

# Newsletter

No. 253 August 2020



## Interesting Times

Jim Connor

We are in the midst of interesting times as a result of the world wide COVID-19 pandemic. Countries, governments and individuals have and are responding in various ways. It does feel at times as if the lifestyle we took for granted will never be the same again and wherever we are we will probably look back at this period in our history as one of significant change. While we are currently in the midst of mandatory lock downs, social isolating and wearing of masks we tend not to realise we are experiencing and creating history for ourselves and our own local communities. How these histories are recorded will vary depending on the available resources and our newsletter is one way we document these times.

Nillumbik Shire Council, local businesses and community based not-for-profit organisations, such as our historical society, have also needed to adapt. Amongst all this change around us many are doing things differently, developing new processes, exploring more initiatives. Council is supporting community networks, creating opportunities to access and share online resources, as well as promoting artistic activities responding to this situation. One such project involves temporary text artworks installed on various Nillumbik paths, trails and walkways representing the reflections of writers' experiences of COVID-19. An anthology collection of 80 of the very best responses will be a lasting record of the challenging period we are living through.

Some local businesses have responded by revising their operations and are providing take-away, delivery and pick up services, whereas many community organisations that cannot meet together, such as Nillumbik U3A, are developing online connections and sessions to continue to engage their members.

We didn't expect to be where we are now and are not sure what our future will look like, yet we need to persevere, look after ourselves and others close to us.

We are concerned for all our members and hope everyone is well and safe and that we can maintain contact until we are able to again meet in person.



Temporary writer's reflections on path surfaces



Installation on the trail near Edendale Community Farm  
Photographs - Jim Connor

*(This is the last part of Sue's story. Parts 1, 2 and 3 in earlier newsletters are available on the EDHS website at [www.ethamhistory.org.au](http://www.ethamhistory.org.au))*

As the crow flies the best swimming hole on the Yarra was close, but a private road was the only direct access point from our area. The owner had dogs, so we couldn't sneak our way through. It was a long bike ride, up and down dale to reach Sweeney's Lane. Once there life was magic and made the ride worth the effort. A rope was strung over a tree branch so we could Tarzan out over the water and jump in if we dared. We'd heard a boy drowned there, caught in a submerged log. We didn't want the same fate so we were reasonably careful round the water. Our family dog, a Labrador we called Floppy, because he used to flop around when he was a pup, also came down to the river with us. He would chase sticks into the river, swim against the river's current to return and shake himself off right beside us, stick in mouth, a lopsided grin on his dear face. He wasn't the most obedient dog and would run off to chase rabbits ignoring our command to stay. The path along the river wasn't wide enough for a manic dog and a slight girl. He pushed past me one day. I lost my balance and fell in. Now that was scary. I wasn't the world's greatest swimmer although I passed the obligatory 25-yard Herald Certificate swim test in the Eltham pool and the Senior swim test swum fully clothed. The current ran fast. The bank was too steep to climb up. I had to grip on reeds and tree branches along the river's edge, battling with the current that wanted to take me to the river's middle until I found a spot where I could heave myself out. Where are friends when you need them? Mine thought my predicament funny and watched, doubled up with laughter, as I saved my own skin.

Susan also lived close to the river on Banoon Road. Access was through difficult terrain on private land opposite her home. We needed something easier. For a few days we watched a house on Kent Hughes Road, checking out activity within. This house had a boat house way off to the side of the main dwelling. We'd scarper through a wire fence and run to the boat house, stop to check if we'd been spotted, then we'd shimmy down the steep boat track rails to the river. We had the place to ourselves and were free to roam. The owners had built themselves a fancy BBQ area replete with paving, stone seats, a shallow pool coming off the river and steps down into the water. The area was in a state of disrepair, like the boat house. However, you could see the beauty of the place through the cracks as it once must have been.



The author, billycart and Floppy  
Photograph - Sue Bennett

We'd walk along following the river, not a care in the world. The spring sun was warm on our backs. Birds would call out as we approached and fly off through the bush. The willy wag tails chastised, the bell birds pinged, the cockies screeched. We walked further along the river than we ever had before and came into a clearing. It was a magnificent sight. A field of yellow, dancing and fluttering in the breeze, a host of golden daffodils, tossing their heads in spritely dance. Our hearts filled with pleasure and danced with those daffodils, with apology to Mr Wordsworth, the author of those beautiful words.

A dilapidated house caught our interest and we ran on from the daffodils to investigate. The house could have been liveable with a bit of work. As it was, it made a good place to be for a while, out of the sun. We picked armfuls of daffs and jonquils heavy with perfume and trudged up a steep hill walking away from the river, fighting our way through the bush. We had some sense of direction and eventually came out close to Susan's home.



My parents were very proud of their new home. There was a house welcome party. My mum cooked for days. She used Graeme Kerr, the Galloping Gourmet, recipes. Pavlova was a must. At this party the traditional pav was usurped by a *pièce de résistance* of layers of crisp meringue, gooey on the inside and in between each layer of meringue, a layer of creamy chocolate that oozed over the side like iced raindrops. Mum also bought Swiss cheese. We'd never seen cheese with holes in it, only a block of cheddar cheese wrapped in foil. This was a special party alright. Guests at 8 p.m. and children in bed under threat, not to be seen or heard for the night.

My parents held other parties at their Eltham home, mainly as fund raisers for the Brunswick Hockey Club. Hockey was too strong a tradition with my father to ever consider giving up the game or transferring to a closer club. Dad would buy a barrel of beer and the party was never over until it was empty. Random breath testing for alcohol didn't happen in the '60s. Lucky for those hockey players.

I was lost on Saturdays when my brothers and father went off playing hockey. Sometimes I went along, but it was lonely, particularly as my mother declined to come along. A few girls at school went to ballet with a difference lessons: no wrap chiffon skirt, pink tights or expensive ballet slippers. No piano or woman hitting the keys on Madam's order, just an old portable record player in the Eltham RSL club rooms, bare feet and the unrivalled passion of Eugenie Knox, or Janie as she was known then. Janie was one of Alistair Knox's daughters from his first marriage.

My mother was reluctant to allow me to go to the classes. Waste of money. Just a fad, you'll never last were a few of her many objections. I nagged her, wore her down over time and Saturdays came alive. I loved the freedom of uninhibited movement, the association between dance and every breath, the spiral of the spine as our bodies moved fluidly, flowing in a state of absolute of grace beyond the confines of the RSL walls. I danced and performed with Janie in her Dance of Life company for well over 15-years.

One year a TV crew from the ABC used the nature strip at the bottom of our block to film a car accident. The wheels on one side of the car were elevated on blocks so the car appeared tilted as it would if it had really crashed. A fake windshield was placed over the existing windshield and filmed as it was smashed with hammers wielded by various men out of the camera's view.

Many weeks later the show aired on TV. We saw our street through the eyes of the car's driver, felt the movement of the car as it rose in the air and winced as the windshield shattered on impact. The crash shown on TV was so real. Our eyes blurred between reality and make believe. The story line was credible. The car crash victim required a blood transfusion. However, the victim's religion didn't permit one. Life or a sure death if a stranger's blood wasn't transfused. A difficult subject back then as it is now.

Life in Eltham was privileged. We had freedom to come and go as we pleased. We were safe. No racial tension or slurs. We honoured the queen, disparaged Henry Bolte, the long standing Liberal state Premier and cheered on good old Collingwood on the TV replay, when Collingwood played footy at the MCG. Our parents loved us and gave us the very best they could provide. However, that pure, sweet and simple life changed as our horizons grew. High School, and along with it new ideas and influences, the Vietnam War and conscription. I left my childhood behind at Eltham in Lot 8 Metery Road and hurtled onward to a new world where man walked on the moon and imaginary ideas became the reality.

*We thank Sue Bennett for her personal story about Our Town*



Young Collingwood supporters at home  
Photograph - Sue Bennett

"This suits us right down to the ground!" More than one of the American officers used these words, or the equivalent of them, in reference to the run in motor cars to the Blacks' Spur yesterday.

More than sixty motor cars were drawn up outside the Equitable Building in Collins Street by 8.30 a.m. Not even the sixteen war ships in the Bay were objects of greater interest to the citizens of Melbourne. The line of luxurious and gaily decorated cars, as it stood waiting to start and puffing intermittently with suppressed excitement, was the cynosure of all eyes.

Everyone agreed that it was a happy idea of the Automobile Club of Victoria to take the visitors for a run to one of the most convincing beauty spots, not merely of this State, but of the Commonwealth. Of the city, and what pertains to the city, the Americans have recently seen enough and to spare. But of rural Victoria - such as it can be with the influences of spring just beginning to assert themselves - the great majority know nothing. That the Healesville district furnishes a sight worth seeing those who made the trip yesterday are now thoroughly agreed.

In all about 120 officers partook of the hospitality of the Automobile Club of Victoria. Attired in motor caps and dust coats, and protected from dust and grit by goggles, they were enabled to travel with a maximum of comfort and to make the most of a unique opportunity.

The leading motor car got away from the corner of Collins and Elizabeth streets a few minutes after half-past 8, and at short intervals the others followed. It soon became evident that the event had appealed to the imaginations of suburban residents. From Richmond to Eltham the trip was in the nature of a triumphant procession. Bands of cadets came out here and there to line the road; school children waved flags; grown up people distributed smiles and cheers, while young ladies beamed on the flying pageant. At Richmond, Kew and Surrey Hills improvised arches of welcome were hung across the roads. At Camberwell about 3000 children and citizens were assembled at the corner of Burke and Canterbury roads, while the spectacle of a brass band playing American national airs was further proof that something unusual was in progress. At each vehicle, as it rushed past, flowers and sprays of Australian plants were thrown, the visitors being literally overwhelmed and the same condition of affairs prevailed until the last populous suburb had been left behind. The one drawback was the dust, which the rush of so many cars was sending up in clouds, even the goggles and cloaks proving an inadequate protection for those in the thick of it.

After leaving Eltham the outlook changed. Hitherto the country traversed had been picturesque and pleasing, without being in any way remarkable. From Eltham to Yarra Glen, a distance of about 20 miles, the scenery became grander and more impressive. The road wound through wooded country, patches of cultivated land alternating with virgin bush. The effect of the wattle in full bloom was galalike in the extreme. To right and left there were patches of gleaming white, showing where cherry and apple orchards were in blossom, while the contrasting darkness of the dominating gum trees lent consistency and strength to the foreground.

Most pleasing of all, perhaps, and invariably restful to the eye, were the broad patches of English grass, which, wherever they appeared, turned the landscape to a vivid green.



Women greeting the US Fleet driving past near Research - 1908  
Photograph - EDHS - Reynolds/Prior Photograph Collection

The track rose higher and higher as Yarra Glen was approached. At one stage the route lay along a path protected only by a post and rail fence from a sudden descent of a thousand feet. This was the outlook on one side; on the other side the Dividing Range rose abruptly against the skyline.

The motorists, as they sped along this winding path, could see far below them the white buildings and cultivated garden plots of the township of Yarra Glen - a spot so calm, so shut in, so restful looking, that even the houses seemed asleep. There was little or no change in the character of the scenery until Healesville was passed, and the ascent of the Blacks' Spur was commenced. Here the track became more difficult, and progress was necessarily slower; but those who went to the top of the Spur - and these were not many, the great majority being content to stop at Gracedale House, three miles out of Healesville - were satisfied that not many of the great cities of the world have such scenery within easy reach as Melbourne can command.

Nothing had occurred to mar the pleasure of the run out; nothing transpired to spoil the success of the excursion on the way back. The only difference between the out and home journeys was that during the latter the pace was somewhat accelerated. Some of the motorists of Victoria could not resist the opportunity to show America and the world at large that fast motor cars are to be met with outside the United States.

"Let her go, driver," was the shout heard from a car that was standing in the grounds of Gracedale House, at 3.30 p.m. This car, a 24 h.p. of the Bayard pattern, contained an important State official, a recognised motor expert in Mr. S. Bolger, a newspaper representative, and one or two others, including a somewhat inexperienced and slightly nervous passenger. It was driven by Mr. J. W. Munro. At the words "Let her go," the driver gave one look behind him, the nervous passenger gave one look ahead, and the State official before mentioned sat stolidly "as you were." The machine did go, and to some purpose. In ten minutes from the start the township of Healesville was a vista of flying houses, in half an hour the open spaces leading to Yarra Glen were a couple of miles behind; in three quarters of an hour the driver was rushing up an incline of about one in six, with a large 30 horse power vehicle puffing and snorting and laboring desperately to overtake him, while a sleepy looking agricultural conveyance was looming just ahead.



The Automobile Club of Victoria entertains US Officers at Gracedale House Healesville - 1908  
Photograph - internet source

At this exciting moment the post and rail fence which marks the spot where the precipitous descent begins rushed into view. At breakneck speed the two machines tore on, the rear one being almost abreast of the other, and evidently bent on passing it on the narrow road. The two drivers looked grimly ahead; the nervous passenger said a silent prayer; the official sat stolidly as before; the nearest gum trees looked like flashing and dissolving things on the landscape; while the driver of the somnolent vehicle, having escaped annihilation by about two inches, had become a speck on the hillside. It was for the onlookers an interesting moment, but to the experienced automobilist this situation was perfectly normal; in fact, not worth mentioning. There was no mishap - the capable driver tells you there never need be if men understand their business - and the car with the State official on board had reached Melbourne by 5.35 p.m. Including a stoppage of a quarter of an hour, it had done the return journey of 46 miles, along winding, uneven and frequently precipitous roads, in a little more than an hour and three-quarters.

By nightfall the last car had got home, and congratulations were general on the success of the run, a special compliment being paid the secretary, Mr. E. L. Holmes, for the arrangements he had made in connection with it.

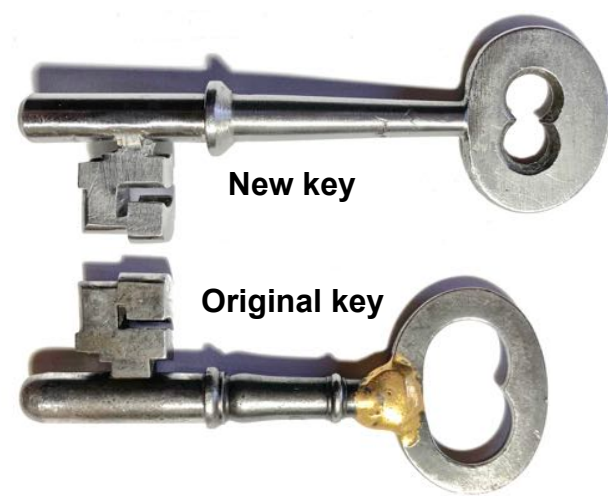


Portable timber lock-ups were used around Victoria from the mid-nineteenth century. The design stipulated thick wooden timbers to be mounted on a cast iron frame, then bound together with holding rods - an early form of flat-pack construction, being easily transportable and relatively quick to assemble.

The portable lock-up in the rear yard at the Eltham Justice Precinct was placed there in March 2001 after being utilised elsewhere in Eltham. This is a popular feature during visits to the Justice Precinct, especially with school children, who often grasp the opportunity to lock their teacher up.

In February 2018 we experienced an unfortunate situation when the door could not be opened, as the old lock had jammed. (Thankfully no one was inside at the time!) Despite our attempts to free the lock we were not successful. We were pleased Nillumbik Council engaged a locksmith to assist, but it was a challenge as the latch bolt of the lock needed to be cut, then the lock rebuilt.

This experience heightened our concerns we only had the one original key, which had already been repaired. In response to our request Council arranged for another key to be made to provide a backup. Jacinta, the locksmith who earlier expertly repaired the lock, then set about 'making history' to produce a duplicate using her creative skills, assisted by Andrew, who are both from Security Locksmiths in Eltham. Our only request was that it did not look like a modern key.



Due to the age of the lock and the original key it was not an easy project. The new key, shown in the photograph, was made using a head cut from old key and welded to the main shaft, which is cut from a drill bit, with a washer as the collar. The flag is made from a section of a safe door. This creative approach has resulted in a new-old key, which has now given us more security, knowing we were really at risk if something had happened to the original one.

## Signs of Our Times



Before COVID



July 2020

Photographs - Jim Connor

In our last newsletter we mentioned the sculpture of Alan Marshall outside the Eltham Library, that was the result of a proposal submitted to the Shire of Eltham by Matcham Skipper.

It was later made by his son Marcus Skipper in 1995.

In the current times of COVID -19 lockdowns someone has appropriately protected Alan Marshall with a mandatory mask, as well as a beanie for the cold.

## Recollections and Reflections of a Garbo

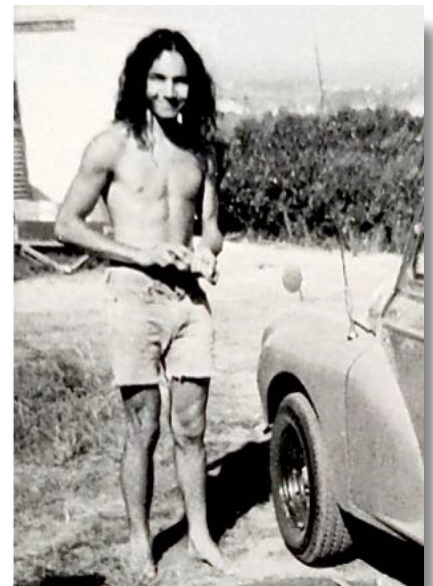
Frank Taylor

At the end of 1972 I finished Form 6 - Year 12 at Eltham High School and took a year off before University. After a number of short term jobs - mud brick making, truck jockey moving new furniture, spray painting new trailers, etc. - mid year found me working at the Shire of Eltham, in the Pitt Street Depot at the top of the hill east of Bible Street. Here I developed skills in a variety of labouring type jobs.

The yard housed a large workshop building and a couple of offices. The works supervisor used to address us briefly when we assembled at 8 o'clock every morning before we went off for the day. He had a tough job, which I thought he did very, very well all things considered. To his credit, he would constantly remind us that we were employed by The Shire FOR THE RATEPAYERS' BENEFIT. We were public servants in the very fullest sense, regardless of our position.

One morning I turned up and in front of the workshop was the garbage truck, which was unusual. As household garbage collection started early, the only time we saw the truck was either on the round, rarely, or parked away when we got back at the end of the day. Soon as I walked in, I was told that as one of the regular runners was crook, I was to run garbage for that day. Starting immediately - I was probably selected because I was the youngest.

A domestic garbage truck in those days had a crew of one driver and two runners. Our driver was Billy who was in his early 40's, skinny, an ex-runner, and a chain smoker. I was told that when runners had had enough, typically they would become the drivers as they knew the job. The permanent runner I worked with was Johnny who was 35 at that time, had been a runner all of his working life. A little shorter than I and despite being a light smoker (everyone smoked then), was the fittest bloke I had ever seen in my life. Not an ounce of body fat and you could see every muscle in high definition in his legs and arms through his skin. His thighs and calves were probably double the average size for his stature. He would have made a great life model for anatomical studies a la Leonard Da Vinci I thought at the time, but never mentioned. Tommy Hafey - Richmond and Collingwood VFL/AFL coach - later said that running garbage or brickies labouring was his preferred paying day job for his players, and I knew why. It certainly got you fit. So that is how I became for a while, the relief runner. I never got to know the other regular runner as he was always the one I filled in for, even though he was considerably younger than Johnny.



Frank in his 'Runner' days - 1974  
Photograph - Frank Taylor

(About mid-October 1973 thereabouts I ran garbage full-time until the next February, when I left to (briefly) attend RMIT)

I must admit, I loved it. We started at 6 a.m. and finished when the day's round was done. It was best if I had at least 24 hours notice say, when a runner had an injury or holidays, as I found that you HAD to have a substantial breakfast and take a good smoko as well, which meant rising at 5 a.m. Just in case I always ate a good breakfast from then on.

Garbage was collected every day of the week regardless, barring two exceptions, Good Friday and Christmas Day. It was then collected the next day instead. The daily round differed depending on the weekday. Eltham Shire was growing quickly then with new homes and households coming in every year. (For example, as a teenager, if I wanted to go to a friend's house, I would often just cut across paddocks to take the quickest route. The older I got these paddocks began to fill with houses and the journey became longer.)

## Recollections and Reflections of a Garbo

(continued from page 7)

Later on, just before I left the job, one of the senior staff joined us for a week to survey our workload. He was shocked and amazed at what we did every day. We just thought of it as a job that had to be done and we did it. Each runner averaged well over 1,000 bins a day and we ran 20 miles - 32 kms, the truck doing approximately 40 miles, 64 kms in total. A month after I left the Shire put on two trucks full-time for the same round.

For this we were paid normal hours plus one hour's overtime. We also had a few perks of the job which earned us a bit more. In those days, everything that could be recycled, was. All bottles and glass included. Bottles we collected in big hessian bags, which when full we hung on big hooks welded along the back door of the truck. Bottles, which could later be sold, were mostly sorted when collected and stacked carefully back at the tip. Different types and sizes of bottles were for example, long necks - normal beer bottles - were a cent apiece (stubbies didn't exist then), wine bottles the same, flagons, five cents, soft drinks like Coke-a-Cola and Fanta, 5 cents etc., etc.

We collected any scrap metal - usually copper and aluminium - I think we made \$2 or \$3 on this each a week. Tea brands like Lipton and Lan Choo, had tear-off vouchers we collected and then cashed in, again about \$2 or \$3 a week. We'd keep an eye open for the empty packets and scrap etc., as we emptied the bin - plastic bin liners weren't in use then and refuse was loose except for items wrapped in newspaper. Bottles were the biggest earner by far with about, from memory, \$20 or more per person, per week. It doesn't sound like much today, however putting it into perspective, one gallon (3.8 litres) of petrol cost 40 cents, the same cost as a packet of 20 cigarettes. Including my pay, I probably netted around \$110 per week all up. It didn't matter, I loved my job and this was just a bonus.

I loved being properly strong and fit for the first time in my life. I was very conscious of my food and I ate a lot of it, so I researched my diet. I shopped and ate well with a lot of fresh food and cereal.

The truck was set up with a compactor on the back. The exhaust had a not unpleasant, but particular smell. (Very, very occasionally a truck will smell just like that and I am instantly transported back to 1973 - 74). The compactor had loading openings at the front and a long, solid running board on each side. The rubbish was emptied by jumping onto the running-board and upending the bin(s), often banging the bin on the handrail.

At least 50% of the time we carried a bin on each side of our body, at shoulder height. Our run was Eltham, Montmorency, Briar Hill, parts of Lower Plenty and Research. From memory, another truck did townships like Wattle Glen and Hurstbridge, along with collecting the garbage from commercial and shop premises.

This truck from South Australia is similar to type we used with the same loading doors and running boards, though ours didn't have the forward compartment and was generally much bigger.

*Further tales about Frank Taylor's job as a garbo will be included in our next newsletter*



A garbage truck similar to the type used then by the Shire of Eltham  
Photograph - Frank Taylor



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

### John Jarrold

At the corner of Main Road and Dalton Street, diagonally opposite Eltham Primary School, is an old house called "White Cloud". It was built about 1863, probably replacing a lesser house dating from the early 1850s. Incidentally, the small shed at the very corner (by the pedestrian crossing) was a boot repair shop built in about 1930.

John Jarrold, a carpenter and builder by trade, lived there for most of his life. He was on the Eltham Primary School Board of Advice and helped out at various functions including a picnic in Wingrove Park. In 1900 he organised a school excursion to the seaside (Hampton) which was repeated every three years. He was also active in the Rifle Club and was a cricketer. (One match was Smokers v Non-Smokers; result unknown.) On two occasions he recovered a drowned body from the Diamond Creek, one a boy, the other a woman who suffered an epileptic fit while fishing. John died in 1909, possibly from a work-related injury, at the age of 44 and is buried in Eltham Cemetery with his wife Thekla.



Jarrold family members  
Cropped Photograph - EDHS collection\*

His brother Charles sang at local functions and was also a cricketer playing for Eltham. He worked for Eltham Shire Council, at first on road construction, later as foreman of a gang constructing footpaths in Eltham streets. John and Charles once used a wheelbarrow to convey a drunken obstreperous woman (who was armed with a hat-pin) to the police lock-up.

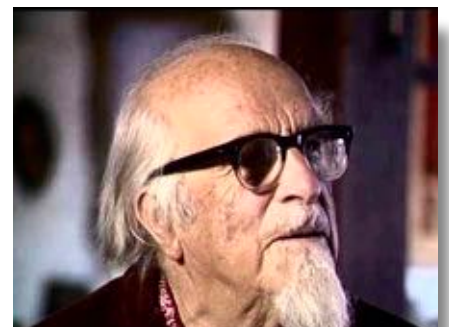
Main source: Evelyn Observer, numerous articles 1884-1909.

### Justus Jörgensen

Justus Jörgensen was a painter and trained architect who founded the artists' colony "Montsalvat" at Eltham in 1935. Its gothic-style Great Hall is built out of mudstone found on the site. Roof slates came from a friend's recently demolished house. Fittings such as the limestone windows and stone balconies came from the Royal Insurance Building in Collins Street. The cast iron circular staircase, architrave mouldings and some of the doors and windows were from the Bijou Theatre in Bourke Street. Numerous outbuildings, often of mud-brick or stone, include a studio and students' quarters, built in a style reminiscent of French provincial architecture. Construction work was carried out with the assistance of a myriad of his followers, who learnt "on the job" the crafts of carpentry, sculpture, metalwork, tiling and slating. The medieval-style gargoyles were carved by students. Residents over the years have included luthiers, jewellers, painters, glass artists, ceramicists and textile workers.

Montsalvat reputedly cultivated a bohemian lifestyle: Justus had a long-term relationship with one of his followers Helen Skipper. Justus died in 1975. He and his wife Lily are buried in Eltham Cemetery, though their graves (beside steps leading from the cemetery to Montsalvat) are unmarked. In accordance with his will, Montsalvat is now administered by a trust and continues as an artists' colony and function centre. It has a heritage listing (both State and Commonwealth).

Main sources: Article by Max Teichmann in Australian Dictionary of Biography (reproduced at [alistairknox.org](http://alistairknox.org)) and Wikipedia.



Justus Jörgensen  
Photograph - geni.com

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**Robert Marshall is now the Treasurer / Membership Secretary for the  
Eltham District Historical Society**

**We thank Lesley Mitchell for her past contributions and assistance in this role**

### **Contacts for the Eltham District Historical Society**

- Jim Connor, President – Telephone 0418 379 497 – [edhshistory@gmail.com](mailto:edhshistory@gmail.com)
- Russell Yeoman, Society Secretary – Telephone 9439 9717 – [edhsoffice@gmail.com](mailto:edhsoffice@gmail.com)
- Robert Marshall, Treasurer / Membership Secretary – [edhstreasurer@gmail.com](mailto:edhstreasurer@gmail.com)

**Our postal address is now 728 Main Road, Eltham 3095, not PO Box 137 Eltham**

***Printed by courtesy of Vicki Ward MP, State Member for Eltham***

\*Any images displayed in this newsletter from the Shire of Eltham Pioneers Photograph Collection are held in partnership between Eltham District Historical Society and Yarra Plenty Regional Library (Eltham Library)



## Eltham Cemetery - *Our Eltham, Our History*

The Eltham Cemetery Trust has just commenced another major project at the historic cemetery. The lake will be reshaped and relined (slightly smaller), a partially roofed pavilion will be built at the base of the lake, with the addition of new fountains, a timber bridge through the middle to facilitate easier access, new pathways and the placement of new boulders to facilitate additional interments.

Works including landscaping and planting will be undertaken by Robert Boyle Landscape Design and Construction, who intend to work quickly and efficiently to minimise any disruptions. The original design of the lakeside space in the very early 1990s was undertaken by Robert Boyle.

This new project has been several years in the planning so the Eltham Cemetery Trust is very excited to see it under way.

Further details at: [www.elthamcemetery.com/item/25-lakeside-maintenance-and-improvement-works](http://www.elthamcemetery.com/item/25-lakeside-maintenance-and-improvement-works)



### ELTHAM CEMETERY

EST. 1858

Burial Grounds: Mt Pleasant Road, Eltham  
[www.elthamcemetery.com](http://www.elthamcemetery.com)



### *Our Eltham, Our History*

For further information contact Rita:  
The Secretary, P.O. Box 423, Eltham VIC 3095  
Ph: (03) 9432 1963 Email: [admin@elthamcemetery.com](mailto:admin@elthamcemetery.com)