

MARY MEADOWS - MARYSVILLE

BY ROBERT (BOB) SIEVERS

Together with my father Alec my sister Anne and my Stepmother Rene (nee Fiske) we came to live at Marysville from Robbie's Mill Narbethong. We took up residence at Mary Meadows in 1951 as caretakers of these premises. We were the sole occupiers for most of the time we were in residence. We occasionally had visits from social groups for a few days at a time.

A few items of interest about Mary Meadows were that it had its own hydro power generator, which was located across the road. It was supplied with water from the river through a water race. The power plant often lost power due to either a blockage in the turbine or often a fish would get through the grates and get jammed in the turbine. We also often found holes in the side of the race caused by Platypus burrows. These had to be blocked up. This was my job.

I attended, with my sister the local school in 1951. The Headmaster then was Mr Cross, whose son Geoffrey also attended the school. It was about a mile and a half to school. As there was no school bus passing us we had to walk to school in any weather. We also would attend the pictures at the local theatre. We were given 2 shillings for this and that would get us into the pictures (1s 3p) and we would have enough left over for an ice-cream and some lollies as well.

The picture theatre at Marysville quite often had first releases and I can remember Seven Brides for Seven Brothers as a first release plus Shane, a western.

Mary Meadows also boasted a large Donkey boiler which was used for heating water as there was no other method at that time. Water was supplied via a large water tank, which was located at the rear of the premises about 20 meters up the hill, so we had good water pressure. While we lived at Mary Meadows, my father was at one time greenkeeper at the Golf Club, firewood supplier to Cumberland Guest House and finally worked for Cooke's Mill on the Narbethong road.

In 1952 I went to Alexandra High school, I was there until October 1956. We travelled on the McKenzie's School Bus (driver John Pomeroy).

It was then that my father was offered a job in Tasmania for Cooke's that we then sadly left Marysville in October 1956. Alas I missed the Olympic Games.