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Maria

James + Maria  
Knight

My name is Maria I am the oldest  
one in the family alive I am 92. (1987)

Our parents had 20 children they  
adopted a baby boy William.

There is only five of use alive,  
Maria 92, Charlotte 85, Henry 80,  
Edith 79, Roberta 76.

Our Father was a fisherman at  
Toora, he acquired fifteen acres  
from the Government, he built a  
log cabin, logs with mud in between  
them to hold them together, the  
dirt floor, I was nine by that time.

There was, Bill, Sid, Mary and  
myself we had no water and us  
four children had to carry Kero tin  
each of water three miles from the  
Station each night for Mum to use  
the next day we used to put a piece  
of wood on the top so the water

would not splash. We never had

much money, Dad used to tell us to go and pick strawberry clover we planted it on our fifteen acres he gave us a half-penny per 100 we use to make a hole in the ground and sow them, then he bought another ten acres, we used to put four pieces of wood together we put a piece of fishing net across then a rope in the middle and put bread crumbs on the bottom then the birds would come after the bread we pulled the rope and caught the birds, magpies, cranes, Mum used to make stew out of them for us. We had bread and treacle for our lunch, one girl Roberta Downing used to have cake and often gave me a piece of her cake we walked three miles to school.

When the strawberry clover killed the sea weed, Dad sold ten acres. Mum had a baby girl named Ann.

Ann died of diptheria very young  
Mum was in bed given birth to another baby, I can't remember who that baby was.

Later Dad bought a house in Toora, the other mud log cabin was down near the (boat) beach it used to be called the Grip.

We were all growing up by now the boys used to sell the fish around Toora. Mum and children picked black-berries and sent them to Melbourne.

We often had Wallaby tail stew, fish was plentyfull, fried, baked, fish mashed with potatoes, fish soup, Dad built a smoke house by puting saw dust on the bottom so they had smoked fish and fresh fish to sell.

I think Sid. Maru and myself

were born down the grip, can't remember the year we left there I have lovely child hood memories.

Mum and Dad had babies that died. Dad had to put them in a box dig there graves, take them and bury them. What a hard task for a Father to do. They were wonderful parents.

I was old enough <sup>to</sup> work, washing and cleaning the post office windows then I used to ride my bike 3 miles and weed vegetables all day for that and washing and cleaning, I received five shillings (5<sup>s</sup>) each time. Sometimes the lady would give me vegies to take home.

Mary left home and to go to Melbourne, as a Bar Maid.

Sid went to John's Waygoods, then he went to enlist first, he was

deaf in one ear. My brother Jim enlisted

and went over seas. Bill enlisted  
also.

A few years went by Mum  
was not well, her nerves were very  
bad, Dad sold up and came to Melbourne

Hope you like what I have  
told you.

I suppose there is a lot  
more I could say, can't think.

Your Truly

(Per) M Carnecross.

<sup>infant</sup>  
William (dec) William (Step-Son)  
Sidney. Maria. James. Mary. Jose  
Charlet. John. Robert. Henry  
Edith. Roberta. '12 survive (21)  
(Ann. infant dec) (charlie infant dec)