

The Henley and Grange

Historical Society Journal

NUMBER 10

NOVEMBER 1989

THE HENLEY AND GRANGE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

JOURNAL

Number 10

November, 1989

ISSN 0728-5590

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PRESIDENT'S LETTER

It is that time of year again, when our ever popular Journal is ready to be released to our members. This marks the tenth year of publication, and our thanks and appreciation go to our Editor, Ted Hasenohr, his wife Nell, and his group of helpers, for an excellent job. Well done!

It has been a good year. Our membership has had its ups and downs - members getting older, and new ones coming along, which creates a good balance. It is regrettable, but a fact of life in the eighties, that a lot of people - especially women - won't venture out after dark. Many more would attend our meetings, but that fear is always present.

Our Vice-President, Noel Newcombe, was chosen as Henley and Grange Citizen of the Year. He was sponsored by the Henley Beach Rotary Club.

A \$500 grant from Henley and Grange Council was gratefully accepted to go towards our photographic project. A \$200 donation from the Gollywog Club went towards a new display board, and Henley Community Aid gave a donation of \$200.

Our guest speakers have been interesting, as always. At last year's Annual General Meeting, Don Ferguson, M.P., spoke on the history of the Electorate of Henley Beach. At this year's meetings, Frank Chisholm has spoken on the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and Inspector Bruce James-Martin about the history of the Police Force. A video of a trip made by our locals - four of them - by car from Henley Beach to Longreach in Queensland (the Hall of Fame) and back to Henley Town Hall, their starting point, was well received. A number of copies of the video were made of the trip and sold to help defray expenses. One video was taken to Ireland by one of our members, to show his family the colours and beauty of Australia.

We have, sadly, to report that two of our members have died during the year: Former Committee member Ellie Tucker, and former Mayor John Mitchell, B.E.M.

On a recent trip to Canberra, I was in the National Library, and enquired about our Journals, which we send to them every year. I did not want to see the Journals themselves, but how they were recorded and documented. I was shown a large video screen and was very pleased and proud and excited when up came 'HENLEY AND GRANGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY'. It is good to know our Journals are well received and cared for in the National Library in our Capital City. That was indeed a thrill.

Thanks for your support.

EDNA DUNNING

HENLEY AND GRANGE 50 YEARS AGO

Introducing 1939

'A special programme has been arranged by the Hindmarsh Municipal Band from the Henley bandstand tonight.

There will be community singing, led by Mr. Harry Jarvis, xylophone selections by Keith Rosenthal, and a crooning competition open to spectators. Special music will be played by the band, and after the band and members of the council have been entertained to supper by the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. V. Harvey) at the Henley Kiosk, members of the band will dress in burlesque costumes.

Immediately before midnight a man dressed as Father Time will be driven away in an ancient motor car, and on the stroke of midnight a young girl, dressed to represent the New Year, will be driven to the bandstand in a new motor car. Dancing in the square and the usual revels will follow.

A late service of trams has been arranged by the Tramways Trust.'

(Advertiser, Saturday, 31/12/38)

Helping the Bush Fire Relief Fund

The temperature on New Year's Eve had reached 93.6° on the old scale, and 1939 continued with a record-breaking heatwave. The temperatures on the first nine days of the year were (in degrees Fahrenheit) 101.7; 96.4; 100.9; 84.4; 97.0; 106.6; 107.7; 103.3, and 112.8. Then, on January 10, the thermometer climbed to 116.9! After some relief next day - only 98.5 - the maximum on January 12 was 117.7, followed, on the last day of the heat-wave, by 114.0.

Such temperatures as 116.9° F and 117.7° (47.2° C and 47.6° C !) were the highest ever recorded in Adelaide, and the inevitable happened - bushfires broke out in many parts of the hills. These fires were not as tragic as those in Victoria, where 70 people died, but destruction was widespread and very severe.

HENLEY BEACH, SUNDAY, 22nd

AT 8 P.M.

HINDMARSH BAND 21/39

All Proceeds from Chairs, Collections, and Car Parking
will be donated to

THE BUSHFIRES FUND

Don't miss this Concert and Community Singing.

The above advertisement shows one of the ways in which Henley and Grange citizens contributed to the Bushfire Relief Fund.

(The great heat had, of course, meant that the beaches were crowded, particularly in the evenings; and many people slept there through the night.)

(Advertiser, Saturday, 21/1/39)

From the 1939 Carnival

'The Henley and Grange Carnival was continued last night, when Volto, who struck the footpath on the previous night, successfully slid down * a wire, suspended by his teeth.'

(Advertiser, Friday, 27/1/39)

- * from the roof of the Henley Kiosk to the beach,
at up to 60 miles per hour!

'C. Fielder, a 15 year old student of the Woodville High School, won the Henley and Grange swim on Saturday afternoon.

It was the first long swim that Fielder, who is a member of the local club, had competed in, though recently he has been successful over shorter distances.'

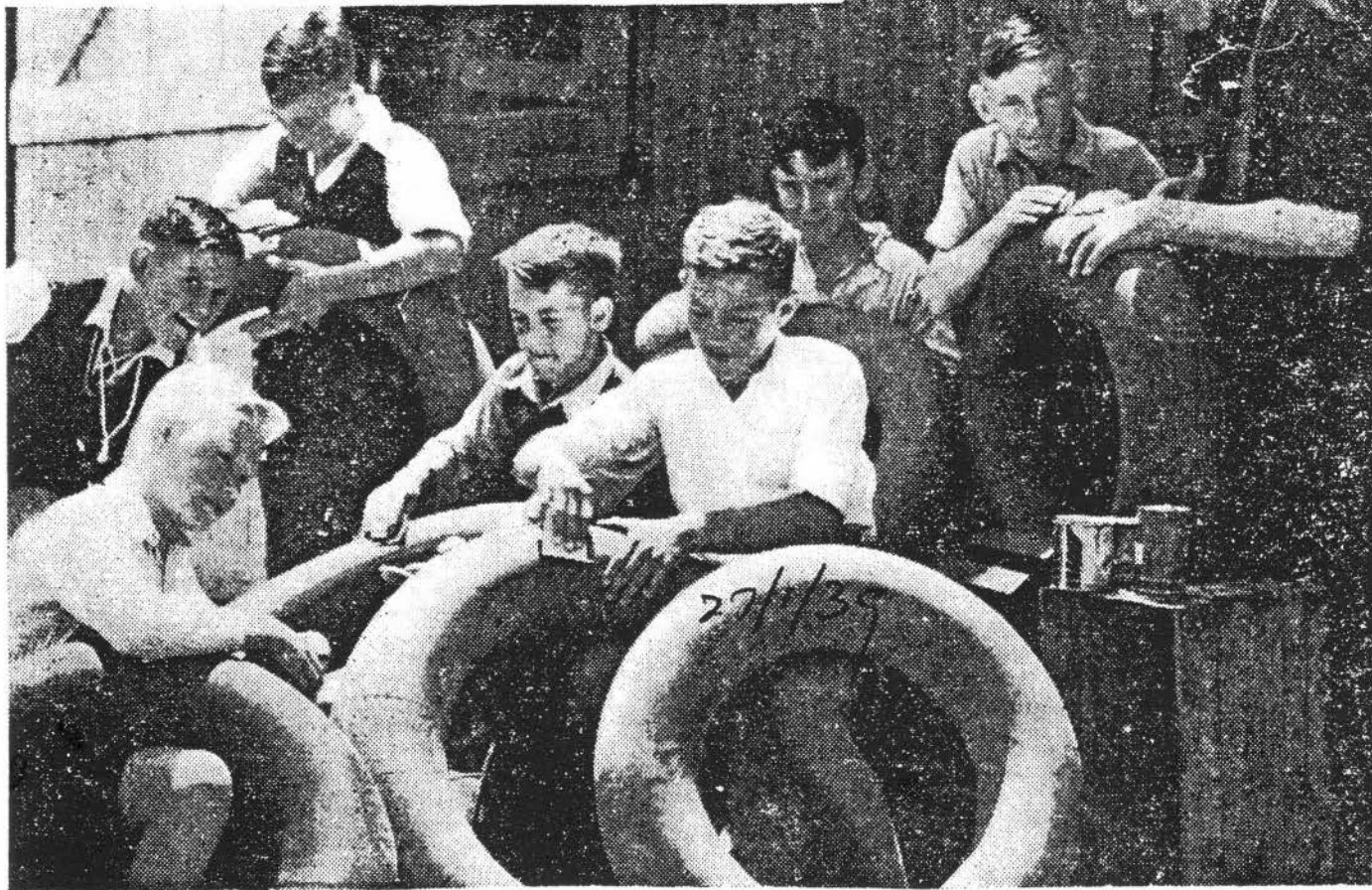
(Advertiser, Monday, 30/1/39)

'The motor tube derby, which was started from the ramp on the sea-end of the Henley jetty, was the first of its kind held in the state. More than 30 starters dived off the jetty with their tubes and, with wild splashing, made their way to a flag on the beach about 400 yards away. Some used sails, others single and double paddles, and others swam and pushed their tubes.'

(Advertiser, Tuesday, 31/1/39)

(On Friday January 20, the News had reported, concerning preparations for the derby: 'During the past week, Henley and Grange have been combed for old tubes. The demand has been so great that Mr. H. Hicks, the chairman of the committee, has arranged to have a patching day for tubes at his garage on Seaview Road, Henley, tomorrow!')

HENLEY BOYS HAD A PATCHING DAY yesterday when disused motor tubes were salvaged for Monday's Tyre Derby in the sea off Henley Jetty. The competitors will have to sail or paddle their novel "boats" over a quarter of a mile to the beach. Here are the boys at work outside the garage of Mr. H. Hicks, chairman of the Henley carnival committee.



(News, Friday, 27/1/39)

· Henley and Grange Carnival

JANUARY 25th to 30th, 1939

"YE OLD ENGLISH FAIR" 28/1/39

HENLEY BEACH, SATURDAY, 10.30 a.m. Sand Castle Competition,
conducted by Advertiser Newspapers Ltd.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON—Henley To Grange Long Swim.

SATURDAY EVENING—Dancing Competitions FILM STAR
IMPERSONATIONS.

SUNDAY EVENING, 7.45—Hindmarsh Municipal Band. COMMUNITY
SINGING.

MONDAY—SAILING RACES, FORESHORE SPORTS, Motor Tube
Derby, Dancing Competitions.

GRANGE—11 a.m.—Annual Procession, Grange to Henley.

GRANGE—11.15 a.m.—Sand Castle Competition.

CONDUCTED BY ADVERTISER NEWSPAPERS LTD.

See "Volto" each evening at 7.45
p.m., in his "Slide for Life."

LES. GRIGGS,
Hon. Secretary.

(Advertiser, Saturday, 28/1/39)

'Light' warning fines in the Henley Court

'Cars that were forgotten and street lights that went out were mentioned in seven car parking cases heard in the Henley Court today.

Constable Craig, who prosecuted, said that many people living along Seaview Road, Henley, left their cars in the street all night. When street lights were extinguished after midnight, the cars became a menace to safety unless tail lights were turned on.

Owners in court today were charged with having failed to have rear lights burning on their cars.

A woman said she did not have a garage, and thought it was all right to park the car in the street.

One man said that he was astonished next morning to find his car in the street. He had forgotten all about it.

A bushfire fighter said he went to sleep when he cooled off on the beach.

Other owners said they had left their cars under the street lights, not knowing they would go out at midnight.

Light warning fines of 5 shillings with seven shillings and six-pence costs were ordered.'

(News, Friday, 10/2/39)

Henley Junior Red Cross Home

'The Junior Red Cross Home at Henley Beach, at which there was an outbreak of scarlet fever, is now out of quarantine, and children are being received at the home as quickly as possible.'

(Advertiser, Saturday, 11/2/39)

Kirkcaldy Road bridge to go

'The Henley Council, at its meeting last night, decided to build a culvert crossing over the Port Creek on the Kirkcaldy Road.

The culvert will replace an old wooden bridge, which is only 15 feet wide.

Three drainpipes, with a diameter of 48 inches, will permit the flow of storm or flood tide waters.'

(News, Tuesday, 4/4/39)

A piano recital

Marcel Dupré (1886-1971) was a famous French organist and composer. The pupils of Henley Beach Primary School were fortunate to have him play for them - necessarily, on the piano. The visit was arranged by C.M. Yeomans - former Town Clerk, member of the School Committee, and himself an enthusiastic organist.

'Enraptured, 300 children stood in the yard of the Henley Beach School this morning, and listened to the piano playing of M. Marcel Dupré, the noted organist.

Opening with the British and French national anthems, M. Dupré then played a descriptive piece, 'The Cuckoo', composed by Daquin about 200 years ago. A rousing military march, which M. Dupré composed during the war, ended the recital. ...

It was in a burst of glorious sunshine, a reminder of spring, that M. Dupré sat down to play the piano, which had been placed on the verandah.'

'It is just like spring, and made me think of the woods, flowers and birds,' M. Dupré said, explaining why he had selected 'The Cuckoo' for the miniature recital.'

Madam Dupré was presented with a large bunch of violets, and M. Dupré with a piece of Coober Pedy opal and a boomerang.

(News, Wednesday, 19/7/39)

School Arbor Days

'After having been addressed by the Mayor and Mayoress of Henley and Grange (Mr. and Mrs. V. Harvey), Alderman C.C. Crump, and Dr.F. Burden, Henley scholars yesterday planted 10 Norfolk Island pines in Military Road, Henley South.'

(Advertiser, Saturday, 22/7/39)

Grange scholars planted flowering gums on Grange Oval, and the President of the Mothers' Club, Mrs. E.W. Mitton, presented a framed photograph of the school garden, to celebrate the winning of the Mount Lyell Cup (for agriculture plots) for the second time.

Men's Hockey

'The men's hockey season was brought to a close today when Grange, minor premiers of A Grade, exercised their right of challenge, and defeated Shell after a closely contested game.'

(Mail, Saturday, 23/9/39)

War-time

War was declared on September 3.

With the outbreak of war began the steady flow of enlistments in the armed forces.

The first part of a circular letter from the Corporation, 27/9/39, read:

'A local branch of the Red Cross General Service Committee was formed at a public meeting of the women of Henley and Grange which was held on Friday last, the 22nd September. The large attendance at the meeting left no doubt of the characteristic loyal enthusiasm with which the women-folk of this district are prepared to assist in the field of patriotic endeavour.

The Mayoress, with the assistance of a capable Committee, is already organising sewing circles which will knit socks, sew shirts and pyjamas and provide other comforts for this Nation's defenders. ...'

(Earlier in the year, with the worsening world situation, it was reported that 'practical steps have been taken at Henley and Grange for the initiation of air raid precautions.')

Maringa wins again as the season opens

'The State and Australian champion Maringa (R. Laing) comfortably won the Henley Sailing Club's open invitation race this afternoon. There were 22 competitors.

Perfect sailing conditions prevailed, and the long line of boats, saluting the commodore in single file, presented a brilliant marine picture.

The season was officially opened by the Mayor (Mr. Vernon Harvey) from the jetty pavilion, after which the boats manoeuvred into position for the salute. ...'

(Mail, Saturday, 28/10/39)

Dinner for Diggers at Lady Galway Home

'About 30 Diggers from the Lady Galway Convalescent Home, Henley Beach South, and from the Repatriation Hospital, Keswick, were entertained at the annual Christmas dinner at the Home yesterday.'

(Advertiser, Thursday, 21/12/39)

CAPTAIN HARRY BUTLER AND HENLEY BEACH

On Saturday, November 8, 1919, a notice in the Advertiser announced that Captain Harry Butler, A.F.C., would, during the afternoon, 'give a demonstration of the latest Aerial Feats near the Jetty' at Henley Beach. He would spin, roll, loop and steeplechase, and nose-dive from 12,000 feet.

The occasion was sponsored by the Tramways Trust who provided a special service of cars from 2 p.m. on. The Tramways Band played during the afternoon and evening.

Aeroplanes were still very rare sights in South Australia, and the skill and daring of Captain Butler, a Minlaton-born pilot decorated for his outstanding service in England and France during the First World War, were widely recognised. 20,000 people, it was estimated, came to Henley that day.

The newspaper account was most enthusiastic.

'The experiment of the Tramways Trust in providing many attractions at Henley Beach on Saturday proved greatly successful. The warm weather must also have been a strong factor in causing so many folk to seek the pleasures of the seaside. The Tramways Band was advertised to play during the afternoon and evening, and Captain Butler was billed to give his usual fine exhibition of flying at 4 p.m.

From early morning, trams and trains brought large numbers of people to the beach, and shortly after noon all arriving conveyances were crowded. Scores of motors and horse-drawn vehicles also arrived, until by 3 or 4 o'clock Henley Beach accommodated a record crowd. The foreshore and pier presented a most animated appearance and, as the hour for Captain Butler's arrival approached, many thousands of eyes were turned skywards to catch an early glimpse of the aviator.

Precisely at 4 o'clock a rocket was sent up to announce his approach, and the brilliant red aeroplane was seen coming from the south at an alarming height. In fact, it appeared only as a speck against the bright blue of the sky. As he neared the jetty, Captain Butler dived almost straight down, and although his descent must have been made at a terrific speed, so great was the height from which he descended, it seemed to be a long time before he was low enough to begin the main part of his exhibition.

For the next 25 minutes Captain Butler kept the crowd spellbound by his intrepid flying and the superb skill with which he controlled his machine. Skimming just above the surface of the water, he took the jetty like a steeplechaser, turned sharply, and returned and repeated the performance. Climbing rapidly to a great height, he then looped the loop, nose dived, ascended again, and performed other diving 'stunts' until he was again almost on the beach. Then he proceeded fast along the shore - lower than the roofs of the houses on the esplanade - at a speed of more than 100 miles an hour, and suddenly turned and flew around the end of the pier, narrowly avoiding the masts of the yachts, the crews of which, for the time being, had forgotten their sailing craft in the pleasure of watching the faster ship of the air. Then, climbing up into the blue, the aviator hastened away to his aerodrome, leaving all his spectators satisfied that the exhibition of flying they had just witnessed was worthy of today's foremost aviators.

The warm atmosphere kept most of the people at the beach, while, if the weather had been cool, probably many more would have returned home early. This meant that all the cafes and the places of refreshment were besieged with eager buyers, and many folk were unable to procure anything at all. The new tramway extension to Marlborough Street was accommodating dozens of cars, waiting to take the crowd home, and these additional conveyances proved none too many to cope with the work. The hour was very late before all could find room on cars and trains to leave on their return to their homes.'

Three weeks later, on Saturday, November 29, 1919, Captain Butler came to Henley Beach again.

It was a very important occasion - the Henley and Grange Soldiers Memorial Carnival in the Henley Square, with the Governor, Sir Henry Galway, opening proceedings and 'officially welcoming home all the returned men of the district'.

There were 'numerous stalls, side shows, concert parties, bands, refreshments, and novel buttons and souvenirs on sale.'

And Captain Butler was to be there, 'in new and daring aerial feats - low flying over sea, jetty and beach.'

Next Monday's Advertiser reported: 'A truly patriotic spirit prevailed at Henley Beach on Saturday, when the first of a series of demonstrations to raise funds for a local Memorial Town Hall in honour of the boys who served in the Great War was held, and as the weather was delightful there was an exceedingly large attendance. Motor cars, tram cars and horse-drawn vehicles were so numerous that the streets and esplanade were filled to overflowing, and during the afternoon the sea was literally alive with bathers.'

In opening ^{the} the Carnival, the Governor praised the courage of Australian servicemen, who had fought in so many campaigns; and he declared: 'No memorial would be too good to commemorate such gallant deeds not only of those who had returned but of those who fell.'

After a tour of the town, the Governor, the Mayor (W.F. Harrison) and Councillors proceeded to 'the residence of Mr. T.A. Hynes, where refreshments were provided by their host.' (There was no Mayor's Parlour as yet.)

In his remarks on that occasion, Sir Henry spoke of Lady Galway, who was then in England. She remembered Henley well, particularly because of the Clubhouse that bore her name.

Then it was a matter of waiting to 'witness the arrival of Captain Harry Butler in his monoplane. He arrived at 4 o'clock, almost unobserved, but in the twinkling of an eye he was amongst the people, and flew up and down the gulf, just sweeping over the heads of bathers, and skimming over the pier like some gigantic albatross, then circling aloft like a mighty eagle and performing a number of wonderful evolutions, which were watched with admiration by the large concourse of people.'

In addition to pioneering Air Mail flights within South Australia, and carrying passengers on joy rides, Harry Butler (with two other pilots - Captain McNamara, V.C., and Lieutenant Briggs) was commissioned by the Government to 'bomb' Adelaide and suburbs and country towns with Peace Loan leaflets.

This latter project was most successful, and the Committee of the Peace Loan 'decided, if these three were agreeable, it would be a good way of winding up their campaign if they competed in an Aerial Derby around Adelaide. The Defence Department allowed McNamara and Briggs to participate, and Butler gave permission to himself.'

On the day after the event, which took place on September 7, 1920, Lieutenant Briggs gave the following breezy account:

'Yesterday was Adelaide's first Aerial Derby and, in fact, the first Aerial Derby to be held in Australia. By good publicity, great interest was created in the metropolis. The race was over a distance of about 20 miles, from Adelaide * to Port Adelaide then to Henley Beach **, and finished over the Post Office tower. It was flown between 1 and 2 p.m., and everybody was at lunch and free to witness the 'thrilling spectacle'.

Mac, who had by streets the slowest machine, was given 3 minutes start from Butler, who received 3 minutes start from me. Poor old Mac was doing fully fifty when I passed him somewhere about half way along the first leg, Butler I did not catch. He just pipped me by a couple of seconds, to be first past the winning post. Mac came in about 10 minutes later, a bad last.'

In October, Harry Butler purchased land at Albert Park, to use as an aerodrome, and continued an active flying career.

Alas, on February 10, 1922, his plane crashed near his home-town, Minlaton, and he was very seriously injured. After seeming to recover his health to some extent, he collapsed and died on July 30 of the following year.

* The old Northfield aerodrome.

** Other accounts say Glenelg was the turning point!

On June 1, 1986, the Mayor of Woodville unveiled a memorial to the Albert Park (Hendon) aerodrome and to Captain Butler and other pioneer aviators.

The memorial stands in the front garden of 'Captain Butler's Restaurant', Ruggiero Reception Centre, Circuit Court, Hendon.

The first part of the inscription reads:

'City of Woodville

Pt Sections 424, 425 Albert Park.

The plaque commemorates the Hendon Aerodrome, established in 1920 by Harry J. Butler and Kauper Aviation Co. Ltd., on land owned by Captain Henry John (Harry) Butler, A.F.C., R.F.C. (1889 - 1924), a legend as aeronautical engineer and aviator, and for aerobatic exhibitions in the monoplane 'Red Devil' ...'

(For later passenger flights Harry Butler used the biplane pictured on the flight souvenir reproduced below.)

SOUVENIR WITH COMPLIMENTS FROM



that had an Aerial Flight
with Captain H. J. Butler, A.F.C., as Pilot.

19

The Harry J. Butler and Kauper Aviation Co., Ltd.

Manager.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DOROTHY LANYON

In July last year, on behalf of the Historical Society, George Willoughby interviewed Dorothy Lanyon, who had much of interest to tell. Here is a summary of her story.

'The first family home was at Clare, where we lived until the doctor advised my father, who had rheumatic fever, to move to a warmer district.

After a time at Port Elliott, we - my parents, six brothers and myself - came to the Grange in 1914. My father bought the store and post office on Military Road, on the northern corner opposite the railway station.

I often helped him collect the mail from the guard on the train. Another job for my brother and me, before school in the mornings, was to run out when trains came along, and sell copies of the Advertiser.

My father had a horse and cart, which he used to deliver the groceries. My elder brothers would help in holiday times, when there were many visitors to the town. The Marines would be fully let at these times, and my brothers would have to run up the stairs with the groceries.

Our horse - and our cow - were kept in the paddock adjacent to the house. There was much open space then, with only one house between the shop and Terminus Street. There was no shop as yet on the opposite corner. And we would pass near or across many empty blocks on the way to school.

In October, 1915, news was received of my brother Vern's death, at Gallipoli. He had left Adelaide in March of that year, and was only 20 years old when he died. I still have a letter, written by Reg Beeston, telling my parents how Vern was killed.

Our first stay at the Grange lasted only three years - in 1917 we shifted to the other side of town, to Maylands, from where I attended Wellington Road School and Norwood High School.

We took our cow with us - I suppose one of my brothers walked her to our new home. Later, while we were at Rose Park, the cow grazed in the Adelaide Parklands, near the Victoria Park Racecourse.

When we returned to Grange in 1928, we lived on the Esplanade, between Jetty Street and Beach Street, in the house called 'Hazel Bower', which had been built by Mr. Bowering, the musician. Dr. Peters lived next door, and nearby were 'Rathgar', 'Nautilus' (occupied by the Kerrisons, and later by the Drings), and Scarfes' house on the corner of Beach Street, where Harringtons lived later on.

There was at that time no made footpath or road in front of the house. We stepped out of our front gate, and were almost immediately into the sandhills and onto the beach. It was wonderful to be able to go down there at 6 o'clock in the morning on hot days, and have a swim.

There were a number of bathing boxes built along the beach, almost in the sandhills. Many were dilapidated, and all were removed while we were there.

Friends would often come and stay in this big home, and my mother and I carried on a small guest house, mainly in the summer and in school holidays.

It was a home from home for our guests. I can remember heads popping round the kitchen door, with the query: Time for a cuppa?

I was not paid a wage by my parents. I had what I wanted, and was part of the show.

A first cousin of mine - her name was Lanyon - had married a Mr. George Adams, who was then in charge of Elder Smith's stock paddocks at the Levels. I was very fond of and friendly with their two daughters, and we used to spend a lot of our spare time together.

I learned to ride a horse at the Levels - they had their own ponies that the girls rode.

Mr. Adams eventually became a grocer at the Grange, where he achieved a reputation as a wonderfully helpful and kind man. One reason for the move was so that the girls would be nearer a secondary school - in this case, Woodville High School.

Jean Adams and I joined Mr. Hollard's Riding School. We would ride along the beach, or through the paddocks, almost to Tapleys Hill Road (there was not much building then), or along the creek, where West Lakes is now.

If a Hunt was in progress, our horses would try to run and jump alongside the huntsmen's horses, in pursuit of the hounds, and many of the girl riders would be frightened.

At full moon time, there was always a ride around to Semaphore and towards Outer Harbour. On these nights of bright moonlight, from the Riding School we'd go down to the beach, and ride along on the hard sand at the edge of the water, and if you can imagine what joy we got from that, it was absolutely beautiful.

I joined the WAAFs in 1941, with a friend of mine, Jean Lever, who lived in High Street. After a month's rookie training in Sydney, I was posted to Melbourne on January 1, 1942, and there I remained until the end of the war, with ten days leave every six months, to return to Adelaide, on the Melbourne Express.

Jean and I and two other girls boarded in a private home in South Yarra - there were no official quarters.

I was discharged in Perth on April 1, 1947. Throughout my service, I had never been posted anywhere except in Melbourne headquarters. The boys said: 'Well you'd better give yourselves at least one trip on the Air Force'; and they posted us as far away from Melbourne as they could. We were discharged a week after we arrived, and stayed on, on holiday, for another three weeks.

My mother was still alive when I returned to Grange. Bob Lanyon's parents came and lived in the house, and made a flat for mother. Bob was born in that house.

I had a position waiting for me, at Bedford Park T B Sanitarium (now the site of Flinders University and Medical Centre). For three years prior to my joining up, I had relieved from time to time at Bedford Park and at Morris Hospital.

Officially, I was clerk-typist; but in those days you did everything - answered phone, ordered stores, paid pensions. I lived in during the week.

My mother died in 1956. In 1960, my brother Clarrie, who lived in Linden Park, was on his own. His wife had died, and they had no family; so he asked me if I would go and live with him.

My brother * is now 96, and at week-ends I sometimes drive him down to the Grange, so re-visit familiar places.'

* Clarrie Lanyon has died since this interview took place.

THE FIELDER FAMILY

In a letter published in the Community News, Chook Fielder pointed out that 'six generations of the Fielder family have resided continually in Henley and Grange.'

It is a remarkable record, that the family, and the family name, have been in the district for almost the whole of South Australia's recorded history.

John Edward Fielder arrived in the colony, in the barque 'Lloyd's', on December 1, 1838. His father had been a farmer and estate steward in Suffolk and, although his son John became a draper, he had learned in his younger days 'the use of the plough, spade and hoe.'

In South Australia (he was now 30 years of age), he reverted to farming, and at first worked for Robert Debney, whose daughter he married.

In addition to farm work at the Reedbeds, he cut flags and reeds, which he sold to the people of Adelaide, for use in house-building.

Later, he leased a section of Charles Sturt's land, and 'engaged in gardening and agriculture'. Energetic as always, he also drove bullock teams between Adelaide and the Burra Mines.

He died in 1905, in his ninety-fifth year.

His son, Charles Fielder, built the first house on East Terrace, Henley Beach.

A noted athlete, he won four years in succession (1871 - 1874), and so retained, the one-mile Cambridge Cup - a trophy presented to the Adelaide Athletics Club by South Australians who had been students at Cambridge University. As the race in those days was 'run in clodhopper boots on a dirt track', the successive times registered by Charles - 4 minutes 58 seconds, 4 min. 45 sec., 4 min. 47 sec. and 4 min. 44 sec. - were most creditable.

He was a gardener. His property extended, on a broad front, 900 feet eastward from East Terrace, taking in a significant area of the present Henley and Grange Memorial Oval.

Either Charles Fielder (25) or his father (67) is referred to in a West Torrens District Council minute of November 16, 1875 (quoted in the Chronicle 'From Sand and Swamp to Seaside City'). The Clerk was asked to arrange with Mr. Fielder 'relative to the harrowing of the Henley Beach Road, and placing a little more seaweed on the sand.'

Charles Fielder contributed 100 pounds towards the cost of constructing the Henley Jetty (1883).

He died in January 1931, at the age of 81.

His son Doug, who lived on the corner of East Terrace and Main Street, combined plumbing and gardening (especially the growing of tomatoes in glass-houses). A bank was still necessary to keep floods from encroaching on the garden.



Charles Fielder

These floods, of course, brought opportunities as well as problems. The canoe that Doug built (a sketch of which appears elsewhere in the Journal) was used for boating and duck shooting in the wide area of flood and swamp.

Doug Fielder died in 1945.

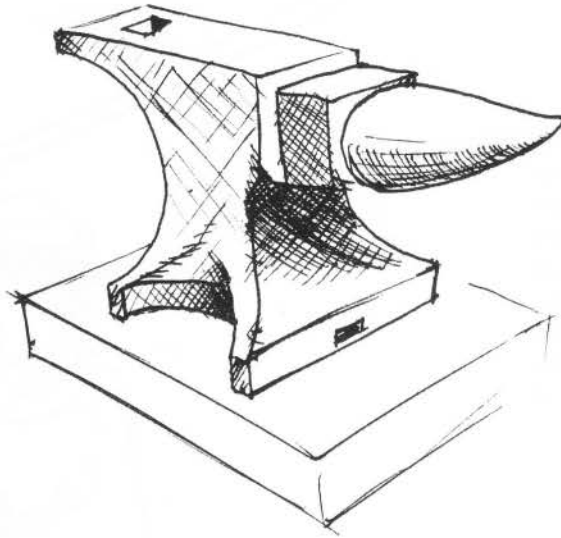
Doug's son, Charles (Chook) Fielder, built on a White Street housing block which had been part of the original Fielder garden. His sister Yvonne (Mrs. Lanyon) lives next door, and another sister (Mrs. Jones) lives at Grange.

Chook excelled at swimming. At the age of 15, he won the Henley to Grange swim. His outstanding work for Surf Lifesaving earned him the OAM.

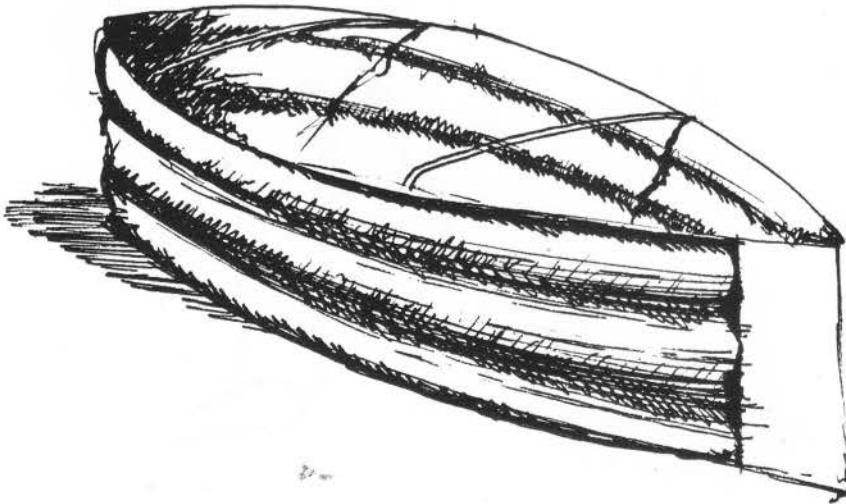
He also played baseball for West Torrens, and cricket for the Henley Comedians (Adelaide Turf Association).

His working life (he has now retired) was spent with Day and Sons, Bedding Manufacturers, of Field Street, city.

Chook and Beverly Fielder have four sons - Murray, Alan, Brian and Neville. Two of the sons (Alan and Neville) live, with their families, in the district: so that six generations of the Fielder family have resided continually in Henley and Grange'.



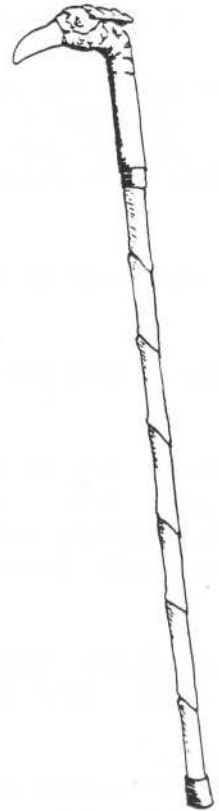
The anvil from Albert Ide's smithy, Grange Road. Albert Ide was blacksmith, hire car owner and driver, and amateur showman. (His clever dog - Bob the Wonder Dog - was very well known at Carnivals in the late 20's and 30's.)
(See 1985 Journal, pp 10 - 11)



The galvanised iron canoe built by Chook Fielder's father, Doug, for negotiating the Torrens floodwaters. It was made up one afternoon, and proved very 'seaworthy'.



A walking stick
made by Tom Jones.
The head was taken
from an old umbrella,
but the stick itself
is of boxthorn.
The spiral markings
were made using
heated copper wire.



The slasher used by Ron Jones' father,
Tom, to trim their boxthorn hedge.
(See notes on Boxthorns, in the article:
'Echoes from last year's Journal'.)

HENLEY'S LOST MERRY-GO-ROUND

(by Edna Dunning)

Our merry-go-round is what we used to call it as kids - the hurly-burly-hustle, the music, the majestic stance of the horses as they rode, side by side, up and down, to the delight of the children.

If you ever visited Henley Beach in days gone by, the magic of the merry-go-round was irresistible. Many a pleasant hour was spent by young and old, just enjoying the music, and watching the happiness on the faces of the children. I think a ride in those days was sixpence * - and one ride was never enough.

Here is the story of our lost heritage, as told by the merry-go-round's present owner, Brent Leighton -

Len Northey, in the early 1920's, operated a silent movie theatre in Henley.

On hot nights, he would watch the crowds going to the beach to cool off. There was no air-conditioning in those days, and very few people owned motor-cars. Trains and trams running to the sea-side did a roaring trade, especially when the temperature hovered round the century mark.

Why not provide further entertainment for the families, he thought, and considered the idea of a merry-go-round - an idea that took some time to come to fruition.

He drew up plans in 1925, but the first prototype horse, modelled in Melbourne, was judged an ugly thing, and unacceptable. Eventually, the current shape of horse was accepted, and a price of 20 pounds each agreed to for the basic wooden carving. With 40 horses on the machine, this added up to quite a sum^{of} money for that time.

The glass mirrors, and some of the machinery, were imported, while the cranks that the horses run on were made by Forwood Down and Company.

* The original price was threepence. Today 'it is struggling to pay costs at \$1 per ride'.

The brass twisted outer shell of the poles was shipped out from England. As only enough was sent for 37 horses, straight tube had to be used to make the poles for the remaining three.

The drive was a cable going round the circumference of the ride - similar to the early ferris wheel drive, only on its side - but this was not successful with a full load. It was soon changed to the current mechanism - a huge worm drive gear reduction box, which came out of a lift from a building that had recently burnt down.

Oregon and cedar were used in the construction of the floor and centre-piece.

The merry-go-round, as the first electrically driven ride of its size in Australia, was the envy of the operators of carousels like the old steam-driven machine at Glenelg. There was no need to stoke up and raise steam to operate both machine and music - this one was ready to work at the flick of a switch. The amplified music used, incidentally, came from 78-speed records from the silent-movie house at Henley.

Our merry-go-round was transported, at the request of the Government, to the Jubilee Oval, as part of the 1936 Centenary celebrations. It was brought back to Henley but, after a dispute with the Council over rental, was taken to its present site at Semaphore.

The Leighton family purchased the machine at auction in 1974. Brent Leighton's father was in show business. One of the popular tent shows in the old days featured a giant octopus in a tank, which was transported from carnival to carnival on the running board of a Chevrolet.

The purchase of the merry-go-round was a big step to take. As Brent says: 'Dad, as a youngster, would never have dreamed that he would finish up owning a machine that gave him so much enjoyment as a child.'

The merry-go-round is sixty years old now, and has been in the Leighton family for 15 of those years. With the tender loving care bestowed on it, it should be turning for a long time yet.

We understand that a clause in Bob Northey's will stated that it was never to be destroyed or dismantled, but kept for the enjoyment of the people.

When we consider the number of people who have ridden on it, courted on it, enjoyed themselves on and around it, we have to admire the forethought of persons gone by.

We thank Brent Leighton for taking the time to give us the history of the merry-go-round, and we wish him well for the future.

So the horses go merrily around, and around - and the mirrors reflect the flashing lights - and it's still a joy to young and old; but Henley, I believe, is poorer for its moving out of its home site, to new pastures.

Editor's note: Members of our Society have visited Semaphore to talk with Brent Leighton. On each occasion, the years fell away, and hurdy-gurdy rides were thoroughly appreciated.

'A MINOR BICENTENNIAL EVENT'

By Jim Fowles

Four local residents celebrated Australia's Bi-Centenary by driving 3,000 miles around the outback of Australia in two 30 year old Morris Minors.

Jim Fowles, Ross Baker, Geoff Brown and Trevor Noble set off from the Henley Town Hall at 6.30 a.m. on Saturday September 24th, 1988. It was the start of a 29 day trip that took them to Birdsville, Boulia, Winton, Longreach, Barcaldine, Yaraka (on the Outer Barcoo), Jundah, Charleville, Bourke, Broken Hill, Burra, then back to Henley Beach.

The adventurers were farewelled by Mayor Fred Angus, and made official ambassadors of the City, to convey messages of goodwill to the Longreach Shire.

Longreach Shire chairman, Sir James Walker, was presented with a letter from Mayor Angus and S.A. badges. Sir James, in return, presented the four friends with a copy of 'The Longreach Story' as well as shire ties and a letter to the Mayor.

While there they made a special point of visiting the 'Stockmans Hall of Fame'. 'It was the main reason for visiting this part of the country - a highlight of the trip', Jim said. They were very impressed by the famous Australian outback hospitality. 'The people of Longreach were fantastic', was Geoff's comment.

The idea of the Morris Minor trip (described by their wives as 'four mates in a mid-life crisis') was born when two of the men who had owned Morris Minors in the 60s reminisced over a few beers about the madcap things they did in their youth.

In June 1987, they discussed a trip into the outback by Morris Minor and mentioned their dream to two other mates who immediately agreed to go along, though saying Jim and Ross were 'bloody mad'. A partnership was formed, a budget set and the trip planned for September/October, 1988.

Four vehicles were purchased, with two being fully restored and renovated to take on the journey. The cars were both two door - one a 1958 model, the other 1961. Renovations included rebuilding of engines, transmission, suspension, brakes, body and interior repaint, upholstery and carpet.

The men had all spent considerable time in the bush, camping across Australia, and skills learned were put to good use as they lived off the land wherever possible. This also kept costs down and lightened the load for each vehicle.

During the journey they were made welcome at 'Roseberth' Station by the owner - and Chairman of the Diamantina Shire - Mr. Lyle Morton, and Mrs. Morton. They passed through Birdsville and attended the unveiling of a Bicentennial plaque to commemorate the building of the courthouse 100 years ago.

The dramatic increase in temperature after leaving Adelaide (in the cool morning rain) took its toll on man and machine. The heat, coupled with the road conditions, caused problems with gear selection, suspension, tyres and fuel vaporization.

As they headed towards Winton and Longreach, the change in geography, fauna and flora were very evident and continued to amaze the travellers, and they wondered what had inspired our early explorers to head out into such unforgiving country.

Travelling between Birdsville and Bedourie they saw only 6 vehicles in 18 hours.

Leaving Longreach they headed east to Barcaldine, travelling towards the Pacific about 1,000 km away. The country continued to change, with thicker scrub and taller trees indicating a higher rainfall. However, this part of the country had been in drought for nearly 7 years. A standard joke was, 'There are frogs living around here that are 7 years old and haven't learnt to swim!'

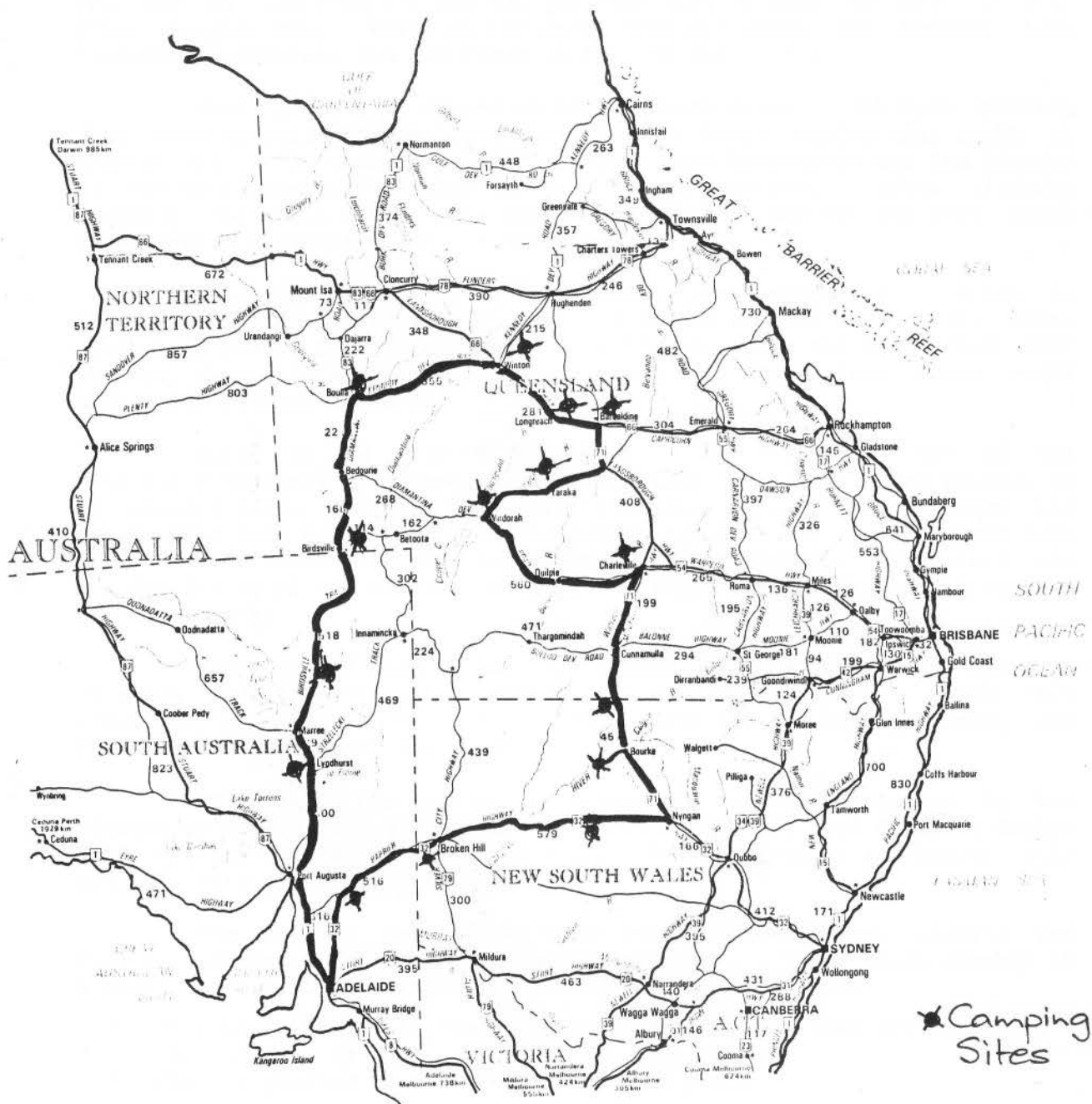
Barcaldine is famous for its 'Tree of Knowledge' (the birthplace of the Australian Labor Party?) and the great shearers' strike in the late 1890s. It is a pleasant town with the usual number of hotels, and is the centre for the surrounding sheep and wool growing districts.

About 40 km from the town is the 'Mt. Arthur' station and shearing shed (part of the original 'Barcaldine Run'). The four friends were invited to film and speak to the shearers in the old shearing shed and spent a full morning there, including sharing morning tea with the shearers. Has any reader ever had beautiful black tea poured from a watering can?

It is interesting to note, because of the shortage of trained, skilled shearers, that for every 5 men on the 'boards' there must be one trainee. How many of our other industries should adopt this policy?

Turning south on leaving Barcaldine the track led them to Emmett, then on to Yaraka (on the Outer Barcoo). This small town really took the travellers to heart. They spent the night at the only hotel, dining with the owners and meeting many of the locals in the shaded beer garden. Before leaving they were honoured to be asked to speak to the 12 students of the local school.

Yaraka is at the end of a spur railway line from the Rockhampton line, with only one train per week. The poem 'Bush Christening', by Banjo Patterson, was written about an event that occurred just a short distance from this friendly town, according to the locals.



Map showing route followed.

While at the 'Mt. Arthur' shearing shed they were told of a country race meeting to be held at Jundah, a small town south-west of Barcaldine. Knowing that they wouldn't have another chance to be part of such an Australian outback social event, the four friends changed their plans to enable them to attend the races. They arrived part-way through the meeting and promptly won \$30 and then lost it just as quickly with their second bet. While at the races they met again the Mortons from 'Roseberth' Station, who had flown in for the day.

That night they camped on the Thompson River. The next morning they were up early to begin the real push for home, camping that night at Charleville. The country gradually became more hospitable and Jim thought it was as if they had climbed out of a huge inland sea. After climbing steadily for about three hours one could look back and see the dead heart of Australia stretching away in the distance.

The run from Charleville to Bourke was uneventful. While in Bourke, that famous inland port from the paddle steamer days, Jim, Ross, Geoff and Trevor decided to travel to Wilcannia along the dirt road that follows the Darling River. It was along this track that their major mechanical problem occurred.

About 60 km from Bourke the front suspension on one of the vehicles completely collapsed, leaving the left hand front wheel hanging at an awkward angle - luckily they were travelling slowly. After they had spent about four hours completing temporary repairs, the station owner came along. On finding out what had happened, he offered the travellers all the facilities of the station, as well as giving them permission to camp on the river bank.

They stayed there for two nights and one full day resting, relaxing and fishing under magnificent River Red Gums. With this unforeseen problem the time left to reach home had now been reduced, and there were no more rest days left.

They left the station and drove back to Bourke, then on to the bitumen to Broken Hill via Nyngan and Cobar. The run from Cobar to Broken Hill was the hottest of the whole trip. The temperature in Broken Hill was 42°, with a fierce north wind blowing.

The extreme heat played havoc with the fuel pumps, causing the fuel to vaporize before reaching the carburettors. The friends stopped at a small hotel in Little Topar and considered their options:

1. Stay in the pub till the weather cooled down and then travel in the evening, or
2. Fix the problem of the overheating fuel pump.

The second option was chosen and a system for water cooling the fuel pump was devised (see diagram).

The travellers stayed in luxury that hot evening in an air conditioned cabin at Broken Hill, and dined in luxury at one of the many clubs.

Early next morning they were up and away, heading for Burra. The change in the weather was incredible. As they stopped at Yunta it started to rain and for the first time in almost four weeks the boys had to pull their jumpers on.

While travelling during the morning they took time out to watch workmen laying new concrete sleepers automatically on the Indian-Pacific railway line. It was so much faster than the old manual way of the not too distant past.

They arrived in Burra wet and cold, but warmed up at a party given for one of Trevor's relatives. It didn't stop them getting up early the next morning for the run home to Henley Beach.

Jim, Ross, Geoff and Trevor were really surprised on their arrival at the Town Hall to see so many friends and relatives there to welcome them home. They didn't think 'Four mates in a mid-life crisis' would create so much interest!

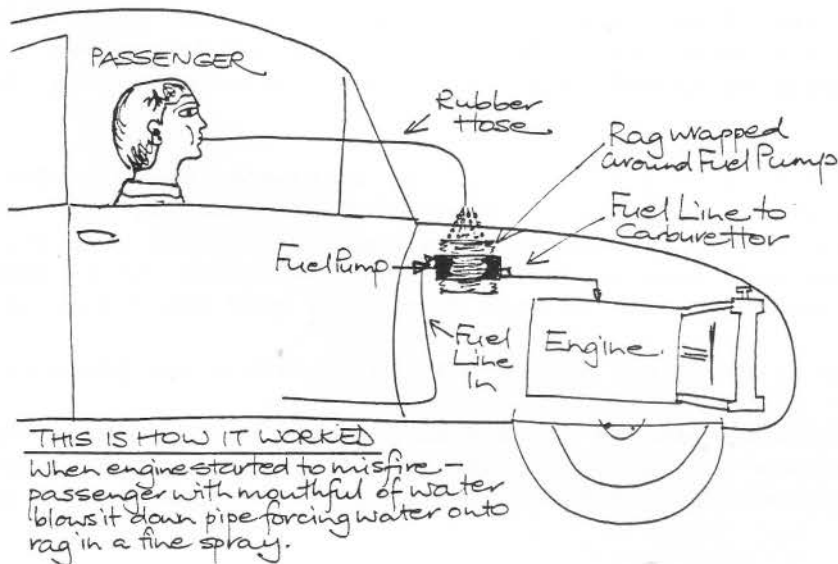
* * * * *

'Dreams are what make life worth living'.

Ross Baker (east of Winton, Queensland, October 1988).

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The Henley and Grange Historical Society has a copy of the trip diary and a VHS Video tape of this interesting trip.



A problem solved.

FROM RON JONES' REMINISCENCES

(from interviews taped by George Willoughby)

Fishing

There were three reasons for Ron Jones' father deciding to leave North Unley and come to Grange. The train provided a convenient means of getting to and from his work in Adelaide; the rent was much cheaper; and, above all, there were excellent opportunities for fishing.

In those days, Ron says, you could go down and catch a feed of fish off the jetty at any time.

Ron and his brother used to go fishing with their father. 'We were too small to fish over the rail, so he used to stand us on the seat. We both had our little rods, and he would stand by, and bait up. We would fish, and by the time we had caught four, five, maybe six fish, he would have a bag full.'

Fish were easily caught, but the catch was deliberately restricted, because keeping fish fresh was very difficult. The evaporative cool safe helped, but surplus fish had to be dried, smoked or salted.

Father would sometimes get up very early, and slip down to the jetty. 'He used to catch the 8.15 train. He'd come home with perhaps a dozen or 15 nice big garfish, and while he was having his breakfast and getting ready to go, mother would fillet them and wrap them up. He would take them to work * and they would cook them at work for their lunch.

You could catch whiting off the end of the jetty in those days.

And we used to go crabbing as kids. We used to measure the crabs by the width of the boards - the planks on the jetty - whether it was a two-boarder or a three-boarder or a four-boarder - we'd measure it up in that way.'

Yachting

'In the early days, we had 18-foot skiffs, and there was no actual club. There were wooden sheds along the beach in which the owners kept their boats. To sail, they used to team up with each other, and go from one shed to the other, and help carry the boat down to the water. Then they'd go and bring another boat down. They were heavy things. We used to get out on outriggers and sail them.

* He was cashier at Dalgety's

Then they got too heavy - they started to build 14-footers. The first 14-footers were mighty heavy boats, too. I can remember we used to have eight in the crew, and it would take three crews to carry the boat from the shed to the shore.

Then they made the lighter 14-footers.

I can remember when I was a bailer-boy, sailing in the 14-footers. I'd be pumping the water out, and if we got a pretty bad blow and they didn't want to let the sail off, I'd have to jump out onto the blokes' necks to try to put a bit more weight to keep her up, so that we could get past that little bit of a blow.

You raced every Saturday. Conditions never came into it. Blowing a gale, you still went out.

Then we all got together, and we had a few concerts and a few collections. We used to have weekly collections, collect a shilling from here and a shilling from there, to build the first Grange Sailing Club - at the end of Terminus Street.'

(For the building of this first headquarters, working bees were organised, under the supervision of Jim Ablett. For the foundations, an excavation, 6 to 8 feet deep, was made in the sand and filled with old bricks. On this foundation were laid sleepers - placed flat for the main floor and set vertically in the sand across the entrance, with about 18 inches protruding.

Both Ron Jones and Jack Storr remember, as young chaps, helping with the laborious task of carrying the sleepers from the railway truck to the beach.

The clubhouse was a two-storey building - the ground floor for boats, and the upstairs section for meetings, dances and other occasions organised by the Sailing Club and other groups from the town.)

Confrontation at the Grange

'In the early 1930's, there was a fairly vicious flood. We'd built a high bank around by Sturt's house, and right along from Beach Street, and around past the school, and round past Fisher's, then across the railway line, and it kept the water on the other (eastern) side.

It started to leak, and started to come through there. So my dad and a few more of the blokes that lived there went over and built it all up. They got word to town that no train could come through because they'd sandbagged the railway line.

They built it up - it must have been about four feet high, I suppose, and the water was still lapping the top of it.

They were still working, building sandbags, when this railway crowd came down. The blokes from the railways came down in a motor car. They got through somehow - how they got through I don't know. I remember they came from Henley Beach way. They came down here, and they were pretty high up in the railways.

One bloke was going to borrow a shovel and dig it out, because he reckoned the train could come through.

There were a few of us over there, and I remember my dad saying to him: You put one shovel in that, mate, and you'll go in the blooming drink.

The bloke looked at him, and two or three of them stood by dad and said: You dig one hole in there, and flood our joints, and you'll go through.

The whole Grange would have been flooded.

That was about the peak of the flood, then it started to go away.

They actually told him, if he put a shovel in that bank, he'd have been in the drink. And I tell you what, he would have been, too. They were pretty sincere in those days, and they couldn't stand to think that he would do it.'

A Half-way House at the Grange

In the old days, carriers used to drive their bullock wagons between the Brighton Cement Works and Port Adelaide.

From the Port, they would proceed along Frederick Road, which was just a track then, and come down Beach Street, over the old bridge, on the way back to Glenelg and Brighton.

Two semi-detached cottages on the south-west corner of Beach Street and Swan Street (now nos. 23 and 25, neatly renovated) served as a Half Way House, where drivers would pull up and stay the night, on both the outward and homeward journeys.

An early Golf Club

Long before houses covered the area, the Henley Golf Club set up a 9-hole course which extended on both sides of the Grange Road ('Kirk Road', as Ron Jones sometimes calls it).

An old railway carriage served as club house - women one end and men the other - with an ice-chest for refreshment.

Players hit off into the paddocks to the south, then west, and back towards Grange Road. There were a couple more holes south of Beach Street, then two more holes as the course turned north of Vawvers' two houses on the bend of Beach Street, and finally back past Simmons' dairy to Grange Road again.

'It was like a country golf course. We had tees and scrapes. We couldn't afford to cut the fairways, but used to get a few sheep and run them in there for a while, or they used to put their cows in there. One bloke used to put a couple of horses in there - anything to cut the grass down. They used to drive them out on Saturdays and Sundays - most people only played on those days.'

FROM JACK STORR'S REMINISCENCES

A Major Flood

Our family home was on the eastern side of Military Road, just south of Jetty Street. A block of units (300 Military Road) is now on the site.

The 1917 flood broke the banks by Sturt House. It came through where the new school is, and right down the lane from what used to be Sturt Street to Military Road. We as kids tried to stop it coming down the lane into our place. We were getting sand-bags and filling them up.

Our house at the back was about 2 feet 6 inches off the ground. We had three steps into the kitchen, but the flood went straight through and right up to the train line that ran past.

The only way we had of getting out of the house was by having a plank from the front verandah onto the fence, making our way along the fence, and dropping into the shallow water.

The flood water was inches high through the house. We had to open up floor boards and get it all pumped out as the water receded. We weren't able to live in the house for some time, and stayed with the Venning family, whose house was on higher ground in Seaview Road.

The Cable Station in war-time

The Cable Station, on the corner of Fort Street and the Esplanade, was manned by troops during World War I, and it was taboo to do any fishing or netting in the near vicinity. I remember my dad, who used to go netting quite often, was cautioned with a bullet fired in his direction.

Easy fishing

After the big fire at the Sugar Refinery, sugar was being washed up with the incoming tide, and the fish were going with it. We could go down to the river there by Fisher's Bridge, and catch the fish easily. People would go away with buckets full of gar and other fish, quite good, not tainted at all.

A very useful car

I bought an old car, for 15 pounds, from Colin Elliott, whose brother had a garage on Kirkcaldy Road.

A new hood for the Hupmobile was made from laminated cement bags with casein glue.

We went everywhere, even during the war years when you couldn't get petrol. It had a hot box vapouriser on the carbide, using heat from the manifold, and whatever cocktail you put into this old bomb it would go on it.

When railway workers were on strike, I used to gather all the chaps we used to go up in the train with, and we'd drop them off at the various places.

I eventually sold the car, at a profit!

The firm (L.G. Abbott & Co.) supplied me with cars for many years, though I always had one of my own in the garage.

(During the interview, Jack Storr recalled for George Willoughby a whole gallery of former Grange residents, a most important contribution to local history. Perhaps a selection of these can be introduced in the next Journal.)

WILLIAM HENRY GRAY

A brief chronology, and notes on memorials

<u>Date</u>	<u>Age</u>	
1808		W.H. Gray born.
1815	7	Saw Wellington returning from Waterloo.
1822	14	Became an apprentice in the leather trade.
1835	27	Purchased preliminary South Australian land orders.
18/10/1836 - 9/2/1837	28-29	Voyage to South Australia in the John Renwick (115 days).
1837 - 1838	29-30	Selected and purchased town acres (in Adelaide), and nearby country sections. Acted briefly as Chief Constable. Built Gray's Row of cottages on North Terrace.
1838 - 1850	30-42	Purchased more and more land in the West Beach area, developing farming there; and developed Adelaide land (Gray Street formed).
1853 ?	45 ?	Visited the Victorian goldfields.
1858	50	Purchased Joseph Johnson's farm, thus increasing his West Beach Estate by 500 acres, and acquiring a most picturesque dwelling, Frogmore. (The Victorian-style villa later built to replace this cottage was in its turn demolished, in 1960, during the development of suburban West Beach.)



Frogmore cottage, West Beach

1860	52	First officer of the Reedbeds Cavalry.
1861	53	Married Rosetta Bagshaw, who was 20 years of age. They had 9 children, of whom seven were long lived. The last surviving child, Alfred, died in 1964, at the age of 96.
1866 - 1878 (except 1870)	58-70	Chairman of the West Torrens District Council.
1868	60	Attempt to set up sheep-farming on the Nullarbor Plain (Gray's Well).
1870	62	Visited the Northern Territory, and selected land in Darwin (then called Palmerston), and the countryside.
1880	72	Large shareholder in the second railway to Glenelg.
1883	75	Large shareholder in the horse-tramway to Henley Beach.
1884	76	Second visit to the Northern Territory. Attempted to encourage sugar production.
1889	81	Refused to sell land to the Government for a fort north of Glenelg, but presented the land to the Freemasons.
1896	88	Died in his West Terrace home.



Gray's descendants have, in recent years, set up three memorials to him.

In September 1986, with the approval of the National Parks and Sesquicentenary authorities, a group of family members built a limestone cairn on the Nullarbor Plain, just west of the Nullarbor Roadhouse, and near the new alignment of the Eyre Highway. Included in the group were History Society members Ted and Nell Hasenohr, and Jim and Pauline Fowles. W.H. Gray was Ted's great-grandfather and Pauline's great-great-grandfather.

The inscription on the plaque reads:

'Gray's Well, 1868

Site of a heroic attempt by W. Marks to find water for lessees Gray and Schilling. William Henry Gray (1808-1896) was a pioneer South Australian colonist.

Cairn erected by Gray's descendants, September 1986.'

In October, 1988, a large rock, with bronze plate, was set up on the edge of the West Beach Reserve, between Tapleys Hill Road and the Patawalonga. Again, all work, including the casting of the plate, was carried out by family members.

The memorial was unveiled by Geoff Virgo, Chairman of the West Beach Trust.

The inscription reads:

'William Henry Gray
(1808-1896) arrived in South Australia aboard the 'John Renwick' in February 1837. He purchased and farmed an estate which included the present West Beach Reserve, Adelaide Airport, most of West Beach and parts of North Glenelg. He was for 12 years Chairman of the West Torrens District Council.

Memorial erected by his descendants, 1988.'

And a memorial tablet has been affixed to the former Foundry Hotel, on the north-east corner of Hindley and Gray Streets, Adelaide. This was done with the approval of the Adelaide City Council, and the building's present owner, Con Polites.

The inscription reads:

'William Henry Gray
(1808-1896) arrived in South Australia aboard the 'John Renwick' in February 1837. He owned and developed a number of Town Acres in Adelaide, ten of them in this north-western section of the City. Gray Street is named after him. This building, once the Foundry Hotel (licenced 1855 - 1922), was part of his estate.

Tablet placed by his descendants, 1988.'

(It is perhaps relevant to mention two other memorials - to Gray's father-in-law and one of his sons-in-law respectively - which are among the 150 sesquicentenary tablets placed along North Terrace.

They read:

'John Stokes Bagshaw
1808 - 1888
Manufacturer of
Agricultural machines'

and:

'Luther Robert Scammell
1858 - 1940
Manufacturing chemist
and researcher').

ECHOES FROM LAST YEAR'S JOURNAL

(1) THE GOLLYWOG BACHELORS CLUB

On pages 14 and 15 of the 1988 Journal, Edna Dunning gave an outline of the history of the Gollywog Bachelors Club.

We heard more about the club at last year's August meeting, when the guest speaker was their President, who was accompanied by several fellow-members.

One of the favourite club stories, told to us at the meeting, was reported as follows in the News of 5/11/1963.

'Hockey, the terrier, sat in last night at the regular fortnightly meeting of the Gollywog Bachelors Club, which is soon to bestow on him a rare and privileged honour.

The club will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary with a jubilee dinner in its clubhouse on the Henley South * foreshore on December 13.

All foundation (if any) and life members will be welcome. . .

And they will certainly meet up with Hockey the foxy if they are there.

Hockey's attendance at last night's meeting was nothing unusual. I am told he has not missed a meeting for the past 15 years or so.

His home is near the clubhouse, and he wanders in, takes a seat, sits up throughout the proceedings, with an occasional yawn, if there is too much yapping, and leaves AFTER supper.

Now the Gollywog Club, which exists for helping community projects as well as for its own social activities, strictly restricts its members to 30 bachelors.

If one marries, he cannot attend meetings, but automatically becomes a life member. . .

When this happens, the ranks soon fill again, but always the 30 limit is observed. And that's where Hockey is going to make history.

Because of his faithful devotion and regular attendance, he will be presented at the jubilee dinner with a new collar and club badge - and installed as the club's thirty-first member.'

* really West Beach.

(2) OPEN WATERS ?

In his talk on the Henley Surf Life Saving Club, Tom Jennings discussed the struggle to convince the Surf Association of Australia that our beaches fronted 'open waters' (1988 Journal, pp 32 - 33).

On August 22, last year, Andrew Bowering, alerted by his mother, paddled out from the shore on his surf board. He circled round a juvenile 12 metre long Southern Right Whale, and watched as 'the playful young creature splashed about' (Advertiser, 23/8/88). Obviously the marine visitor did not regard the Gulf as closed waters.

(3) BOXTHORNS

Boxthorns were once very wide-spread in the district. Some comments on the problem appeared in last year's Journal, on pp 16 - 17.

The thorny bushes were, of course, useful in their own special way, as hedges.

In his reminiscences (Interview, 4/3/1988) Ron Jones mentioned the boxthorn hedge, about 12 feet high and six feet through, which lined three sides of the family's original house block. Father used a specially made slasher (still in Ron's possession) to keep the hedge in some sort of order.

And the boys of the district, 60 years ago, had other uses for boxthorn.

They would hide behind the bushes on the Royal Adelaide Golf Course and note, for future reference, the direction which 'lost' balls had taken.

And clubs for the young golfers, to use on the 3-hole golf course they'd made in the sparsely settled High Street - Beach Street - Jetty Street area? 'We used to cut the bits out of boxthorns, and shaped them as golf clubs - bits of boxthorn with a clump on the end.'

On the outskirts of the Grange Oval were numerous boxthorn bushes, including a continuous hedge along Military Road. The lads used to encourage clumps to grow in such a way that they could be used as change rooms!

(4) WILLIAM J. ADEY

The then Director of Education (Mr. Adey), with Mrs. Adey, visited the November 1938 beach picnic of the Barossa District schools.

William Adey would have known the local beaches very well.

He lived at Grange. Particularly interested in the development of the Recreation Reserve, he was a member of the first Board of Trustees (1919). In the same year - at the age of 45 - he joined the Grange Cricket Club as a player - and 'in 1920 - 21, during the last match of the season, William became the first player to score a century since 1908-09'!*

In his professional career, he held the positions of Principal of Adelaide High School, Inspector of High Schools, Superintendent of Secondary Education and (1929 - 1939) Director of Education.

* 'From Saltbush to Turf. 100 years of Grange Cricket Club.' Page 29.

A QUESTION OF DATES

Our Chronicle - 'From Sand and Swamp to Seaside City' - gathered together hundreds of dates relevant to the history of the area. If there were ever a second edition, what further dates could be included? Below are some suggestions. Can members suggest others?

August 23, 1875

The sailing ship 'City of Adelaide' went ashore on Kirkcaldy Beach (see Journal 1987, pp 14 - 16).

July 15, 1899

Sir Charles Todd and Professor Bragg transmitted wireless messages (the first in South Australia) to and fro between Adelaide and Henley Beach (see Journal 1988, pp 39 - 40).

November 8, 1919

Pioneer aviator Captain Harry Butler, A.F.C., paid his first visit to Henley Beach, and gave 'a demonstration of the latest aerial feats' near the jetty. The occasion was sponsored by the M.T.T. (see 1989 Journal).

June, 1952

Dorothy Marshall, whose family lives in Jetty Street, Grange, was awarded the M.B.E. for outstanding work, during the post-war years in Europe, for the International Relief Organisation (see 1986 Journal, pp 24 - 25).

1960

The Ardill gates (Henley and Grange Memorial Oval) were erected. John Ardill (junior) had died in 1952, and the Ardill family, in memory of him, contributed the money for the gates. There was no opening ceremony.

January 17, 1988

Official opening of the Henley Arts Centre, Atkin Street.

January 23, 1988

Official opening of the Memorial Garden north of the Grange Jetty, and in front of the Marine Residences. The plaque reads:

'Daryl Pinnock Memorial Garden.

This plaque commemorates the action of Daryl Pinnock of Oakbank, who on 7 September 1955, aged 11 years, gave his life in attempting to rescue a drowning girl, Gaynor Farrell, aged 5 years, near the Grange Jetty.

This tragic event led to the formation of the Grange Surf Life Saving Club.

23 January 1988.'

March 18, 1988

A plaque was unveiled by the Mayor of Henley and Grange, Fred Angus, in the Town Hall foyer, in memory of Amy Ritchie Forewood, 'a generous benefactor to charities and other organisations in the City of Henley and Grange and elsewhere'. (see Journal 1988, pp 33 - 34).

September 30, 1988

A memorial to William Henry Gray, West Beach pioneer, was unveiled by the Chairman of the West Beach Trust, Geoff Virgo. (see 1989 Journal).

December 16, 1988

Fulham School was closed, because of falling numbers of Primary School students in the area.

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FROM THE EDITOR

This is our tenth Journal - and I have very much enjoyed helping with the compilation and production of all ten of them.

Again this year there are a number of people and organisations to thank for their assistance and contribution: George Willoughby, and his interviewees Dorothy Lanyon, Ron Jones and Jack Storr; Edna Dunning, for her annual article (this year, 'Henley's lost merry-go-round'); Chook and Beverly Fielder; Jim and Pauline Fowles; Malcolm Starling (sketches of historical objects); Julie Pritchard and Malcolm Gray (sketches for the article on W.H. Gray); the Mortlock Library; Community News; and the Advertiser, News and Mail (excerpts from newspapers of the past).

And I wish once more to thank Audrey Willoughby, for typing and assistance with the setting out and production of the Journal, and my wife, Nell, for her help with editing and research.

Ted Hasenohr.