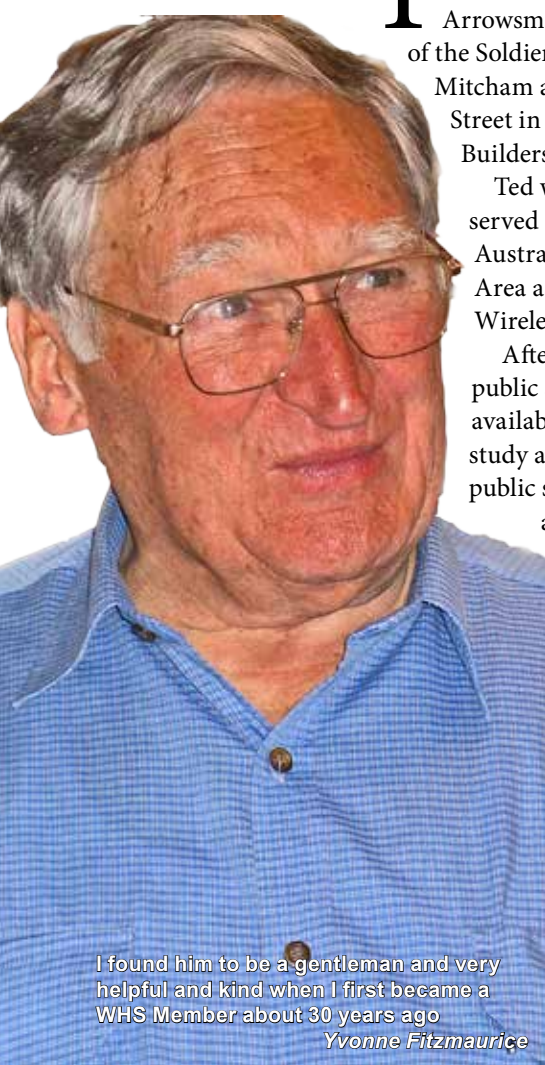


# Vale Ted Arrowsmith

EDWARD (TED) ERNEST ARROWSMITH

24 September 1924 – 16 August 2020



I found him to be a gentleman and very helpful and kind when I first became a WHS Member about 30 years ago  
Yvonne Fitzmaurice

**T**ED grew up in Box Hill and attended Box Hill State School. His grandfather, Herbert Arrowsmith was the foundation Secretary of the Soldiers Sailors Fathers' Association in Mitcham and lived in Scott (now Lucknow) Street in Mitcham and worked at the Builders Trading & Roofing Co.

Ted was a man of many talents. He served in the RAAF from 1942-46 in Australia and the South West Pacific Area as a Leading Aircraftsman and Wireless Maintenance Mechanic.

After the War, while employed as a public servant, Ted took up the offer available to returned servicemen to study and chose Accountancy. As a public servant he used these skills and established the Prices

Justification Tribunal, the forerunner of today's Australian Competition and Consumer Commission.

Due to a heart condition Ted took early retirement at the age of 55 and enjoyed being involved in many activities.

In 1955 at the Mitcham Horticultural Society Autumn Show he won a prize for the Best Rose. When the Halliday Park Memorial area was redesigned and the pine trees removed, Ted took a cone and from the seed grew a tree which

was later planted elsewhere in the park.

Ted liked lead-lighting, and after doing a course at TAFE, taught this at the Nunawading Recreation Centre. Ted led his team of 10 as the Nunawading Bicentennial Leadlight Group in making the Bicentenary Leadlight Mural in the foyer of the Arts Centre (now the Whitehorse Centre) in Nunawading. Ted made a lead light box for the Mitcham RSL which was used during the nightly Stand To. It is now at the Blackburn RSL.

In 1950 Ted married Valda. They have three children Anne, Vanessa and Peter.

Ted was a Warden at Christ Church (now All Saints) Mitcham. Frances Warren, also a Wednesday Worker with our Society, compiled a history of the church from 1888-1988 and Ted took the photographs for this publication.

For the Historical Society Ted completed several oral histories, photographed local sites and Society events, oversaw the transferring of our records from cards to the computer by installing the InMagic Database in 1997 and, looking after the database and the computers, demonstrated paper-making at an Open Day, donated artefacts and wrote the book *Schwerkolt Cottage and Museum The Legacy of Johann August Schwerkolt, Pioneer*. This was published by the City of Whitehorse and the Whitehorse Historical Society in 2004. Ted retired from the Historical Society at the end of 2008 due to ill health.

The family-only service was held at All Saints Church on Monday 24 August and Peter McPhee conducted the RSL Rite, as Ted wished.

Vicki Jones-Evans

NEXT MEETING

**Annual General Meeting**  
**1pm Saturday, 3 October 2020**  
**on ZOOM**



## FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

*Dear Members*

ON 10 July the Committee met via Zoom to discuss how and when the AGM can take place. We concluded that with the current situation offering no indication of a normal Annual General Meeting being able to occur this year that we would arrange for it to take place on Zoom. This will be at 1pm on Saturday 3 October. We do understand and sympathise that not all our members will be able to access this technology, but our Constitution requires us to hold a meeting this calendar year.

Pat Richardson has indicated that she will not continue at this election, but all other current Committee members have indicated that they will stand. Thank you to Pat for her service to the Society while on Committee, and when we resume we hope to see her on a Wednesday.

Just a gentle reminder that you need to be a financial member to vote and membership renewal is due by 1 September. If possible can you please pay by EFT as getting to a bank to lodge cheques is a bit tricky at present. If you email Kathy to let her know that you have transferred the money she can email you a receipt.

At present under Stage 4 Restrictions we are also unable to have Newsletters printed and distributed in hard copy form. It will be available on our website and via email. However Nomination forms and the AGM Agenda will be emailed and posted out by our hardworking Secretary, Kathy, ably assisted by Rob and Meg.

We do not know when the Council Recovery Grants Program that we applied for will be decided and distributed.

The weekly email to the Wednesday Workers is circulating again and the current week's discussion was started by Yvonne who recalled where she was on VP Day. This has started a fascinating tour of people's memories of all sorts of milestones such as when the King died, the Moon Walk, Ash Wednesday and 9/11.

I hope you are all managing to keep your spirits up and are keeping safe and well.

*Vicki Jones Evans*

### MEMBERSHIP

#### **Due 1 September**

EFT if possible. Please advise any changes to contact details  
Receipt will be emailed

### COMMITTEE NOMINATION FORM

If nominating for Committee please scan and send to [whitehorsehistory@hotmail.com](mailto:whitehorsehistory@hotmail.com) or post to  
PO Box 272 Mitcham 3132 **Deadline: 26 September**

### AGM BY ZOOM 3 OCTOBER

To participate email [whitehorsehistory@hotmail.com](mailto:whitehorsehistory@hotmail.com)  
Kathy will send Zoom invite for **1pm Saturday 3 October**  
Meeting will close at 1.30pm  
Please ensure we have your up-to-date email address.  
If you need assistance with attending on Zoom please contact Kathy

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# the good olde days

**T**HE following monthly summary of accidents was dredged from the December 1917 records of the British Royal Flying Corps and offered in a recent National Pilots Assn Service Bulletin.



## RESUME OF ACCIDENTS

### Avoidable Accidents

**THERE** were 6 avoidable accidents:

- 1) The pilot of a Shorthorn with over 7 hours experience seriously damaged the undercarriage on landing. He had failed to land at as fast a speed as possible, as recommended in the Aviation Pocket Handbook
- 2) A B.E.2 stalled and crashed during an artillery exercise. The pilot had been struck on the head by the semaphore of his observer who was signalling to the gunners.
- 3) Another pilot in a B.E.2 failed to get airborne. By error of judgment he was attempting to fly at mid-day instead of during the recommended best lift periods, i.e., just after dawn and just before sunset.
- 4) A Longhorn pilot lost control and crashed in a bog near Chipping Sodbury. An error of skill on the part of the pilot in not being able to control a machine with a wide speed band of 10 mph between top speed and stalling speed.

5) Whilst low flying in a Shorthorn, the pilot crashed into the top deck of a horse drawn bus, near Stonehenge.

6) A B.E.2 pilot was seen to be attempting a banked turn at a constant height before he crashed. A grave error by an experienced aviator.

### Unavoidable Accidents

There were 29 unavoidable accidents, including these:

- The top wing of a Camel fell off due to fatigue failure of the flying wires. A successful emergency landing was carried out.
- Sixteen B.E.2s and 9 Shorthorns had complete engine failures. A marked improvement over November's figures.
- Pigeons destroyed a Camel and two Longhorns after mid-air strikes.

### Cost of Accidents

Accidents during the last three months of 1917 cost £317/10/6 – money down the drain and sufficient to buy new gaiters and spurs for each and every pilot and observer in the Service.

**SOURCE:** *General Aviation News* March 4, 1974



# from the bowels of Box Hill Town Hall

**D**URING the first lockdown Whitehorse City Council's Senior Arts Officer, Jacquie Nichols-Reeves, discovered a collection of seven framed photographs of early Nunawading, Blackburn and Vermont whilst going through old items stored in the basement of the Box Hill Town Hall.

She left the pictures with the Box Hill Historical Society, who kindly offered the pictures to us as they were prints from photos held in our Collection.

Six of the prints are framed in the same way, purplish mat, carved "rosewood" frames (maybe just a reddish stain) and stylish cursive handwritten descriptions under the image. The seventh framed photo has a much plainer frame, an off-white mat and the description is typed.

It is somewhat of a mystery how long these items have been residing in the town hall basement as none of our current members have any recollection of this collection.

Should anyone have more information as to when and where the photos were framed and displayed we would love to hear from you.

*Kathy Innes and Richard Conn*



## Where was I when . . .

**A** chance remark in the Wednesday work group "keep in touch" emails throughout lockdown, generated a flood of memories that touched on where each of us was, and what we were doing, at pivotal times in recent history. The suggestion was made that we share these in the newsletter, and such was the response that it would be impossible to deal with them all in one issue; so here is Installment One. Each issue an event will be selected, with people's recollections of their own situation at the time. Enjoy!

Because of its recent anniversary, the first event is VP DAY in 1945, and Yvonne's memories.

*In New Zealand on VP day. For some reason I had missed the school bus and had to catch the one and only commercial public bus instead. To explain, I lived in the country – 10 miles from the town where my high school was situated. A school bus started its route a further 10 or so miles along the coast from town. It collected only high school pupils each morning and delivered us home in the afternoon. (My pick-up and drop-off times were approximately 8am and 4pm.) The only other bus on this route, a public one, passed my home about 10am. I arrived at school about an hour or so later; only to hear the announcement that peace had been declared and we could all go home! I can only suppose that the school bus collected us to take us home. I do not recall any specific emotions, except that my brother and my four uncles would be coming home.*

Rob Innes also remembers the end of World War II:

*[I remember] at 6 years of age watching a 4-engine bomber dropping leaflets all over town. My reading capabilities/ comprehension qualities not being at their greatest, I took one into my mother, who told me the war had ended.*



Rob and Yvonne both recall the sense of relaxation that expressed itself in post-war fashion circa 1947:

(Rob): *The NEW LOOK came out; hems came up to the knee (officially) but they began to go higher . . .*

(Yvonne): *The new look, peplums, restricted waists, high heels – Rob, I remember those aspects more than the hemline! Ah, youthful acceptance . . .*

**More memories next newsletter.**



# THE REPORTER.

CIRCULATING IN BOX HILL, SURREY HILLS, CANTERBURY, BALWYN, CAMBERWELL, DONCASTER, BURWOOD, BLACKBURN, MITCHAM AND RINGWOOD  
FERN TREE GUL'Y, BAYSWATER, CROYDON, MOOROOLBARK, VERMONT, EMERALD, SCORESBY, SASSAFRAS, TALLY HO, BLACK PLAT, &c.

VOL. XIII. NO 13

FRIDAY OCTOBER 11, 1901.

ONE PENNY.

## THE SOLDIER

### The Story of His Mignonettes.

One dreamy, drowsy afternoon toward the end of June, having nothing particular to do, I sauntered in the direction of the Chelsea College gardens. This shady little nook holds the home of some of our old soldiers. There they sat, in solemn rows of fours and fives, on the wooden benches in the cool, green avenue, dreaming away the long summer afternoon, while they watched the children at play on the grass before them.

A great longing came over me to learn something of their lives.

If I could come across one alone, I thought, there might be a chance of it. So, with a lingering, backward look at the old fellows, I walked on until I came to a more secluded part of the gardens, where the pensioners cultivated little plots of ground and sold flowers and ferns to the nurses and children, the proceeds of which enabled them to buy tobacco and rum and other small luxuries.

It had been intensely hot, but now a refreshing breeze was tossing the lilac and laburnum trees, and in the cool of the day the old men were all hard at work, watering, weeding and raking away, while they smoked and changed opinions as to their respective nurseries.

Crossing the gravel path, I came upon a bed composed entirely of mignonette. Its fragrance was delightful, and I paused a moment to enjoy the scent.

This little garden excited my curiosity, and I looked with interest at the gardener. His face was thin and lined, with an expression of settled melancholy on it, but there was something in the large, dark eyes and sensitive mouth that took my fancy.

"Here is an opportunity," I thought. "He looks like a nice, approachable old man and, I dare say, would be glad to have a chat."

At that moment, as if by some sudden transition of mind, he glanced up and fixed his speaking orbs on me.

"What lovely mignonette!" I exclaimed by way of opening fire.

He smiled, but it was such a sad smile I wished he hadn't. It somehow made me feel sick and sorry.

"Let me cut you some, madam," he said gravely. "I will in a moment, if you can wait."

"Please, oh, I should like nothing better!" I answered, seating myself and looking on contentedly, while my new friend went to work with a long pair of rusty scissors.

His face interested me, strangely, none the less when I noticed that the Victoria cross adorned his breast. How could I get him to talk?

"May I ask why you cultivate only one flower?" I inquired, with sudden inspiration.

He looked at me again in that intense way of his for at least a minute without speaking, then said irreverently:

"You have a good, kind face, lady, and"—

He paused.

"Thank you for saying so," I rejoined, somewhat tamely, feeling baffled and wondering what was coming next.

"You asked me just now why I only grew one flower. I will tell you if you care to listen."

"Yes," I replied eagerly; "I am all attention."

"It happened so long ago, yet it seems only like yesterday. Mignon, Mignon!" he half-murmured to himself.

I coughed softly to remind him of my presence.

"Lady, did you ever love any one very dearly?" he asked abruptly.

"Have I?" I returned, somewhat taken aback by this unexpected question.

"Well, yes, I have been fond of several people I have met at different times of my life," was my discreet rejoinder.

"Those two were the only ones I cared for in this world—Mignon and Ralph Stanley."

"Who was Mignon?" I queried gently, for the old man's face was full of emotion when he spoke her name.

"I always called her Mignon and so did he," he continued, without heeding me: "the name suited her so well. She was never without a slip of this"—touching the flowers in my lap—"in her belt or gown. She had a passion for mignonette. That is why we called her Mignon, and she was as sweet as the flower itself, with her bluebell eyes and nut brown hair."

"Who was this other?" I ventured to ask after a pause.

Again the veteran seemed to forget my existence as he sighed and said musingly:

"To think that I never guessed it. And they were such a bonny pair too. She could not help loving him, the gentle, handsome laddie. Men and officers alike in our regiment simply adored him."

"He served with you, then?"

"Yes, but I was only in the ranks, while he held a commission."

"Yet you were friends?"

"Friends—aye, that we were; from our schoolboy days we were chums. When Ralph was sent to the Crimea war, I threw everything to the winds, enlisted in his regiment and went, too, and we fought in many a fierce battle together. But one thought kept us up through all—dear little Mignon, the vicar's daughter. Ah, what happy old times they were at the vicarage!"

"Mignon was an only child; her father, our coach, Ralph's and mine. What merry little tea parties we had—just we four, the scent of mignonette everywhere. The garden, the windows and the rooms of the old house were full of it—mignonette, all mignonette!"

My glance wandered to the flowers blooming at my feet as I tried to picture the little scene put before me.

"And Ralph loved Mignon as well as I," he pursued, "though neither of us knew the other's secret. Well, those happy days came to an end. Young Stanley left us to study for the army, while I remained to stagnate in my father's office in town."

"How I envied Ralph's luck! Not that I grudge him any good thing, but my lot in life did seem hard in comparison to his. As the time passed my restlessness and discontent increased. Despite my attachment to Mignon, my humdrum, monotonous existence was so hateful to me. So, when the war broke out and Ralph was ordered abroad, I made up my mind to go, too, in the ranks of the same regiment. Here was an opportunity not to be lost of leading a more glorious life—to fight for my country, my people and for the love of 'old England.'"

"How I dreamed of the home coming after the work was done! Death had no place in my mind. How I anticipated the meeting with Mignon with the love light that I—poor fool—imagined she felt for me shining in her soft blue eyes. I thought I would pour out my heart and tell her I had come back to claim her, never to part any more. Ah, if I had but known!"

He smiled again in his melancholy way and continued:

"Yes, if I had only known that she cared for Ralph I should have been spared many a heartache in after years."

The old soldier gazed abstractedly at his mignonette and doubtless lived over again that memorable campaign, while I wondered if the cross on his breast had anything to do with his history. He answered my glance.

Continued on page 6



# From *The Reporter* continued

"I am coming to that now, lady. One bitter November night, or rather morning, we awoke to find the enemy bearing down on us in overwhelming numbers before our camp was astir. The men, however, soon roused and fought shoulder to shoulder amid the roar and din of cannon, which maddened alike men and beast. After awhile I became conscious only of one thing—a figure a few yards ahead of me fighting for dear life. I can see the look on his face now! It was transfigured, shining with dauntless courage that quailed not before the onslaught of the Russians. I believe, at that moment, Ralph lived in every fiber of his being. He gloried in a fight—no one more. He was surrounded and cut off from the rest of us by six or seven of the enemy double his size. Suddenly he staggered and fell. Then I found myself struggling and crushing through countless forms and brandishing steel until I reached the stricken figure. There he lay, so white and still, with his brave young face upturned to the leaden sky. My arms went instinctively round him, and as I turned and faced the lot of them—perhaps it was fancy—but a change seemed to come into their eager, glittering eyes as they involuntarily fell back a pace or two. It was only for a moment. They again pressed forward, and no doubt the pair of us would have been quickly cut into mincemeat but for an unexpected diversion created just then by the arrival of the Enniskillen dragoons. With their aid the Russians were completely routed, and in the confusion of their retreat and flight I managed to carry Ralph safely back to camp."

"And you escaped unwounded?"

"No, unluckily, lady, I received some very bad cuts on my head and back, which brought about my discharge from the army as being unfit for active service. When I had somewhat recovered, Ralph told me that Mignon had promised to become his wife, and six months later they were married."

"Did Mignon ever know that you cared for her?" I asked rather huskily.

"Yes; many years after, when they came to see me here, I think, as they carried away some of my mignonette, they both guessed it for the first time."

A bell near by clanged out the tea hour as he finished speaking, so, with a close clasp of the hand, my old man and I parted.—*Chicago Herald.*

Station Timber Yards & Saw Mills,  
White Horse Road and Main Street,  
**BOX HILL,**

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**TIMBER MERCHANT,**  
Has on Sale:—

Flooring, Lining, Weatherboards, Hardwood, Red Gum, Palings, Posts and Rails, Skirting, Moulding, Doors, Sashes, Glass, White Lead, Oils, Laths, Lime, Cement, Iron, Spouting, Ridging, Nails, &c.  
Timber sent by rail delivered on truck free of charge.

Softwood and Hardwood under cover.  
P.S.—NO CONNECTION WITH ANYONE ELSE WHATEVER.

## DIARY DATES

Meetings are held at the Schwerkolt Cottage and Museum Complex

**Annual General Meeting**  
**1pm Saturday, 3 October 2020**  
**on ZOOM**

## 2020 WORKING BEES

### **NOTIFICATION**

**All future General Meetings and Working Bees are suspended owing to the Corona Virus.**

**We will provide updates as the situation develops.**

## OUR COMMITTEE

Vicki Jones-Evans – President  
Peter McPhee – Vice President  
Kathy Innes – Secretary  
Eddie Tan – Treasurer

### **Committee Members**

Margaret Graham	Rob Innes
Harley Hall	Pat Richardson
Judith Hall	Chris Gray

## STATISTICS

Photographs catalogued	-	4343
Artefacts catalogued	-	5000
Documents catalogued	-	7691
Museum visitors June–July	-	N/A



Facebook New Page 'likes' to date 949

The 2020 Annual General Meeting of the Whitehorse Historical Society will be held on Zoom due to the Covid-19 Pandemic, commencing at 1pm on **Saturday, 3 October 2020**

## AGENDA

1. Welcome & Apologies
2. Minutes of Previous Annual General Meeting 17 August 2019
3. Business Arising from previous minutes
4. President's Report
5. Treasurer's Report
  - Presentation of Annual Statement
  - Auditor's Report
  - Appointment of Auditor for 2020–2021
6. Determination of Annual Membership fees
7. General Business
  - Election of Officers and Ordinary Members of the Executive Committee
  - Nominations are called for the positions of:
    - President
    - Vice President
    - Secretary/Public Officer
    - Treasurer
    - Ordinary Members of the Committee (7)
8. Close of Annual General Meeting

**Please advise apologies to Secretary Kathy Innes 0409 230 058**



### Whitehorse Historical Society Inc. AGM 2020 Nomination Form

As a financial member of the Whitehorse Historical Society I, \_\_\_\_\_  
Accept nomination for the position of:-

- ☐ President
- ☐ Vice President
- ☐ Secretary
- ☐ Treasurer
- ☐ Ordinary Committee Member (7 positions)

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Nominated by:- (name) \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
(Financial Member of WHS)

Seconded by:- (name) \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
(Financial Member of WHS)

• Please note all nominations must be signed by two financial members of the WHS and have the consent of the candidate • As per the Constitution, Clause 22 (6) A candidate may only nominate for one office, or as an ordinary member of the Committee • The completed nomination form must be received by the WHS Secretary seven days prior to the Annual General Meeting to be held on Saturday 3 October 2020.



## WHS Committee Contacts

### President

Vicki Jones-Evans  
9873 3383

### Vice-President

Peter McPhee

### Secretary

Kathy Innes

### Treasurer

Eddie Tan

**Local History Room (03) 9873 4946**

Rear Museum Building  
Schwerkolt Complex  
2 – 10 Deep Creek Road, Mitcham

### Newsletter Team

Chris Gray  
Wendy Standfield

### WHS website

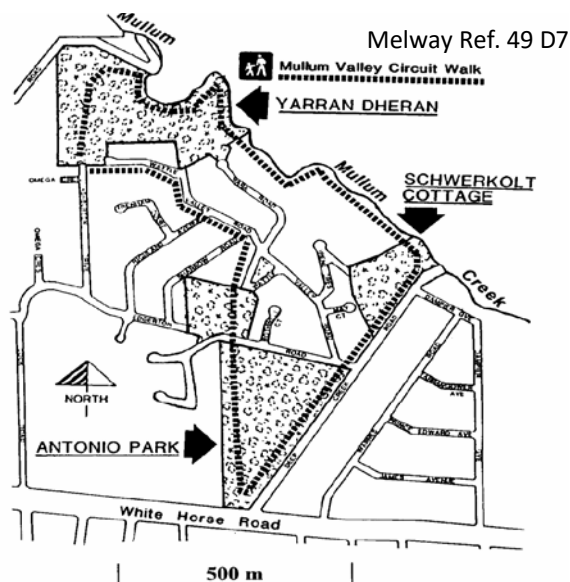
whitehorsehistory.org.au  
facebook.com/whitehorsehistory

### Email

whitehorsehistory@hotmail.com

### Postal Address

P.O. Box 272  
MITCHAM Vic 3132



**Copy Deadline for next WHS Newsletter: Wednesday, 4 November 2020**

## 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



### REMEMBER

#### Whitehorse Historical Society Local History Collection

Open 10.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. Wednesdays.  
Visitors welcome.

Ring 9873 4946 for an appointment at other times.

**Box Hill Cemetery Records &  
Nunawading Gazette for 1964-1974**  
available on microfiche for research.

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



THE WHITEHORSE HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER IS PRINTED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF MICHAEL SUKKAR MP, FEDERAL MEMBER FOR DEAKIN

Sender: Whitehorse Historical Society Inc. & Schwerkolt Cottage and Museum Complex  
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