



## Ducking out on Dimlings

**W**E all have little “adventures” throughout our lives, which often get overlooked when set beside the larger events that surround them. One of Mary Schwerkolt’s, which begins with her employment at a Dimling’s Restaurant in Pittsburgh, is described in the following series of postcards.

### *Pitts 4th June 1910*

*Had an awful time down at Dimlings in getting off a couple of months. I am trying to make Milly believe that I am going to Minnie’s place, but I was determined to get to the Mountains to work for the summer as it is a nice place to work and also good money in it. Will write more when I get out there and whenever you write again put on Uncle’s address 73 Gloster Rd Hazelwood and I’ll get them whenever I come back.*

*Best Regards to All  
Mary*

### *Pitts Sept 1910*

*I was at the mountains working at the Summer Resort 10 weeks in all. It is now closed for the season. Liked it there real well and also made out good and it was also a change from the town. I received five dollars a week wages and room and board included, and made three dollars in tips. I am now rooming at a different place. I like it much better than the other place that I roomed at before I went to the mountains, and it also is a little nearer to my work. A little cheaper at this place, I pay one dollar and a half a week – that is equal to six shillings – and where I was before I had to pay even more. I can to walk to work from where I room; it takes me about twenty minutes.*

*Best Regards to All  
Mary*



Photo of some resort employees. Mary is standing centre; Emil is standing on the right

### *Pitts Sept 20 1910*

*I have now got a position working in a dining room as a waitress. Where I am now at, I have to wear a uniform. The girls have to all dress alike. The uniform consists of a plain white blouse, white collar and black bow at the neck and also one in the hair, and a hair net and a large white apron that goes clear around us and a big white sash in the back and black skirts on. My intentions were before I went to the mountains to go back to Dimlings when I came back, but when one of the Dimling boys caught me working out there I would not go back to work for them again now, for I am glad that it went this way for I like it here much better. The work is not nearly as hard – shorter hours and better pay.*

*Mary*

*(continued over page)*

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*Dear Members*

**H**APPY New Year to you all! I hope you enjoyed the holiday break.

In November Rosalie Whalen was invited to speak at the Whitehorse Women's Forum. Rosalie's talk on Mary Schwerkolt was enthusiastically received, and had the audience entranced. Rosalie has very kindly donated her fee for the evening to our Society.

The Schwerkolt family have been very generous to us. Rosalie's brother Charles visited us on a Wednesday in December and donated \$5000. It is in thanks for all the work done looking after the Cottage and the Complex by our Society members over the years. We are grateful for their generosity.

You will receive a letter in the New Year from the Whitehorse Council explaining their new bushfire strategy for Total Fire Ban days. It means that on such a day the Schwerkolt Cottage & Museum Complex will not be open at all. This will include any working



Rosalie with Crs Raylene Carr and Sharon Ellis at the Whitehorse City Council Women's Forum

Wednesdays, General or Committee meeting days and working-bee days.

Finally, may I remind you that this year our General Meetings will start at 1pm so that we may utilise the Visitor Centre before the Museum is opened for the public. Our first meeting will be showing a film from the collection. I hope to see you then.

*Vicki Jones Evans*

## Ducking out on Dimlings

*(continued from page 1)*

**Pitts 19th June 1911**

*I received your letter and was very sorry to hear about the baby being sick, but I hope that she will get along alright. I am moving again now am taking a lot of my things to Uncle's place and on the 20th of this month I am going to work 2 months at the Summer Resort where I was before.*

*Best Regards to all  
Mary*

The Dimling Brothers Cafe was a German bar and restaurant which opened in 1902 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania at 24 Diamond Square. The Dimling Brothers, George Jr., Howard, and Elmer, whose family had been in the restaurant business since the 1870s, were granted the 8th liquor license by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The family also ran a second location at a different address. The Dimlings remained in the restaurant business up until 1960.

## Pop-up History part 2

OUR meeting on Saturday 12 December was an encore of last year's December meeting, where people brought items of interest to share with the members. Though smaller in the number of items shared, it was nonetheless every bit as interesting and successful as it was in 2014. Some of the items are shown below.



**Barbara Gardiner's** contribution was this sugar shaker, which had belonged to Bob's grandmother, Mary Horsefield. For a long time she and Bob had known it, and when Mary died, family members were invited to take items from the house to remember her by; this was one of those they chose. Known as an Art Deco Depression Glass shaker, its lines speak loudly of the time in which it was made.

**Art Deco Depression Glass Sugar Shaker**



**Angus Watson's** passion is maps, three examples of which he brought to share. The pictured example is a military survey map of Ringwood, dated 1923, and at that time all similar maps had a flap attached to them bearing the following inscription:

*This map is a classified military document and is only to be made available to an officer of His Majesty's Armed Services, an officer of the Police Services, a member of the judiciary – magistrate and above, a scoutmaster, and a minister of religion. If found by a member of the public, this document should be handed to one of the above.*

Angus also brought two early editions of Broadbent's road atlas, the first one circa 1930, and the second dating from the early 1950s.

**1923 map of Ringwood**



Bearing in mind the time of year approaching, **Ross Hoskin** brought along a toy he was given for Christmas about 60 years ago: a clockwork car. As near as I can determine, it is a 1949 Ford convertible. This particular car was made in West Germany after World War II, and branded *Made in U.S. Zone, Germany*. Quite a complex toy for its time, it came with steering, brake, reverse and three forward gears – and still boasts its original rubber tyres, although some bits (like the front bumper) have gone through the car's being played with (as toys should be!). Ross remembers that shortly after getting it, being a boy, he took it apart to see how it worked. Fortunately, he was able to put it back together again!

**Toy 1949 Ford 2-seater convertible**

Others who contributed to the meeting were Ray Meagher with a cowbell, Judith Fry with some precious family jewellery plus a mystery object, Rosalie Whalen with charms that have survived many years' use in Christmas puddings, and Bob Gardiner with a sign he souvenired as an Olympic athlete in 1968 (more about this next issue!). Thanks to all for participating, and we hope this won't be the last Pop-up History!

# GROWING UP IN '62

or

## The Naughty Boys and Girls Club

**I**N the Christmas holidays of 1962–63 the centre of our world was the T-intersection of Lake Road and . . . Lake Road, in Blackburn. We never really questioned why two roads had the same name; that was just the way it was.

My brother Julian and I lived at number 121, about 100 yards east of World's Centre; John and Margaret lived right on its corner (they also had a baby brother, Jamie; but he was too young to come into this story). Lisa and Paul were on the opposite corner, and Jane and Jeremy were about 100 yards south, down a street whose name I forget that ran off the other Lake Road (ours was the big one, which went all the way past the lake to Blackburn). If I don't mention our parents, it is because – especially during these summer days – we were always off doing things by ourselves and the grown-ups didn't come into that much.

But enough introduction; like I say, that summer was probably the first one when we all had started reading, and stories of bands of kids like the Secret Seven (and the Terrible Ten on television), who got together and had adventures, had fired our imaginations to the extent that we decided to form our own club. I forget what other names we might have considered, but the one we decided on was The Naughty Boys and Girls Club. That seemed to say it all.

The first thing to work out was where to have our headquarters: that was easy – we could build it in the bush behind old Mr Eckhardt's orchard. The next thing was some way of showing who we were. The Secret Seven had buttons, but we decided to go the way of the Terrible Ten, and have a flag. We begged an old sheet and some Textas from my mum, and having agreed on a design involving a flaming torch, we all crowded round in Julian's and my bedroom, signed our names and coloured it in (or tried to: the Textas didn't work all that well on the cotton sheet).

Having finished the flag, we paraded it in triumph down Lake Road to John and Margaret's corner. Then we turned left out of Lake Road into Lake Road and down it until we reached the street-I-forget-the-name-of. There we turned right, went past Jane and Jeremy's, and with a bit of climbing came into Eckhardt's bush. The rest of that afternoon was spent dragging branches and other bits of brush together. If we didn't achieve the heights of Ten Town, it nonetheless soon started to take shape. Big branches, still thick with leaves, were dragged into place and leant against a tree to make the cubby into which we could crawl, whilst others less leafy were put to the task of forming the walls of our "fort". All of us were hot and scratched by the time we tied our flag proudly to the tree we had built it around. There wasn't a scrap of wind, so

it just hung there limply; but that didn't matter. We were pleased and tired, and ready for tea.

The next day we all made our way, after breakfast, to our fort. We had decided on a password the evening before, but I don't remember what it was. Jane and Jeremy lived closest, but they were last to arrive and yelled it breathlessly as they climbed into the fort.

Now we were all together, we faced our next task: to have an adventure. The ideal was to come across a gang of crooks and defeat their plans; but how we could do that was a bit of a puzzle. Eventually it was decided: "We could ask the police if they've got any unsolved crimes."



**The author with John (right) and Jamie (left) outside the Armstrong's on the corner of Lake Rd and Lake Rd**

No-one was sure where the police station was, but we thought it must be somewhere near the village. It was agreed to get picnic lunches (and money for ice creams) and try to find it.

This sorted, we set off towards Blackburn down the right-hand footpath (while it lasted) of Lake Road – the big one, not the small one. This, for much of the way, was the more interesting side of the road (or at any rate, the one I remember more clearly). We passed Lisa and Paul's modern-looking house, then the American family's showy white one that was next to it, outside which the unmade road was stained dark by the oil that Mr Cook had spread to stop the dust flying up and dirtying the white paint.

*(Continued on page 7)*

From the

# Blackburn & Mitcham Reporter

CIRCULATING IN THE MUNICIPALITIES OF BLACKBURN AND MITCHAM AND DONCASTER.

Volume 45 Number 1

Wednesday, 6 January 1932

Price Twopence

## District Police Court

—:0:—

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1931.

Before Mr. T. P. O'Callaghan, P.M., and Messrs. J. Sneddon, J. R. Kefford and A. A. Bishop, J's.P.

### MILK IN THE WRONG BOTTLES.

Harry Hill, dairyman, of Box Hill, was proceeded against under the Goods Act 1928 for having in his possession for sale goods (milk) bearing a false trade mark or description. The prosecution was undertaken by the Milk Vendors' Protection Association.

Inspector Jenner said that he stopped a milk cart belonging to Hill and inspected the bottled milk; there were 64 bottles on the cart, 60 of which were branded with the names of other milk supplying firms. In addition to the name of the firm, the bottles bore a notice stating that they could not legally be used by other than the owner.

S. J. Grime, director of the firm of Bellert and Cook, one of whose bottles had been used, said that his firm stood to lose its reputation for high quality when others used their bottles. They were also troubled by

the loss of bottles, which averaged from £3 to £5 per week before the association took a hand.

For the defence it was urged that Hill was also troubled by losing bottles, and often had to go and buy them back. He put his own printed wads on the top to show where the milk came from. An undertaking was given that he would not offend again.

The P.M. said the bench took a serious view of the matter. Defendant seemed extremely careless, even if it could not be said that he was fraudulent. The Act had been in force for some time; ample warning had been given through the press, and the very words blown in the bottle constituted a warning that they could not be used.

A fine of £3, with £2/11/6 costs, was imposed.

Messrs. Crump Bros. were charged with a similar offence. In their case the number of bottles on the cart was 51, 34 of which were branded with other firms' names. Inspector Pitwell said that in this case there were 16 unbranded bottles in a crate by themselves, but the driver could give no explanation why they were like

that.

Crump, who appeared for himself, said that he was a member of the association. His firm was troubled by the loss of bottles; customers might deal from two different milkmen, and when they left their bottles out the wrong ones were often taken by the driver. They delivered over 600 bottles a day, and confusion could easily occur.

Fined £3, with £2/17/6 costs.

Reginald Shaw, 468 White Horse road, Mont Albert, unlike the others, pleaded not guilty. He told the bench that he had not intended to sell the milk in the other people's containers; he had only put it there because he had no other container on the cart.

The P.M. said the explanation was weak, especially as Shaw had been warned a few days before by the inspector.

Fined £3, with £2/7/- costs.

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### VERMONT

—:0:—

#### SCOUT NOTES.

The Wednesday before Christmas was spent by the scouts preparing for camp. During the evening Harry Collinson was invested as a scout and admitted to the Whip Bird patrol and Ron D'Arcy was presented with an ambulance badge and his first all-round cord, Hugh Farrance with ambulance and public health badges, and Ben D'Arcy with his cyclist's badge. The points of the patrol competition were read out, and resulted in a win by the Kookaburras. The scouts camped on the Latrobe River at Noojee, where they arrived, on Boxing Day, and while pitching camp took part in the annual sports close by, Ernie Crooks catching the greasy pig and Hec Morrison running second in the 75 yards sprint.

# A tale of a road: *Canterbury Road*



Sir Henry Manners-Sutton,  
Viscount Canterbury

**T**HERE are times when a place name arouses our interest: how many places are named after Sir John Monash? Who was Mullauna? Was Ash Burton a person? Names are a fascination of history.

An example of this is Canterbury Road – who was it named after? The answer is Victoria’s Governor CANTERBURY (1866 to 1873). With previous colonial administration experience, Sir Henry Manners-Sutton had been Governor of Trinidad from 1864 to 1866.

Sir Henry and his wife brought a family dimension to the role of Governor, for they were middle-aged and had a grown-up family of seven children (three others had died young), five of whom came to Melbourne with their parents in 1866. By family, education and experience, Manners-Sutton belonged in the English aristocratic tradition – Eton, Cambridge, House of Commons, and peerage as Viscount Canterbury in 1869. His period in office in Victoria had challenges, particularly in relation to the powers of the Governor and the respective powers of the two Houses, but although there was intense resentment at what was seen as some British interference in the affairs of the colony, no extreme situations occurred, which historian Patrick McCaughey holds as fortunate, for he doubts Canterbury’s ability to act decisively. Governors had been prepared to be deferential to the Colonial Office in London, but that relationship was starting to sway in Victoria’s favour, although Manners-Sutton was not the man to push it. One feature of his period of office was the heightened social significance of Toorak, then the location of Government House.

Canterbury Road, first known (from 1840) as Lower Nunawading Road, was renamed in 1856 as Delaney’s Road after Dennis Delaney’s Royal Hotel. It was finally renamed Canterbury Road in 1873 upon Viscount Canterbury’s retirement as Governor.

*Gerry Robinson*

## Whitehorse Historical Society **2016 WORKING BEES**

Please make a diary note and join us on the day. Working Bees commence at 9.30am and finish around 12 noon with morning tea.

*Saturday 12 March*  
*Saturday 14 May*  
*Saturday 3 September*  
*Saturday 12 November*

Please come and help even if you can only offer an hour of your time.

## Whitehorse Historical Society **DIARY DATES**

Meetings are held at the Local History Room, Schwerkolt Cottage and Museum Complex.

**Saturday, 13 February, 2016**  
**1.00pm General Meeting**

*Film Show:*

*Schwerkolt Opening (1965)/Schwerkolt Cottage (1993)*

**NOTE: The February meeting will not take place if the temperature exceeds 33°**

*2016 will include speakers including:*

- *Sat April 9 – Tim Shambrook*
- *Sat June 11 – to be confirmed*
- *Sat Aug 13 – AGM*

*Heritage Family Day Sun Sept 11*

## **Statistics**

Photographs catalogued	-	4174
Artefacts catalogued	-	4751
Documents catalogued	-	7042
Visitors to museum November/December-		307



Facebook 'likes' to January - 547

# Growing up in '62 *(Continued from page 4)*

Farther along the road on the left-hand side, in the well-kept house just before Mr Eckhardt's orchard, lived an elderly couple who drove a small, pinky-brown Ford Consul that always seemed as spotlessly clean – despite the dusty roads – as the rest of their property. Our side of the road quickly ran out of houses and the footpath petered out so that we were soon walking beside bushland along the side of the road instead. Before long we came to a track that led away into it like a hand that beckoned and warned at the same time. For this was the part that we all knew as the "Rude Man's Bush" because (supposedly) if you went into it on your own, a tramp who lived there would jump out and grab you, and make you pull down your pants. Who knows how it gained this reputation; I only knew the shiver of unease that crept down my spine if I passed it on my own.

A bit farther down was the left-hand side of the road's crowning glory as far as we were concerned: an expanse of hillocks (which we called egg-hills, on account of how their mixture of white and orange clay showed itself) that we knew as "the Tip". It had, indeed, been used as such, and the best thing my brother and I rescued from it was a red Jeep kiddy-car, which even survived our move, a couple of years later, to Balwyn.

Our group left the road soon after this, and we bush-bashed our way through the familiar trees, shrubs and long grass, past the skeletons of two or three abandoned cars that had been there so long that the undergrowth had well and truly begun to claim them. We weren't so single-minded about our plan that we didn't take advantage of the long grass to play in as we made our way towards the lake; however, at length we reached its near shore and collapsed beside it. I don't know if it actually was lunchtime, but it was hot – and we were hot – and a swim and our sandwiches were definitely called for.

I don't remember that we ever got to the police station – we certainly never went in if we did! We did get as far as the village though: down Lake Road, past Peck's garage, across the road past Anstee's supermarket on the corner (I somehow

remember that our family never bought stuff there, as if it was a new-fangled shop slightly to be mistrusted); then down to the milk bar opposite the station entrance, where our ice creams awaited us.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Naughty Boys and Girls Club sort of petered out as those holidays wore on. We would have played together anyway, so we gradually forgot to have our "meetings" and just did stuff, like stealing potatoes and matches, and cooking the spuds in their jackets in the coals of a fire. (We were lucky not to have any accidents that summer; Julian and John once did manage to start a fire that got out of control – but that's another story!) I remember too, when we were playing in the big drains near Lake Road (the small one – now called Forest Road). These went under Canterbury Road and when you got to the middle there was a vent, which was exciting because you could hear the traffic above you and the chance of being hit by a stone from a car lent a thrill of danger to being there. I don't know whose idea it was to strip off our clothes inside the tunnel, but it backfired on us, for someone driving by had seen us, and felt it their duty to angrily shoo us away. I have memories of staring out at this grown-up and clutching my pants in front of me, desperately trying to hide the fact that I wasn't actually wearing them! I must have somehow got them back on as we emerged from the drain and ran off hastily.

Well, the club may have foundered, but the naughty boys and girls lived on!

*Chris Gray*



NP61

This house in Lake Road is referred to in Robin Da costa's book *Blackburn – A Picturesque History* as the "Fairy House"; it accords with my memory of old Mr Eckhardt's house, behind whose orchard was the bush in which we built our "fort".

**\* Do you have any memories of your past that we could share in the newsletter? We would love to receive anecdotes that paint a picture of how things were in days gone by – not just what has changed, but actual living memories!**

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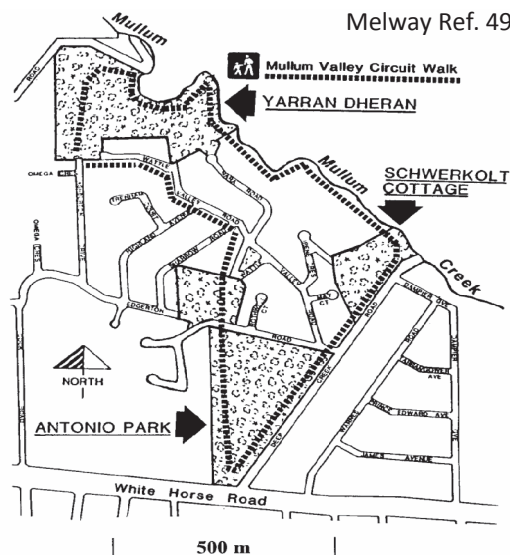
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**Copy Deadline for next WHS Newsletter: Wednesday, 9 March**

## The Whitehorse Historical Society Inc.

### Mission Statement & Acknowledgement of Country

*"The purpose of the Society is to foster historical interest and knowledge. To collect, document, research, preserve and exhibit items that show how people have lived and worked in the City of Whitehorse area."*

*"In the spirit of reconciliation, Whitehorse Historical Society Inc. acknowledges the Wurundjeri people as the traditional owners of the land now known as the City of Whitehorse, and pays respect to its elders past and present."*



CITY OF



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## REMEMBER

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available on microfiche for research.

*The Whitehorse Historical Society, Inc. acknowledges the support of the City of Whitehorse.*



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