians Paradise.



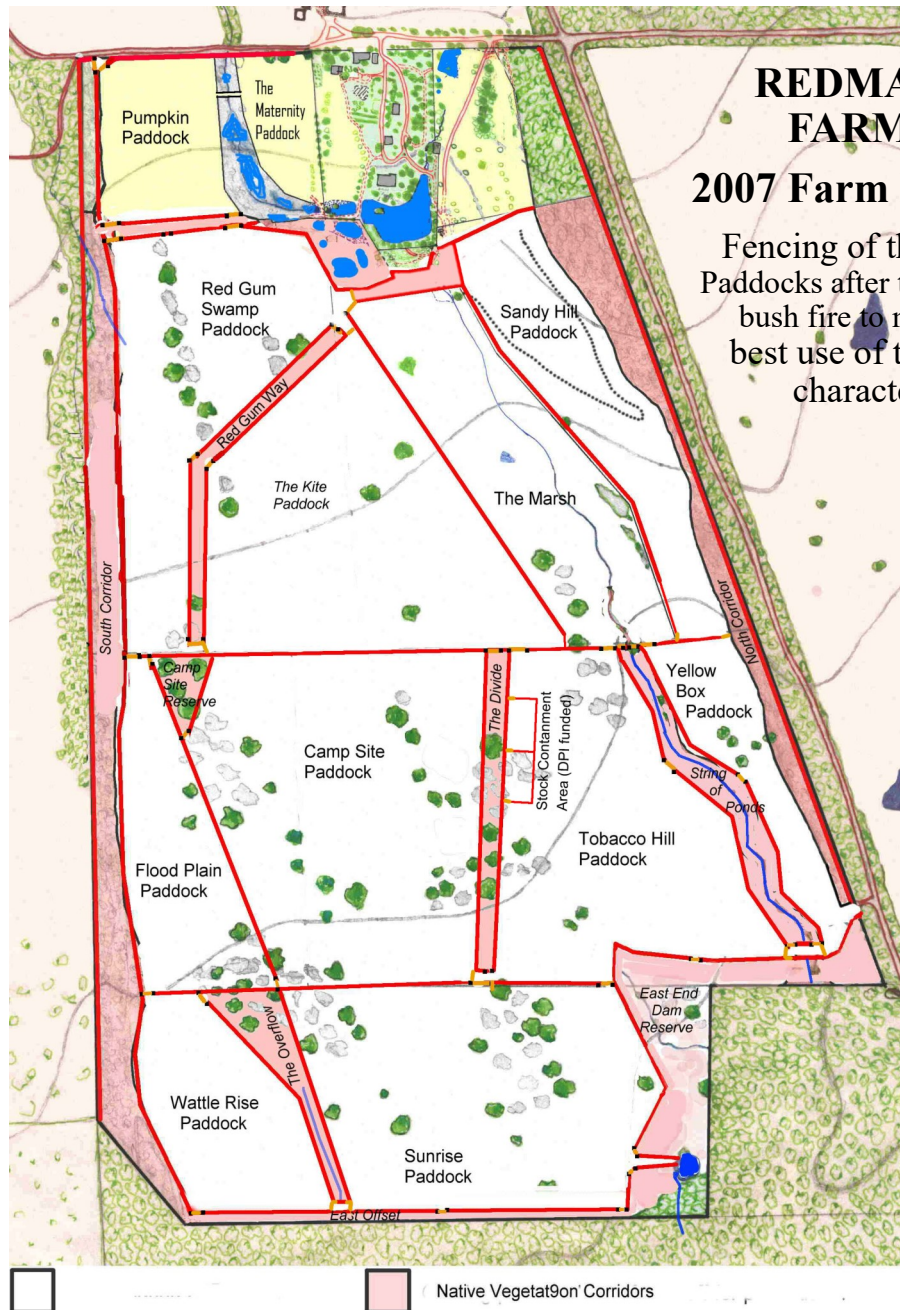
Brochure printed on our Oki Printer for Grampians Paradise



## **REDMAN FARM —TIMELINE**

- 1854 Harrie Hill Banfield aged 6, his mother and siblings sail to Australia
- 1858 Jabez Banfield and family moves to Ararat
- 1874 John Copley leases the Redman Farm, The Mount land
- 1888 Ronald McMaster purchases the Redman Farm, The Mount land.
- 1911 Harrie Hill Banfield purchased Redman Farm, The Mount land
- 1928 Tourist Camp at Redman Farm
- 1933 Land between Redman Farm and Redman Road purchased
- 1934 Harrie Hill Banfield died aged 86.
- 1835 “Ararat Advertiser” becomes a private company with ownership of Redman Farm
- 1939 Redman Farm and the Shack burnt in bushfire.
- 1949 - 1951 Church of England Boys’ Society May Camps at Redman Farm
- 1955 Walter Banfield retires from Company and takes over ownership of Redman Farm
- 1966 Norman Douglas leased grazing rights to Redman Farm
- 1969 Tom Banfield takes over ownership of Redman Farm
- 1974 Walter Banfield died aged 83.
- 1981 - 2002 Anglican Family Camp at Redman Farm
- 1991 - 1996 Chad Banfield aeroplane flights over Grampians
- 1992 A building moved to Redman Farm for The Lodge & The Hub
- 1992 “Redman Farm” Camping Ground opens for public business
- 1992 -2007 Aidan Banfield builds Climbing Walls
- 1994 “Redman Buff Camping Ground”
- 2002 “Grampians Paradise Camping and Caravan Parkland”
- 2002 Redman Bluff Wetlands commenced. Aidan starts wetland plants nursery
- 2006 Mt Lubra Grampians bushfire burns farm paddocks
- 2011 Aidan and Nessa married and family and living in the Lodge









## BANFIELD PROPERTIES

**REDMAN FARM: The Mount block:** 443 Long Gully Road 113.6 hectares of which 4 hectares leased to family company “Redman Enterprises” for Grampians Paradise Camping and Caravan Parkland. “80 hectares farm paddocks leased for grazing and cropping. 28 hectares set aside for wetlands and revegetation corridors.

Present owner Tom Banfield, Former owners:– Harrie.H. Banfield, Ararat Advertiser Pty Ltd., Walter. A. Banfield

**The Moyston Block:** Moyston West Road & Redman Road 106.4 hectares.

11.5 hectares set aside for revegetation and planted out in 2005. Leased for grazing and farming. Present owner Tom Banfield. Previous owner: A.E.Banfield.

**RHYMNEY PROPERTY:** Moyston-Great Western Road, Rhymney. c.200 hectares. Farming property leased for grazing and cropping. Extensive revegetation plantations,

Present owner. Jillian Banfield. Previous owners: James.E.Banfield, Walter A. Banfield. Isabella G. Banfield (nee Lamont), Alexandra Lamont

**WARRAYADIN BLOCK:** Avoca Road 8 kilometres northeast of Ararat.

Owned by Walter A. Banfield from c 1925 – 1954. Previously Isabella G. Banfield (nee Lamont), Alexandra Lamont. Worked as a grazing property in conjunction with the Moyston block.

**SHERRIE LEIGHTON PROPERTY:** Moyston Rocky Point Road south east of Moyston. A number of paddocks c. 900 acres. Previously owner by “Ararat Advertiser Pty Ltd.; 1955 by Hereward E.G. Banfield, then by Harrie G. Banfield who sold it in 1983.

**THE WATTLE PADDOCK:** High Street, Ararat. About 5 acres. Most likely owned by Isabella G Banfield. Used to gaze the house milking cow.

Sold for subdivision for housing blocks in the 1950/s.

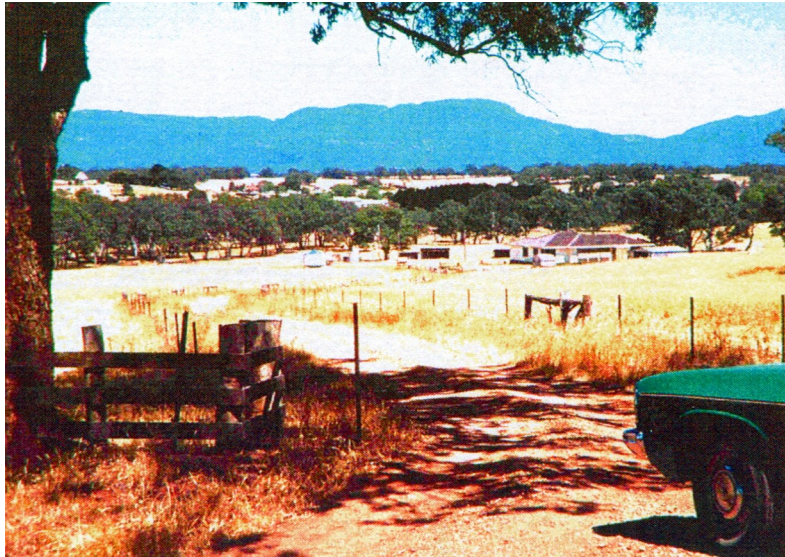


**Redman Farm.** *Above:* the Mount Paddocks

*Below:* The Moyston Paddock







Harrie & Jocelyn Banfield's home built c. 1977 on the Sherrie Leighton property at Moyston



Walter Banfield's property, Warrayadin, east of Ararat.

## MEMBERS OF THE BANFIELD FAMILY

Associated with Redman Farm, Pomonal

