



# The Henley and Grange

## Historical Society Journal

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**THE HENLEY AND GRANGE**

**HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

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## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

At the end of last year's President's Report, Past President Noel Newcombe expressed the wish to see a new name at the bottom of this year's report - his wish has been fulfilled. It was with much awe and apprehension that I agreed to take on this task. Noel, a foundation member of this Society, served as President for six years and during my period of initiation this year I have come to appreciate his extensive knowledge of the Society, his public relations skills and his kindness and patience in guiding me through my first months of this Presidency. I would like to take this opportunity to express the appreciation and thanks of all the members of our Society, and mine in particular, to an outstanding President.

This year has been one of quiet achievement. Our archival room has now been transformed from little more than a store-room to an efficient resource centre. Our thanks must go to the staff of the City of Charles Sturt for the generosity and help in providing us with the necessary furniture and equipment to make our archives a place of which to be proud. A grant of \$600 from the History Trust enabled us to purchase archival material and an earlier grant of \$5,000 was used to establish a database for our collection. The Society once again engaged a consultant for 13 weeks to initiate this task and train our new member Jill Snook and me to carry on the transfer of all the records onto the computer database. Both of us have worked throughout the year and our technological skills are improving at a pace. This regular work has also enabled us to familiarise ourselves with the collection as a whole, an important and very interesting occupation. There is a great deal of work yet to be done and volunteers are very welcome.

Throughout this year we have had many requests for research material and assistance from people in our community and interstate. It is always a pleasure to meet or talk to people interested in our history and to help them whenever we can. Our collection of old photographs generate a lot of interest in the community and our ten large framed photographs are displayed in a variety of business premises in our area.

Yet again this year a number of our members accepted invitations to meetings and functions of the Charles Sturt Trust and the Woodville and Port Adelaide Historical Societies, and we mounted a small display of our collection at the Hindmarsh Library. It is pleasing to recognise a common aim amongst the four societies under the umbrella of the City of Charles Sturt and we hope to keep working together in the future.

Our meetings this year have been well attended and our guest speakers have not only been interesting and informative but have also made us aware of the talent and humour amongst our very own members.

I thank my hard-working Secretary Martin Darsow and his second-in-charge Hanni for their expert execution of all the paper work, Past President Noel Newcombe for arranging the guest speakers and assisting in liaising between the Council and the Society, Beverly Fielder for keeping our finances in the black, Mollie Sutherland for organising the venue for our meetings and the members of my Committee for their support.

A very special thank you from the Society once again goes to our Life Member Ted Hasenohr and his wife Nell for producing the 19<sup>th</sup> Journal this year, and to all those who contributed to its publication.

I have enjoyed the first year of my Presidency and look forward to an interesting and fruitful 1999.

IRENE McDADE



## COMMITTEE, 1998

President:	Mrs. I. McDade
Vice President	Mrs. J. Ferguson
Secretary:	Mr. M. Darsow
Treasurer:	Mrs. B. Fielder
Members:	Mrs. H. Darsow Mrs. E. Newcombe Mr. N. Newcombe Mrs. M. Sutherland Mrs. A. Thomson-Campbell Mrs. D. Triggs Mr. D. Whiteford Mr. J. Worrall

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## COVER PHOTO

Navy frigate HMAS Barcoo aground at West Beach  
April 11<sup>th</sup>, 1948

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## MEMBERS

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Mrs. Vera Botten  
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Mr. Malcolm Brown  
Mrs. Joyce Caldwell  
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Mr. Peter Willis  
Mrs. Audrey Willoughby  
Mr. George Willoughby, OAM  
Mr. Francis Wilson  
Mr. John Worrall  
Mr. Peter Wyld

## **FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF JOYCE CALDWELL**

**(Based on an interview with George Willoughby, 30/5/1997)**

Joyce Caldwell (then Joyce Skuse) came to Henley Beach, as an 8 year old girl, in May 1928. Her parents, who had been living in Stirling, were both advised by their doctor that living near the sea would benefit their health.

Their local doctor's recommendations of 70 years ago included : for father, beach living to guard against bronchial attacks; for mother, iodine in the seaside atmosphere to improve a thyroid condition.

Their first home in Henley Beach was on the corner of South Street and East Terrace, but they moved to 13 White Street in 1932.

The family arrived from Stirling on a Saturday. Father had brought with him two sugar bags of mushroom spawn, as he didn't want to do without those hills mushrooms.

But his scheme was not necessary. When Joyce and her brother Sid looked out on Sunday morning, they saw people in the nearby paddocks, picking mushrooms by the pounds.

Joyce's father had worked at Kither's Meatstores in North Adelaide, but lost his right hand in an accident there. After a time at Broken Hill, he returned to Henley during a strike period, and worked again at Kither's until most of the men were put off in the Depression Year of 1934.

He then found work on the Torrens Outlet Scheme, which was carried out as a labour intensive project, involving a number of unemployed men.

During the Depression, there was standing room only on the Henley jetty, as fish (and crabs) were a valuable addition to the food supply. Barracouta were frequently caught from the jetty in those days. Joyce's brother Sid caught a barracouta huge enough for the News to send a photographer to record it.

Sid set traps in the paddocks a couple of nights a week. Rabbits were a very familiar (too familiar!) item of diet. And there were fruit and vegetables from the back garden, mushrooms to pick in season - and everyone kept chooks.

Milk was delivered twice a day by Lawries, dairymen related to the Caldwells. The postman came twice a day. Bread (Badenoch's), wood and ice were delivered. And 'Waxy' Johns kept up his reputation for throwing out the paper on time, but usually forgetting to collect the paper money.

Before 1937, floodwaters often covered the cow paddocks to the east, including where Henley High School is now, but did not quite reach the houses in South Street or White Street.

The children loved the floods. An old tin tub could be punted around, using a broomstick, and long distances could be covered without mishap.

But Joyce remembered one wetting. Walking over the viaduct one day, then paddling round the S-bend, she fell off the raised concrete road into the water.

The Skuse children (Sid, Joyce, Hazel, Shirley and Fay) attended Henley Primary School. The pupils had days off when water from the Torrens flooded the school toilets.

'Jerusalem' was close to the school. One day, a group of boys, including Sid Skuse, found their way across to the island (Jericho). They were punished in the traditional manner when they returned to school.

At the end of Grade 7 year, Henley pupils had to attend Grange School to sit for the Qualifying Examination (Q.C.). Joyce did the exam under difficulties. The day before, when she went out to buy new pencils etc., she was accidentally knocked over by a bike ridden by 'Nobby' Eldridge, and did the day-long series of exams with grazed arms and face.

(Later on, both 'Nobby' (Cliff) and his brother Les were very seriously wounded in the war - Nobby in the North African desert and Les on board HMAS Australia.)

After Primary School came Thebarton Girls Technical School, reached by tram (fare twopence). Then Joyce worked at the News. A main job was helping sort out entries for the popular Obstinate Artist competition.

For young people, there was the church, and its social life; and dancing (Henley and Thebarton Town Halls), skating (O.B.I., Wakefield Street), the 'pictures' and, in summer, the beach. The beach area offered much: swimming (and, on Sunday mornings, a tent would be erected on the sand by family friends); sideshows; band concerts in the Square on Sunday evenings. Joyce remembers Commander Harvey, the evangelist, who attracted large crowds before the band concerts.

The only visits to the Grange area were for basketball matches, played on the recreation ground's primitive court, which was surrounded by boxthorn bushes. Team members had to walk from Henley to Grange and back, as there were no trains running on those Saturday afternoons.

Joyce joined the W.A.A.F. in 1941, and spent much of the time at Victoria Barracks, rising to the rank of Flight-Sergeant.

She was in Sydney when the city was shelled for a second time and, in 1943, saw a Japanese spy plane fly over Melbourne - an incident not made public.

In 1944, she was posted to Townsville, but was told they didn't want 'a girl' there, and she was back to Melbourne on the next morning's plane.

She was not discharged until January 1947. Two weeks before the war finished, she contracted polio, and had to spend eighteen months in Heidelberg Hospital.

Joyce married in 1948, and she and her husband, Don Caldwell, who had been in the army during the war, purchased a home at 7 White Street, where she is still living.

They were married in Henley Church of Christ, in Seaview Road, which she had begun attending in 1929.



The church, which had once been the focus of so many of the activities of both young and old members of the congregation, was closed in December 1996. Many of the now smaller congregation were old people, who were finding the steps up to 'The Church on the Hill' too difficult to climb.

The building had been modernised, and did not have the same look and feel as the original church (the lovely timber ceiling in the chapel, for example, had been drastically altered). When more repairs were needed, it was decided to sell the building. Many members of the congregation then attended Brooklyn Park Church of Christ.

(The church had had a remarkable record of wartime enlistments. 43 members joined the services.)

After the war, Joyce worked for a time for Flicks (pest control). Don set up a similar business, calling it WADES (White Ant Destruction).

There were five children: Marjorie, Susan, Judith, Don and Jennifer. They attended Henley Community Kindergarten, which moved into new premises in White Street in 1953.

One fund-raising project resulted in Marjorie becoming Queen of Hearts of the Kindergarten.

A less fragrant memory of fund-raising days is the shark incident. A very large shark was caught, and exhibited (a shilling a ticket) at the Carnival. But a heat wave arrived and, although the shark was kept on ice, the exhibit only lasted three days, after which a very smelly shark had to be carried away.

By the time the eldest child in the family had reached secondary school age, it was no longer necessary to travel outside Henley to continue one's education. Henley High School, which all five children attended, had opened in 1958.

And two brief stories, from about 1930, and back in 1836.

A remnant of superstition concerning opals is remembered from South Street days.

An uncle, an opal miner from Whitecliffs, stayed with the family for several months. Before he left, he gave Joyce's mother two treacle tins full of uncut opals. A few months afterwards, father lost his job, and there were other problems. Mother blamed the opal, and buried the tins in a hole dug in the backyard. They are presumably still there - an extra room has been built over where the opal was buried.

Great-grandfather Skuse came out in the Tam o' Shanter, with John White, in 1836. When the Tam o' Shanter ran aground at the entrance to the Port River, White's timber was thrown overboard to lighten the ship. Great-grandfather was one of those who helped to collect the scattered timber from along the Gulf beaches, and carry it across the Reedbeds swamp to Fulham, where White constructed his house - and he recalled that it was December, and the swamps were mercifully fairly dry.

A family memory from the earliest days of the colony!

## A SCHOOL LONG OVERDUE

During 1922, much important building work had proceeded in Henley Beach. The Town Hall had been completed in June; St Michael and All Angels Church of England, and the new Catholic Convent and Star of the Sea School had been built during the year; and the foundation stone of the Temple Congregational Church had been laid in November.

But there was as yet no Government Primary School at Henley Beach (although the Grange School had been opened in 1885); and parents were becoming very impatient.

The Mail newspaper (16/12/1922) commented on the situation.

'Parents at Henley Beach threaten to keep their children home unless educational facilities are provided. The scholars have to travel three miles by car \*.

The pressing need for more accommodation in metropolitan schools appears to have reached a climax at Henley. Most of the children have to journey from there to Lockleys School, which is badly overcrowded. For a growing seaside suburb such as Henley it seems astounding that educational facilities have not been provided.

Parents of children at Henley are naturally indignant over this state of affairs. A piece of land was purchased some time ago by the Minister of Education at South Henley for the proposed site of a school, but nothing has been done in the matter since. Children therefore have been compelled to travel three miles, some going to Lockleys, others to Grange, and some right to Thebarton to obtain education.

The Henley Beach Council feels strongly on the subject, and a deputation will wait on the Minister shortly. In the meantime indignation meetings will be held until educational facilities are provided nearer home.

As a further protest, Councillor J.H. Borthwick stated to a Mail representative this week that it was the intention of many parents at South Henley to refrain from sending their children to school until some alteration was made. Legally, it is believed, children residing at South Henley cannot be compelled to attend either the Grange or Lockleys School.

'The present state of affairs is scandalous', said Councillor Borthwick. 'A visitor on the car last week was amazed at the crowd of children who filled the car, returning from the Lockleys School. He made enquiries, thinking it was a picnic, but soon discovered his error. Had he seen the next car, he would have been still more surprised. These children have to travel three miles to school, and mothers naturally are anxious about them travelling all that way.'

\* In 1922, 'car' could still mean 'tramcar' rather than 'motor car'.

This article was published on the Saturday before the Christmas holidays. By the February of the following year (5/2/1923) the Education Department was calling tenders for the erection of a public school at Henley Beach.

237 students enrolled when the school opened in 1924. Mr. L. Edwards was the Head Teacher.

According to 'From Sand and Swamp to Seaside City' (p 36), the yard at first 'was a levelled sand heap, which used to shift with the winds, piling up on the verandah, and seeping under the doors'.

But presumably most people, happy to have their own local school at last, were willing, for a time, to be patient with such inconveniences.

### **A KIOSK SAVED**

Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe senior (the late Albert and Mabel Newcombe) rented, at Henley South, a kiosk which was situated on the beach. Trays of tea, drinks, lollies and icecream were sold. . . .

'At one time there was a huge westerly storm and at high tide the kiosk was found to be surrounded by deep water. Mum ran home, pulled down her clothes line, and raced back to the beach, giving it to a lifesaver, who swam round the kiosk securing it, so it would not be washed away.'

(Quotation is from 'The life story of mother and father', by Yvonne Penno nee Newcombe.)

### **CONGRATULATIONS**

In this year's Birthday Honours, George Willoughby was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia (OAM). The investiture booklet contained the following :

For service to hockey and to the community of Henley and Grange.

Hockey player from 1947 to 1996, Treasurer and Secretary of the Grange Hockey Club and a life member of the club since 1972. Associated with the South Australian under 12 hockey team as a selector from 1970 to 1985; Manager/coach 1971 to 1985. Member of the SA Hockey Association's Investigation and Disciplinary Tribunal 1976 to 1990 and Director 1988 to 1990. Correspondent for 'Hockey Circle' 1956 - 1957 and 1978 to 1986. Editor 'Hockey News' 1982 to 1986. Member of the Association's State Hockey Council 1978 to 1980 and member of the Archives and Museum Committee. Has been a Justice of the Peace since 1972. Contributes to the local community as a member of the Henley and Grange Historical Society since 1979 and as a meals deliverer for Henley and Grange Meals on Wheels since 1987. Was the founder of the HMAS Swan Association in 1991 and has been National Secretary since then.

## MEMORIES OF HENLEY AND GRANGE

### FROM 1945 TO THE 1950s

The guest speaker at last year's Annual General Meeting (7/11/1997) was Christine Courtney nee Hanks.

Christine's parents, Ida and Harry Hanks, were married on January 13, 1939, 'at the end of the great heat wave', on the day after the hottest day ever recorded in Adelaide (117.7° F or 47.6° C)!

During the war, Harry Hanks, who had been deemed too short to enlist, was in charge, at the Hendon munitions factory, of 'a large section testing and packing bullets, with many women and girls working flat out for the war effort'.

Christine was born in 1942, while her parents were living in a flat in Woodville. But the family was able, in 1945 or 1946, to move into a newly-built house on East Terrace. The house, now 115 East Terrace, was 'the mandatory, regulation size for the time with materials still in such short supply' - 'a simple house with four rooms and red Wunderlich tiled roof and front open porch'. The telephone number was L8858.

Snakes and lizards were plentiful among the still extant sandhills nearby.

With the war over, Harry Hanks owned his own business as a manufacturer's representative. Towards the end of his working life, he and his wife ran 'The Australian Scene' on Henley Beach Road at Torrensville.

Harry had achieved great success as a swimmer and a rifle shooter (he was coach of the State rifle-shooting team), and was interested in horse-racing.

Ida had been an expert milliner, with a shop called 'Jan Jason', on Henley Beach Road, Henley Beach. Later, she became well known for her 3D dressed pictures - 'she photographed old fashion engravings, enlarged and coloured them in oils, made miniature replicas of their costumes which were sewn to the pictures and the final creation was set in a shadow box.' She also painted pastel portraits and paper bark pictures to be sold at 'The Australian Scene'.

Christine Courtney presented the Society with a well-illustrated booklet entitled 'Memories of Henley and Grange from 1945 to the 1950s', and her talk was largely based on the material therein. We thank her for permission to print the following excerpts from the booklet.

'When I started in Grade I, aged 5, there were 52 children in one transportable classroom. Mostly I remember the classrooms at Grange School as being unbearably hot with no fans or cooling - and only the odd fire in a grate in winter.



I used to walk to school on my own, aged 5. It seemed quite a walk for a five year old and my parents obviously thought it perfectly safe. Very shortly, probably by my sixth birthday, I acquired a two-wheeler bicycle. It was a free-wheeler. No gears in those days. The bicycle made a great deal of difference, as Grange Primary was at least a mile from our home. East Terrace was now macadamised and my friends and I would join up to cycle. A game in the hot weather was to see how many tar bubbles we could ride over and squash before getting to school. . . . .

My first recollections were the formal lines of children all singing 'The Song of Australia' in the yard and saluting the flag. Those were very patriotic years. Old Mr. Tuck the headmaster played the violin which seemed a fantastic instrument and a source of mystery to us children. . . . .

Somehow these teachers managed to instil the three r's into us, and I remember with affection Mrs. Edwards, my Grade 3 teacher, and Malcolm Clode, a wonderful teacher. . . . .

Once a year we had Fete Day when all the children would come in fancy dress and we would spend days spreading crepe paper between the wheels of our bicycles. . . . .

'I went to my friend Margaret Williams' Sunday School because it was the only thing to do on a Sunday, and they always gave out good book prizes. They also had a good annual Christmas show, where I remember doing 'Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer', the 'top of the pops' for that year. They ran the best picnics in the district, Morialta Falls and Waterfall Gully being favourite choices. . . . .

I tried out St. Agnes the Anglican Church because other friends went there and later the Congregational Church had me in attendance at their Sunday School, depending on my friends at the time.'

'I was made a 'Kangaroo of the Air'. Radio was very important in those days before the arrival of T.V. in 1956.'

'In 1945 there were very few cars in the district. We had one, so we were fortunate, but for the first few years mother ferried us around on her bike.

At 16 father gave me driving lessons, I answered 20 questions at the local police station and was given my licence. One day father phoned and asked me to drive the car to the city. I remember thinking that either my number was up that day, or I would survive. Well, I did survive, but I remember being very nervous. There were no 'P' plates in those days.'

'The 'Barwell Bull' train service came down from Adelaide and travelled from Grange along Military Road to Henley with a stop being near Marlborough Street.'

'(The tram) terminated across the road from the Star of the Sea Convent, conveniently outside the Deli. A red telephone box stood outside the new church and two quick rings of the telephone announced I was waiting there for mother to collect me.'

(After leaving Grange School, Christine attended Methodist Ladies College.)

'We had an ice box for the first few years, and the ice man called every second day. Great pincers, like large black crab claws, gripped the blocks, and he carried them into the house on a hessian bag over his shoulder. We children would run behind the horse-drawn cart to get the delicious cool chips of ice.'

'Our milk was delivered every morning about 5 a.m. by Mr. Fewings, the milko. The largest saucepan in the house was placed in a slot in the fence and collected at 6 a.m. for the fridge we owned by that time.'

'Every Friday the fish man called. We weren't Catholics, but he called regularly and we enjoyed the freshest Tommy Ruffs. Mother would grill them for Friday breakfast, and they were always eaten with fresh bread and butter and enjoyed very much.'

'A fruit van made the rounds of the streets once or twice a week with fresh vegetables. Potatoes, cabbage, pumpkins, onions, peas and beans were the staples then available.'

'Our paper man was an expert. The Advertiser was rolled like a boomerang and flung with a deft twist of his wrist from the old car as he drove on his rounds without seeming to pause or change gear. It always lobbed right in the centre of the lawn.'

'My first holiday (which escapes my memory) was undertaken, so I'm told, when I was 6 months. My parents took the Gulf Trip on the 'Moonta'. I am very proud to know I was actually on this fine ship of the Adelaide Steamship Company.'

'We had the annual Oakbank weekend away for the Easter Racing Carnival, which was a yearly highlight in our lives for at least four or five years. We camped under canvas. In addition we also had a trip to Kangaroo Island on the old 'Karatta'. It was a wonderful adventure sailing down the Gulf aged about 7 or 8 and staying at Linnetts on American River.'

'In 1956 we had the thrill of going to the Olympic Games in Melbourne. It was tremendously exciting and we were fortunate in obtaining seats in the main stadium because a friend had been in the Australian rifle team at Helsinki.'

'A major highlight each year was the regular annual visit to the Show. Father had a display one year to demonstrate his agency of the Hawkins Pressure Cookers. Mother and Aunt Alice helped to demonstrate their use.'

'Another annual event of course was the John Martin's Christmas Pageant. Father would leave his ute in King William Street near Trims and next morning we would be up early to hop into the back for a good view. One morning my sister was photographed pouring a cup of tea for a policeman on duty and this photograph appeared in the Advertiser the next morning.'

'We would go down to the beach from the earliest age. Every night in summer as soon as father arrived home we would pile into the back of the Holden ute and drive down the road (such a short distance) and go for a dip with the splendid spectacle of the setting sun in the western sky as our background. At the end of Reddie Street the sandhill seemed very large, and the dune was still intact in the 1950s opposite the block of red brick flats built in the 1930s or 1940s.

We always considered we were half way between Henley Beach jetty and Grange jetty.'

'We were taught to swim by Bill Renfrey at the Henley Swimming Pool (now filled in). It seemed a huge pool. We would dog-paddle like crazy to stop our teeth from chattering. Waves would sometimes crash into the pool and it was not heated. Virtually every kid in the district learnt the crawl under the watchful eye of Bill Renfrey, a former swimming champion. Our reward was the hard bush biscuit afterwards.'

'Each year in January the Carnival would come to the district. The summer evenings seemed so balmy and we would drive to the Jetty area and park. The Ferris wheel was a magnet for us children, and the sideshows lined the area to the north of the jetty.'

'The only cinema in the area was at the Henley Town Hall. We children had a permanent date there every Saturday arvo, come rain or shine. It was the day of Hopalong Cassidy, Ma and Pa Kettle, the Marx Brothers, Tom and Jerry and many other cartoons. During interval time there would be a mad dash across the road to the delicatessen opposite and also the one diagonally opposite.'

'Dances were a regular event in the ballroom of the building on the Square now occupied by a Thai restaurant.'

'Our family doctor was Dr. Bowler whose residence is still standing near the railway line at Seaton just facing the golf course. A more wonderful doctor was not around. We all loved our kindly family doctor and he was a friend to all and sundry.'

When my hyperactive brother went down with Polio in the great epidemic about 1949, he must have been run off his feet, but thanks to his early diagnosis my brother made a complete recovery, but spent 9 months paralysed on his back.

On another occasion I had to have four back teeth removed because of serious overcrowding in my mouth. Our Doctor and the Dentist arrived and the operation was carried out on the kitchen table. Dr. Bowler gave the anaesthetic and I remember the hideous smell. . . . '

'We never ate out and the only meals were in the home. There were no restaurants and the only take-away was fish and chips. . . . '

'In the back yard were the almond trees, lemon trees, apricots, the wood heap, veg garden and chicken run plus the incinerator.'

(Many people kept poultry. And the family of one of Christine's friends, Elizabeth Elliott, 'had what seemed like hundreds of fowls and roosters and earned their income from supplying the district and presumably the City with eggs. We would play hide and seek around the fowl yard sheds and I can still smell the bran and pollard shed.'

Some of the eggs from Colin Elliott's poultry farm on East Terrace were sold in his mother's deli on Grange Road - see 1993 Journal, p.35)

'An earthquake struck in the 1950s \* (about 4 a.m. if I recall) and father grabbed us kids and rushed us from our sleep into the open air. I thought it was exciting.'

'When the first Sputnik crossed the night sky we were out on the lawn looking up with awe and amazement at this technological wonder.'

'In summer during the heat waves it was a treat to sleep on the front lawn under a sheet, and to wake up and have a shower under the hose to cool off.'

'Into our back yard came our beloved shack, removed from the foreshore at Grange. It was a wonderful little building with solid jarrah floors and had provided many years of pleasure during our teenage period by just being there on the beach. It was really grown up to stay overnight in the shack. However, when the order came that their days were numbered ours came home to rest in the back yard as an artist's studio and guest room.'

'During our childhood the area to the east was mostly a swamp flood plain with the odd market garden just being established. It was in a fairly natural state with the exception of large scotch thistles which had spread all over the area. During the mushroom season we \*\* would be up early with our metal buckets and Wellington boots to tramp over the fields to our favourite spots, and woe betide anyone else nicking our mushies. Some were the size of entree plates and seemed to grow under or near the thistles. These morning excursions were tremendous fun with the sun just rising, the air crisp and frosty and ourselves anticipating the breakfast when we returned. I have never enjoyed mushrooms so much as those gathered in the backblocks of Henley.'

\* March 1, 1954

\*\* The three children - Christine, Brenton and Bronwyn.

To supplement the account -

Christine became interested and deeply involved in ballet.

'A Mrs. Flower started up ballet classes in the district. As she had been a member of the Borovansky ballet I was drawn like a magnet. Sadly she only stayed a short time. Subsequently I learnt from Madame Babicheva in the Adelaide Arcade and from the remarkable Max Collis before gaining a scholarship to study in England when I was 17.'

As a champion rifle shot, and a member of the Metropolitan Rifle team, Harry Hanks was asked to billet two of the members of the Great Britain rifle team visiting Australia in 1958. This led to the story of 'The spy who came to Henley'. In Christine's words : 'Bronwyn and I gave up our bedroom to two men named Mike Moffat and Hal Boyne-Ditmas. Staying with our family must have been a very unusual and interesting experience for them. My father, naturally, had Hal's address, and on my arrival in England in 1960 I looked up his family. They lived in an exquisite house in Highgate and were the epitome of the English establishment. The night I first visited was the very night his son was born, but he made me very welcome. Hal and his beautiful wife, when I eventually met her, took a great interest in my subsequent career with the Ballet Rambert. We became good friends and they were both witnesses at my wedding in 1966. I assumed he worked for the Government in the Civil Service and it had penetrated my consciousness that his work was fairly hush hush.

It was only recently while reading the book 'Spy Catcher' by Peter Wright that I realised just who he was. Not many Henley girls can boast they gave up their bed to a James Bond character, from MI5! His work was movement analysis. . . .

## **50 YEARS AGO (1)**

### **A new surf boat**

The Corporation was to contribute £50 towards the cost of a surf boat, and meet the cost of a 7 ft. extension to the Junior Lifesavers' shed to enable the boat to be housed.

(The Coogee Club had offered a 23' 7" surf boat, without oars, for £100.)

(Council Minutes, 5/4/1948)

(A previous surf boat had come to a disastrous end, described by Tom Jennings, in 1988 Journal, page 32. 'The oarsmen would row swiftly towards the jetty until, at a word from the man on the sweep, they would lie back and let the oars trail. The boat with crew would glide beneath the jetty, to the admiration of the onlookers, who would rush across to the other side. But there came a day when they didn't come out. A wave caught them half way through, and the back of the boat was broken against the jetty structure.'))



## A GROCER'S TALE

Back in October last year the writer was quietly reading Rex Jory's column in the Advertiser, on the subject of shopping hours, when he was startled to see his own name mentioned. This is part of what Rex had to say :

Thirty years and more ago, an enterprising chap named Darsow, and here I rely on memory, opened the State's first supermarket at Henley Beach.

Instead of being served from behind the counter by a grocer in white apron, customers were encouraged to select their own goods and pay at a checkout.

At the time, it was predicted not only that the corner shop would die but that civilisation as we knew it would end. In some cases, the corner shop did die. In most cases, the corner shop reinvented itself.

Retailing is about service and convenience. It is about flexibility, about anticipating the needs of customers.

If Mr Darsow's new method had been outlawed 30 years ago, we might still have corner stores and prices 50 per cent higher than supermarkets now offer.

This led me to think back over those many years when, as a young soldier, I was due for discharge after nearly six years of service in the army. My university studies had been interrupted by the war and I had married in the interim. But now, how to earn a living? What should I do?

It seemed too much to take up my studies again, though many others did just that, and I was glad to obtain a position in His Majesty's Customs and Excise at Port Adelaide early in 1946. I spent many happy hours there and at Postal Customs at the G.P.O. over some three years.

But slowly I was considering that I would rather work at some occupation where I could be independent, and the possibility of entering the food trade became a reality when I saw that a grocery store in Hargrave Street, Peterhead, was for sale. After careful consideration and with financial help from a bank and the former owners - Johnson Brothers, who had several stores in the Port area - I became its new owner.

I had had no experience in this sort of work so it was a matter of learning, and learning quickly. However, all went well and a year or so later I heard of a store becoming available at Henley Beach, where Coral Sea Cafe is now located. I thought about extending to that area and the possibility of converting it into a self-service store came to mind.

This system of retailing was something I had read about; it was operating successfully in other parts of the world - in the U.S.A. and closer to us, in New Zealand, and had many advantages, for the customer and for the operator.

Contacts were made and as much information as possible was gathered before a decision was eventually arrived at to give it a go.

Appropriate shelving had to be made, open style refrigeration had to be designed and ordered and a host of other matters decided. Eventually, with the help of many friends and members of my buying group, Buyers Limited, at Port Road, Thebarton (now the site of United Motors), the shop at Henley Beach was completely emptied, with the stock having been removed in two pantechnicons, for storage. Then it was completely cleaned out and I mean that literally. Walls were replastered and painted, floors repaired, new lino put into place, new lighting connected, name identification erected outside - and the stock returned and relocated. Finally, after several set-backs, the shop opened on 10 December, 1951, with Mrs. Hosking, who lived above the store, being the first customer.

The advantages of the self-service system are that the customer can handle the products, read what the manufacturers say about them, compare one line with another, as well as select the price she/he was willing to pay. Offering lower prices to compensate for the fact that the buyer was, in fact, 'doing the work' caused great turmoil among other grocers who, until then, had religiously followed the prices set by the trade association - and woe betide anyone who deviated! Many bitter arguments ensued and some manufacturers even refused to supply the innovator.

However, as time went on other stores converted to self-service, the second being in Mount Gambier a couple of months later, and then a third in Kadina mid-1952, followed steadily by others until it became quite standard for new stores to be self-service. They became bigger, with more departments - such as fruit and vegetables, meat, variety goods and so on - steadily developing over the years to what we now, 45 years on, regard as supermarkets.

Gradually our store on the western side of Seaview Road became too small and, early in 1959, we moved to larger and more up-to-date premises on the eastern side, further north. To obtain occupancy of these premises we had to buy the frock shop known as Mellita from the Misses Johnson, which also meant we had to dispose of their supply of merchandise. A straight-out mark-down of 50% resulted in a quick disposal of virtually all of these items, albeit at quite a loss to our company, but we did gain the premises. These in turn were re-modelled and improved before we had a grand opening in conjunction with Northey Brothers' hardware store and Ray Burton's Astra Electrical Services (where Jean Jory, Rex's mother, and his aunt, Rona Groom, were then employed). Many of you may well remember the occasion.

Inevitably I was thrust into the hurly-burly of grocery politics, becoming a director in 1955 of Buyers Limited, one of three wholesale supply houses to the myriad of mainly small grocers in South Australia. In 1957 I was elected chairman (when I was 41) and that meant I had to spend much time at meetings, city and country, as well as at interstate conferences where we sought to ally ourselves with similar organisations in order to increase our buying power and knowledge of trade practices and mechanisms. This was all most interesting, though time-consuming and often to the detriment of my own retail outlets. But, as the years went on, efforts were successfully completed to merge all the warehousing interests into one giant co-operative company. This was achieved early in 1968 - and I had the satisfaction of being a prime mover in that development.

Large proprietary chains and public companies had already begun to enter the retail grocery field in the early 60s and competition became intense, resulting in the steady disappearance of the traditional grocer who could no longer keep up with the attractiveness of modern stores and supermarkets, nor with their huge range of goods and, above all, their lower prices.

All this change caused regret among many of the older people in the community. But it was inevitable, just as the motor car had ousted the horse years before. This competitiveness meant that the consumer nowadays does pay much less for a greater range of goods offered, as Rex Jory has stated. She/he certainly has to spend time shopping but I doubt that anyone would really want to go

back to former methods any more than he/she would want to see old modes of transport return, or to live without electricity or the telephone.

Speaking personally, the trade was good to me as I not only had an adequate living from my retail outlets which increased in number (and gave me much pleasure from a splendid staff and overwhelmingly pleasant customers) but it also enabled me, over the thirty years that I was a director of its organisational, warehousing, and distribution facilities, to see most parts of Australia and many overseas countries. I did have to face elections every two years but I was pleased to say that I was undefeated in that time until I retired mid-1985.

Looking back, I realise it can be said that the development of self-service in South Australia all began in Henley Beach. Not that it couldn't, or wouldn't, have occurred anywhere else - but it was in Henley Beach, which I'm proud to say has also been my hometown for just on forty years.

There have been other changes and there will, of course, continue to be more. One hopes that such as do come will be made, after due consideration and with good judgement, in the interests of the residents of our lovely little seaside suburb.

MARTIN DARSOW

## APPENDIX

To advertise the opening, on Tuesday 25th November, 1959, of the new and bigger store, a flyer was distributed, detailing bargains and announcing a Grand Housewives' Quiz Show. Part of the leaflet is reproduced below, showing pre-decimal prices of 40 years ago.



BRING A BASKET!

DRIVE YOUR CAR!

HIRE A TRUCK!



TO TAKE HOME THESE BARGAINS FROM **DARSOW'S** —HENLEY'S LOWEST PRICES  
AND DOZENS OF OTHERS IN OUR NEW STORE

<b>FOUR SQUARE BUTTER</b> <b>4/4½</b> 2 limit save 8d.	1 16 oz. GARDENER PEARS 1 16 oz. GARDENER APRICOTS 1 16 oz. GARDENER PEACHES ALL FOR <b>4/9</b> VALUE!! ECONOMY ICE BLOCK CRYSTALS—2 for the price of 1 ..... only 10½d. GOOD OLD-FASHIONED BOILED SWEETS ..... only 11½d. big packet OVERLOADED SHOPPERS! . . . Free transport home within Henley area!	<b>ECONOMY RINSO</b> <b>3/-</b> 3 limit save 2/3						
<b>TURF CIGARETTES</b> Pkts of 20 - 2/4 <b>EDGEHILL PEAS</b> 16 oz. cans - 2/3 <b>COTTEE'S JELLIES</b> 3 for 2/9 <b>IMPERIAL CAMP PIE</b> 12 oz. - 1/8 <b>ARNOTT'S SAO'S</b> 8 oz. pkt. - 1/3	<table border="1"> <tr> <td data-bbox="356 1496 601 1670"> <b>KWIT LIQUID</b>                  20 oz.  <b>3/-</b>                  save 1/-             </td><td data-bbox="601 1496 845 1670"> <b>KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES</b>                  LARGE  <b>2/3</b>                  save 7d.             </td><td data-bbox="845 1496 1090 1670"> <b>KIA-ORA JUNIOR CORDIAL EXTRACT</b>  <b>1/6</b>                  save 8d.             </td></tr> <tr> <td data-bbox="356 1670 601 1867"> <b>KRAFT CHEESE</b>  <b>1/9</b>                  2 limit                  save 1/4             </td><td data-bbox="601 1670 845 1867"> <b>TOM PIPER PUDDINGS</b>                  12 oz.  <b>2/3</b>                  save 10d.             </td><td data-bbox="845 1670 1090 1867"> <b>CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP</b>  <b>2 for 9d.</b>                  6 limit                  save 2/3             </td></tr> </table>	<b>KWIT LIQUID</b> 20 oz. <b>3/-</b> save 1/-	<b>KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES</b> LARGE <b>2/3</b> save 7d.	<b>KIA-ORA JUNIOR CORDIAL EXTRACT</b> <b>1/6</b> save 8d.	<b>KRAFT CHEESE</b> <b>1/9</b> 2 limit save 1/4	<b>TOM PIPER PUDDINGS</b> 12 oz. <b>2/3</b> save 10d.	<b>CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP</b> <b>2 for 9d.</b> 6 limit save 2/3	<b>HEINZ BABY FOOD</b> 3 for 3/3 <b>FAULDINGS VANILLA ESSENCE</b> - 2/- <b>NESTLES QUIK</b> 2/6 - 4/9 <b>BUNYIP SOAP BARS</b> - 2/2 <b>MELLAH DESSERT</b> 2 for 2/4
<b>KWIT LIQUID</b> 20 oz. <b>3/-</b> save 1/-	<b>KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES</b> LARGE <b>2/3</b> save 7d.	<b>KIA-ORA JUNIOR CORDIAL EXTRACT</b> <b>1/6</b> save 8d.						
<b>KRAFT CHEESE</b> <b>1/9</b> 2 limit save 1/4	<b>TOM PIPER PUDDINGS</b> 12 oz. <b>2/3</b> save 10d.	<b>CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP</b> <b>2 for 9d.</b> 6 limit save 2/3						

YOU REALLY SAVE AT FOUR SQUARE

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

Bob Fricker will be on hand to announce on the spot bargains!

Sorry we can't advertise them here, but you can be sure they will be bargains you dream about. Don't miss out, do come along and share in the celebrations—after all, it is you, the customer, who made all this possible.

## **FRY'S MEAT STORE**

(On the 24<sup>th</sup> of June this year, at a family gathering at the home of Barry and May Fry, George Willoughby conducted an interview, in which Barry and Don gave many details concerning the story of Fry's Meat Store. Edna Dunning, who was also present, has contributed further reminiscences. The following is based on these sources of information.)

The founder of the Fry family in South Australia, Fred Fry, came to the colony, in the ship Trevalyn, in 1866, and lived at Woodville.

His son, also Fred, worked as a guard, on the Henley and Grange train at first, and then on the Melbourne Express. But he died at the early age of 36, in 1910, leaving a widow and five young children.

Arthur, who was born in 1899, and so was eleven when his father died, began work two years later, for a carpenter. When his right thumb was cut off in a workshop accident, he found it difficult to continue with carpentry and began, with horse and cart, delivering meat for a nearby butcher, who then trained him in the butcher's trade.

(Later, customers in the Henley Beach shop usually assumed that Arthur had lost his right thumb while cutting meat rather than processing timber. The only accident he suffered in the butcher's shop involved the loss of the tip of one of his fingers, while preparing minced corn beef for making sandwiches for the Congregational Sunday School picnic!)

Arthur Fry came to Henley Beach in 1924, and opened a shop on Henley Beach Road.

After 74 years, the location is the same. The shop represents the oldest local business conducted from the same premises, by the same family.

The location is the same, but of course the surroundings are greatly altered. The tram track came off the viaduct, over a cattle pit, and ran along what was then known as Charles Street (now part of HMAS Australia Road), close to houses and the back of the shop. At the front of the shop, Henley Beach Road was not the wide, well-surfaced road it is today (and traffic was light enough for the Fry boys, later on, to kick a football in front of house or shop.)

Edna Dunning writes : 'Arthur bought an on-going business - a bit run down, and the butcher none too popular in the town.'

Arthur Fry worked steadily at establishing a firm foundation for progress, and in 1928, four years after his arrival in Henley Beach, he felt secure enough to marry. He and Queenie lived, all their married life, at 31 Henley Beach Road, in a house which is still standing. Three sons were born - Don, Barry and Glen.



The two elder sons described the shop as it was in their younger days. There was a marble-topped counter with iron legs, a big high cash register, and Toledo scales. Some of the meat was kept in a not very large, double-doored refrigerator, with uncovered motor standing on the floor of the shop. The rest of the meat was hung out on rails. On the top rail, freshly cut gum leaves were hung with the meat, to give a nice smell to the shop, and keep it fresh. Sawdust was liberally sprinkled on the floor.

Standard for those days was the huge section, waist high, of gum tree trunk, on which most of the meat was prepared. But cracks tended to appear in the working surface. Tree trunks were banned in the 30s, for health reasons, and chopping blocks had to be assembled from hardwood segments.

At the rear of the premises was the cook-house, a small room in which there was a large copper, fired in the early days by wood, then later by sawdust, then by gas. This was used, for instance, to prepare dripping ('people used dripping then').

The lads would cook chops and sausages in the cookhouse, which would greatly interest passers-by. ('What are you cooking today, butch?')

A horse and cart were used for deliveries in the early days. After a hard day pulling the cart, the horse would be bedded down under a huge spreading gumtree in a paddock on the other side of Hazel Terrace. (In its time, the large paddock was also used as a site for a travelling circus.)

Great paddocks stretched far and wide, with 'horses, cattle, rabbits, mushrooms, mulberries - and licorice root'. Firewood could be pulled down from trees, using a piece of steel tied to the end of a rope. It was 'a child's heaven' - though the boys were somewhat in awe of Mr. Lawrie, whose dairy herd grazed over much of the area and who often rode round his property on horseback.

The other favourite playground was, of course, the beach. Apart from swimming, there were beach cricket matches on Sunday mornings, followed by large bottles of Pike's cool drink, purchased from Edna Dunning's shop. (Pike's drinks were 'cheaper and better', and were brought by Edna, using car and trailer, from Pike's factory at Oakbank.)

Edna's Mixed Business was next to the butcher's shop (where the Henley South Post Office is now), and she remembers Arthur Fry well.

In the shop, he wore a long waist-apron, with a narrow white band, and a belt round his waist, with a scabbard to hold two knives and a sharpener.

He was a very popular man, friendly, clean and honest with his customers.

In those days when South Australian League Football was all-important, Arthur Fry loved to talk about all aspects of the game, but especially about his favourite team, Port Adelaide. He had 'black in one eye and white in the other'.

'If the subject of football came up, he would drop tools and join in the discussion. The ladies would say: 'Come off it, Arthur. We've got a home, and a family to feed. Give the football a rest'.

He would take up his tools again, but if someone brought up another point about football, the discussion that had no ending would be renewed.

During the Depression days, Fry's shop was a Mecca for the local lads to congregate, to fill in time, or talk football. Just being together helped in those days.'

The brothers remembered that, when meat rationing was introduced during the war, Arthur often had trouble 'balancing' the coupons, as he was inclined to give people more meat than they were officially entitled to.

When Colin Hutchesson opened the second butcher's shop on Henley Beach Road, the friendly outlooks of both butchers ensured that there was co-operation rather than competition between them (e.g. items in short supply would be interchanged as necessary).

As the boys grew up, Don and Barry joined their father in his business. (Glen, the youngest, wanted to be a cook - hence Glen's Cake Shop, opened in 1965, two doors from the butcher's shop.)

Between 1959 and 1991, Don and Barry Fry managed the business, after which Barry's son Kevin took over.

The Fry brothers remember the abattoirs strike, which lasted six weeks. They had to go out to the Abattoirs, at Kilburn, on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and do the killing, and processing of the meat, which was brought back to the shop on an open truck. Some meat was also procured from Teatree Gully and Aldgate.

Most orders were taken on Thursdays each week (often on the phone by the wives). As these orders could number between 200 and 300, work on preparing them for delivery would start as early as 2 o'clock on Friday morning.

Orders were delivered by horse and cart, then, later on, by a Chev car with a box on the back - or by bike, with baskets on front and back (not very easy to manage).

Many customers had weekly accounts. Outside help was obtained in drawing these up - they were written out by hand, using pen and ink.

There was one memorable account which showed a total of 5 pence. The customer had purchased a pennyworth of meat on each day of the week!

With all the weekly accounts, there were not many bad debts.

Two stories -

One day a lad gave an order for eleven pence worth of neck of mutton. The order was queried, but he maintained that was what his mother wanted. There had to be a penny over to buy a carrot from the shop next door.

The lad came back past the butcher's shop soon afterwards, with the 'carrot' - a penny ice-cream.

One day, soon after decimal currency came in, a customer made her purchase of meat and, when Don told her the cost, exclaimed : 'I can't understand this decimal currency, it's so hard'.

Don tried to explain : 'It's so easy. You can't make a mistake. It's ten - twenty - a hundred to a dollar. It's easy.'

She said : 'I'll never understand it', but gave him some money, and he gave her change. But then he said to Barry : 'I think I've short changed her. I've made a mistake'.

Not wanting to admit that he had made a mistake, he took a \$2 note from the till, went round the other side of the counter, and quietly dropped the note on the floor.

Saying to the customer : 'You've just dropped \$2', he picked up the note he'd dropped and gave it to her.

She said : 'Oh, thanks, Don. I'm only a pensioner and I can't afford to lose \$2'.

She was very grateful; and next day she came in with two bottles of beer for Don, 'for being so honest'.

Arthur Fry had bought the whole block of shops, and in the early 1970s wide-ranging renovations took place, though the original brown tiles beneath the windows remained. During the alterations, customers had a longish spell of 'walking the plank'.

The butcher's shop has been there for almost three quarters of a century. Some families, even some individual customers, have bought their meat at Fry's for practically all that time.

During that time preferences have changed. Very few people these days would buy a side of lamb, for instance.

Some meats have changed. Pork is not the fat and greasy meat it used to be (and Frys buy South Australian, not Canadian pork).

Much preparatory work is done for the modern butcher; but Kevin still makes his own sausages, hams, cornbeef, cooked meats.

There is a wider range of meats, with easy cut meats and oven-ready food. A large range of meats is set out in the modern display counter.

At the rear of the shop, in place of the tram line (from which a butcher's vehicle would at times have to be quickly moved at the approach of a tram), is a customers' car park - an unnecessary convenience in the old days, when customers walked to the shop for their daily needs, or had their meat delivered.

Much has changed, amid the continuing friendliness and service, since Arthur Fry came to Henley Beach. Don and Barry made changes in the thirty or more years they ran the business, and now Kevin is making the necessary changes for these times.



*An early photo of Fry's Meat Store.  
Edna Dunning's Mixed Business is next door.*

## THE FRY FAMILY AND THE GRANGE CRICKET CLUB

In the Centenary History (1885 - 1985) of the Grange Cricket Club ('From Saltbush to Turf', by Denis Gum, Michael Stanley and Paul Willoughby), ten pages are necessary to outline the contribution of members of the Fry family to the Club - a contribution which is still continuing.

Arthur Fry did not play cricket for the Club, but for many seasons was a vice-president, watered the Grange Oval, rolled the turf pitch, helped keep the clubrooms tidy, and attended A grade matches. (Football was not his only sporting interest!)

Don played many matches, and served on the management committee, but it was Barry who has set up records. He re-joined the Club after playing ten seasons with West Torrens, and has played 352 games (220 in the A team), captained the A side for 14 seasons (4 premierships) and the B side for 4 seasons (2 premierships). He won the A grade bowling trophy 5 times, and the B grade bowling trophy 4 times. Over 30 seasons he has held a whole range of club positions, including President and Chairman, and helped in innumerable other ways, including coaching, and wicket preparation at Grange and Mitchell Ovals.

His wife May 'has served afternoon tea to the players at Grange since the mid-60s, and has operated the canteen for more than 20 years', but 'doesn't miss too many balls being bowled and can always be relied on for some words of encouragement and support. . . . ' She was scorer from 1960 to 1971 and statistician from 1971 to 1988.

Both Barry (1965) and May (1973) were awarded Life Membership of the Club, and have now been given the further honour of Gold Life Membership, in recognition of services 'which will never be truly measured'.

Their eldest son, Kevin, a most consistent player, helper and organiser is also a Life Member. Beginning his club cricket at the age of 10, he played his 150<sup>th</sup> game on 20/10/1979, the day his father played his 250<sup>th</sup>. In 1977, Kevin's participation in the project of renovating the clubrooms was so enthusiastic and helpful that there was a suggestion in the club news-sheet that he might 'decide to apply for a builder's licence instead of being a master butcher'.

And the family participation continues.

## **THE LEFT BANK OF THE RIVER TORRENS BREAKOUT**

### **CREEK AT WEST BEACH**

#### **A SKETCH OF SETTLEMENT AND EARLY LIFE FROM 1960**

West Beach, the fifth and most southerly Ward of the former City of Henley and Grange, is perhaps, historically speaking, a new-comer to this area. Most of its residents are therefore also relatively new and do not form part of the much older and more colourful history of Henley Beach or Grange. West Beach certainly lacks old buildings and the few original family homes have long since disappeared to make way for the present residential developments. However, two old stately homes still remain in Rockingham Street very near to the beach and these point to a time when life at West Beach would have been thought of as very desirable.

The subdivision of swamp land and subsequent development by the South Australian Housing Trust in the late 50s and early 60s could not boast such a good address. Nestled in a small corner adjacent to the south bank of the Breakout Creek and Tapleys Hill Road lies Fawnbrake Crescent which, with its 60 or so houses, was one of the first small subdivisions establishing a fresh neighbourhood where once was only swamp and grazing land. While the Breakout Creek, which was completed during the 1930s, had drained most of the swamp land that stretched to the sea, some pockets still remained and much land fill had to be completed before construction of Trust houses could begin. The only remnant of the original swamp is now a nature reserve with duckponds, reedbeds and playgrounds between the river and Burbridge Road.

As one of the original residents of Fawnbrake Crescent, I often feel that I am not part of the history of old Henley and Grange but, like the street in which I settled on the 15th October 1960, we both belong to a new era. And yet, it is now 38 years since a group of young couples sought to make their homes in this area and history has even caught up with us new-comers.

In 1960, to settle at West Beach, (the Tapleys Hill Road end of which was then called Fulham, by the way) was the nearest thing to pioneering in a new age. There was only a wide dusty dirt track where there is now Burbridge Road and a trip to the beach was a hot, treeless and dusty experience indeed. There were still shacks on the beach and south of the Sailing Club on the Esplanade were a few early holiday flats. In winter, of course, it was very muddy indeed.

The long walk to the beach took care of what little leisure time new settlers could spare from the labours of establishing their homes and gardens, while our lifeline to the outside world was Tapleys Hill Road, which at that time was but a neglected piece of roadway connecting our area to Henley Beach Road and civilisation. There were a few shops situated half-way which still stand today but were then our only shopping facility within the vicinity of our homes. Although Tapleys Hill Road was more like a country road than a busy highway in the early days, it was by far more beautiful then. There were large stands of gum trees and more than once did we encounter snakes in their shade. The



bridge over the Torrens presented some problems. It was at that time very narrow and with a considerable flow of traffic even then was quite dangerous to cross, particularly for the few young children of the early settlers who were already of school age. The only primary school was Fulham Primary on the other side of the river. At one stage a taxi-cab was hired to take the children to school. It must be remembered that very few of us owned motor cars at first. Yet another unaffordable luxury was a private telephone and the erection of a public telephone box in Pennine Street was much applauded and subsequently did much service for quite some time. Many an anxious dad would head for the box in the middle of the night to summon a doctor to a sick child.

Of course, the river itself played an important role in our lives. Half the crescent's houses abutted the river-bank and the horses often poked their heads over our back fences to nibble the trees and plants that we were attempting to establish until a wire fence was strung along a metre or so away from the fences. Apart from weeds and some rough couch grass the river-bank was bare of any kind of flora. It always fills me with joy to see the linear park as it is now and I remember the barren wastes of the 60s which made that area seem even more remote and inhospitable. In time, of course, the gardens began to flourish and families too flourished and increased. Our crescent began to look green and prosperous. Babies were put out under shady trees in backyards and then we were plagued by swarms of mosquitoes which also flourished in the river. For several years a summer programme of aerial spraying was introduced over our area, the consequences of which hardly bear thinking about. Many of our children suffered chronic chest and skin problems throughout their childhood.

In 1962 Burbridge Road was completed and by the next year we had our own shopping centre which grew rapidly and now services all of West Beach as well as holiday-makers in the many flats and the West Beach caravan park. A bus service was introduced during the latter part of 1962.

Fawnbrake Crescent did not remain the only settlement on the left bank. By 1961 the entire area between Burbridge Road and the river was developed by the Housing Trust as far west as Military Road, as well as an area south of Burbridge Road. Private developers subsequently built most of the beautiful homes which now make up the greater part of the suburb of West Beach.

It may appear somewhat ironic now that Trust homes were built in what is probably the better part of the suburb - an area adjacent to the linear park, close to the beach, transport and shopping facilities. In view of today's general attitudes towards public housing, one cannot help but wonder whether West Beach would look the same had development begun one or two decades later when land prices soared and the true potential of this area became more evident.

Many of the original residents still live in their homes along the left bank of the river and they have seen many changes. The flora and fauna of the linear park and its adjacent reserves together with the houses and gardens have transformed a once barren landscape into a very beautiful beach suburb.

IRENE McDADE

## REPORTING FOR THE COURTS

George Willoughby was our Guest Speaker at the meeting held on Friday, May 22.

After completing his Leaving (Commercial) Certificate at Woodville High School, at the age of 15½ years, George applied for a position in the State Public Service. He was told to report to the Adelaide Police Court (Adelaide Magistrates Court), and began work as a clerk and reporter.

As clerk, he called cases on and, if a plea of 'not guilty' was entered, evidence had to be typed.

This was done on a Remington noiseless typewriter, which was encased in a glass-lidded box. Carbon paper was used, which (contrary to the methods used in other states and countries) enabled evidence to be available straight away to all parties.

Courtroom typing could be physically exhausting, especially when the evidence was complex, or was given too quickly.

After 18 months, George joined the Navy, and served for three years. (1995 Journal, pp 25-26).

On his return, he was unsettled, finding the work atmosphere non-cooperative, a great contrast to the navy, where people had depended on each other. He even thought for a while of becoming a patrol officer in New Guinea, but decided to persist with work in the courts.

When J.Ps were hearing cases, clerks had to assist them with the procedures of the law, including a formula which was stated, to hinder smart lawyers in any appeal against convictions. Many of these cases involved traffic offences.

George found country work interesting. From Port Pirie, he accompanied magistrates as far north as Oodnadatta. One memorable case involved charges of cattle rustling between two stations.

It was race meeting time when the case was heard. The court sat, during the day and into the night, in the Oodnadatta Institute, which was decorated with streamers and balloons. The locals found the court proceedings most entertaining, and laughter and cheering had to be firmly suppressed.

A very friendly magistrate presided over the Upper Murray circuit (Morgan to Renmark). Mounted policemen (fine types) were in charge of the various police stations, and invariably the magistrate and clerk would be invited to tea and scones prepared by the trooper's wife. By the time Renmark was reached, they were full of tea and scones!

The Riverland courts were held in a variety of places - in Barmera, for example, the foyer of the theatre was used, in Waikerie cases were held in the Institute.

The noiseless typewriter, in its heavy leather case made by prisoners at Yatala, had to be carried into each courtroom - and so only male clerks were appointed in those days.

In 1952 George took extended leave to travel overseas. One well-remembered experience from this trip was attending the Olympic Games in Finland.

In the early 60s, he was promoted to the Supreme Court, as reporter only. There were plenty of spells when reporting criminal cases, as the jury had to be given breaks, for instance, for morning and afternoon tea.

When a Supreme Court judge travelled to Mount Gambier, a special carriage was provided on the train for him and his staff. On the Friday before the trip, the judge's tipstaff would order provisions and wine for the journey, and an excellent formal meal would be provided. At stations, people would, in puzzled fashion, remark : 'I didn't know there was a refreshment car on this train.'

On the northern circuit, no special accommodation could be provided on the railcar between Port Augusta and Port Pirie. Great was the indignation of a very straightlaced judge when a handcuffed prisoner, sentenced during the session, was placed next to him, by an unsuspecting young policeman!

To gain administrative experience, George was appointed Clerk of Arraignment. The organisation for the hearing of cases was discussed beforehand with the judges, and in court the Clerk of Arraignment, dressed in full lawyer's gear except for the wig, would, with due dignity, call cases on.

In pronouncing the final formula before the hearing began, George had to be careful to say : 'The accused is in the charge of the jury', rather than 'the accused is in charge of the jury.'

Once when jury deliberations extended over evening meal time, court personnel dined, perhaps too well, at the nearby Supreme Court Hotel; and George told us that he found it rather difficult to articulate 'unanimously' in the formula : 'Members of the Jury, are you unanimously agreed upon your verdict?'

In murder cases, all concerned used to go out on a 'view' of the murder scene. One view took place at North Adelaide. The fleet of taxis, escorted by police motorcycle riders, returned, with traffic lights halted, along King William Street at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. It was pleasing to be able to wave, in best royal style, to the somewhat puzzled crowds!

George was sure that, in all his experience, no innocent person was convicted.

George was appointed Senior Reporter in the District Court; then, when all the courts were placed in one big department, he became Chief Reporter, with a staff of 90.

Girls also were now appointed as reporters, and American steno machines were coming into use. Quarter hour reporting stints, too, had been introduced.

The most modern aids are special computers, with a huge vocabulary store.

George retired at 58. It was more than forty years since he had taken up his work in the court system, with all its vast variety of human types and experiences.

## TWO MAPS, AND SOME NOTES

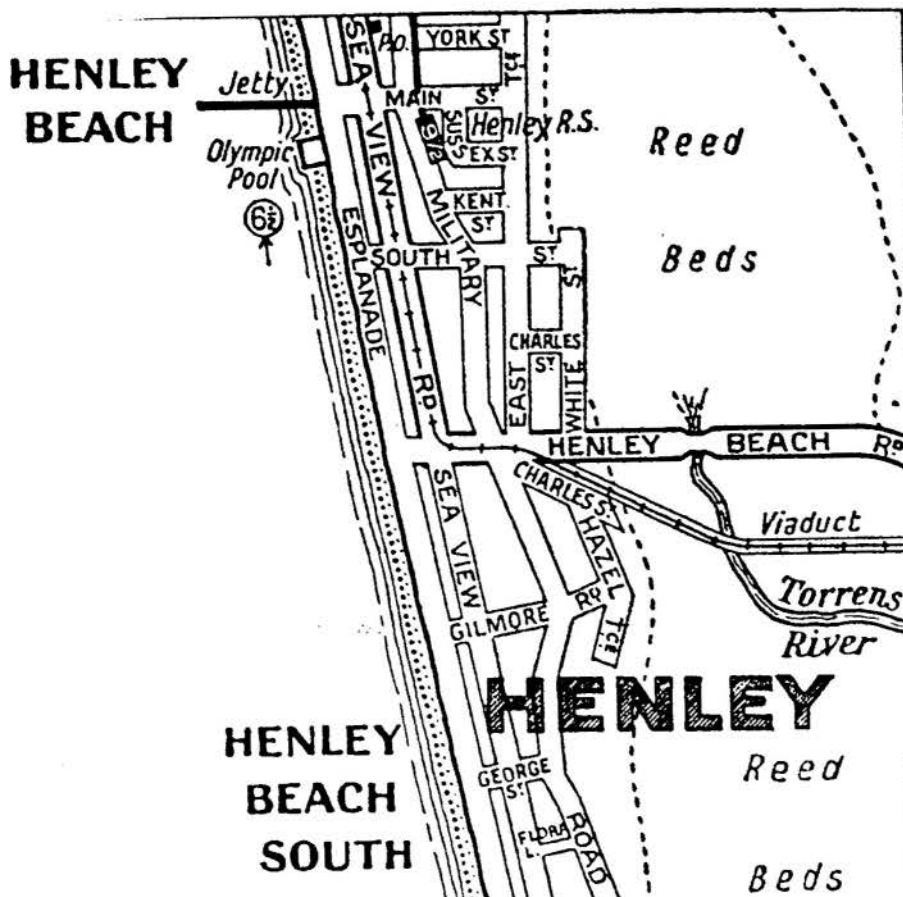
The maps (on this page and the next page) are reproduced from early editions of Gregory's Street Guide.

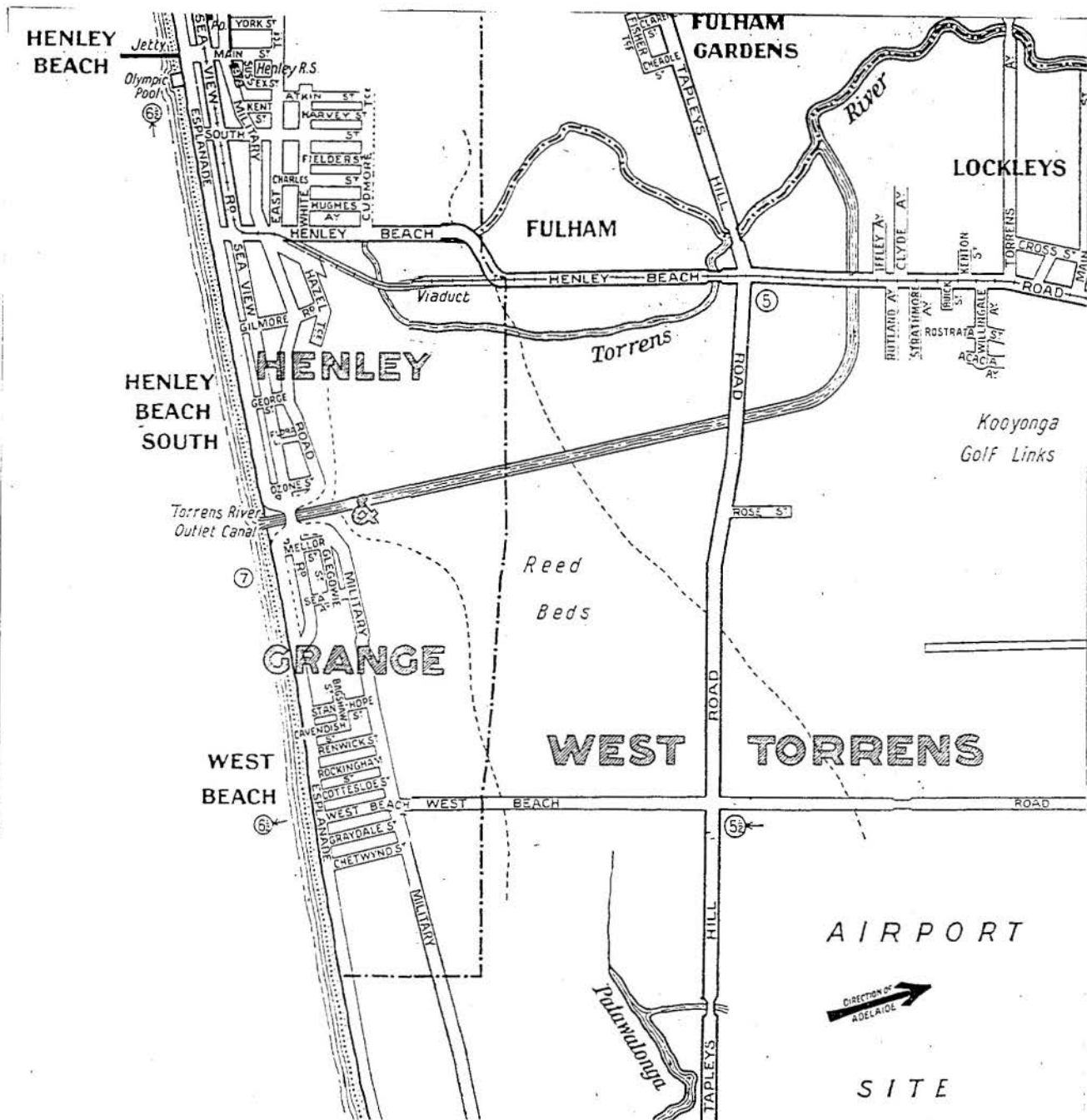
The first map (an enlargement of portion of the original) shows White Street as part of the eastern boundary of the town of Henley Beach.

The course of one of the old distributaries of the Torrens is shown, flowing under the Viaduct and under a bridge on Henley Beach Road, into the northern Reedbeds.

The second map (1945) shows that street survey has extended east of White Street. The land where Henley High School is now was then crossed by surveyed but undeveloped roads.

Darrel Webb, who provided the maps, points out that, when the school buildings and oval were developed, all of the road names survived in the altered street pattern, except Fielder - a pity, as John Edward Fielder, the founder of the local family, was a very early settler in our region.







(See 1989 Journal, pp 18 - 20) - and the following is from a letter to Community News by Chook Fielder, who wondered whether any other local family has a similar record of continuous residence in the district.

'My wife Beverley was recently sifting through our 'tree' and realised that six generations of the Fielder family have resided continually in Henley and Grange.

My great-grandfather settled in the 'Reedbeds' as it was known at that time, in 1838, and my grandfather, I believe, built the first house in East Terrace.

At present, besides my wife and self, two sisters, and two of our sons and their families live in the district.'

#### **Other comments (on the second map).**

Trams would run across the silted-up viaduct for another 12 years (till 1957).

Though the Outlet now prevented the region from being flooded, the coastal settlements still did not extend far inland. The map of Grange would also have shown this. As we know, the war had halted residential development.

The Airport site had been designated.

#### **Further notes on what is now the Henley High School property.**

The grounds were, of course, part of the Reedbeds area, subject in early days to periodical flooding from the Torrens.

Bird life was attracted to the flooded area - in former times, ducks, pelicans and black swans, for instance. In Lancelot Hurcombe's *Reminiscences* (1982 Journal, p. 41), a most remarkable and lovely sight is recorded - a great flock of 'Native Companions' (Brolgas) standing in the retreating floodwaters.

(Brolgas have long since disappeared from all but the south-east of South Australia.)

Bruce Harris, in 'Spot-on Fishing Marks', remembers catching big bream and mullet in a deep hole 'where the Henley High School now joins Henley Beach Road' ('in September, when the dandelions flowered').

The bridge that spanned the Torrens distributary at this spot is buried deep below the Henley Beach Road, and along the former river bed Cudmore Terrace covers the broken up remains brought from the old Concrete Road on the S-bend.

The area was always well known for boxthorn and mushrooms - and the occasional snake. Colin Hutchesson has told of meeting a brown snake there, 'thick as an arm and as tall as me'.

A verse from an early High School magazine article tells of the area's transformation.

'You know of that paddock by Henley Beach Road,  
A haven for lizard and snake and toad.  
Whenever it rained it was one big pool,  
And now they've changed it to Henley High School.'

## A DAY AT THE ST KILDA MUSEUM

(by Edna Dunning)

Members of our Society were invited to the display of trams, old and new, at the Australian Electric Transport Museum at St Kilda.

It turned out to be a most interesting day. The weather was kind; and we felt like kids again, riding the big silver tram, then on to the drop-centre and toast-rack trams, and back to the depot on little Bib and Bub.

It all brought back so many memories of our childhood. It was a 'freebie' day for us - but not the first for me! I've been known to hop on a tram near home and travel on to the terminus, back in those youthful days. And my little dog would follow me on and off the tram.

As we wandered in and out of the big sheds, inspecting the rolling stock, we realised that great credit must be given to the volunteers who give so much of their time to bring the trams back to the condition they were in, in their heyday.

It was good to see (with its key) the clock that stood for so many years at the bend of the line near Newcombe's Store.

It was great fun clanging the foot bells on the trams. And we examined the special little pocket where sand was kept to be released if the track got sticky.

The long running-boards I found very high, and hard to get off - then I remembered that the trammies never faced outwards to alight, but always inwards, hanging on to the rails. I must try that next time.

A splendid sight was an H-type car, painted in the 'Crows' colours, to celebrate their big A.F.L. win.

At the museum, the toast-rack tram was used to convey the band along as they played, just as in the old days of visits by the band to Henley Beach.

(The original Tramways Band was formed in 1909, and taken over by the M.T.T. in 1910.

Its best known performances were those at the Henley Bandstand, where 'crowds of up to 5000 gathered to listen on Sundays'.

The Tramway's Band's last performance was given on 28th March, 1925.)

The Adelaide Transit Band, the modern successor to the Tramways Band, on only their second public outing, entertained us with very pleasing music.

Among other interesting things to see were the destination signs, on both back and front of the trams. And there were numerous photos from times gone by, including some which came from the collection of my father, Instructor Dunning.

It was an excellent fun day, out along the tracks.

## 'OVER THE VIADUCT TO HENLEY BEACH' ;

### AND A POWER BLACKOUT

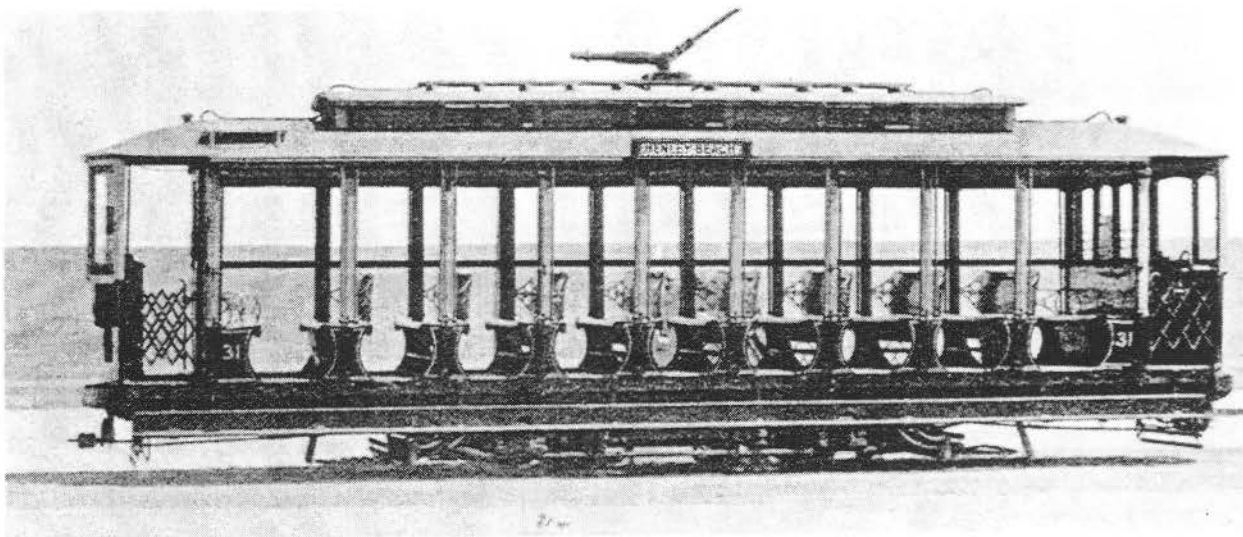
'Over the viaduct to Henley Beach' is a booklet published by the Australian Transport Museum (S.A.). It was launched on the day described by Edna, and copies are available at the St. Kilda Tramway Museum.

The booklet has a most interesting text, and there are over 50 illustrations, each with explanatory caption.

An anecdote from the booklet (p 14) is well worth quoting, with due acknowledgements.

One evening, after a concert at Henley Beach, a blackout occurred, and the press reported :

'At the close of the Tramways Band concert last evening, when there was a heavy traffic of cars, all laden with passengers, something went wrong with the current, the power gave out, throwing the whole system out of gear, with the result that all cars were delayed for about half an hour. The Henley Beach Road for some time presented a remarkable scene, some of the passengers endeavouring to push the cars along. That in which the bandsmen travelled had just passed the reedbeds viaduct when the power failed and the musicians pushed it along until it was blocked by other cars at Fulham. Towards 11 o'clock the electric current gradually returned, and in semi-darkness the cars moved slowly towards the City, the Band playing 'Lead Kindly Light'.'



*Cross Bench Open Car ('Toastrack'),  
used to convey the Tramways Band to Henley Beach.  
(Notice destination sign)*

## RANDOM REMINISCENCES

(from Chook Fielder)

I first saw the light of day on the 16<sup>th</sup> of March, 1923, at Sister Copley's Nursing Home, South Henley.

My first home was on the corner of Main Street and East Terrace. Later, we built across the road on the family's East Terrace property, which ran 200 yards east.

I haven't moved far in 75 years, except for the time in the A.I.F. Unfortunately, in 1947, the Henley and Grange Council compulsorily acquired 200 yards of the land, leaving only the original home and blocks facing White Street, where my sister Yvonne and I built. My widowed mother received for 8 or so blocks only a minute fraction of what they would be worth today.

The Henley that I knew in my early days had every facility in the variety of shops and services that left little reason to go to Adelaide. We had a wide choice of suppliers. All groceries, meat, bread, green groceries and milk were delivered as a matter of routine.

The Rawleighs and Watkins representatives would make regular visits with their cases of potions, lotions and cures.

My earliest memory of school days was of standing alongside the teacher's table, reading my primer. When a page was read correctly, we'd get an animal stamp to show our parents we were progressing. The 'times' tables chanting was a feature of these early schooldays.

Recess and lunch periods were filled playing marbles, or throwing cigarette cards up against the wall - those face up you kept, the others passed to the next thrower. A few classes on, rounders were the go, with a cut-down broom handle and a tennis ball. The rules were a little like those of baseball.

Coming home from school in 1933, we often walked along the beach to watch progress on the building of the first Olympic size saltwater swimming pool in Australia.

On the beach after rough weather there was a large amount of seaweed, which provided us with a lot of fun. In those days the 'blue line' (seaweed growth) commenced very close to the end of the jetty.

Mention of the sea brings to mind the storms of 1948 and 1953.

The 1948 storm beached the 'Barcoo', damaged the jetty and even more severely damaged the jetty pavilion.

The storm of 18/5/1953 caused tremendous damage. Demolished or very badly damaged were the large amusement platform with its many sideshows and Frank Clode's beach and platform level shop, the swimming, life saving and sailing club premises, the St. John Ambulance room, the alcoves along the sea wall, the kiosks at the entrance to the jetty and at South Street and opposite the Henley South hotel, and bathing boxes at Henley South. Stretches of the sea wall and the Esplanade roadway were severely eaten away.

Most of Les Griggs' tents and deck chairs, stored in two sheds on the beach, were washed away. He recovered many of these during the weeks after the storm, by looking over front and back fences!

Back to the earlier days -

The annual Carnival was the event of the year. The procession from Grange to Henley drew thousands along the route - freebies being tossed to lucky spectators, many floats, business displays, club groups walking and on vehicles, collecting donations for their cause. Additional sideshows would fill the Square and spaces either side of the jetty. The ferris wheel was a great attraction. Coloured lights along the foreshore, and around the Square and surrounds added to the Carnival atmosphere.

Mushrooming was a favourite pastime (though I myself don't eat them). All the kids had their favourite 'patches'.

At times I had an unusual partner. My father, being a plumber, had a horse and cart. The first horse I remember was 'Carbine' (not of Melbourne Cup fame!); the second was 'Darky', my unusual partner.

As soon as he saw me go into our paddock with the bucket, he would tag along, nosing the grass whenever I stopped. He would be a few feet away, nose down, and often he would be indicating where mushrooms were. When I left our paddock, he would stand at the fence, waiting for my return.

The largest find weighed over 2¼ pounds. It grew in a natural oven. I noticed a mound of dry grass. Curiosity caused me to investigate, and underneath was the monster.

As kids, there was not much money for entertainment or treats. If we had a halfpenny or a penny, most shops had a lolly tray to cater for either coin - four or eight black cats were popular.

We had to amuse ourselves. The eastern end of Main Street had two fenced off sections down the centre, with an unmade road between. These two areas we called plantations. Native shrubs of many varieties grew there, quite thick in parts, and there were some tall trees. Different groups had their 'forts', swings and hammocks set up. Friendly raids would be made on one another. One way to protect your area would be to drop a word of snake sightings.

This reminds me of Johnny Neilsen, who lived at No. 11, Main Street; I lived at No. 17. At week ends we would go with Mick Lawrie and Roly Stafford on the milk rounds. To make sure we woke up in time, we tied a piece of string to a finger, and ran it out the window. Whoever woke first would check on the other; it worked well. Our 'pay' was threepence and a tin of cream.

Sadly Johnny died of peritonitis while serving in the army in the Darwin area. His grave is in the Adelaide River Cemetery.



We also had a 9-hole 'golf course'. The first tee was at the eastern end of the bowling club. Holes were identified by a piece of rag tied to a tree or shrub, with a hole gouged alongside. Our clubs were made from the root ends of bamboo stems, cut to length, and the roots shaped with a tomahawk.

At odd times we would go to 'Jerusalem' near the dairy behind the Henley Primary School. It was a large pool of water amongst thick vegetation. Ducks and other birds made it their home. Further east was a patch of licorice root which we enjoyed chewing.

Prior to the Outlet, the whole area from the Port River mangroves near Estcourt House was a flood plain which was often flooded more than once a year. A flood bank ran along behind part of East Terrace, and on many occasions men were called out during the night to bolster the bank.

From the bank you could see through to Tapleys Hill Road across the flood plain, hindered only by natural shrubs and trees. About half way across was an unexplained man-made channel several hundred metres long, 3 metres deep and 15 to 20 metres wide. We presumed it was made, early on, to hold floodwater for stock.

I joined the Henley Life Saving Club 60 years ago. Members competed in pool and long distance events. Our training consisted of a swim from the jetty to North Street and back on Tuesdays, and to Marlborough Street and back on Thursdays, and regular life saving practice (belt and patient swims).

I think our main fitness came from the 'coral fights' around the jetty and pavilion piles. Marine growth encrusted with small black shells was the weapon. These contests, of an hour or more, would involve a dozen or so adversaries and we had to continually sprint to avoid a stinging hit.

Compared with the way today's swimmers train, we only wet our feet, but club members won State championships in the Pool, as well as long swims. The main distance Swims were the Swim through Adelaide, Rosewater-Ethelton, Port Pirie, Port Wakefield; and our own Henley to Grange, which I was lucky enough to win in 1939, and in which son Neville was successful in 1970, aged eleven.

At one time we had three miniature golf courses. One was alongside Henry Hicks' garage on Seaview Road; one was on top of a cafe-deli on the north western corner of the Square. The third was where the office of Steve Condous, M.P., now stands. (After the miniature golf course was discontinued, a roller skating rink was built on this site.)

In the late 20s to mid-30s, Sundays were family beach days. Early in the morning, my sister Joan and I would go down and put up our sunshade to claim our spot, and we would return after Sunday School. With very few motor cars or cycles, residents were restricted to local activities, and the beach was the place to go and mix with the hundreds who arrived by train or tram.

A favourite pastime was to wriggle our feet around on a sandbank and collect cockles, which were plentiful in those days. We would open them by hitting them together. Some we would eat; others would be used on the 6 or 7 metres of fishing line tied to our waist. Tommy ruffs and garfish and an occasional silver whiting and mullet were caught; invariably we had a good meal on Sunday night.

Sunday night band concerts were held from the bandstand. Alongside was a canvas screen on which Les Griggs would use a 'magic lantern' to throw song words on the screen.

A regular visitor on band nights was Piccolo Pete, who would sit on a little box at the entrance to the jetty. I don't think he ever finished a tune. The moment he started to play someone would throw a halfpenny or a penny near him, and he'd hop up and pocket it. A few notes, and another coin, and so on. . . .

On Band Nights, 15 or more extra trams would wait on the loopleftine to take visitors home.

Later Sven Kallin (Gawler Place electrical and sundries store) conducted an Amateur Quest (with some professional artists, too) on Wednesday or Thursday nights. The bandstand had at this time been replaced by the sound shell, which faced east.

(Editor's note : Charles (Chook) Fielder was awarded the OAM in 1984 for 'Service to the sport of Lifesaving'.)

## **50 YEARS AGO (2)**

### **The Barcoo runs aground**

In a great storm, on April 11, 1948, the naval survey vessel HMAS Barcoo ran aground south of West Beach. (The date given is the correct one. 'May' was wrongly mentioned in our Chronicle.)

George Willoughby's article on the incident is printed in this Journal.

The same storm irreparably damaged the 3-story pavilion at the end of the Henley jetty.

### **Versatile goal posts**

At a meeting of the Reserves Committee on 2/6/1948, a letter was received from the Henley Primary School Committee, asking that the goal posts recently replaced by new posts on the Henley and Grange Memorial Oval be made available to the school.

It was decided to recommend to Council that the School Committee be advised that the Corporation requires those scaffold poles for other purposes!

## THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN WEST BEACH

Back to the late 1920s -

It had been decided to level the northern part of Gray's coastal sandhills, and auction the first building blocks in a new suburb to be called West Beach.

But before these blocks could be offered for sale, there was much work to be done. There were two main tasks - the levelling and laying out of an area, and the construction of West Beach Road as an extension of Richmond Road, which at that time continued across what is now the Airport, but terminated at Tapleys Hill Road.

36 men, with more than 100 horses, and using 24 scoops, and drays, worked for many months on the levelling, during which over 200,000 cubic yards of sand were shifted. Blocks were levelled and top-dressed, and roads were formed.

West Beach Road proved to be an expensive part of the project, with embankments, bridges and culverts, made necessary by drainage channels and tributaries of the meandering Patawalonga (a far more extensive and very different stream system in those days).

(West Beach Road was the main approach road. Burbridge Road was not to be extended from Brooklyn Park for another 20 years or more.)

The area levelled in 1928 - 29 was, of course, only a small part of modern West Beach. It extended from Military Road to the sea, and some distance east of Military Road.

The first auction of land at 'Adelaide's newest and nearest seaside resort', as the brochure called it, was held 'in a Marquee on the Ground', on Saturday, March 2, 1929. 168 blocks were auctioned, in an area bounded by the Esplanade, Renwick Street to the north, Military Road, and Chetwynd Street to the south. The sale, according to the auctioneers (Wilkinson, Sando and Wyles, and Goldsborough Mort) 'placed West Beach on the map'; 'building sites to the value of £26,760 \* were sold under the hammer after the keenest competition - a record for South Australia'.

Building was commenced on two fine houses in Rockingham Street for M.R. Lodge (nos. 5 and 7) and D. Hill (no. 9). And an 'elegant bungalow' was constructed for Dr. C.V. Wells on the southern end of the Esplanade.

Another sale was held on February 22, 1930. But the New York Stock Market crash of October 1929 had helped bring in the Great Depression, which spread throughout the world; and this smaller sale of residential sites, immediately to the north of the first subdivision, and extending to Stanhope Street - 37 blocks, including 13 facing the Esplanade - was not as successful as the first.

\* A very large amount in terms of modern dollars.

It was not until well after the Second World War that West Beach began rapid development, through the efforts of private developers and the Housing Trust.

In the meantime, the three homes already built or being built when the 1930 auction was held had remained the only homes in West Beach.

**W**ESTBEACH is ideally situated—MIDWAY BETWEEN GLENELG AND HENLEY BEACH—only 5½ miles from the General Post Office—overlooking one of the finest beaches in Australia and commanding from an elevated plateau an uninterrupted panorama of the entire amphitheatre of the Mt. Lofty Ranges, that can never be "built out."

*The first Subdivision comprising:*

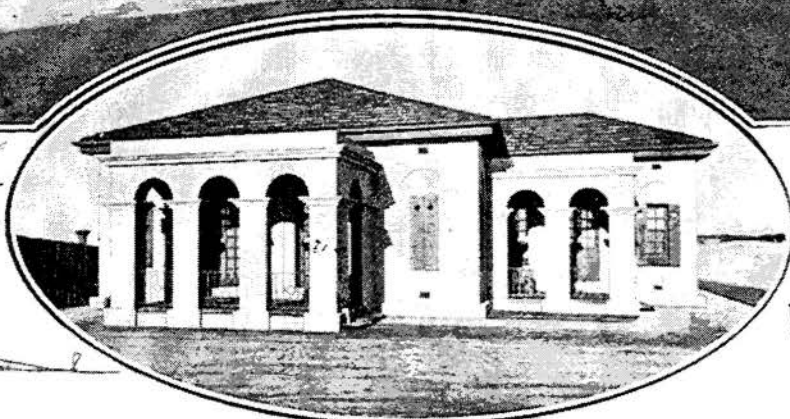
**168 DELIGHTFUL SEASIDE SITES 168**  
INCLUDING A "ZONE" OF SHOP AND BUSINESS  
.... SITES OF GREAT PROSPECTIVE VALUE ....

Will be offered... **BY AUCTION** ... In a Marquee, on the Ground.

On **SATURDAY, 2<sup>nd</sup> MARCH, 1929,** AT 2.30

From the first West Beach auction brochure

# WESTBEACH



**WESTBEACH**  
*has a wonderful future*

The Lodge and Hill houses under construction, 1929 - 30.

(Inset) Dr. Wells' house on the Esplanade.

(from the second auction brochure)

## MALCOLM CLODE

Malcolm Clode (1913 - 1996) lived most of his life at Henley Beach. His parents' home was at 296 (formerly 380) Seaview Road.

(His father, Frank Clode, was very well known as the lessee of two beach kiosks near the Henley Jetty - one at beach level, the other on the wooden decking above.)

Later, Malcolm and his family lived at 9 Durham Street.

Malcolm attended Henley Primary School, Grange Primary School (Grade 7) and Adelaide High School.

As a youngster, he excelled in swimming and was, at 12 years of age, a foundation member of the Henley Life-Saving Club.

(The Fifth Annual (1929 - 30) Report tells of the origins of the Club : 'When our Municipal Council decided to erect elaborate foreshore improvements in 1924 it was realised that Henley was going to be a very attractive resort for visitors whose main pastime would be sea bathing. The number of visitors far exceeded the forecast of the most sanguine, consequently the attendant danger of open-sea bathing soon made itself apparent. Every heat-wave signified its presence by lucky escapes from drowning by venturesome bathers. From these events sprang the Henley Life-Saving Club.')

Malcolm soon became a very skilful member. In the 1928 - 29 season he won the gold medal donated by Dr. Muirhead 'for the most meritorious performance'. By the age of 16 he had achieved seven rescues and already held, from the Royal Life Saving Society, the Elementary Certificate, Bronze Medallion with bar, Award of Merit with bar, and Instructor's Certificate! The report of the following year (1929 - 30) brought his total of rescues to eleven, and noted that he had again been awarded the Muirhead gold medal.

One of the rescues - a rescue and resuscitation - was featured by the Register paper in a leading article. In part of the tribute to the young lifesaver (and, by implication, to all lifesavers) it was stated: 'Quite apart from the fact that he had already saved him from certain death in the water, Clode was able almost literally to give the boy back his life'.

Another newspaper report described how Malcolm (then 17) rescued two children who got into difficulties in a deep hole under the jetty.

'Assistance was not available, but he grasped a child with each arm and swam to shallow water, a distance of about 15 yards. The task was a difficult one and was rendered additionally arduous by the frantic efforts of the children to grasp the young lifesaver round the neck.'

A year later, he was awarded the Certificate of Merit of the Royal Humane Society for his part in the rescue of the crew of the yacht John Nimmo, which was submerged and drifting fast to the north.



This was on March 26, 1932, when a 'line squall of tornadic nature' struck the metropolitan gulf waters. Many yachts were overturned, and in the 'Sunny South' disaster off Glenelg five lives were lost.

The Club's Chief Instructor (Dan Dineen) described the sudden storm. 'A hurricane accompanied by dense showers and hailstones came sweeping in from the south-west. . . . The sea became like a boiling cauldron, whilst mountainous waves were breaking right over the jetty, and the atmosphere had become intensely cold.'

(Cedric Hele and William Howe were also awarded Certificates of Merit as a result of the rescue of the yacht's crew.)

Henley Beach did very well in interclub competitions. Malcolm became a member of the No. 1 team, and was also chosen to represent South Australia in interstate competition.

After attending Adelaide Teachers College, his first teaching appointment was to Yurgo in the Murray Mallee. Travel to and from school was on horseback.

His second posting, to Kangaroo Island, 'enabled him to consolidate his fishing prowess. He was also known to have made a pet of a dog shark whilst here, not the first of many unusual pets owned by Malcolm in his lifetime'.

To quote again from notes kindly supplied by his daughter Jill -

'It was about this time that Malcolm met Laurel Fay Colmer from Riverton who boarded at the home of his parents whilst herself training as a teacher.

World War 2 interrupted Malcolm's early teaching career. He resigned from the Education Department and joined the Air Force, training to become a Flying Officer/Navigator.

He and Fay were married in May, 1942.

After the war, he worked for a short time at General Motors Holdens.'

Malcolm and Fay's daughters, Judy and Jill, were born in December 1943 and January 1946 respectively.

The parents 'were both heavily involved in the planning and building of the Henley Kindergarten in White Street.'

From 1948 to 1951 Malcolm taught at Saint Peters College.

In 1952 he rejoined the Education Department, and was appointed to Grange Primary School where he would remain until his voluntary retirement 23 years later. For the first three months he had the position of Acting Headmaster.

According to the school history ('The Village School that grew') he had specifically requested Grange School because of its fine reputation, to be told: 'It is not the practice of this Department to employ teachers who stipulate their conditions.'

But he must have been persuasive - he was appointed to Grange.

Fay Clode also began teaching in 1952, and taught at the Grange School for 26 years.

Large classes became the order of the day. Malcolm remembered a Grade 6 class of 60 children, Fay a Grade 2 class of 50.

Elsewhere in this Journal, Christine Courtney writes that Malcolm Clode was 'a wonderful teacher'. And to another old scholar, Greg White (Science teacher and ex-West Torrens footballer), he was 'the teacher with the rotund build and the determined spirit who made the school a better place to be'.

These two comments are good summings up on behalf of the pupils he taught through the years. (At the time of his retirement, Malcolm Clode calculated that he had taught about a thousand children in his 23 years at Grange, and said that he had begun to see in his classes children of some of his first pupils.)

He was celebrated for his fishing prowess. Huge whiting, for instance, caught from the Henley jetty, were well remembered. And his pupils were very willing to help him in this pursuit, as shown by a reminiscence in 'The Village School that grew': 'Mal Clode was a keen fisherman, and Grange swamps provide a fine supply of worms. Best results were at lunch time, so a-worming we would go.'

(Another reminiscence from the Grange school history concerns Fay Clode 'playing the piano inside the brick building and all the children listening intently outside in the yard as she issued instructions for a new dance or game over the microphone. No-one ever misbehaved. Teachers didn't need to be there all the time!')

Other things remembered about Mal Clode were the live exhibits in his classroom (such as mice, rats, guinea pigs, fish) and his active involvement in organising school events (including Pet Shows), and sport.

He was a most important influence for good at Grange Primary School for almost a generation, and retired voluntarily, at 61 years of age, in 1975.

During a long retirement, he enjoyed spending time with his family, which now included two grandchildren. And he and Fay celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1992.

Malcolm Clode died in 1996.

His and Fay's two daughters have kept up the family tradition of good, dedicated teaching.

## **A THOUGHTFUL ACT**

(A reminiscence from Alan Leonard)

During the off-season, storm and wind would pile up sand against the front of Frank Clode's beach-level kiosk. Frank tirelessly made many wheelbarrow trips to clear the sand away; and, as a thoughtful act, instead of scattering the sand about the beach, he would make a very substantial mound of it. This, as an addition to the seaweed heaps of those days, was much appreciated by young people playing on the beach.

## **FLIGHT LIEUTENANT JIM CASSIDY**

Three servicemen representing the armed services - Navy, Army and Air Force - led the Grange to Henley procession, on the Monday of the Victory Carnival (January 27, 1946).

20,000 people attended the Carnival, and crowds lined the route of the procession. Ex-service personnel from both wars marched; and there were girls in national costume (post-war European migration had already begun), children in fancy dress, Swimming Club juniors, and bathing beauties. Six bands provided the music.

Other details concerning the procession are lacking, except that a visiting circus sent a contribution - two elephants on a truck!

Over 100 ex-servicemen marched (though, as Mayor Northey said in his speech of welcome, 590 local residents had enlisted in the armed services.) The Governor (Sir Willoughby Norrie), accompanied by Brigadier Blackburn, took the salute.

Ron Cassidy, a member of the Historical Society, has provided material concerning his brother Jim - Flight Lieutenant Melville James Cassidy - who represented the Air Force at the head of the procession.

Jim Cassidy was the pilot of a Lancaster bomber in the Pathfinder Force. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

The citation states : 'His crew were selected for transfer to Pathfinders after they had done 5 sorties, and he has flown 30 sorties as a member of the Pathfinder Force.'

He had 'shown great gallantry in pressing home his attacks, against strongly defended targets. As a Captain, his powers of leadership have been proved by the success of his crew in their work of Pathfinders'.

A particular occasion is cited.

'On the night of 28/29 December 1944, Flight Lieutenant Cassidy's crew were taking part in an attack on shipping in Horten Fiord. They were detailed to locate and drop markers on the target. When they approached the target area they were heavily engaged and hit by predicted flak. Completely undaunted by this, Flight Lieutenant Cassidy continued his run in and flying straight and level dropped his markers directly over a ship. He then remained in the area and made three further runs over the ship, to keep the marking going continuously, while the main force came in to bomb. Flight Lieutenant Cassidy has set a courageous example to all who have served with him.'

This citation was among papers that came into his brother's possession in a remarkable way.

In 1996, seventeen years after Jim's death, Jim Cassidy's sister-in-law had a small private post office at Brighton. One day she was chatting with a customer, and the talk turned to the war years. The customer, an English migrant, said he had flown with the Pathfinders. This chance remark, after being told Jim Cassidy had done the same, resulted in him saying he had been Jim Cassidy's Flight Engineer.

Sergeant H.E. Harper had kept papers, among which was a copy of the above citation, reproduced from the London Gazette.

In a sketch of Jim Cassidy's flying career, Sergeant Harper also told of another December night, a week before the raid on Horten Fiord, when bombers undertook a very long flight to attack a synthetic oil plant on the Baltic coast, near Stettin.

In the very severe winter weather, many planes had had to turn back because of icing problems. Jim Cassidy decided 'to fly below the weather as far as possible', and 'after a long and rough trip' climbed to be exactly over the target at the arranged height.

Flak was intense. Their plane was 'hit quite seriously in the port wing, damaging the hydraulic system and setting the port engine on fire. Jim calmly checked with every crew member to ensure there were no injuries, the necessary emergency action was taken, and course set for the long flight home.'

As they approached the English coast on the return journey, petrol was low, and fog was rapidly closing airfields. They could not land at their home base, but were told to land at an airfield some miles away, where fog-dispersing petrol burners had been lit.

The plane ahead of them overshot the runway and crashed, killing all but one of the crew.

'Despite this crash happening immediately ahead of us, coupled with our own problems, Cassidy brought the aircraft down safely, with no injury to the crew, and with almost empty petrol tanks.'

Another piece of information, concerning peaceful activities in the midst of war, came from a chance observation.

In Ron's words : 'About fifteen years ago my wife and I visited Canberra. One afternoon we were in the War Memorial and by chance walked past a glass display cabinet in which lay two cricket bats. We paused and I glanced at one of the bats. My eyes fell on my brother's signature - M. J. Cassidy. Keith Miller's and I think Lindsay Hassett's were also among the signatures.

Ron did not see the bat in the War Memorial until after his brother's death.

When later enquiries were made about the bat, the official reply was : 'Cricket bat autographed by members of RAAF and Dominion Services cricket teams which played England at Lords on 29 May 1944, and 8 August and 9 August 1944'.

In September 1943, Jim Cassidy had, in a letter, mentioned a services cricket match played just before he was posted to a bomber squadron.

'We won the match and I made 29 including 6 fours and also took 2 wickets for 13 runs. They will probably ask me to tour England with a cricket side if I keep that up.'

The match must have attracted attention. Jim Cassidy didn't 'tour England with a cricket side', as he had jokingly suggested, but he was given the opportunity to play in one or both of the matches played at Lords in 1944.

Details of these matches are not known.

Ron writes that his brother 'was a good all-round sportsman. Before joining up he had been involved with swimming, football, tennis, cricket as well as some minor sports. He had been invited to train with both the West Torrens Football and Cricket Clubs.

After the war he played football with the successful Woodville Club in Amateur League, and was a leading tennis player in the local competition (between Grange, Henley and Seaside Clubs) for the A.E. Northey Tennis Challenge Shield'.

The Cassidy family had lived in Chester Street. After Jim's marriage he lived in Hughes Street. He worked for T.J. Richards/Chrysler Australia, motor body builders.

Jim Cassidy died in 1979.

## **LOOKING BACK ON GRADE ONE DAYS**

Rex Jory, in one of his wide ranging Advertiser articles - before he comments on the possibilities ahead for children going to school for the first time that day - looks back on his own first day at Henley Beach Primary School. His teacher was Historical Society foundation member and committee member Dorothy Triggs.

He writes : 'I had a letter from Dorothy Triggs a couple of weeks ago. Mrs. Triggs was my grade one teacher at the Henley Beach School. Not bad, eh? Getting on for half a century and I'm still in touch with the person who taught me to read and write and count. We've been in contact since she dropped me a note after I wrote a story a couple of years ago about Henley Beach.

In Mrs. Triggs' classroom, we had wooden chairs and tables from Lilliput and little square felt mats which we sat on when Mrs. Triggs read us a story, holding the book out so we could see the pictures. Above the blackboard were large cards on metal hooks, each with a letter from the alphabet - A, a for apple with a picture of a shiny red apple. B, b for bat with a picture of a cricket bat right down to X, x for cross cat with one mad cat, to Z, z for zebra. I learnt to read and write from those cards. Do children still learn that way?'

We had large windows Mrs. Triggs would open with a long, hooked pole, which fitted into a special hole at the top. I used to daydream out the window, watching Lawrie's dairy cows grazing on pasture long since filled with houses. . . . '

(Acknowledgement to Rex Jory and the Advertiser)



## **HENLEY COMMUNITY AND ADVISORY CENTRE.**

### **THE FIRST 20 YEARS, 1969 - 1989**

Iris Macdonald served Henley and Grange devotedly in many ways while she lived here. (She and Angus moved interstate in 1989, to be near their children as the years went by.)

From 1967 to 1987 she was Councillor and Alderman, and from 1969 to 1989 was Founding Director of the Community Aid and Advisory Centre.

She has presented the Henley and Grange Historical Society with a copy of her substantial summary of the first 20 years of the Centre, and this account is based, with permission, on that history.

The idea behind the formation of the community body was to help co-ordinate the efforts of those already active in various organisations and charities, to give a more comprehensive cover to the needs of the community.

After a preliminary meeting, at which 52 women were present, a second general meeting was held on August 20, 1969.

The Mayor, Bronte Edwards, was present, and 'welcomed the women and gave them encouragement in the formation of the new organisation, little knowing the future impact it would have on the community'.

Councillor Iris Macdonald was appointed Chairman of the Executive Committee of 'Henley, Grange and West Beach Community Aid', with Nora Rees Secretary, and Flora Brandt Treasurer.

A discussion took place 'on the development of a convenient kitchen at the Town Hall . . . When holding functions, especially money raising affairs, people had to put up with an antiquated kitchen, situated downstairs at the back of the Hall. One had to negotiate an awkward staircase often with hot cups of tea and plates of food.'

When approached, the Council was receptive, and a new and convenient kitchen was planned and built, at the same time as a combined Mayor's parlour/meeting room.

The new organisation was immediately active in fund raising by traditional methods, and giving help wherever possible - such as supporting the Mayor's party for Aged Citizens, and helping the Good Neighbour Council provide 'blankets and warm clothing for migrants while they were waiting for their luggage from overseas'. They 'helped with the Mayoral Ball and with the Royal District Nursing Society's Paddie's Market', and organised a visit from the Point McLeay Aboriginal Mission.

Meanwhile, it was realised that traditional means of fundraising gave inadequate results for the amount of effort involved.

It was decided to run an Opportunity Shop. A venue was needed; and they were fortunate in being given the use of the old two-storeyed Post Office building on Seaview Road - though 'on the understanding that sooner or later the property would be placed on the market'.

Iris Macdonald writes: 'The women of the organisation at once organised a working bee to clean up the place, having realised that the opportunity given to us was too good to be true.

We arranged a letter box drive to publicise the project, appealing to the citizens for saleable goods, such as clothing, crockery, household goods, books, plants, electrical goods and small furniture.

The local paper, 'West Side', gave us the headline which grabbed a lot of attention -

FEMALES REPLACE MAILS  
WITH HELP SHOP

There was a great deal of excitement when, on the 4th of May, 1972, the closed doors of the old Post Office were again thrown open by a group of housewives. This was a very proud day for me as their president and founder. They were such a fine bunch of women and their pleasure and excitement were great to see. We were finally in business.

The community came to our aid, keeping goods of all descriptions rolling in, and the Community Welfare Opportunity Shop, which was the new name chosen, was officially opened by Mayor Edwards on the 12th of May.

In the first week we banked \$200 and by October the centre had netted \$2,500, and we donated \$50 each to each of fifteen organisations. This was indeed big money out of disused-used goods in that time. If one transfers the sums of money to present day figures one will realise the value of the 'Opp Shop', as it became known, to the Community. The response from the community has never diminished and there has never been a shortage of stock to sell.'

Some members had been sceptical about maintaining the daily roster of helpers, but this did not become a problem. Many women outside the committee offered their services; and the local Bowling Club successfully took responsibility for the Monday roster.

'Mention must be made of the support of our men folk who, right from the early days of our project, strongly supported it. They have provided many valuable services from being handymen around the Centre, driving cars and trailers picking up and carting goods, and generally helping where there was a need.'

When the old Post Office property was offered for sale by the Commonwealth Government, the Council bought the building for \$4,000, and the remainder of the property was sold to a developer for \$13,000.

The Council permitted the Centre the continued use of the building and through an unemployment relief scheme helped with painting and repairs.

Income from the shop was now (1973) about \$6,000 a year (in the 1980s, it rose to between \$14,000 and \$16,000 a year).

The Council made the Town Hall available for 'At Homes'. Organisations were presented with donations, financial reports were given, the city band played and refreshments were served. On the Sunday afternoon occasions, 150 to 200 people attended.

Over 30 organisations received donations over the years, 'some of them receiving sums totalling many thousands of dollars'.

But not long after the Council had bought the old Post Office building, a proposal came from the developer, Allen Humzey, to build a large block of flats on the land available at the site. The Council at first refused to sell the Post Office building, and complex negotiations began with the Council, the Centre and the developer.

The result of these financial and architectural discussions was that the old Post Office (the first Opportunity Shop) was demolished, the three-story flats were built, and 'a new community centre with an office, store rooms, kitchen and toilet facilities, with parking space and landscaping on the site of the old building' was constructed.

The official opening of the new Henley Community Aid and Advisory Centre was performed by the Mayor, J.J.B. Edwards, who had always shown great interest in and encouragement towards the organisation. The building, opened on November 24, 1974, was later named, by a resolution of the Henley and Grange Council, the Iris Macdonald Building.

It was now 'the time of year for the Centre to organise the third Festival of Christmas Trees, a most successful and popular event. Any community organisation that wished to take part had to provide and enter a Christmas Tree, which gave them the right to have a trading table to raise money for their own organisation.' Iris found that 'having a convenient office to work in was most beneficial'.

With the Official Opening, and then the Festival, to arrange, and the continuing day-to-day work connected with the shop and community services, all workers were looking forward to a well-earned rest at Christmas time.

But on Christmas Day Cyclone Tracy demolished the city of Darwin, and urgent help was needed.

'People started phoning immediately the news was heard.' As local residents were obviously eager to help, a call was put over Radio 5DN, announcing that the Centre would open as a depot.

'Within half an hour of opening we were inundated with goods brought in by citizens who also stayed to help sort, pack and clearly mark the cartons which were then dispatched through the Salvation Army direct to Darwin. Fifty eight cartons were sent in the first consignment and later another sixty three cartons. We dealt with special requests for baby food, woollen goods and clothing etc. \$500 in cash was also donated and sent through the 5DN Appeal.'

Volunteer men took the cartons to Edinburgh Airfield, and these cartons were among the first loads of supplies sent from Adelaide.

'It was only hours before people started arriving from Darwin and many had been directed to Henley Beach because there was plenty of accommodation available in the area. It didn't seem to matter what was wanted as any request publicised through the Centre brought results.'

An Advisory and Information Service had been commenced in the Old Post Office days. A filing system was set up, with experienced help from Helen Hanrahan. Social workers from the Department of Community Welfare worked closely with the Centre, which soon had the reputation that the women there were willing and able to tackle any problem. Privacy and plenty of time to talk were assured.

Catering support was given to the Mayor's Pioneer Parties and such occasions as the Naturalisation Ceremonies when, in addition, posies were made and presented to the women involved.

Christmas hampers were made up for people in need. In International Women's Year (1975), Henley was invited to arrange a seminar on the development of women's interests. The Centre provided the luncheon for over 300 guests (and made a substantial profit, which delighted the State Committee!). Blankets were distributed through the Sunday Mail Blanket appeal.

A Home Help Service was established 'to provide short term or hourly house work. This was a two-way service, to provide work for those in need, and to help those who wanted work done around the house'.

In 1976, a special project for Iris Macdonald, assisted by Helen Hanrahan, was the writing of a history of the Centre up to that time. This was published by the S.A. Council of Social Service. 700 copies of 'Community Aid, Community Effort' were produced and distributed.

There was a need in the community for good accommodation for the elderly. The Centre's work in 'stirring the pot' resulted in a petition addressed to the Mayor and Council. 'The final result was the provision of excellent accommodation for the elderly by the Henley and Grange Council, the Western Community Hospital, and the South Australian Housing Trust.'

The work load was becoming 'pretty heavy', and Lucie McLelland undertook the supervising of the shop.

Among the seemingly endless services provided by the Centre was a very successful system for exchanging school and university text books, which received enquiries from all over the state.

And the list of activities continued. Further examples are -

- donating, after the Ash Wednesday bushfires of 1983, 'clothing for needy cases, and \$500 to the Emergency Fire Unit at Uraidla to help with the purchase of a new truck.'
- sending clothing to India, and also money to help provide Christmas treats for a hundred old people.
- compiling the first Henley and Grange Directory (before a Council Community officer was employed).
- supporting Aboriginal Missions.
- providing many thousands of dollars to the Western Community Hospital for equipment (and, of course, continuing donations to other organisations : a list of 32 of these is included in the history of the first 20 years of the Centre.)
- donating \$400 to assist the Henley High School Band, which had been invited to travel to Canberra.
- calling a meeting which led to the formation of the Henley and Grange Historical Society.
- helping with the negotiations for a community bus.

Ultimately, Local Government was funded to provide many of the services provided on a voluntary basis by the Centre, but the shop (which in the period covered by Iris Macdonald's history had raised over \$200,000), and a range of other activities continue - with great benefit to the community.

(A list of names of helpers - a long list - is included in the Appendix to 'Henley Community Aid and Advisory Centre Inc. The first 20 years. 1969 - 1989).

## AN EXTENDED STAY

On Sunday, 11th April, 1948, Adelaide awoke to hurricane winds, unprecedented in the history of the state. Winds gusting to 80 mph (130 kms) lashed the suburban coastline. Navy ship HMAS Barcoo was driven ashore at West Beach, 1½ miles north of Glenelg. Barcoo, a frigate of 1420 tons, for several weeks had been engaged in the peaceful activity of charting the waters of Gulf St. Vincent. Barcoo was unaware of the intensity of the approaching conditions and on Friday 9th she anchored off Glenelg, intending to stay the weekend. In fact, she was forced to stay much longer.

At the height of the storm Barcoo's anchor began to drag and before she could get under way, she had grounded on the gulf's sandy bottom. Though her engines were eventually started and put into reverse, they were unable to free her. Barcoo was stuck, hard and fast, in nine feet of water, her bow 65 yards from shore. Authorities considered that, when the seas moderated, tugs would free her.

To help in that task, heavy equipment and stores were unloaded onto a lighter (flat bottom barge). However, on Monday, a 4 hour effort by three tugs from Port Adelaide moved her only slightly. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday came and went without any further movement.

On Friday, it was decided to dredge a channel and a Harbours Board bucket dredge was called into action.

In the meantime, power lines had been erected from shore to ship to enable oil to be pumped out to further lessen Barcoo's load. Unloading of other materials continued at low tide. To overcome a shortage of water on board, 200 yards of piping was laid from shore, and a phone was also connected. A camp had been established on shore for crew guarding unloaded equipment. At low tide, games of football helped crew pass the time away.

The 'Advertiser' reported that 80,000 spectators lined the adjacent shore during the weekend with enterprising entrepreneurs setting up food outlets.

On Monday 19th, two tugs had some success, moving Barcoo several yards seaward, along the dredged channel. Navy ship HMAS Warrego, a sloop of 1050 tons, arrived during the night from Bass Strait where she too had been surveying. On Tuesday morning, with Warrego's engines supplying power equal to two tugs, and with help also from two tugs, Barcoo was pulled free.

An examination by Navy divers revealed Barcoo had suffered no structural damage during her enforced stay, and she resumed her surveying duties.

As I gazed upon her during her enforced stay, I thought back to the last time I had seen Barcoo. On 3rd November, 1944, HMAS Swan, on which I was serving, and Barcoo, left Lae in New Guinea, escorting troops of the 5th Division AIF aboard the troop ship Cape Alexander. We were to provide fire support for their landing at Jacquinot Bay, south west of Rabaul in New Britain. The landing was successful and after three days in the area Swan and Barcoo left to go their separate ways, signalling to each other as they did so, 'Goodbye and good luck'. Little did I realise that when I next saw her, Barcoo would be wallowing helplessly in our local waters.



## FOOTNOTES :

1. Barcoo's commanding officer during these survey duties was Commander D'A T. Gale DSC, RAN. Among ships he served on during the war was the cruiser HMAS Adelaide.
2. Barcoo (put into service on 17/1/44) and sister ships Burdekin, Diamantina, Gascoyne, Hawkesbury and Lachlan were river class frigates, named after Australian rivers.
3. Swan and Warrego, together with Parramatta and Yarra (both sunk during the war), were sister ships and though also named after Australian rivers, were Grimsby (UK) class sloops.
4. Among troops landed at Jacquinot Bay was Grange resident Ern Lambert. He still lives in the district. He and I lived near each other; both of us attended Grange Primary School and played hockey for the Grange Club. Some years after the war, whilst talking at the Grange Oval, we realised we had both been at Jacquinot Bay.

GEORGE WILLOUGHBY

## **50 YEARS AGO (3)**

### **Using Carnival profits**

£864 from the 1948 Carnival was to be held in trust for Memorial Oval improvements.

(Council Minutes, 7/6/1948)

### **A challenged election result**

On July 3, 1948, George Thomas Gurner was elected Mayor of Henley and Grange, defeating L.G. Hughes. But the result was challenged, and a law suit was mooted.

In December it was decided to appoint a sub-committee, 'to investigate the whole aspect of the election'. Meanwhile, J.R. Lawrie was to be Acting Mayor.

The final outcome : there was a supplementary election, in which G.T. Gurner again defeated L.B. Hughes.

(George Gurner died in office in August, 1952)

### **Also 1948 : State Hockey Captain**

Russell Bowden of the Grange Club was selected as Captain of the South Australian Hockey Team. (He was Captain again in 1949, and in 1953 was coach and sole selector of the State team.)

## SOME REMINISCENCES OF PAT WILSON

History Society member F.P. (Pat) Wilson can look back over a great many years. He can recall the visit of our then Director of Education (William McCoy) to Great Britain in 1923, to recruit young male teachers for the Education Department.

William McCoy was attending the Third Imperial Conference on Education, but was also able to manage numerous interviews in London and other cities.

Pat writes : 'After attending St. Mark's, Chelsea (London) from 1921 - 23, I was released on the world as a trained teacher! During 1923 Mr. McCoy visited many of the Training Colleges in Great Britain, and picked some sixty young men to build up the male teaching staff in South Australia. I was one of the fortunate ones.

We were divided into three groups, who left separately on the old Government 'Bay' boats later that year. On arrival (by the 'Esperance Bay'), I was sent to Goodwood School where I taught until 1924.

Wishing to see something of the country, I requested appointment to a country school, and was sent to a one-teacher school with about 30 children just north of Orroroo, where I taught until early 1927, when I was granted leave of absence, without pay, to visit my mother in U.K.

Towards the end of that year, I returned to South Australia via Canada and the C.P.R. Early in November I was appointed to The Grange. (It was generally spoken of as The Grange in those days.)

The Head of the School was Mr. Bill Fisher, and I well remember an incident which concerned him.

In those days and for some years later each school had two inspections per annum. After one of these inspections we received notes from the inspector that there would be a meeting of the staff at 4 p.m. in the Head Teacher's office. Most inspectors would usually relax and call the meeting a bit early.

The Inspector told us he had a number of remarks he wished to make etc. etc. With that, Mr. Fisher rose to his feet and bluntly announced that he would not be at the meeting as he always visited his father on Friday afternoon. With that he turned his back on the Inspector and strode out of the door, which he slammed behind him.

I can vouch for the incident, but I don't know what happened as a result - nothing I suspect.'

(The Inspector's remarks, presumably, were or were going to be of a carping nature - which William Fisher, on behalf of the school, would have found hard to accept. In the previous year (1926), for example, all Grade 7 students had passed the Qualifying Certificate Examination (the Q.C.), with the top boy and top girl respectively gaining the excellent scores of 638 and 631 out of 700. The girls' basketball (netball) team were state champions, and the boys' cricket team were premiers in the Western District. Reference: 'The Village School that grew', pp 33 - 34.)

Another incident of a very different kind, gently recalling the naive words of young children, is described thus :

‘In the early 50s, I was Headmaster of Seaton Park - a large school in those days.

I was leaving the school one afternoon, when two small children, who had been in the shop to buy some lollies, met me at the gate. The girl, who had recently been enrolled in the Infant School, would have been about five and her brother a couple of years younger.

The lad looked at me and with a happy smile (not in any way cheeky) addressed me, ‘Hello, Mr. Man.’ Before I could reply, his sister grabbed him, shook him furiously and in a horrified tone said, ‘You naughty little boy. He’s not a man - That’s Mr. Wilson.’ ‘

‘How’, thought Pat philosophically, ‘are the mighty fallen!’

In the latter part of his career, Pat Wilson was in charge of four metropolitan schools - Seaton Park, Henley Beach, Salisbury North and Colonel Light Gardens. He retired, from Colonel Light Gardens School, in 1966.

Pat has had 32 years of retirement. He is now 97, and is still able to attend History Society meetings.

### **HOLDENS PICNIC, 1927**

The Advertiser reported, on Monday April 11, 1927, on the picnic held on the previous Saturday. Some extracts from the long report :

‘Holdens Picnic was held at Henley on Saturday, when 5,000 visitors were present. The town was bedecked with flags.

The Mayor (Mr. H. May) and the Town Clerk (Mr. C.M. Yeomans) welcomed the officials.

Sports were held on the sands south of the jetty.

Holdens Silver Band, under the baton of bandmaster C. Harding, played popular airs.

Boiling water was provided in ten coppers, and 100 gallons of milk was provided by the Committee.

The official luncheon was held in the hall of Belcher’s Henley Kiosk.’

(At the official luncheon, there were toasts to ‘The future success of the Company’ and to ‘The Town of Henley and Grange’.

The Henley picnic was obviously regarded as an important occasion. The Woodville works had been established in 1923 (the first factory had been in Adelaide). According to figures given in reply to the first toast, 5900 motor bodies had been built by Holdens in the previous month of March, 1927, and workmen employed numbered 4000.

Many people from Henley and Grange were employed in the Woodville works, to which most of them travelled by train.)

## STEEPLECHASE AND HOUNDS

A vivid childhood memory of jockeys in coloured silks urging long striding horses towards and over a post and rail hurdle double at Grange Road and, some time later, black capped, red coated huntsmen taking their horses over the same jumps with running hounds ahead, took me to the Mortlock Library for 'Steeplechase and Hounds'. I had walked with my parents and brother across paddocks at the back of the house we rented in Surrey Street, Grange, to where we watched horses carry their riders over the jumps. We would not have been far from home, the hurdles probably near where Michael Street now meets Grange Road.

The first group, riders in silks, was competing in Adelaide Hunt Club's point to point steeplechase of about 4½ miles, the tenth occasion it had been run since first contested in 1898; the year was 1922.

The 'Mail' and 'Advertiser', early August of 1922, carried the notice :

Adelaide Hunt Club  
Point to Point Steeplechase  
Saturday Next 12<sup>th</sup> August at 3 p.m.  
AT FINDON  
Nominations, close MONDAY 7<sup>th</sup> AUGUST  
before 4 p.m.

A dinner will be held at the South Australian Hotel on 12<sup>th</sup> August  
when trophies will be presented. Members are asked to notify their  
intention of being present not later than 10<sup>th</sup> instant.

A. LAUGHTON, Secretary

The coming event featured in 'Mail' and 'Advertiser' racing pages on the days leading up to Saturday, 12<sup>th</sup> August.

The running of the race was given extensive coverage by the 'Mail' and 'Advertiser'. The 'Mail', a broadsheet column, half devoted to the names of spectators - 280 names appeared - the hunt very much part of the social scene. The 'Advertiser's' account occupied a broadsheet column and a bit.

'Roundabout' for the 'Advertiser' wrote :-

'Mr. R.C. Beck's paddock had 96 charmers, frauds, rolls up, and so on, at half-a-crown apiece, which means that the Grange Memorial Hall benefits to the extent of £12.'

'Cousin Kate' of the 'Mail' gave a complete word picture of the day. A shortened version :

'The popularity of the Point-to-Point Steeplechase, run in connection with the Adelaide Hunt Club, seems to increase every year, and this afternoon, in ideal weather - a grey day, with occasional bursts of sunshine - a huge crowd wended its way to Findon by train, drag, motor car, sulky, on horseback, or by any other means that suggested itself.

It has been the custom of the Master and some of the officials to journey in the well known English drag. On enquiry today of its absence, I was told that it was no longer a fit and proper vehicle for the purpose. However, an ordinary four-in-hand drag has distinct advantages over a motor car for outings of this kind, for one can survey the landscape from aloft and even stand on the seats to watch the progress of the race. The low-lying land round about Findon looked in parts like a series of lakes, very picturesque to the artistic eye, no doubt, but probably detrimental to the value of the property. And the mud! Oh, the mud! When we reached Mr. Drummond's paddock and turned in through the gate, we saw several motor cars literally stuck, axle-deep, engines going top speed, and the wheels merely turning round without any grip at all. Willing athletes, men and women, put their strength to the test and positively 'shoved' the cars out of the slough. The popular vantage point for watching the jumps was 'Bob' Beck's paddock, which today looked like a young Oakbank with its array of cars, and from here we had a fine view of several of the doubles.

Between the finish of the Steeplechase and the start of the hunt everybody congregated in the marquee, where piping-hot tea was a most welcome circumstance. As to the progress of the race, the honorary starter sent them away on their long journey three minutes after the advertised time. The first fence was taken by Jolly Miller in the lead with the others bunched. At the Grange Road double Classic led from Wargamurra, Mazourk and Albinnah, Jolly Dick and Villager stopping. Down the lane the order was Classic, Wargamurra, Mazourk, Albinnah, Kappacoola and Birel-Abd. At the Tapley's Hill Road double Classic still led. At the Grange Road double Classic and Wargamurra were in the lead, Albinnah fell. At the last double - Tapley's Hill Road - Wargammurra was in the lead from Mazourk and Classic. Mazourk passed Wargamurra and at the last jump was well in the lead. Birel-Abd finished fast and ran in to second place from Classic.'

Time 11.17: distance about 4½ miles; weight 12 stone. Six lengths separated both first and second and second and third.

Result, as published :

Mr. Paul Teesdale Smith's	Mazourk	(Mr. W.P.A. Lapthorne)
Mr. Basil Teesdale Smith's	Birel-Abd	(Mr. Paul Teesdale Smith)
Mr. Cecil Bray's	Classic	(Mr. C.H. Clarke)

Honorary starter and judge, Mr. R.C. Beck.

The hunt was over the same ground as the Point-to-Point. The Master, Mr. E.M. Luxmoore, on Foin, was accompanied by twentytwo riders. Doherty on Madang took the drag.

Among 'Roundabout's' after-race remarks were :

'The members of the Hunt Club wish me to thank the landowners over whose land we disported. Mr. Drummond was good enough to place his paddock at our disposal for the start, finish, and marquee, and other gentlemen whose kindness we appreciate are Messrs. D. Fewings, Alfred Stanford, D.J. Beck, E. Simmons, Vawser, Keele and R.C. Beck, and Sir Sidney Kidman.'

and

'This race must be recorded as one of the most interesting the Club has had up to date, and it was certainly a triumph for Mr. Paul Teasdale-Smith's stable to run first and second in one of the strongest fields that have started. In my humble opinion I think the riders are to be complimented. There was a keenness and a dash about their performance generally that I and some others like me could not show under a half a bottle of whisky.'

The steeplechase course can be worked out with some certainty from newspaper details, the known location of land owned by most of those thanked by 'Roundabout' for making their properties available for the event and some follow up research.

Start and finish was in Mr. Drummond's paddock, which lay north of the Grange Road and ran west from its Findon Road frontage. The course of about 4½ miles was roughly circular with a clockwise



direction for both the steeplechase and hunt. After the starting point there was a jump before the Grange Road double, east of Findon Road. The first of the double had an up hill approach and the second a down hill landing. Then a half mile run down from the Fulham Park hill across land owned by Mr. Keele and Sir Sidney Kidman. Into the narrow hedge-bordered Blacklers Lane until a gap for a right angled turn to the west. Through Mr. Butterfield's dairy property with a fence and hedge to be jumped before the new Tapleys Hill Road double on the Fulham side of Findon. The course then veered towards Henley Beach. North through Mr. Alfred Stanford's 700 acres of leased paddocks east of East Terrace with a fence to be jumped at the end, then through Mr. Beck's dairy property to the second Grange Road double. After that across Mr. Vawser's land near the curve at the east end of Beach Street, past Mr. Simmons' house in Government Road by way of a tricky yard and on to the prickly pears with a fence to be jumped there. Then the run up to the last double, over Tapleys Hill Road. Two more jumps then the finishing line.

The Adelaide Hunt Club rode right into Henley Beach the following year, 1923.

The 'Advertiser' :

ADELAIDE HOUNDS  
HENLEY BEACH RUN  
By 'Rupert'

'Hounds met at the Henley Beach Hotel this afternoon, ran to Richmond via Glenelg and Cummins and experienced a delightful outing. The floods were responsible for a portion of the run being cut out, as the Master intended to start at Fulham, but a nice run with varying conditions was the result. Before the start we were invited by Mr. McRae to wet our whistle. The Master in a few words wished him luck in his new sphere of action. Mr. McRae has been a keen supporter of the Club for years'.

Mr. McRae must have just become proprietor of the Henley Hotel; records show Boyes McRae was licensee for only one year, 1924.

'A start was made at the end of Seaview Road. The hounds led us southerly over a few caps in the sandhills before we turned left. We ran alongside the Military Road before crossing the road into Mr. Walsh's, checked at the pumping station and crossed the creek at the bridge. On again, we jumped the double across the Fulham Road, ran east through a gap, crossed the creek over a new bridge and ran easterly for Cummins. The hedge into Cummins was responsible for a number of empty saddles. At another check we were entertained by Mr. G.C. Morphet.

It was intended to jump a double on the outward journey but the going was soft and wisely left out. We ran north through a gate, over a new fence into Mr. Houston's. Then through a great deal of water, turned to the left and jumped a new cap or two into Sir Sidney Kidman's property. Came right across the Morphetville Road double, swung left over the Richmond Road and then into the drag. There were several belated arrivals but all got through safely although their coats showed the going soft.'

Thirty six riders, including two ladies, took part in the run. Fifty five onlookers were named as being noticed on the roads.

RON CASSIDY

## 'AN AEROPLANE SENSATION EXCITEMENT AT HENLEY BEACH'

These were the headlines for an account, in the Advertiser of Tuesday January 27, 1925 (page 9a), of an accident which had happened on the previous day, at the Carnival.

More than 5 years before this, in November 1919, Captain Harry Butler had kept a crowd of 20,000 people 'spellbound', as he 'performed a number of evolutions' in his 'brilliant red aeroplane' in the skies above Henley Beach (1989 Journal, pages 11 - 14).

In 1925, aircraft were still a novelty, and W.F.E. Smith, with his Avro 'Skylark', was invited to the Carnival, to race his plane against several hydroplanes.

He won the race, and also took passengers on short joyrides.

Alan Leonard, in his Reminiscences (1983 Journal, page 16), briefly mentioned a mishap that occurred before the last passenger flight of the day.

This is the Advertiser's account of the incident :

'Thousands of people at Henley Beach on Monday evening were startled on seeing Pilot Smith's aeroplane, which had made a number of passenger trips during the day, upset in the water and stand upright on its nose.

The novelty of a speed contest between an aeroplane and hydroplanes attracted a large number of people to Henley Beach on Monday. The aeroplane - an Avro machine, and popularly known as the Skylark - arrived at Henley Beach, where a regatta was being held, shortly before noon, and pilot W.F.E. Smith who was in charge was praised on all sides for his handling of the machine, which easily outflew the hydroplanes in the big race of the day. Pilot Smith chose a spot on the beach, about half a mile south of the jetty, almost opposite the Lady Galway Club House, as his landing place.

There was a good strip of beach early in the day which afforded plenty of taking-off space for the various flights which Pilot Smith made with passengers. He made fifteen trips, with two passengers in the machine each time, during the afternoon, and at 6 o'clock prepared to make his last flight of the day, preparatory to returning to the Albert Park Aerodrome. By this time the tide which had risen had considerably lessened the strip of beach, and the crowd which had assembled to watch the proceedings, and had hitherto been exceedingly tractable, had assumed much larger proportions. It was largely composed of children who either could not or would not heed the pilot's warning as he started the aeroplane.

At any rate, instead of giving way, the crowd surged forward as the Skylark began to taxi along the beach, and in order to avoid a collision Pilot Smith was forced to deflect the course of his machine slightly, and ran it directly into the shallow water.

Despite the fact that the heavy sand retarded the aeroplane to a certain extent, it struck the water with sufficient force to break the front V piece, the propeller and part of the undercarriage. As soon as the machine struck it stood straight up on its nose in the water. Fortunately the three occupants managed to get clear as it plunged, and escaped with nothing worse than a ducking. Meanwhile a huge concourse of people hastened to the scene.

Fortunately nobody was hurt, but had it not been for the coolness and resourcefulness shown by Pilot Smith there might have been a very different ending to the affair.'

The pilot told the Advertiser reporter that 'he knew he would damage the machine when he drove it into the water, but it was the only thing to do. It was a case of an accident to the machine or the crowd'.

(He estimated the cost of repairs at about £25 !)

## **FROM THE EDITOR**

This year, members were invited to contribute even more than in previous years towards the compilation of the annual Journal : and I thank our Secretary for his reminders in the circulars he sent out. The response has been very pleasing indeed.

I am grateful to the following members for their participation : Irene McDade, Martin Darsow, Edna Dunning, Chook Fielder, Ron Cassidy, Pat Wilson, Darrel Webb, Dorothy Triggs, Noel Newcombe, Alan Leonard, Joyce Caldwell, Barry Fry and Don Fry; to George Willoughby, who has contributed in several ways (interviews, talk on court reporting, Barcoo article); to Audrey Willoughby, who has prepared, in excellent fashion, the Journal material for printing; and to my wife Nell, who has been encouraging and helpful as co-editor.

Thanks are also due to the Mortlock Library, the Advertiser, Rex Jory, Christine Courtney, Jillian Crouch, Geoff Manning, Iris Macdonald and Yvonne Penno (nee Newcombe).

When Journal number 19 became rather larger than any previous issue, several items were held over. Next year will see Journal number 20 assembled, and I hope it will again be a co-operative effort such as this Journal has been.

TED HASENOHR,  
(Editor)