

New "Scarred Tree" Signage

The conservation of the scarred tree registered as a significant historic tree (AAV 7922/614) in the Victorian Aboriginal Heritage Register by Aboriginal Affairs Victoria and the Victorian Archaeological Survey) in Valley Reserve is complete, and three interpretive signs have been installed to mark the significance of the now upright log.

Readers will remember that this has been a long process. The tree was removed from where it grew in Springvale Rd, about 100 m south of High St Rd during road widening in 1965. We have tried in vain to discover from old CRB records who the far-sighted person was, who made sure the tree was preserved.



A. Angelico Sep 2016

The scarred section was placed in Valley Reserve and lay there for 50 years before the current conservation project began. This involved impregnating the wood with resins, sealing it against further damage, and placing it upright over a well-drained base.



A. Angelico Sep 2016

All that has been complete for nearly a year now, but the newest addition is the bollards, two with images and one with words. One picture is of the tree where it stood with a teenager standing next to it – the one that won a prize for the Waverley Gazette in 1965. The other is a typical Aboriginal canoe in use. The words on the third are as follows:

"The distinctive shape of the scar on this tree has been caused by the removal of a sheet of bark by members of the Kulin people who have continued to live in this part of Victoria for nearly 40,000 years."

Vale - Lois Maysel Irving

25.11.1921 - 26.7.2016

Lois Irving (nee Alcock) was from a pioneering family that had arrived in Mt Waverley in the early 1900s. They operated a market garden of about 30 acres on Stephenson's Road about where the Mount Waverley Junior School now is. She attended the local schools and then went to Melbourne Girls High School. She and husband Bill (Life Member, dec.) lived on Stephenson's Road at the NE corner of St Albans Rd. Lois and Bill joined the WHS in the late 1980s where they both contributed greatly to the archiving and indexing of the WHS records. During our research queries in the WHS it is common to come across some documents that have been recorded and archived by Lois.

Her funeral was held in the Church of St Stephen & St Mary on 2 August.



Bark was used in traditional Aboriginal society for a wide range of social, economic and ceremonial purposes, including the construction of canoes, shelters and containers.

The bark from this redgum (Beal, Be-al, Bial) may have been used to construct a canoe (Koor-ron, Koorong, Korron, Korun, Kor-ron, Ko-run, Kur-ron) due to its sturdiness and durability.

Ethnographic records note that often the removed bark had to be manipulated with splints and fire to form a suitable shape, and then the bark was sealed with mud and allowed to harden in the sun for a couple of weeks before being launched on the water.

This aboriginal scarred tree was moved from its original location in Glen Waverley during the widening of Springvale Road in 1965.

The tree has been conserved on behalf of City of Monash as part of its commitment to the protection of the cultural heritage of the region.

The tree is protected by law, and it is an offence to damage or deface the tree."

There are footnotes referring to books by Thomas 2014, Brough Smyth 1878, Blake 1991, and Beveridge 1889, but no titles are supplied. We commend the site to you for your interest and thank Monash council for the conservation work.



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P. Johnstone Sep 2016

THE HOUSE

This house appears to have been built in the early 1920s and remodelled slightly with additions to the rear in the 2000s. It was the home of the Baxter Family who operated a wholesale flower garden from 1937 to the 1960s. It was not until 1941 that SEC power and reticulated water were available in the area. Sewerage connection occurred in 1972. The Baxter acres were sold off and subdivided in the early 1970s with Palladium Constructions building some of the houses on the site.

Close to the Baxter property were Paramount Nurseries operated by the Gross family. This was a major wholesale nursery of flowers, shrubs and trees. It closed in early 1980s and the area was sold off and subdivided into a major closed townhouse estate. *Cont P.2*

Coming Events

Thu 27 Oct 1.30 pm - Speaker.-Jenny O'Donnell on *Kawarau*, the home of the Cato family.

Wed 23 Nov 1.30 pm - Xmas meeting

Wed 7 Dec WHS Rooms close at 5 pm and reopen on 1 Feb 2017

Thur 26 Jan 1 pm - 4 pm Australia Day Open day Display at the WHS rooms

Details P.6

Please note that General Meetings are now held every two months and are usually afternoon meetings starting at 2.00 pm, except October. Special activities will be held in most alternate months. We are located above the Mt Waverley Library 41 Miller Cres., Mt Waverley.

Office Bearers AGM

As a result of our AGM the following members were elected for 2016/17:

President: MarJo Angelico

Vice President: Philip Johnstone

Secretary: Norma Schultz

Treasurer: Jane Turton

Committee: Margaret Boyes, Chris Norton, Sandra Hymas, Gayle Nicholas, Lynn Mather, Virginia Barnett.

Welcome to our new Committee Members.

Continued from P. 1.

Essex Heights was the home to a number of wholesale nurseries (as distinct from vegetables, crops and orchards). Paramount Nurseries (see advertisement right) was claimed to one of the largest in the Melbourne area.



Baxter Wholesale Flower Garden (looking South) late 1960s



Baxter Wholesale Flower Garden (looking East) late 1960s

WHERE IS THE WHS?

Our rooms, which are located above the Mt Waverley library in Miller Crescent, are open each Wed (except over the Christmas break), from 1pm to 5pm, or by appointment, for individual research and working discussion groups. If the main library entrance door is locked during meetings, use the doorbell at the far left to gain entry. Members are asked to bring a plate of afternoon tea to general meetings which for 2016 are every second month.

Walkin Birrarung

Walkin Country, Walkin Birrarung. On 5th October, I joined an aboriginal cultural heritage walk in the city. The stated goal of the walk was to "dispel some misunderstandings, hear the stories and see a city with new eyes." It certainly did not disappoint in fulfilling those objectives. The walk was led by Dean Stewart, himself an aboriginal from the Kulin nation and the director of Aboriginal Tours And Education Melbourne - the A-TAEM. Dean fascinated us with stories from the Dream time, early British settlement, more recent times, and everything in between. He systematically peeled back layers of what was familiar 21st century Melbourne, through the various times and showed us aboriginality still there for all to see.

For starters, he reminded us that we all know many Kulin words that have identified the land and its features for millennia - Dandenong, Bulleen, Nunawading, Prahran, Warrigal, kangaroo, emu, Yarra to name just a few.

Then he showed early pictures of Melbourne and what the land had looked like - the waterfalls that had separated the fresh water from the brackish water that was the Yarra estuary; the food-rich wetlands on Southbank that map-makers called "wasteland;" the creek on which that they built Elizabeth St.

There is MUCH more to tell, but asked about the word "Koorie," Dean said that this word came out of Sydney in the 1970s and it embarrasses the Kulin people, to whom it sounds like "a bad swear word!"

MarJo Angelico



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Welcome to New Members

Rod Jewell, Jeffrey Young, Tony & Sally Walker

Burwood Historical Walk

Virginia Barnett

Approximately twenty, members and others, assembled at the Sixth Avenue Car Park in Burwood on 25.9.16. With the sun shining, we set off following our guide, MarJo Angelico, and learnt that a very old home, *Bainton*, as made from locally made bricks for Edward Harrison, who arrived in Australia in the late 1850's. (Very little of the home is visible from the street.)

MarJo explained that the volunteer-produced Burwood Bulletin helps overcome the disjointedness of this suburb, which spans three municipalities. Burwood was originally called Ballyshannassy. Burwood Cemetery, to the north of Highbury Road, contains the graves of many early settlers and many are further memorialised in street names.

Surprisingly, the home of Edward Harrison's sons, in Highbury Road, still exists, though obviously in a state of disrepair; the garden was very pretty with masses of spring bulbs. Orchards and market gardens covered these sweeping hills and large families and close knit communities were the norm. Probably hard times nonetheless.

MarJo talked about the early white settlers often mistaking old pathways as dray tracks (but whose drays?); these were in fact songlines, part of aboriginal culture and a means of finding direction.

The old Burwood Hospital lasted until 1997 but it served the community for many years. The Scott family were the original owners and called the home 'Hawthorn Grove'; in 1922 it became a hospital and the name was changed to *'Dunstaffnage'*. Nowadays, the site has become the *Highwood Court* aged care facility.

Meyer Road was our next point of interest; a short, quiet street, with lovely homes and gardens. Apparently a caveat prevents subdivision

and all house roofs had to be tiled. The caveat has no control over house-building size, however.

Round the corner, in Warrigal Road, was the old Warner's Nursery site – the family ran nurseries in Melbourne over four generations. Nowadays, the land has been tastefully subdivided into houses, flats, and generous garden spaces. A gracious Gum Myrtle (*Angophora costata*), stands close to Warrigal Road – long may it remain.

We roamed across the sweeping lawns of Elizabeth Gardens Aged Care facility; most of us can remember its involvement in Monash Council's decision to sell this, and Monash Gardens, to private enterprise, two years ago. We then saw the new apartment development called *'Elevation'*, with its much-desired views of the Dandenongs.

From there, nearing the end of our walk, we almost rolled down a lush green swathe leading back to the car park. MarJo was very secretive about this tract of land and the reason it was just a tract of land; she revealed that, once upon a time, the cess-pit contents from city homes, were ploughed into this land and, as the population grew, so did the problem of dealing with waste increase. Needless to say, the land remains unbuilt and usage not exactly encouraged.

Who would have thought that this walk, covering such a small area, would be so interesting. Lorraine, who lived in the area in the 1950's, shared her fond memories of childhood days spent playing near the creek bed and making clay pots from the earth, plus other snippets of information.

One of our group, local MP Graham Watts, managed to get us all together at the end, for a photo, just before a few drops of rain.

Thank you MarJo, for your interesting commentary and careful planning.

Looking forward to the next historical walk!



A briefing for the group



Recognition of the original Warner Nurseries

Baxter Family

Baxter Family

Baxter Family

WHS File Image

A. Angelico

A. Angelico

Vale - Alison Jean Walkerden

26.6.1928 - 9.9.2016

It is with much sadness that we report the passing of a long time member of the Waverley Historical Society, Jean Walkerden (nee Talbot). She was born into the pioneering Talbot family of Waverley who operated a couple of mixed farms and market gardens on properties south of Waverley Rd in Mt Waverley. As a child, in the 1930's, she attended the nearby Mt Waverley State Primary School. She milked the cows and assisted on the farm before and after school. After marrying husband Stan (dec.) in 1952 she spent a couple of years in the Oakleigh Hughesdale area before returning to Mt Waverley.

She and Stan joined the WHS about 1987. Many may remember her dressed in period costume for Australia Day celebrations and helping in old time children's games in the Waverley Council grounds. She was the WHS Treasurer during a somewhat difficult period with the introduction of the GST and after a number of years she took over as the Membership Secretary and continued so until 2014. She was also responsible for organising the refreshments that a Historical Society needs while discussing historical issues in the district.

In 2015, after living in her Mt Waverley home for some 60 years, she moved to Casey Aged Care, Narre Warren. The Talbot family is recognised in Talbot Rd, Mt Waverley, which runs south off Waverley Rd.



Vale: Ron Cooper

11.7.1921 - 7.10.2016

We bid a sad farewell to a long-time member Ron Cooper who passed away this month, aged 95. In the past he was a regular attendee at our meetings, and also had a very long involvement with the scouting movement. In fact he became Division Commissioner for Waverley District Scouts. His wife Jocelyn Cooper was for many years the teacher at Sherwood Rd kindergarten. Ron was also father to a son (dec) and two daughters, grandfather of 14 including spouses and great grandfather of seven! In 1996 he was a speaker at WHS, entertaining the members with his stories on "My Early Days in the Mallee." Rest in peace, Ron.



Coming Events

(Note Day and Time)

Thu 27 October - The October general meeting will be held in our rooms in the evening, commencing at 7.30 pm. Speaker Jenny O'Donnell will look at the history of *Kawarau*, the home of the Cato family. Please bring a plate of supper.

Wednesday, 23rd Nov. - Final general meeting for 2016 at 2pm. Celebrate Christmas and the end of the year. Wear something Christmassy and bring some afternoon tea.

Thursday, 26 Jan. 2017 1pm - 4pm, We will have our annual Australia Day opening and historical display.

Thursday, 23 Feb. 7.30pm, Guest Speaker, author and researcher, Dr Jim Poulter: *Songlines*, the aboriginal history of the City of Monash. Please bring a plate of supper.

Thursday, Wed 28 June 2017 Guest Speaker Ian Bock - *Early Photography*.

The WHS Rooms will close at 5 pm on 7 Dec and reopen on 1 Feb 2017

Margaret Boyes

Recent Research Enquiries

MarJo Angelico

There were questions about the original location of several old landmarks, like Syndal school, the Brockhoff factory, our oldest extant house *Bainton*, the Stocks plaque, Herb Gallus's orchard, Jordanville South school, EA Watts Pty Ltd, and the scarre tree. We received a copy of a student's presentation about *How Communities Change*, and some photos of the Herring family when they lived in what is now Jells Park, the Tait family plus Louisa Barrow, Elizabeth Coleman (all for the *Women of Monash* exhibition).

Memories of Arthur John Rhodes Part 2

per Bevel Yeoman (Daughter of Arthur Rhodes)

Arthur John Rhodes was born in Black Flat on 12 May 1909 and lived in Wilson Rd until his marriage in 1931 when he moved to his new home in Gallaghers Rd, Glen Waverley.

Bleaching of the whites was done in the winter months when they were left on the line for the frost to bleach them. Sheet- ing was bought by the yard from a roll and had to be seamed by hand. You could buy single or double width. Roy and Marion Luscombe, Donald and Trevor had this home until subdivision.

Mr and Mrs Sanday had the next property and once again it was narrow. They had an Aboriginal man living with them; a Mr Frankland. (Sanday St now goes through this property). Mr Sanday was a very sick man and eventually was taken to hospital, Mrs Sanday went to see him every day and with no income she was in quite a desperate situation regarding money, all the train and tram fares were not helping. They were staunch Catholics and every Sunday Mrs Sanday attended St Leonards before visiting her husband. The new priest was not happy about the collection rate so stood at the end of each pew and announced how much each person was putting in the plate. When it came to Mrs Sanday's row he sneered at her and said Mrs Sanday "ONLY TEN SHILLINGS" and *remained looking* at her for some time. She was so embarrassed that she didn't go back to church there.

Opposite Mrs Sanday lived the Cosgrove's. (1914) They later sold to the Tait's. Mrs Tait lived on there for many years with her old dog. Both of them would be quite inebriated with, I think, whiskey and leaning on the gate by the time the kids were coming home from school.

On the east side Bill Chivers has his market garden (opposite the now water tower, they bought this house and land from Mr Rattles). This land went from Waverley Rd to Wilson Rd. I was pals with Herbie Chivers and their house was on the rise in Waverley Rd. We would sit outside his place on a Saturday morning in the hope of seeing the family from Melbourne that had a holiday house at the end of Waverley Rd, near the creek. They have a car and it is such a novelty that we wait for hours just to see it.

Alf Cosgrove, and his sons Arthur and Stan, no mother in this family, shifted to Waverley Rd,

north side of the Chivers property, they have a live-in house-keeper Mrs Leach and her son Eric. This hill is a grey sandy soil and good for root vegetables; unfortunately it also blows away in strong wind storms. The sand drift resulted in the 3 fences one on top of the other in the gully at the foot of Gallagher Rd. The Press family eventually bought the Cosgrove home and the children that I knew of were John and Pat.

Gallagher Rd has high banks on either side as it goes down the hill. The gum trees that grow on each side are big and the branches meet over the road making quite a tunnel and it's very dark and creepy in the night.

On the north east corner of Waverley Rd and Gallagher Rd is the home of the Fosters. The house is double brick and their farm goes east to the Dandenong Creek and north to a little past the bottom of the hill. It was always known as Fosters Hill to the locals. Mrs Foster boasted that their toilet had the best view in Waverley as the door faced away from the house and looked out across the valley to the mountains. Mrs Foster in her later years often left the door open as she sat there, quite oblivious that the Gallagher men in the valley had a totally other view of Mrs Foster.

On very hot days Mrs Foster would shut the blinds, close all the doors and stay inside all day in the cool of the house. One hot summer a fire started close to High Street Rd on the east side of Gallagher Rd. A hot north wind was blowing a gale and the fire swept uncontrolled up to the top of the hill and continued on until it reached the bay. Mrs Foster opened up the house later in the day and found all around was burnt and she hadn't even known about the fire, so well insulated was her home.

Foster had a bull and Gallagher had dairy cows. All was peaceful until Mr Foster would put the bull in the bottom paddock where he would get very interested in those lovely cows and would jump the fence or just push through and pull the posts out before breaking the wire and rubbing noses with these lovely ladies. Gallagher repeatedly asked him not to put the bull in the lower paddock, but it fell on deaf ears and so one day after his yet again illegal entry the bull was caught and relieved of some of his anatomy before being sent home with no more interest in Gallagher's cows. Tension, between the neighbouring property owners was at full force for quite a while after this.

It was on Foster's property that George Gallagher found the underground stream by divining rod and

water was pumped from a depth of 50 feet. This is the stream that crosses under Gallaghers Rd at Gwingana Cres. and turns up again under the school ground at the Waverley and Springvale Rd corner. George was one of a very few that had a car in those early days and he had a group of friends who would often go on weekend shooting and fishing camps. There was one member of their group that always wanted to go but had been discouraged, firstly because there was not enough room in the car and the other that he was a very excitable person and apt to do sudden things without thinking. One day George wanted to go camping and they were short one man so the odd chap was invited.

He sat in the back seat in the middle with his gun in his hands. Here I must tell you that George's gun laws were strict. No loaded guns until needed. They began their travel and soon it became twilight and the car lights were put on. Ahead on the road was a fox crossing and the car lights reflected in its eyes. The man in the back became so excited he aimed his gun and blew the windscreen out of the car and deafened the rest of the travellers. To say it put a damper on the trip was an understatement and they turned around and had a breezy return home. Guess who didn't get invited again! Gallagher's property went from Gallagher Rd to Dandenong Creek and bordered by Stewarts Lane that is now Shepherd Rd. The front property was taken for the Mount View State School and room was left for a secondary school on the south side facing Gallaghers Rd, taking all the frontage to Gallaghers Rd. There were two rows of pear trees in the gully south of the pedestrian lights and it was from this point that the secondary school was to be built. Then the excess land was sold off for housing.

Marwick's lived at the bottom of Waverley Rd and when the girls worked, they would get off the train and not be home before dark during the winter months. Mr Marwick would take the lantern and walk to meet them. Beatrice said it was the most welcoming sight to see the light down the road and know that they were safe under their father's care.

Sam Marwick and Jim Begg kept all the table drains clean for the shire with nothing but hard work and a shovel each. I'm not sure which man retired first but I think it was Jim Begg. The council assigned two

other men to work with Sam. "Well" Sam worked but the others leant on their shovels and talked until one day when Sam threw down his shovel and said, I quit, I won't work another minute with you lazy B's" and he didn't.

One of the Wilson brothers, Robert sold his land in Wilson Rd and moved his family to Macintosh Rd, Glen Waverley. He bought this 10 acres of land for £110. This land took in the Swans, Arnotts, Halls, Newtons and the Presbyterian Church. Harry, Lil, (Mrs Kyte) and Albert lived here. I was always playing with Albie. Herbie Chivers and me had been at the Wilsons one Saturday. It was election time and a man with a T Model Ford was selling his ideas to them. Herby and I were cheeky enough to ask for a ride. He said okay and we scrambled aboard. We bumped and lurched our way up the road while the driver tried to dodge the water ruts. Then we turned into Viewmount Rd and I have never travelled so fast in all my life. Our hair was blowing in the wind and Herbie's knuckles were as white as mine as we hung on for dear life. I didn't think we would ever be able to make the turn into Waverley Rd we were going so fast. Turn we did and rode to Springvale Rd where we were let out to walk back home. That was my first car ride and when older, I estimated our speed to be about 15 mph.



Arthur Rhodes

I've got ahead of myself and when small we went to church to find a new Fire and Brimstone Preacher had arrived. He roared and thumped the pulpit telling us we were all going to hell if we didn't repent. I was terrified because he said if you have sinned you will sleep and never waken. Well that phrase stayed with me and I was guilty. I was bad and so I sat up in bed determined not to ever sleep again I was so wicked. This was the Methodist Church in Waverley Rd. I must have fallen asleep because I was very surprised when I woke the next morning. I got up and went outside to play with Spot my Fox Terrier dog. We sat under one of the cherry trees in our orchard and Spot is picking his own cherries to eat, he has his feet up on the tree. Now he is after one that is higher up so he has climbed the tree to get it. He always spits out the pip. He picks his own peas

and manages to spit out the pod in the same way. Clever dog! (I think the first Methodist Minister was James Colley 1865).

Dad's up, I can see the curl of smoke from the chimney and remember that I have started to drill a hole in the back of the chimney to see the smoke come out there. We have a back veranda that is covered and on the walls are a lot of Aboriginal spears, nulla-nullas, bark shields, boomerangs and the like. They came from Gippsland but I've forgotten which one of our relations gave them to us. (They were given to the Glen Waverley School when my son Arthur Jnr went there and when that teacher left, so did the weapons. Never to be seen again).

As I grew older my father would clean the house chimneys. This involved getting a branch of gum tree, tying a rope to one end and sending me up onto the chimney top to stand one foot each side and survey the country side while I was there. The end of the rope was dropped down the chimney and Dad pulled the branch through. I shake my head at the sooty mess that my mother cleaned up after this.

Bill and I were sitting in the yard and watching the chooks following Dad as he ploughed. They were getting the worms that had been exposed by the plough. One was down in the furrow out of sight most of the time but every now and then it would stick its head up and look around. Bill bet me I couldn't hit it with a clod the next time it appeared. So I readied myself with a nice hard piece of clay and we waited. Up came the head, and with deadly aim I hit and killed the poor chook. We got so scared that we buried it and now that I am an old man I could kick myself. We could have had a lovely roast dinner, but no, we had to be sneaky.

My mother, Ethel May Rhodes, loved to play marbles and she had her own bag and would often play against us. I go to market with my father sometimes and we see the Bennetts. They lived in Wellington Rd on the south side about 1 mile past V.F.L Park. The son in his early teens would follow his father driving a second wagon to market. Horses had right of way through the red lights on the hills in Melbourne.

Stewarts Lane (now Shepherd Rd) runs beside the Gallagher's property down towards the Dandenong Creek, it dips down and then comes up to a small rise. Mrs Stewart and her daughter lived at a house on the north side on this rise and with the help of Mr Pudney worked the orchard that was there. The Gallaghers were orchardists at first but when the government of the day brought in the Apple and Pear Board they became so angry at the amount of money they

were offering that the orchard was cut out and the land used for dairy cattle.

I was married when this Board came in and no one was allowed to sell apples to another person. Only to the board. Their prices were so low it was hard to make ends meet and many orchards succumbed to the axe. We grew apples and pears with pears bringing in about 10 shillings a case and apples 1 shilling and 6 pence. We had William pears and William Von Cretan apples. I filled in the forms and just put Williams not saying apples. They assumed it was pears and paid us accordingly. It just about saved us from ruin and I'm sorry to say I didn't inform them of their mistake. The Board was disbanded soon after that.

This concludes Bevel Yeoman's story of her father Arthur Rhodes.

Street Names

Arthur Rhodes' Story - see pp 3-5, illustrates the origin of the names of some of the streets in Waverley (Monash City). As there were branches of some families so the street might not be on what might be considered the major family property. Some names mentioned in this issue HH217 are:

Rhodes Drive Glen Waverley is named after the three generations of orchardists Will, William jnr. and Arthur who occupied the site.

Shepherd Road was originally known as Stewarts Lane, after the Stewart family.

Gallaghers Road was named after Peter Gallagher who arrived from Ireland in 1856 and purchased lot 98C following the 1853 land sale.

Chivers Avenue named after the Chivers family branch who owned this property.

The passing of Life Member Jean (Talbot) Walkerden, see Vale p.6, reminds us of the origin of some streets in Mt Waverley.

Talbot Road Mount Waverley, created in the subdivision of John Talbot's market garden.

Alison Street Mount Waverley, after Alison Talbot, sister of William Talbot.

Leonie Avenue Mount Waverley, Named after Leonie Talbot.

Continuing with the Talbot connection:

Paynes Road Mount Waverley, named after the property developer Paynes Bon Marche who bought the land from William Talbot. Part of 80 lots in the *Louisiana Estate*.