



The Eltham Court House

Jim Connor

Since the former Eltham Court House at 730 Main Road, Eltham was constructed in about 1860 it has been used for more than legal proceedings. In early times Eltham Road Board meetings were conducted there, later it was used for school accommodation and in more recent years, since court hearings ceased in 1985, various community activities have occurred within its walls. The Eltham District Historical Society also regularly uses this building, including as part of our heritage tours of the Eltham Justice Precinct.

The court house is historically significant because its construction was intended to emphasise the centralised control over law and order in the colony in the wake of the 1852 Snodgrass committee report and the resulting *Police Regulation Act (1853)*. It is considered to be a fine example of a mid-19th century brick rural court house constructed in the immediate aftermath of the gold rush and is included on the Victorian Heritage Register (HO784) and in the schedule to the Heritage Overlay of the Nillumbik Planning Scheme (HO123).



Eltham Court House
Photograph - Jim Connor

The Nillumbik Shire Council has been responsible for management of this court house since 1999 and in 2019 applied for a Living Heritage funding grant to assist with necessary repairs and renovations to this building.

Unfortunately this application was not successful. However, Nillumbik Shire Council is now working, including with heritage conservation consultants, to assess the extent of works required and to prepare another grant application to Heritage Victoria. Hopefully this will be successful to enable this valued building to continue to be used and appreciated by our local community.

Deferred - Annual General Meeting - Wednesday 8th April 2020

Our next meeting due to be held at the Eltham Senior Citizens' Centre on Wednesday 8th April 2020, which was to be our Annual General Meeting, has now been deferred due to concerns about the Coronavirus pandemic. No meeting will be held on this date.

This decision has been made in the best interests of our members and on advice from the State and Federal governments, Nillumbik Shire Council and the Royal Historical Society of Victoria.

We intend to reschedule this Annual General Meeting once the general situation improves.

Cancelled - Heritage Excursion - Saturday 2nd May 2020

Our next Heritage Excursion due on Saturday 2nd May 2020 will not be held due to concerns about the Coronavirus pandemic.

During the house build the neighbours came and introduced themselves. There were the Glovers who ran a glass business. Mr Glover always asked my parents to come to the local pub for lunch. How we begged to go, but the invitation was always politely refused until it was never again offered. Other neighbours, Maree and her husband Tom were much older than our parents. They also had a Knox Box as did the Glovers which gave them all something in common. The neighbours and my parents often compared their building experience with the controversial Alistair Knox, more often with bad words than good dependent on what building drama happened during the week.

The Morrisses lived next door and bred chooks and ducks and geese. Their block was a litter of pens and cages and the noise could be maddening at times. Mrs Morris had a heart of gold and encouraged us to come over and look at her silky chooks and bantams whenever we wanted. She'd call over the fence in the afternoons and bring us in for cakes and cordial, company for her only child Vicki. We didn't know our neighbours back in Brunswick, had scant contact with the neighbours in Coburg, yet here in Eltham we were welcomed into a lively community.

The big day arrived and the family moved into the new house, in an organised chaos. Beds were made up, furniture placed out of the way. I found the box with the saucepans, rummaged through the food boxes and had the honour of making the first meal in our new home - a can of tomato soup and white bread toast. This became a staple for a while as everything was unpacked and we settled in.

Mum walked us all down Metery Road to the local state school at Dalton Street. She found the school office and told the woman behind the desk she'd come to enrol her three children in the school. We hid behind her, not knowing what was expected of us. There was a deal of confusion because the school principal was away so the deputy was called in and the office woman had to step into his shoes and mind his class. Months later we were hauled out of our classes and had to re-enrol because Mr Tyers hadn't followed the correct procedure.



Work progressing on our house
Photograph - Sue Bennett

We settled quickly into Dalton Street Primary. No migrant children, a library with plenty of books to borrow, open space to muck around in, hit a ball or play piggy back fights. The toilets were cleaner than those at our other schools, the taps in the drinking trough worked and we had swings and monkey bars to play on. Outside was the best. I struggled inside in Mr Brown's classroom. One vacant seat in the classroom and I had to take it and share the desk with Maria B. She wouldn't let me put my books or lunch in the desk. They had to remain on the floor, under my feet. The ink well was often spilled my way and I had to sit on the very end of the desk seat so I wouldn't touch her. It was hell.

Maria came around eventually and moved her stuff out so I could move mine off the floor and into the desk. I still had to sit so I didn't touch her, but it wasn't so bad. She and her family lived quite close to us. Seven children, a four-seater Mini-Minor for a family car, a house that was a series of small buildings, unconnected to each other. Neighbours referred to them as the Seven Day Adventists as if that in itself explained their unstructured living and different behaviour. No Christmas celebrations. No birthday parties. No gifts. Over time we Zull children and her family had a good thing going in the vacant block where we let our imagination go wild with cowboy and Indian games or bank robbers and policeman and every now and then doctors and nurses. We all had our roles to play and made the characters our own.

Living in our new house was fabulous after the confines of Brunswick Road. My bothers still shared a bedroom and I was in a room down the hall from our parents' bedroom. One end of the house was floored with parquetry, small pieces of highly polished wood glued to the floor and closely laid together. We'd shut all the doors along the hall way, take a run from the doorway at the end of the hall and slide along the hall floor in our socks. When we tired of that we'd place a string across the dining table and play table tennis of sorts.

Mum made us wear slippers inside. That was hard because we were accustomed to wearing the same shoes inside and out. Mum had a floor polishing machine and spent hours taking that machine up and down the hall way, into the bedrooms and then changing the pads over to polish the slate floors elsewhere in the house. Woe betide the child who tramped clay onto those floors or who didn't wear their slippers.

Over time a garden was established. Mum planted a native mint bush in front of the house. It was stunning in bloom. Hundreds of small blue-violet flowers completely covered the bush so it resembled a beach ball of colour. Ornamental grape vines trailed over the pergolas. Parsley and chive plants were scattered through the garden, which we were encouraged to pick at whim and eat. We children were required to pick branches of gum leaves which Mum placed in vases around the house. She liked the freshness of them, the greenness. We thought she was nuts. In spring, a vase of red japonica would be artfully placed on her bed side table. The back drop of seagrass wallpaper on the bedroom wall made the japonica stems look as though they were a 3D Japanese painting. My mum, the artist, was definitely in her element.

My Grade 5 teacher, Mr Taylor was an Englishman, another migrant, but never thought of as such. He came from a military background judging by the way he carried himself and ruler in hand as an Army Major would a staff. He wasn't shy of sneaking up from behind and whacking you across the head with his hand or ruler when he was hot and bothered in that stuffy classroom. No fans or coolers, just open windows which were useless on those windless, hot summer days. Mr Taylor had a love of poetry. Friday afternoons were spent reading poetry. We had to memorise a poem over the weekend and a selected student would be required to recite it on the following Monday. You never knew who would be chosen, so whether you liked it or not you had to memorise that poem. From Wordsworth's Daffodils to Banjo Patterson's Clancy of the Overflow, all word perfect or detention.

Mr Taylor decided he'd had enough of reading others' poetry so he set about the class writing its own poem. A reporter came to the school, took a class photo and the poem, Our Town, made the headlines. The last stanza is rather poignant:

*We wonder how long our town will stay
Unique, in its old-fashioned way,
We're proud of Eltham, so let us pray,
Her beauty won't fade for many a day.*

Little did we grade 5 students know that Eltham's beauty was on the wane and that its uniqueness would become lost as more people moved into the area for that very reason. The main road became a divided, busy thoroughfare.

The fire station and Shire Hall were demolished to make way for a supermarket. The hardware store, Clintons, where my Dad bought nails and screws scooped from a box into a heavy paper bag moved on from Main Road, the post office was revamped, the dirt roads were levelled and bitumen laid, the bush nature strips were flattened and replaced with concrete foot paths, curb and channel. The Eltham of the future would become just another outer Melbourne suburb, albeit minus the triple fronted brick veneer homes of the '60s.

....more of Sue's story in our next newsletter

It was in 1952 and my brother Joe and I were nine years old when we decided we wanted a billycart. We found a large wooden box that was just right to make the cart but we could not find wheels anywhere. We asked our mother to buy some and she was no help whatsoever as she said she didn't know what shop to go to in Eltham, or for that matter in Melbourne. We were quite sure she wasn't trying hard enough!

Then one Saturday afternoon as we were bored we went to a furniture sale at a flat behind our house. The owners were selling some of their furniture before buying a smaller place. The sale was in their garage and when they had sold all their furniture and we were about to go home, wondering why we had ever come in the first place, we suddenly saw them. Almost hidden, in a dusty corner.... four lovely wheels! We had no money with us, our weekly pocket money had already been spent that morning on sweets, and after a lot of loud whispering (and unfortunately the occasional punch) of: "You ask them, no YOU ask them, you're the girl/boy, it's your turn, you're a great big coward, no YOU are" etc., etc., eventually, as spokesperson I reluctantly went up to the owner and asked how much the wheels were. "You take them love," he said "we don't want them". So we gratefully took them and rushed home in triumph.

With a lot of help from a neighbour who was a builder, the billycart was constructed and much admired by our mother and grandmother and everyone else who saw it. My brother who was a fervent royalist, found some red paint and painted "Royal Mail" on both sides of the box, below E R (Elizabeth Regina) and a crown at the top. Then joyfully we went out to conquer the world.



Photograph - Ann Constable

At first I wasn't very good at steering; as, fresh from my riding lessons at Montsalvat, I tended to forget there was a hand brake and pulled on the steering ropes as if they were reins when I wanted to stop. My brother said that once I had even been heard to shout "Whoa", but that was his story and I strongly denied it. In those days, both Taylor and Henry Streets were dirt roads, and Taylor Street where we lived was full of pot holes and small ditches, so our skills were sorely tested and we regularly tipped over and fell out. My long suffering mother used to say that in those days she bought sticking plaster by the yard. Dudley Street however, was a "made" road, and without our mother's knowledge we would pull the billycart along Bible Street, get in at the top of Dudley Street and fly down very fast, the wind in our hair, not stopping until the Catholic School, but never as far as the Main Road, as that was strictly forbidden to us.

Our greatest adventure however, and as it turned out nearly our last, occurred one Sunday afternoon. We had driven down Taylor Street miraculously with no mishaps, my brother was steering and as we approached the bottom of Taylor Street we started an argument and both lost concentration. In those days Taylor Street bifurcated at the bottom, the right hand way led to Henry Street going up to Bible Street, the left hand also led to Henry Street and a small steep hill to the Main Road. Instead of turning right into Henry Street my brother involved in a shouting match with me turned left, and it wasn't until we began to gain speed we discovered what had happened.

I was terrified and started shouting "Brake Joe, brake, brake, BRAKE!!" My poor brother equally terrified hauled on the brake so hard that it came away in his hand. As we rushed towards the Main Road I began to cry, but it was too late to do anything. At that time, luckily, there was not much traffic on the Main Road and we were very lucky as it was clear. A car leaving Eltham village had just passed and one driving in the opposite direction saw us coming and stopped with a scream of brakes. We careered over the Main Road and down the continuation of Henry Street, not stopping until we had passed under the trestle bridge and were almost at Eltham Park. It was two thoroughly shaken and tear sodden children that returned home, one pulling and the other pushing the billycart. Our mother on hearing our sad story, although visibly shaken by it, felt we had punished ourselves as we were still so obviously terrified and upset, therefore not too much was said. Slowly the billycart phase ran its course, and we graduated to Raleigh Sport bicycles with three gears! (The first in Eltham.) And then in 1957 as part of The Eltham Gymkhana, we saw MOTORISED bilycarts competing in a race down the 'mile hill' from Smith's garage to the Lower Park. My brother tended to yearn for one, but I had had enough of bilycarts to last a life time.

My family of Elizabeth and Alec Chapman moved to Eltham in 1946 into a cottage on the opposite side of the Diamond Creek from where the little train now operates in Lower Park. At that time Eltham truly was a country town and the pub beer garden was the main meeting place for most inhabitants on a Saturday afternoon.

I attended Eltham Primary School where I started as a 4-year-old (my birthday being slightly after the mid-year intake, that happened then). My mother spent a lot of days taking me back to school when I had dismissed myself and walked the one kilometre home alone.

Bremner's Common (now Wingrove Park) was a big attraction with its dam and tad-poling, which I found much more entertaining than school. (Mrs Bremner ran a service station opposite, on the site of the current one). Another attraction at this site was the circus that came a couple of times a year. Watching them put up the circus tent was very interesting and even more of an attraction were the monkeys and elephants, as well as the feeding of the caged lions. These and other animals are not found in a circus these days.

At school at morning recess we were provided with hot chocolate the mothers would prepare in the shelter shed. Worse was the warm milk given in the summer months. The only form of classroom heating was an open fire. By the time I was near finishing at primary school we used to be able to walk along Main Road at lunchtime to Mrs. Mitchell's shop, for a delicious hot pie. As I recall there was no supervision for this departure from the school grounds. It is interesting that I still have contact with some of the other children I started school with. In fact one is a very good friend, although now living in Perth. That is the another thing about Eltham; many who grew up here continue to live in the area.

Following primary school, the natural progression was to the Eltham High School. There was only the main building at that time and I can remember our first assembly at the front entrance. While I was there several new class rooms and the school hall were added. I also remember the musical plays such as HMS Pinafore and other classical musicals being performed. We spent countless hours doing marching practice.

When I was young the Main Road shops consisted of the Blue Gum milk bar at the far end and a grocery store and a shoe maker where Coles currently stands. Opposite there was Lyon's Garage. They also provided a bus service and when we got off the train this little bus would tour the back streets taking each individual to their home. Sometimes this could take quite a considerable time. There was also a blacksmith next to the chiropractic practice opposite Alistair Knox Park and another milk bar/general store on the corner of Bridge Street/Main Road where a shop operated until recent years. Opposite Franklin Street there was also a butcher's shop.

The only doctor was next to the court house complex on the other side of Brougham Street. On Saturday afternoon I was occasionally allowed to go the movies in the Shire Hall, which also stood on the site of the Coles centre. Often the fire alarm would sound and everyone would run outside to watch the fire truck leave with the volunteers clutching on the back.

The other attraction during summer of course was the swimming pool, which was a small concrete pool filled with water pumped from the Diamond Creek. Sometimes it was like a mud puddle so for me the nearer to home Yarra/Diamond Creek junction was a much better option.



Joy Chapman
at Eltham High School - 1959
Photograph - Margaret Harding

We swam in the water hole there, which was quite deep, with fallen trees and sometimes carcasses of cows and kangaroos floating past. As recreation, the churches were another attraction for the Sunday school picnics to Mordialloc, travelling in the back of the moving van with benches tied into the back for us to "sit" on. Too bad when we went around a corner!

In the early days we had an iceman deliver the ice once a week for "refrigeration". The green grocer came around in a horse and cart, as did the milkman and the bread was delivered, but I constantly got into trouble for eating the middle out on the way from the box it was delivered to in Mt Pleasant Road, across the paddock. The milkman finally would not come down our street after his horse bolted one morning and took off across the paddock. We also had the "pan man" come weekly, whose visit I would avoid. Our nearest shop was where the flower stall is located opposite Lower Park. It consisted of a tea room and milk bar. There was a public telephone there, which was the only contact to anyone else.

We were a one car family, so my mother's movements were very limited as the Eltham Station was a couple of kilometres away and a trip to the city was an event. Being an only child growing up was a little lonely, however rambling along the creek with my Mum, picking mushrooms and picking cherry plums for jam and the dogs catching rabbits, which we ate if we could get them away from the dogs. We also liked to go into Lower Park during school holidays when the Greek people came to camp, where they would sing and dance around the camp fire. It all seemed so different to us as this was early days of immigration. Childhood was relatively simple and carefree and I wish the kids of today had the freedom of my youth and the healthy outdoor lifestyle of the "olden days".

Show Girl Competition

In 1965 Eltham was more like a country town than the suburb it has become today. People knew each other, if not personally then certainly of the family name. The big event for the year was a gymkhana or show at Lower Park. I can remember marching as a teenager from the town centre to the park in the marching girls accompanying the decorated floats.

In 1965, just on a whim on the day, I decided to enter the Miss Eltham Show Girl which was a part of the festivities at the park. I seem to remember that the show mainly consisted of horse events, cattle judging and a dog show. As I had not given any serious thought to entering the competition, I wore a suit that I had for work which was brown wool, with a coffee coloured shirt under, black shoes, bag, and gloves but no hat. I duly paraded for the judges and much to my surprise I was announced the winner.



The Miss Eltham 1965 sash

Photograph - EDHS collection

I eventually went on to compete at the Miss Victoria Show Girl competition, which was held at the Royal Melbourne Show. There I met many country girls who were representing their rural Victorian home. I made it into a final round of judging, but I think justice prevailed when someone from a country background was crowned. It was fun to go to the show as I had not really been before and great to see the displays of handcraft, cooking and wood chopping events, as well as the judging of farm animals.



Joy Chapman parading before the judges - Miss Eltham 1965
Photograph - Margaret Harding

My recollections of Eltham past

(continued from page 6)

It is hard to remember the Eltham I grew up in. The Lyon's Garage bus that actually drove you home (or close to it) when we got off the train at night. The Eltham Hotel on a Saturday afternoon, a usual social meeting place where people just sat and chatted. The pictures held in the Shire Hall and when the fire alarm sounded all the men just jumped up and ran to help. Suburbia has now swallowed most of that life but thankfully we at least do have the trestle bridge and parkland.

Early Market Gardening in Eltham

European settlement started in the Eltham area towards the end of the 1830s, with the Diamond Creek valley fully occupied within a decade. The settlers soon found that major floods were a recurring feature of the Yarra catchment, with one of the earliest and also the highest recorded floods occurring in 1839. The market gardens of this catchment were located on areas of river and creek side alluvial soil, and together with early bridges, were often the first and worst affected. Little has been written on the history of market gardening in Victoria. Fortunately reports of floods in newspapers contribute a quantity of primary information on this form of agriculture. These records show the prevalence from early settlement onwards of market gardening on the alluvial flats along the Yarra and its tributaries, including Diamond Creek. There are two recurrent observations in these accounts over the last 150 years - the scouring and removal of soil from these gardens, and in the same events the deposition of considerable quantities of silt.

In 1849 the Yarra River reached thirty-seven feet at Dights Falls. Major floods affected the Yarra catchment again in December 1863, reaching a similar level to the flood of 1839.¹ A report by the Collector of Agricultural Statistics detailed destruction of the potato crops of several farmers on the flats of the Plenty River, and noted that "the same fate attended all the small farmers occupying the vallies [sic] of the Plenty, Diamond and Aitken's Creeks".² The 1866 flood caused major damage to market gardens everywhere, and in particular on the "the borders of Plenty River and Diamond Creek".³ In the March 1878 flood, which was of a lesser scale, the stone-pitched approaches to a bridge over Diamond Creek at Eltham were swept away and "scattered for a long distance over adjacent lands". One "Chinaman", perhaps a market gardener, was drowned. Orchards were uprooted and destroyed, but a "much more serious loss" was the "great extent of valuable soil washed away, or so covered with debris as to be rendered valueless".⁴

The Illustrated Australian News of 1884 described Eltham as producing a large quantity of fruit, especially raspberries and strawberries, "the rich alluvial flats along the creek upon which the township is situated being very well adapted for that purpose".⁵ Ageing resident R.D. Taylor reminisced in the 1930s that Eltham was noted for its fruit-growing and particularly for its cherries. "It was customary to see from 20 to 30 market carts going to the city twice a week."⁶ The creek and river flats were disrupted again by the "Great" flood of 1891, when the Yarra rose to fourteen meters in some areas. In the 1934 flood 350mm of rain fell in forty-eight hours over the catchment.⁷ A newspaper report described the impact. "Houses in Eltham and Glen Park have been swamped by the overflowing waters of the Diamond Creek. The bridges are all covered by flood waters, with the exception of the bridge on the Greensborough road. The roads have been washed bare, and the soil carried away from several cultivations."⁸



The Diamond Creek in flood across Main Road - 1934
Photograph - EDHS collection *

Early Market Gardening in Eltham

(continued from page 7)

Aside from in flood reports, there are only a few mentions of local market gardeners in the newspapers. A William Hatton is described as a market gardener in the local newspaper in 1861.⁹ He paid rates for land and house in Eltham in 1864, and is described as a gardener in the 1889 rate book.¹⁰ William Thomas market gardener of Pitt Street Eltham, aged 68 years, was famously knocked from his wagon and killed on the Eltham Road by a motor vehicle in 1926.¹¹ Rate books indicate he worked an agglomeration of lots on Section JJ Parish of Nillumbik, being the flats on the east bank of the creek a distance to the north of Bell Street.¹² Distinctions between farmer and gardener are rather loose in the rate books, but the 1889 rate book lists fifteen gardeners and twenty farmers in the Eltham Shire.¹³

The character of the landscape at 2 Bell Street at the time of European occupation is not known. The paucity of live old Eucalyptus trees on the property (only two trees of large girth remain at the east side of the property in the vicinity of the creek), indicating that the whole area was largely cleared at an early stage. Two large dead trees in the same area, one standing and one fallen, show signs of ringbarking which may be related to this early clearing.

Taken with permission from the:

Cultural Heritage Significance Assessment & Guidelines for 2 Bell Street Eltham - January 2012

Prepared for Nillumbik Shire Council by Samantha Westbrooke Pty Ltd

In association with Peter Mills PhD, Historian and Roark Muhlen-Schulte, Archaeologist

Sources

¹ *Courier (Hobart)*, 8 December 1849, pp.2-3. *Argus*, 30 September 1891 p.10.

² John James, collector for Evelyn, 31 March 1964, in the *Reports of Collectors of Agricultural Statistics*, quoted in Alan Marshall, *Pioneers and Painters: One Hundred Years of Eltham and Its Shire* (Melbourne: Nelson Australia 1971), p.58.

³ *Argus*, 8 October 1866 p.6.

⁴ *Argus*, 18 March 1878 pp.5-7.

⁵ *Illustrated Australian News*, 26 December 1884, pp.210 & 212.

⁶ *Advertiser (Hurstbridge)*, 9 September 1932 p.6.

⁷ Melbourne Water, Flood Management and Drainage Strategy Part 2, http://www.melbournewater.com.au/content/publications/reports/flood_management_and_drainage_strategy.asp?bhcp=1, accessed 19 December 2011.

⁸ *Argus*, 27 August 1924 pp.19-20.

⁹ *Argus*, 27 February 1861 p.5

¹⁰ Entry 78, Eltham Road District Rate Roll 1864, Unit 1; Entries 66-67, 1889 Eltham Shire Rate Book 1889, Unit 2, VPRS 9705, PROV.

¹¹ *Argus*, 12 October 1926 p.9. This was an early instance of a 'hit and run' by a motor vehicle, with the ensuing trials becoming big news nationally.

¹² Entries 3227-3236, Eltham Shire Rate Book 1930-31, Unit 30, VPRS 9705, PROV.

¹³ Eltham Shire Rate Book 1889, Unit 2, VPRS 9705, PROV.

The Diamond Creek in flood



1924

1958

2005

These stories are part of a series about the lives of people interred at the Eltham Cemetery.

Richard Edward Gilsenan

Richard Gilsenan was a retired schoolteacher living at "Rosebank" in Eltham, now the site of the Living and Learning Centre. In 1906, Eltham Primary School's headmaster John Brown died, and Richard was brought out of retirement (briefly) to be acting headmaster. His son Harold was a junior teacher there at the time.

Thereafter, Richard was Secretary of the Eltham Progress League and more importantly was a magistrate at the Eltham Court of Petty Sessions. Cases commonly brought before him included not sending a child to school (typical fine 5/- or eight hours in the lock-up), not having a child vaccinated (fixed fine 40/-), stealing fruit from an orchard, selling liquor out of hours, and offensive language and behaviour. Other miscellaneous cases were allowing cattle to wander, selling cigarettes to a minor, carelessly burning off rubbish on a hot windy day, dumping a dead horse in the Diamond Creek, and youths throwing ripe fruit at passers-by.

Richard died in 1920 and is buried in Eltham Cemetery with his wife Harriet. In mourning his passing, his peers noted that his decisions had been given in a very fair way. Incidentally, his son Harold (the teacher) died in 1921 after being trampled by a horse while en route from Eltham to Cathkin (his then school).

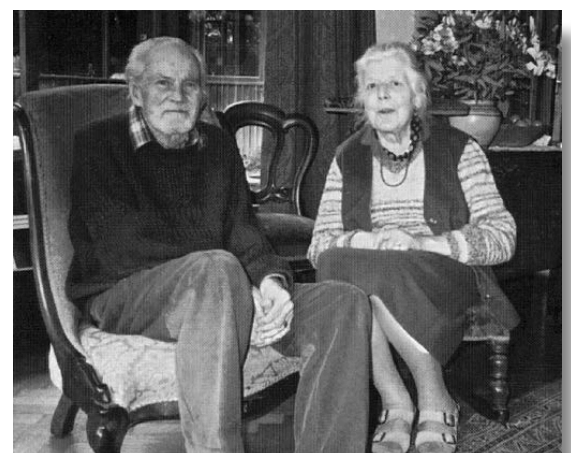
Main sources: Private research by Harry Gilham; proceedings of Eltham Court of Petty Sessions reported in Evelyn Observer 1908-1920.



Gilsenan Grave at Eltham Cemetery
Photograph - EDHS collection

Peter Glass

In 1938, Arthur William Glass (known as Peter Glass) was studying painting under Max Meldrum. Much of their inspiration came from the Eltham bush and the nearby Yarra River. With his friends jazz musicians Graeme and Roger Bell, Peter bought land at the top of John Street: enchanted by Montsalvat, he had the objective of building a mud-brick house. War intervened, but then in 1948 he began working for Alistair Knox as a carpenter and mud-brick builder. By then, Peter had married, necessitating a larger house, which he built with help from Alistair Knox. As a trained architectural draftsman, Peter later progressed to working for Alistair in that role, eventually running the drafting office during the 1960s.



Peter and Cecile Glass
Photograph - Artstreams Magazine

He was deeply involved in the foundation of the Australian Institute of Landscape Architects, and went on to design many gardens, some in partnership with Alistair Knox and Gordon Ford. Peter died in 1997. His remains, with those of his wife Cecile, are interred beside the Ashes Walk at Eltham Cemetery.

Sources: "Pioneers and Painters" by Alan Marshall and article at alistairknox.org

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Each year Nillumbik Shire Council provides financial support to each of the historical societies and heritage groups operating within the Shire by way of a Heritage Grant. We have received a grant of \$600 for the 2019 - 2020 financial year, which will be applied toward the operating costs of our Local History Centre. We are grateful to the Council for this support.

PLEASE NOTE: our postal address is now 728 Main Road, Eltham 3095, not PO Box 137 Eltham

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