



HENLEY & GRANGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL

NUMBER 25
NOVEMBER 2004

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COVER ILLUSTRATION

Henley & Grange
First Regatta Committee, 1904

*T. Heming, M.P. Murphy, S. Hambridge, W. Aitken, J.W. Mellor, P. Dobbs,
J. McGillivray, J.H. Johns, W. Fisk, R. Scammell, G. Porter, C.G. Tolley, V. Martin,
C. Dunn, H. Rowell, A.W. Ralph, J.P. Williams, J. Opie, Capt. H.D. Dale, W. Kelsey
H. Bennett, S. Thompson, F. Gray, W. Excell*

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I am glad to report that the Henley and Grange Historical Society in 2004 is still going strong. We have had a small decline in membership and should consider trying to address this in the future, although in comparison to other historical societies we are still doing well.

This year the committee has been involved in ensuring the records are up to date in regards to recording and storage.

Rob McDade and two others from the State Library perused the collection and informed us on the proper conservation of some of our older items. We were grateful for their input and interest. Later, Roger Coleman from the City of Charles Sturt Council visited to look at what we had done and then Geoff Spiers, working as a consultant to the Council, met with Noel Newcombe, Linda Sambell and me and discussed our collections and made some suggestions on the upkeep of some items.

The decision by past committees to engage Rob McDade with the aid of a grant to catalogue our collection has really paid off. Access to information is quite easy using the database, and our work now is to ensure new items are also catalogued.

There has been ongoing rumour about the history room being shifted, but nothing concrete as yet. Noel Newcombe has recently re-organised the layout of the room and given us more space, which I'd like to thank him for. Arthur Jeeves has been influential in the purchase of a new computer screen for the history room. We are endeavouring to process and record the many photographs we have received in the past two years and would like to remind people we are always grateful for photos or items which relate to Grange, Henley and Grange, and West Beach.

The City of Charles Sturt Council has once again been very generous with a donation of \$1000 from the City Benefit Donation Program. This money will be put towards the cost of printing this Journal and various other expenses of conservation. We thank the Council and ensure them the donation will be spent wisely.

Last year's Journal was again of a very high quality and the committee, consisting of Audrey Willoughby, George Willoughby, Peter Wyld and Editor Glen Ralph, are congratulated on their work.

We started 2004 with some changes. Our first meeting in March was held at Roger Andre's house on the seafront at Grange. Roger spoke on the history of the house which was very interesting. We followed this with a look over the house and supper. Roger's house is an important facet of beach lifestyle from the past to the present. The committee thanks Roger for making us all welcome.

The second meeting was held at Henley Community Centre and the speaker was Tony Brooks who spoke on "South Australia - Does it have a history". Tony was very interesting and entertaining and his enthusiasm was very engaging.

Our Secretary, Theo Ellenbroek, gained a position in Woomera so had to resign and Linda Sambell took over from him in March. Linda is very interested in local history and has good computing skills so we are lucky to have her volunteer.

The committee wishes to thank Theo for his work over the past few years and wishes him well for the future.

The committee has two other new members for 2004, Arthur Jeeves and Council Representative Jim Fitzpatrick.

My thanks go to the Committee for their help and encouragement over the year, also to the Journal group for their enthusiasm and work, and to all members. We wouldn't be here without you all.

JOAN FERGUSON

COMMITTEE 2004

President	Mrs Joan Ferguson
Secretary	Mr. Theo Ellenbroek
	Mrs Linda Sambell
	(from March 2004)
Treasurer	Mrs Beverly Fielder
Members	Mr Noel Newcombe
	Mrs Mollie Sutherland
	Mrs Linda Sambell
	Mr. Arthur Jeeves
Council Representative	Mr. Jim Fitzpatrick

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The committee was unable to find an editor for this issue. The task of putting this journal together has been handled by the review group consisting of Audrey and George Willoughby and Peter Wyld.

Roger André assisted with helpful advice on drafts.

The bulk of typing and preparing copy for the printer has been ably handled by Audrey.

Thank you to members who contributed articles for this Journal.

PETER WYLD

MEMBERS

Mr Harold Anderson, OAM	Mr Ian Miller
Mr. Roger André	Mrs Margaret Mitchell
Mr John Andrewarthur	Mr Leo Moroney
Mrs Freda Bartsch	Mr John McPherson
Mrs Beverly Bills	Mrs Edna Newcombe
Mrs Dorothy Bowden	Miss Ethel Newcombe
Mr Russell Bowden	Mr Noel Newcombe
Mrs Betty Cassidy	Ms Cheryl Parton
Mr Ron Cassidy	Mrs Shirley Penhall
Charles Sturt Museum	Mr Alan Phillips, OAM
Mrs Hanni Darsow	Mr Bernie Phillips
Mr Martin Darsow	Mrs June Phillips
Mr Lyle Dewar	Mrs Patricia Phillips
Mrs Marlene Dewar	Mrs June Porter
Mr Theo Ellenbroek	Mrs Ruth Price
Mr Don Ferguson	Mr Glen Ralph
Mrs Joan Ferguson	Mrs Marie-Claire Ralph
Mrs Beverly Fielder	Mrs Linda Sambell
Mr Charles Fielder, OAM	Mr Leslie Schwimmer
Mr Jim Fitzpatrick	Mr George Stoneman
Mr Steven Franks	Mrs Wendy Stothers
Mr Barry Fry	Mrs June Sturm
Mr Don Fry	Mrs Joanne Sutcliffe
Mr Jack Gamlin	Mr Stephen Sutcliffe
Mrs Deslie Goudie	Mrs Mollie Sutherland
Mr John Harvey	Mr Frank Sweeney
Mrs Margaret Harvey	Mrs Alma Thomson-Campbell
Mrs Nell Hasenohr	Mrs Meryl Thompson
Mr Ted Hasenohr (Life Member)	Mr Rodney Thompson
Mr Clifford Humphreys	Miss Joyce Walkley
Mr Colin Hutchesson	Mr Darrel Webb
Mr Arthur Jeeves	Mr Dean Whiteford
Mrs June Jeeves	Mrs Janet Whiteford
Mr Tom Jennings, RVM	Mr Alan Williams
Mr Gordon Johns	Mrs Ann Williams
Mrs Doris Kelly	Mrs Mavis Willis
Mr John Klopp	Mr Peter Willis
Mr G Koennecke	Mrs Audrey Willoughby
Mr Rod Lange	Mr George Willoughby, OAM
Mrs Kathleen Langman	Mr John Worrall
Mrs Betty March	Mr Peter Wyld, RFD
Mr Max March	

EARLY DAYS OF 1st GRANGE SCOUT GROUP

The Boy Scout movement at Grange commenced with the formation of the 1st Grange wolf cub pack in 1931. A group of Henley and Grange Toc-H members were inspired after witnessing a scouting rally at the old Exhibition Oval in Adelaide and their enthusiasm led to the formation of the pack. Charles Parks, the first cubmaster, (Aketa), was assisted by Freddy Brown and Syd Wakeford, a teacher at Grange Primary School. I remember that the pack met on Saturday afternoons in St Agnes Church hall, Grange; early members with me included Fred Angus, Bill and Bob Bauer, Dean and Elvin Colwell, Bill Fail, Jack Henwood, Bruce and Dean Mackie, Lindsay and Geoff Mitton, Keith and Gordon Pawson, Peter Perks, Jack and Keith Randall. An active parents' committee, which assisted with outings and camps, backed the pack. Early camps were held at Bridgewater and Kangarilla.

By 1935 many of the original cubs had reached scouting age and so the committee promoted the formation of the 1st Grange Scout Troop. George Lucas, Tom Stevens and Len Crawford (who was killed on active service in May 1941) were early scoutmasters of the troop, which also met initially in St Agnes hall. In October 1938 the 1st Grange group - cubs and scouts moved into a second-hand wooden structure erected on vacant land at the northern end of Swan Street, Grange (now occupied by No. 72). The building, made available principally through the generosity of local benefactor, Oswald O'Grady, was opened by then Mayor of Henley and Grange (Wilfred Mitton). My father, Vernon Harvey, who became Mayor in 1939, was chairman of the 1st Grange Parents' Committee at this time.

Scouts enjoyed camps at Ticklebelly Flat (a flat, grassy area just north of Estcourt House at Tennyson), Bridgewater, Kangarilla and Macclesfield; Len Crawford's truck, with temporary charabanc-style seating fixed to the tray, was the major transport on many occasions. I also recall bridge building and other pioneering exercises across the Grange creek (Port River) near Fisher's bridge, which then crossed the creek near the northern end of High Street, Grange.

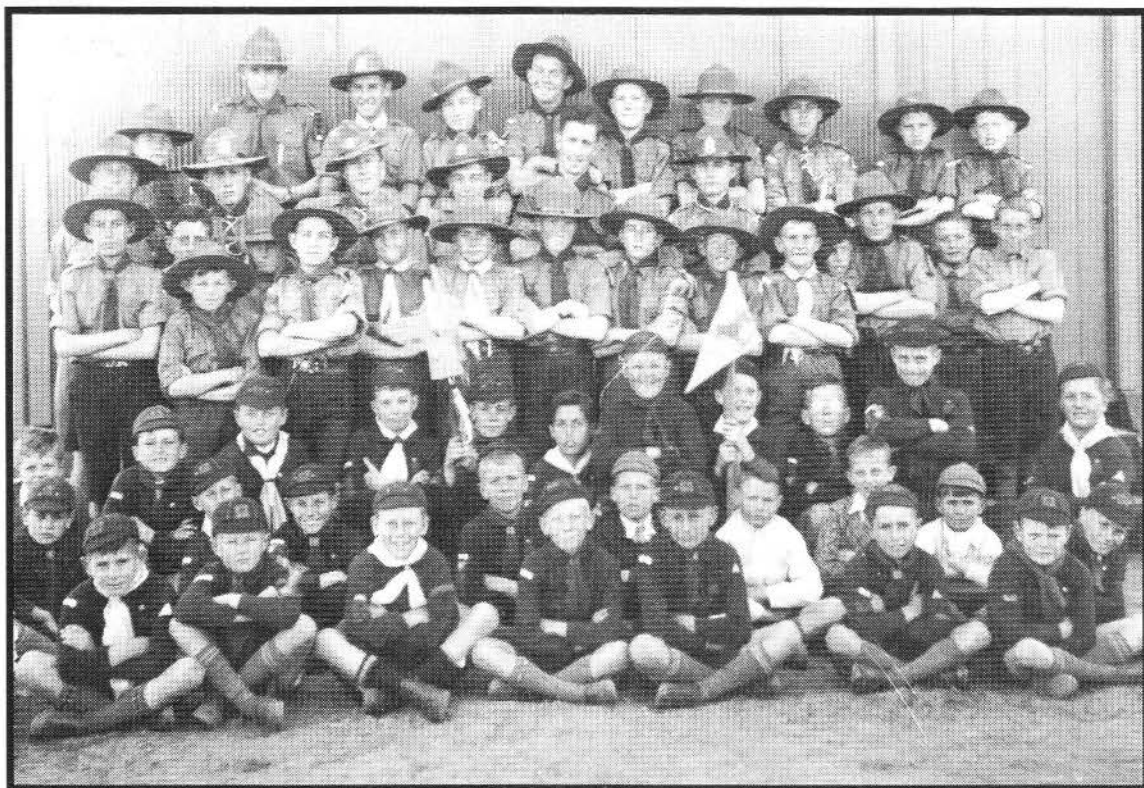
In 1939, with the 'originals' now of rover scout age, a Rover Crew was formed with C.J. (Joe) Colwell, father of Dean, Elvin, Victor and Trevor, as first Rover scout leader. Along with Ray Baldwin, Jack Benson, Dean Colwell, Kevin Tucker and others, I was a foundation member of the crew. As World War II progressed, all members of the crew were either on active service or working in reserved occupations and regular meetings became impossible. However, wartime group activities of rover scouts still in Adelaide included participation in weekend mine-search patrols along the coast south of Marino and general area security patrols; they also took part in competitive hikes in the Mt. Lofty Ranges, which sometimes included rovers and scouters from US Army service

units then stationed in South Australia. The cub pack (with Dean Colwell as assistant cubmaster) and scout troop continued to thrive immediately after the war but attempts to resume normal rover activities were not successful.

JOHN HARVEY

- *Under Year 1909 in the Society's publication 'From Sand and Swamp to Seaside City' appeared:*

"The Grange Scout Group was formed. The first Scoutmaster was Mr. John Donaldson. The group was made up of three patrols. At one time the meetings were held in the St Agnes Church of England Hall. In 1938, on October 15th, the Scout Hall in Swan Street, Grange, was opened. In 1959 the group moved, on August 29th, to a new hall in Reddie Street where the troop still meets."



Grange Scouts and Cubs, 1939

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO - WHERE WE BEGAN

The Henley and Grange Historical Society now celebrates its twenty-fifth year of activity, which I am sure we will all agree is a landmark. In that time nobody has asked how it all started so it is not surprising that the story has never been told. Now, at long last, the request has been made and, as the instigator who set the wheels in motion, I feel it behoves me to tell the tale. It is, in part, a personal story, and I hope the reader will indulge me if I devote some space here to autobiographical details which I consider are necessary to make the story complete.

Throughout my life I have pursued an ever-widening field of intellectual interests with passion and energy, devoting much time to reading and research in this field and that to satisfy the thirst for knowledge and to bring me to a better understanding of the things I considered worth knowing. But local history societies and local history have never much engaged my attention, not then, twenty-five years ago, or now. In 1978 I was, indeed, the person least likely to push for a local history society to be founded.

At that time I was living at 19 Anthony Street, Henley Beach. I was employed in a sort of accounting capacity by Wooltana Industries, of Wingfield, and, having lapsed in my Accountancy studies at the (then) S.A. Institute of Technology, I took up a degree in Library Studies in order to further my interest in book collecting. One of the many requirements of this course was that all students should engage in a research project as part of a team, which had to have at least (I think) four participants. The subject matter of the project could be anything, provided it related in some way to libraries, and anyone could nominate a subject, but it had to be acceptable to the School, be affordable and attract no less than the required number of students. My proposition was rejected, and none of the accepted subjects put up by other students had taken my fancy, so I found myself one of five who had no assigned task. The deadline was fast approaching and something had to be fixed upon quickly.

It so happened that I had been in contact with Nancy Robinson, who had written and published books about the history of the Jamestown area. But it was not for local history matters that she had come to see me. She was, in fact, researching for a book, which was to be titled, she said, *Sweet Breathes the Breast*. But she talked, too, about her work in writing local history, and I was interested to learn something about her books dealing with the early days of Jamestown, a place not so far from Peterborough where I was born.

That gave me the idea for a research topic for Library Studies: To inquire into how much co-operation existed between libraries, local councils, local history societies, and local museums and archives to collect, preserve, and make retrievable materials relating to local history. This topic was approved, and the other four who were at a loose end joined in. The team thus consisted of myself, Helen Dennis, Christine Dennis, Lindy

Price, and Caroline Wood, who was eventually chosen to be the editor responsible for writing the final report. In due time, after some modification had been decided upon, the report, *Libraries and Historical Societies in South Australia; their interrelationship*, was produced (October 1978).

To begin this research project it had been necessary to find out what historical societies existed in South Australia. The State Library kept a working list at its inquiry desk, and two lists had been published in *South Australiana* (Vol. 6 No. 2 Sep. 1967 pp. 121-124, and Vol. 7 No. 2 Sep. 1968 pp. 106-109), and these were the sources we employed. I noted that Henley and Grange had no historical society. My interviews with people involved in this field of activity - the local historical societies, museums, and archives - made me aware of the important work that they were doing, and how our past would be lost without their efforts, and I thought it a pity that Henley lacked a working Society.

I cannot be sure of the exact date that I went to see (the then Alderman) Iris Macdonald about starting a society for Henley and Grange history, but I suspect it was about August 1978. Iris was at that time much in her office at the Henley Community Aid & Advisory Centre, which had been opened at the present site on 24 November 1974 (*Community Aid and Community Effort ... by Iris Macdonald* (Adelaide, S.A. Council of Social Services, 1976) - see p.22) and was a hive of activity. She, I thought, was bound to follow up a suggestion that a local Society be formed. When I put it to her there was no hesitation on her part. She was quite enthusiastic about it. But, imagine my dismay when she said: "Good idea. You do it." There was nothing that I could do but undertake the task myself.

A handbill was printed, and placed in shops around the council area, and, naturally, at the Advisory Centre, where people were invited to signify their interest by recording their names and addresses. This handbill, which I wrote and printed on my Gestetner, said:

The History of Henley and Grange has never been written. Moves are now afoot to collect and collate photos and information about the history of the Henley and Grange area. Mayor Edwards has offered the use of the mayor's parlour in the council chambers for a meeting in November to form a Henley and Grange Historical Society. A date for the meeting has not yet been set, but all interested people are asked to contact Ald. Macdonald at Henley Aid and Advisory Centre, 360 Seaview Road, Henley Beach, or to telephone the Centre, 356 0851.

It is known that there is a great deal of material and information about the early and not so early history of the area available. An established historical society, with keen worker-bee members would form a focal point for matters of local history concern, and render its orderly arrangement possible. A number of people have indicated already an interest in the formation of a local history society. If you are interested, or if you are merely curious, please contact Ald. Macdonald.

The response was pleasing - many more people than we thought likely subscribed their names. Iris wrote a circular letter, dated 13 October 1978, inviting all interested parties to attend a meeting in the Mayor's parlour on Wednesday evening, 1 November.

About 34 people gathered and Alderman Macdonald welcomed them and explained that the meeting has been convened in response to the tremendous interest shown by many citizens who felt that the records of Henley and Grange should be preserved. The Mayor (who was Mr. Bronte Edwards at that time) supported the idea, and the Town Clerk had written a letter offering "every assistance", and expressing the Council's interest in "such a Society". It was observed that Mrs. Muriel White of Weetunga, Fulham, had commenced a history of Henley and Grange "some years ago". The Chairman then introduced me and I took the floor.

I explained to the gathering what was being proposed, outlining what I suggested should be the objectives of the society, and listing the benefits that could be expected to accrue from its formation. People spoke from the floor, and such was the air of enthusiasm that there was no opposition to the proposal. However, there was a slight hitch. The meeting had not been convened as required by the Local Government Act. It was pointed out by David McCarthy that a Constitution would have to be prepared for presentation and acceptance at a meeting called by the Mayor. A steering committee would need to be formed to draw up a Constitution. The original proposal was amended to incorporate these requirements and for a steering committee with power to co-opt to be appointed. The steering committee elected by the meeting comprised David McCarthy, Rosemary McCarthy (David's wife), Helen Hanrahan, Becky Llewellyn, Gerald Rowe and myself as Convenor.

The business of cranking the machinery was thus left entirely in my hands. But there were other matters at that time that were more important to me. The Thebarton Primary School had accepted my offer to write their history which had to be ready for the October centenary celebration. On 21 March 1979 I received a letter from the Acting Town Clerk (R. W. S. Donne) inviting me to become a member of a Libraries Consultation Group, and I agreed to participate. I was in my final year of study for my B.A. degree, and I had no desire to place my results at hazard for matters of lesser importance. I was busy, and I put the historical society on the back burner. Then Iris Macdonald jogged me, asking what I was doing about the historical society, and I assured her that I would not abandon it.

I wrote to the Town Clerk, Mr. Ron Nash, on 1 June, saying:

A meeting of the steering committee of the proposed Henley and Grange Historical Society has been set for Tuesday, 10 July next at 7.30 p.m. Is it possible that the Mayor's parlour can be used on that occasion? It has been suggested to me that I ask you to consider permitting use of this facility, but should it not be possible or convenient, I am quite happy to have the meeting in my home.

Mr. Nash advised that the Mayor's parlour would be available for the meeting. As far as I remember Mr. Rowe did not actively participate in the work of the steering committee. Alderman Iris Macdonald and Mrs. Muriel White attended later. I had circulated copies of a Constitution [SRG 1] which I had written after careful examination of the constitutions of similar bodies, in order that members might examine it and come to the meeting prepared to make their several contributions. I had drawn this up not with any idea that it should be accepted *in toto* by the steering committee, and I expected, indeed, that amendments would be put. And in this I was not disappointed. David McCarthy, who was on the staff of the Council and had more knowledge of such things than I had,

made many suggestions for improvement. The result was a first draft. There were further meetings and then at a meeting held on 24 July 1979 in the Mayor's parlour, a second draft was drawn up and typed. Other items on the agenda for this meeting of the steering committee were:

2. Make whatever recommendations it [the committee] sees fit in relation to the constitution and operation of an historical society in Henley and Grange.
3. Prepare a draft report to be presented to a public meeting which will be called to officially establish the society.
4. Decide a date, time and place for the proposed public meeting.
5. Consider any other business relevant to the steering committee's terms of reference.

The result of the deliberations of that meeting was that I was able, after due consultation to send out a notice with an agenda for an *inaugural meeting* of the Henley and Grange Historical Society, to be held, the notice said, at the Mayor's Parlour on Tuesday 18 September, 1979, at 7.30 p.m. This, then, is the real birth date of our Society. The agenda items included a welcome from the new Mayor, His Worship Peter Cates, a report of the activities of the steering committee and submission of its draft constitution to the meeting, and the necessary formalities which flowed from that, including, most importantly, the adoption of the constitution. It is surely unnecessary to say that matters proceeded with full accord, except that I had omitted "Apologies" from my agenda. This important item was duly attended to.

The Report which I presented to the meeting stated in part:

".... The [Steering] Committee has met on several occasions and drawn up a Constitution. While in the process of being put together this has been circulated in the form of exposure drafts to all persons considered to be affected, interested, or able to help. It has been subjected to a good deal of scrutiny and debate, and the final draft, which is submitted to this meeting tonight, is the result of this protracted exercise. It is more complex and prolix in its provisions than many of us would like, but it must be remembered that it represents the lively oracles of some of the district's most fertile minds whose intention it is that this Society, our Society that is seen to be, should prosper, which it would be difficult for it to do without an appropriate legal passport.

I have to add only that, as Convenor of the Steering Committee, I have been somewhat dilatory in the execution of my duties. This has been due to many factors it would be both pointless and tedious to enumerate.

I commend the Constitution to you"

These necessary formalities having been concluded, Mr. Ted Hasenohr was then introduced to the meeting. He was the principal of the Henley High School, and had written a book, *W. H. Gray: a Pioneer Colonist of South Australia*, an interesting biography of his great-grandfather, self-published in 1977. The talk was appropriate, Gray having been associated with the history of the Henley and Grange area, and

encouraging because Ted Hasenohr enthralled us all with the brilliance of his address. It was a wonderful beginning.

It would be churlish not to include in an article such as this, dealing as it does with a subject not likely to be revisited, not to include mention of the valiant spirits who nurtured the new Society, ensuring its continuation. Iris Macdonald was a great trooper and organizer, who effectively organized me by sheer force of character. Ted Hasenohr was Editor of our Journal for 20 years. He enlisted my help in the preparation of the first issue, and I attended at his home in the hills for that purpose. But he really did not need me, and he spent the day entertaining me and showing me his garden of native trees. David McCarthy was invaluable in the writing of the Constitution. Helen Hanrahan, who assisted in many local organizations, was a true and faithful heart, who was always a pleasure to work with. I may have been the one to first promote the idea of the Society, but it was this group of wonderful people that made the Society what it is today. And due credit must be made to the two Mayors, Mr. Bronte Edwards and Mr. Peter Cates, who enthusiastically supported the proposal, and the Women's Service which provided supper. It is due to them and their enthusiasm, and not to me, that the Society came into being.

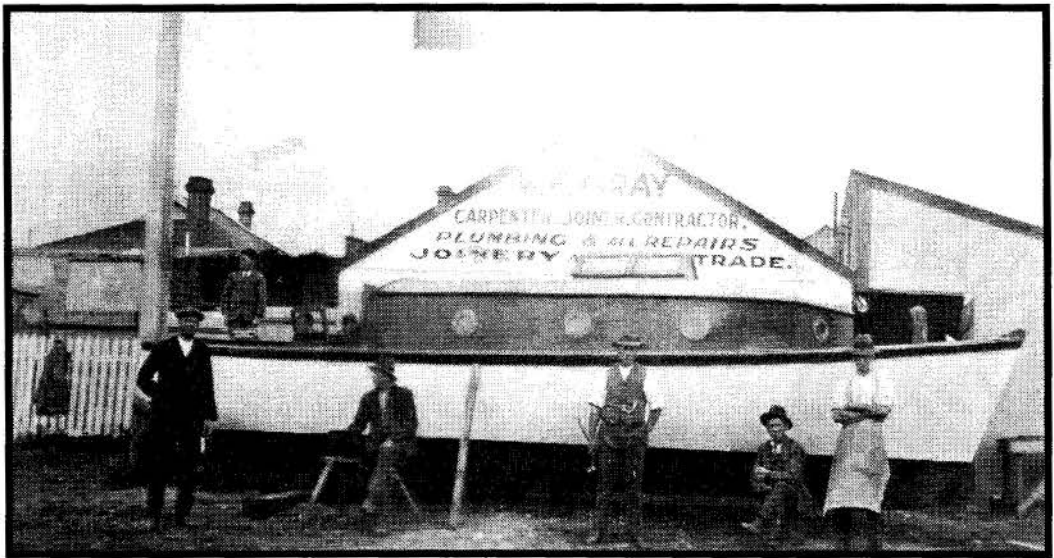
There were 37 members on the original list as published in our first Journal. Eight of these people are still on the membership list, including myself. All of us, I think, would agree that the Henley and Grange Historical Society has been well worthwhile. Long may it prosper.

Thanks to George and Audrey Willoughby for their assistance with the writing of this article.

GLEN RALPH

BUILT AND LAUNCHED AT GRANGE

(The following photographs, dated "Early 1930s", were given to the Society by Mrs. Betty Gray.)



William Frederick (Bill) Gray is on the left in the picture

William Frederick Gray (Bill) was a carpenter and joiner in Grange most of his life. His workshop was on Military Road behind the Institute Building on the corner of Beach Street and Military Road. Bill was married to Margaret Sinclair, the eldest daughter of J.H. Sinclair, first Mayor of Henley and Grange.

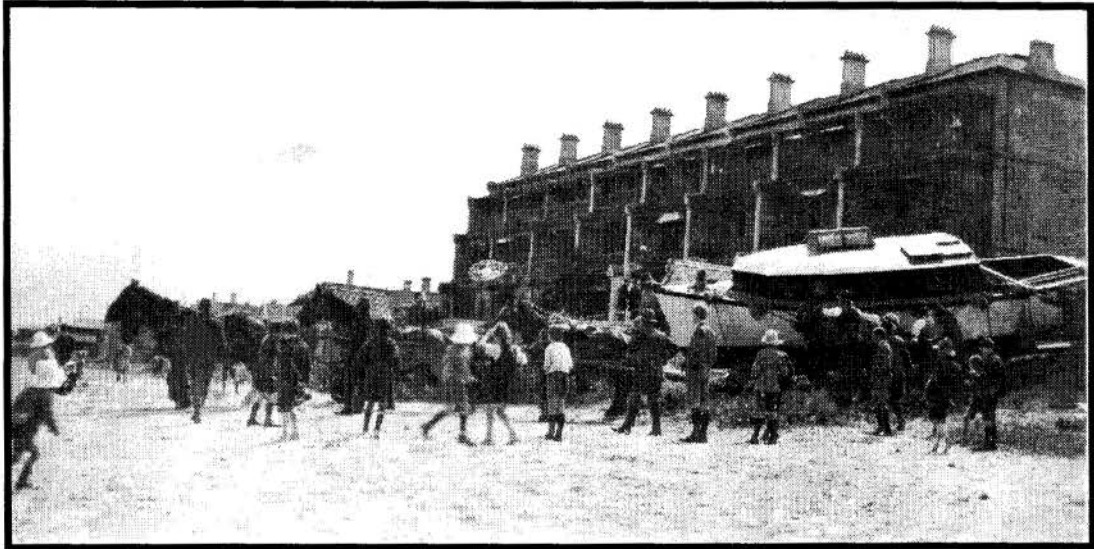
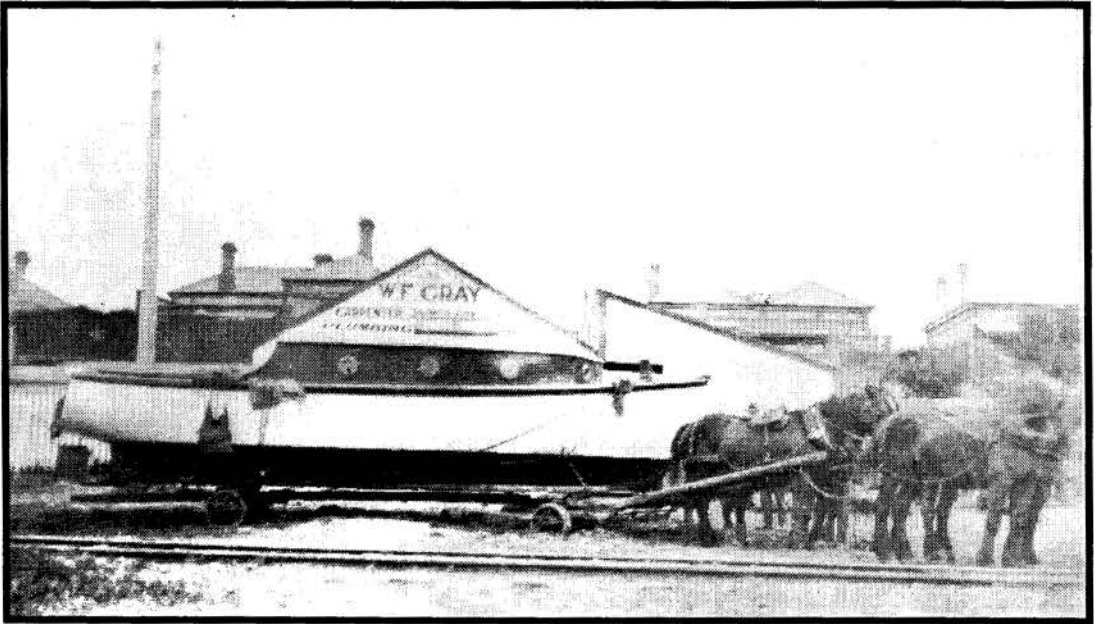
The building of the boat was one of his jobs. Unfortunately he lost the workshop and his home in the depression years. I do not know for whom the boat was built.

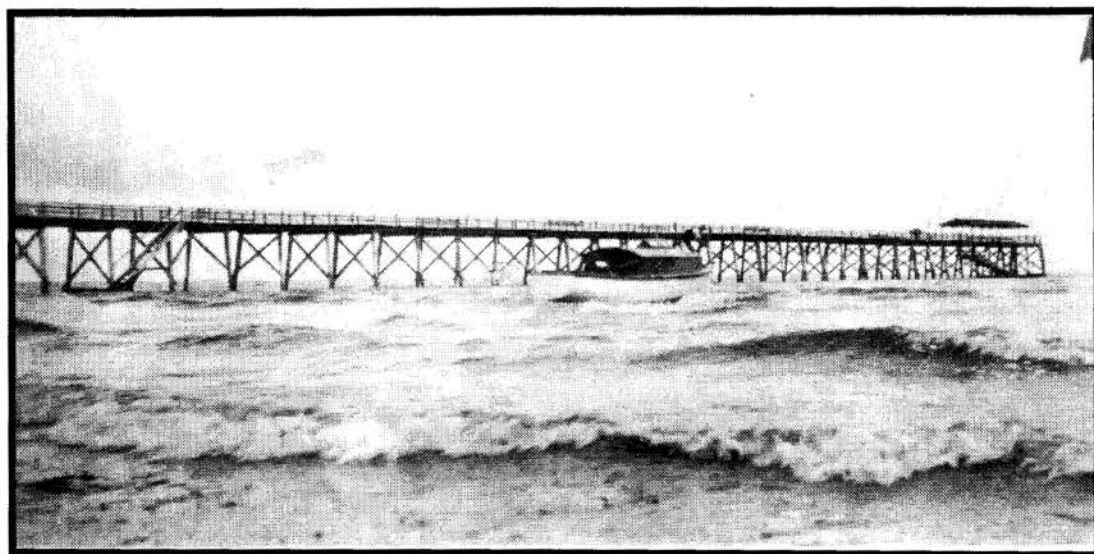
Bill's grandfather was one of the first plumbers in Adelaide (1855). The plumbing business still trades under that name although no Grays work for the company.

During the depression Bill taught Kip Mitton, Pat O'Grady and several others carpentry.

In later years he joined his son Peter in the workshop on the corner of Military Road and Albany Street, Grange. There are now four houses in that area.

BETTY GRAY
(Widow of the late Peter Gray)





MAN OF LAND AND SEA

THE JACK GAMLIN STORY



Most maritime areas throughout the world usually have a local citizen upon whom they bestow the title of “Grand Old Man Of The Sea” to denote his long association with the sea.

John William (Jack) Gamlin now aged 95 would be a worthy holder of that title for the district of Henley and Grange.

Jack, born 19 September 1909, was the first of five children (four boys, one girl) to Jack and Rose Gamlin who were then living at Reading, the County Town of Berkshire, England. They lived in a street of houses similar to those in the British TV series “Coronation Street”.

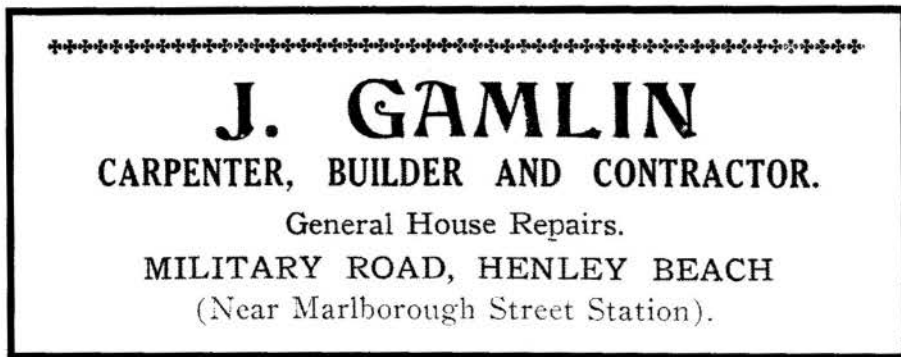
Great Britain at that time was regarded as the greatest maritime nation.

Reading is situated near the river Kennet. Jack thus has had an association with waterways since birth. The sea entered his life in 1911 when his family, who had migrated to South Australia, moved from Norwood to Henley Beach. That association with the sea was to last until his 90th year.

In 1910 Jack's father, a first class tradesman (carpenter and joiner), believing a fortune awaited those with skills, left the family behind and set off for South Australia. A second son, Clifford, had been born shortly before he left. He quickly found work, bought two houses in Orange Lane, Norwood, and sent for his family. In due course, they arrived at Outer Harbor and in Mrs. Gamlin's words "it was the most desolate place I have ever seen and not fit to raise a young family".

Jack senior soon sorted things out and the family moved into one of the Orange Lane houses and let out the other. At age five, Jack was enrolled at Norwood Primary School.

In 1919 Jack senior decided to set up as a carpenter, joiner and builder. He bought land on the western side of Military Road, Henley Beach, between Marlborough and North Streets, near the Marlborough Street Railway Station. He constructed a joiner's shop with stable, for "Laddie" the horse. The family lived in several rented houses while their freestone house was built on their land.



Advertisement from Carnival Programme, October 1924

From age ten to his thirteenth birthday Jack junior attended Grange Primary school. His father wanted him to sit for his Q.C. (Qualifying Certificate) which he did at the age of twelve. His father insisted he remain at school until he was thirteen when he could work in his business on work-sites.

It is not an exaggeration to say that the family move from Norwood to Henley Beach was to set the course for the rest of Jack's life.

With the beach a stone's throw away, Jack soon learned to enjoy it's attractions. His close association with the sea commenced soon after arriving at Henley when he became a "bailer boy" in 14-foot skiffs sailing from the Henley Sailing Club. Using a suction pump, his job was to pump water that had entered the boat, back into the sea. He soon became a crewmember of skiff "Radiant".

At age twelve he built a galvanised iron canoe and with a carpenter as his father, his craft had good quality paddles and mast.

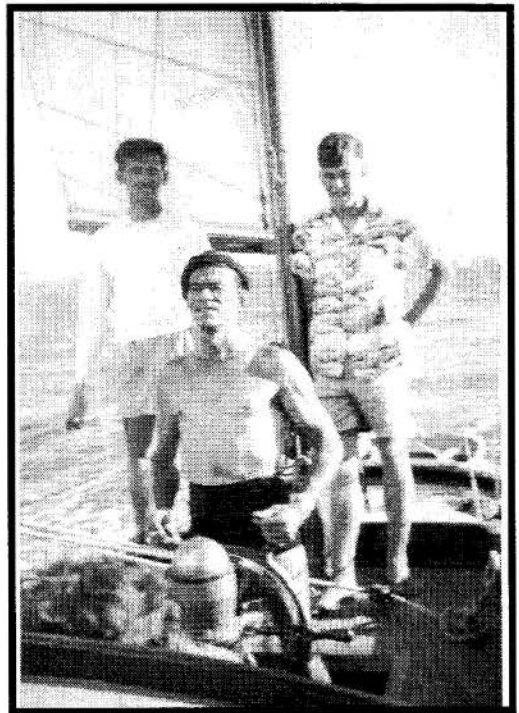
In the early 1920s the 42000 ton British battleship "HMS Hood" anchored about half a mile off Glenelg. Concerned police went out looking for Jack after he had paddled out to her. (In May 1942 *Hood* was sunk by the German battleship *Bismark* and of her 1400 crew only three survived.)

Jack's next venture was to build a canvas boat 11 foot 6 inches long, 4 foot 6 inches in the beam, with a centreboard and a sail cut down from the newly developed heavy-weight sharpie class. She was kept in a concrete shed rented from the Henley and Grange Council at Marlborough Street.

In 1941 Jack and friend Frank Henderson bought a boat built in 1932 by Charlie Armanini of Grange for £60. They named her "*Jafra*" a combination of Jack and Frank. They moved the vessel to a vacant block near the Gamlin home and in their spare time spent a year re-building her, new decks, cabin and stronger hull. Because of their war-time commitments Jack and Frank sold her in late 1944. The new owner moored her in the Royal Yacht Squadron pool at Outer Harbor. In 1956 Jack and Frank bought her back for £400. The partners then cruised and fished extensively in South Australian waters. Following Frank's death in 1971 in a car accident, Jack sold her for £4000.

Jack had become a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1956, a membership still existing. During his Royal Yacht Squadron years Jack raced and cruised in so many vessels from the Squadron that he cannot remember all of them.

To mention just a few. He was on board "*Seevogel*", skippered by Wesley Harris for the inaugural Neptune Island Race. He spent five years racing and cruising with Henry Wilckens in "*Tahuna*" which participated in the Sydney to Hobart Race in 1957.



Jack at the Wheel

Jack was always keen to crew in squadron off-shore races. In 1957 he raced aboard Keith Flint's "*Vivid*" and then "*Volante*" for the Queenscliff (Victoria) to Hobart race via the West Coast of Tasmania. At age 69 he spent six wonderful months cruising as crew aboard Bryan and Helen Price's 54 foot yawl "*Ruthean*" from Outer Harbor to Barrier Reef waters in Queensland. At Gladstone, homeward bound, he had a special night for his 70th birthday. For five years he was in the regular crew aboard Bill Harniman's "*Nyroca*". Early 1955 he toured the south island of New Zealand before going aboard "*Morning Hustler*" to be with Jamie and Anthea Cowell. They cruised the magnificent Marlborough Sound before sailing to Wellington, and along the east coast to Gisborne and Auckland where Jack left the vessel for home.

Among his other memories are a month on "*Amon Ra*" with Don and Anne Burrow; sailing on "*Warrigal*" (Dr. Kyle Gault), "*Nymphia*" (George Eimer), "*Enchantress*" (Jack and Nancy Muirhead).

Jack's butchering skills were invaluable when crews enjoyed the hospitality of the Wade family on Thistle Island. He dressed the carcass when steers were provided for superb dinners.

As a crew-man, if all he had to offer was his experience as a cook and his butchering skills, he would still have been much sought after. Sailors have to be fed and cooking on a bouncing, rocking vessel is not everyone's idea of life on the ocean wave. During his last couple of voyages, skippers were happy to accede to Jack's request that upper-deck activities be left to the younger and willing crew whilst he was happy to feed them.

Those who have sailed with Jack speak of his unfailing good humour, his infectious enthusiasm, and his ever-ready willingness to use his formidable skills with wood, brush, butcher's knife or anything else that can be of use. And whenever there was water under him nothing could stop him from fishing. As soon as the anchor was down there would be a squid-lure over the side before he baited a hook to see what else might be there.

As a "land lubber" Jack has led a full, varied and interesting life. In his teen years and as a young man he engaged in activities at work and play which built up his strength and stamina, attributes which would stand him in good stead when he "took on the sea" in all its moods and which would make him a much sought after crew man on Royal Yacht Squadron members' racing and cruising yachts.

Upon completing his schooling at thirteen, and even before, he and brother Clifford had the muscle-building task of unloading bricks delivered by the brick manufacturers (Halletts) and then transferring them to the building site for the bricklayer.

In the early days of the great depression he rode his bike for miles, looking for work. Riding to Mount Lofty he obtained work with a butcher and learned how to slaughter and treat meat. He also delivered, on horseback, in the Mount Lofty Crafers area. His parents at one stage bought a cake shop, "Oscar DeLaines", in the building on Seaview Road opposite the Ramsgate Hotel. Jack helped with the baking and selling of the cakes. A florist now occupies the shop.

At eighteen, Jack joined the South Australian Light-horse Regiment, the Adelaide Lancers. At his wedding at age twenty-four to Ethel Thomas of Torrensville in Holy Trinity Church, North Terrace, his Light-horse companions provided an archway of swords and lances.

With sword and lance, the Regiment competed against the Mounted Police at the Wayville Showgrounds at tent-pegging. At twenty-one he joined the Third Field Company Engineers as a sergeant. At eighteen he had rejoined his father in his business. On the "*Minnipa*", they journeyed to Port Lincoln where they had the contract to build workshops for the Engineering and Water Supply Department.

At this time Jack was quite muscular and keen to compete against those of the same age at boxing, wrestling and weight lifting. With his father's permission, he and friends converted a 60 foot by 30 foot work-shop at the back of his home into a gymnasium with a full-size boxing and wrestling ring, punch bags and balls. Other space was used for skipping etcetera. He competed in boxing contests held in the pigeon hall on the south side of the Bakewell Bridge. "I was never that good, won some, lost some, kept on hoping".

He also began taking an interest in music playing a Larry Adler harmonica and Hawaiian steel guitar. With mates, they formed a hill-billy band, the "Bar X Boys". Among venues they played at were Estcourt House, Yatala Prison and the Bert Woolley Show on 5DN.

Jack has always considered living in Henley Beach a great bonus. He was able to take part in swimming, water sports, fishing, sailing, jumping horses over seaweed hurdles and roaming the sandhills. The local Police Officer, Sergeant Kroemer, had all the youths bluffed. "If he caught you stealing water melons or other products from gardens it was a kick up the back-side and your parents told for more punishment."

Jack's father was a sub-contractor (carpentry) for the building of the Henley and Grange Town Hall in the early 1920s. Second fittings of such items as windows, doors, floors and stage were his responsibility. Barely in his teens, Jack assisted his father in the construction of these items. Mr. H. Naylor was the main builder.

At one stage Jack worked for the Henley and Grange Council and became a familiar figure in the district driving his own truck, doing all manner of work. Bill Winwood was Town Clerk and when he enlisted Reg Tucker took over.

Early in World War II Jack joined the Allied Works Council (AWC) and was posted to Amberley Airfield in Queensland where he took part in the building of the hospital and barracks to accommodate the expected arrival of American forces.

With his building experience Jack was soon made overseer of a large work gang. After the Darwin raids he was moved there to restore service buildings. He continued to move around the country doing similar work.

Post War he worked for boat builders R. T. Searle and Sons at Port Adelaide for two years. For the rest of his working life on land, he was engaged in senior positions in the building, construction and manufacturing industries.

At age sixty-six, he decided it was time for his "BSC" - boozing, snoozing and cruising. He accomplished twenty-five more years of the latter; how much of the first two he accomplished is not recorded.

After a cruise to Port Lincoln at age ninety in "*Haiku*" a yacht skippered and owned by Duncan Hart, he decided it was time to "drop anchor for the last time".

Truly a man with salt water in his veins!

Jack has been a member of the society since 1989. He and wife Ethel are residents of St. Laurence's Court.

After reading a draft of the article, Jack was asked to comment on his life.

He wrote:

"I wish I could live it all over again. With Ethel my wife for over 70 wonderful years during which we were blessed with two great children, Ross and Gail, I have many memories of friends, past and present, and the extreme pleasure of having four grandsons and now five great-grandchildren. At least I can wish.

Farewell and keep smiling."

SOURCES:

Jack Gamlin
Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron Quarterly, Volume 8 Issue 1,
March 1994



THE HENLEY BEACH CATHOLIC TENNIS CLUB

Before World War II

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church was built in 1919, its site purchased in May 1915, being two blocks on Seaview Road at the north-east corner of Marlborough Street. Seaview Road ran along the crest of what had been sand hills sloping down to the Esplanade to the west and Military Road to the east. The fall of the land to Military Road created a problem when tennis courts were built alongside the Church later on.

The Church stood at the north side of the property. This gave an opportunity for a few parishioners, ten years after it was built, to consider building two tennis courts on the Church grounds. The decision to proceed must have been made just before or just after the great depression plunged the world into financial chaos.

Phil Griffin and Ivor Thompson were the main contributors to the success of the project. Phil was experienced in both business and tennis affairs - accountant for Dalgety's, a large pastoral company, Vice President of the South Australian Catholic Lawn Tennis Association and a member of its tournament committee. He managed the project until completion. Ivor Thompson was his very able right hand man. Ivor was a jack of all trades and master of most. He not only played tennis, he made his own tennis racquets. He must have been adventurous; it is understood that on one occasion he was a member of a crew which sailed a yacht from Adelaide to Sydney. His practical knowledge was invaluable in overseeing construction and handling problems related to work in hand.

Work must have commenced soon after it was decided to go ahead with the project. The downward slope of the land from Seaview Road to Military Road meant a lot of site work had to be done to provide two level areas before the courts could be constructed. A lot of sandy soil was shifted up to the Seaview Road side of the site and levelled and a lot redistributed or, perhaps, carted away. The required level areas were eventually prepared. About five vertical feet were between the two planes. A retaining wall of wood railway sleepers was built between the two levels and the courts constructed. This done, a twelve foot high galvanised post and wire netting ball stop was erected along the north end of the lower court and continued on the eastern side and the Marlborough Street end, then along the back of the upper courts with a right angle turn taking it along the Seaview Road frontage for a few yards. A wire gate gave entrance from Marlborough Street to the high ground of the upper court.

Despite the extensive site works, the non-existence of suitable machinery to help with such work and the difficult financial conditions of the depression, the courts were completed by 1930.

The Henley Beach Catholic Tennis Club was formed soon after and joined the South Australian Lawn Tennis Association. The Association ran A, B and C grade competitions. The club entered a team in both A and B grades.

Players had the opportunity to play in the Association's annual tournaments. The seventh was held in 1930. There were Open, B grade and C grade singles and doubles for both men and women, also mixed doubles. Entrance fees were four shillings for singles and six shillings per pair for doubles. Prizes for the winners were racquets for singles and trophies for doubles.

About the time the club was formed, Father James Kiernan came to Henley Beach to assist the parish priest, Father James Reynolds, who had been given additional responsibilities at a new church at Flinders Park.

Father Kiernan had a very good rapport with young people. He was a good tennis player and liked to have a game on the new courts. He took a keen interest in the tennis club, coaching several of the young players. On one occasion he took three or four of them to the State Championships at the Memorial Drive Tennis Courts where players they saw included Maier Menzel of Germany, Giorgio de Stephani of Italy and Australian champions Jack Crawford and Vivian McGrath, believed to be the first double handed back hander. Father Kiernan widely promoted the Club's opening day each season.

Opening day was a highlight of the Club's early seasons, not only for members but for local residents as well, particularly those who played tennis or were interested in it. It came about because of a thought by Phil Griffith to have champion tennis players play exhibition games on opening day. He spoke to Dr. Gar Hone about what he had in mind.

Dr. Hone lived on the beach side of Seaview Road opposite the tennis courts. He was a leading South Australian tennis player, good enough to hold his own against internationals.

Dr. Hone agreed to ask leading players whether they would be willing to play exhibition doubles on the Club's opening day. He spoke to both men and women players, getting affirmative replies. And so opening day became an occasion when four champions would walk on to the top court about eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning to play exhibition doubles. Among those remembered being on the court are Adrian Quist, Don Turnbull and Len Schwarz who, in the thirties, were three of a team of four which left Australia by ship to play Davis Cup ties in other countries, Max Newcombe, Gar Hone and Gwen O'Halloran who was ranked South Australia's number one woman for quite a few years. The gallery watched from courtside and over the fence from the Seaview Road footpath.

These opening day exhibition doubles continued until World War II.

Association A, B and C grade matches were played on Saturday afternoons commencing at 1.00 pm. Teams comprised of four men and four women; all played singles and doubles. It is understood one nine game set was played for both singles and doubles. At home games there was no chance for teams to socialise over a formal afternoon tea. Tea was prepared in a small room in the south east corner of the Church. Two seats were placed against the Church wall and tea served there as players came off the court after finishing their games. There was no shelter for protection.

There were also no change rooms or shed to store the nets, balls and other items. The toilet block doubled for both. A trip down and up fifteen steps had to be made to get and take back nets. The lower court backstop made the up and down fifteen step trip necessary to get a net for that court.

The courts were soon known as top and bottom. The bottom court had a better playing surface but a disadvantage. The backstops at each end, because of the area of land that had been available for it, were too close to the baselines. And there was insufficient distance between the side stop on the Military Road side and the side line - the same problem on the other side between the sideline and the retaining wall. All this made it impossible for a player to run any distance from the court to return a ball into play.

There was one backstop for the top court - at the Marlborough Street end. The Church wall served this purpose at the other end. This court had the advantage of having plenty of space outside the marked playing area for running players to return the ball into play. A minor problem was the court surface falling a few inches to a lower level some three feet behind the base line at the Church end. Players had a liking for the top court.

The Club functioned very well without committees, even for selecting teams - Phil Griffith and Ivor Thompson took care of that matter. During the week Ivor went along to Phil's home and in the dining room selected the A and B teams for next Saturdays games.

In January of the 1931 season, following the opening of the Henley Beach courts, the Australian Catholic Lawn Tennis Association held its tournament in Adelaide. The Henley Beach Club helped to entertain the interstate visitors. It held a successful dance for them although the night was hot. However, the heat made for later enjoyment as the dancers went down to the beach to cool off with a late night swim.

In that year Henley's B grade team was very competitive and reached the final. It was denied ultimate success by the smallest possible margin - one game. It had to be content as runner-up.

Clubs Henley Beach played competition matches against included Norwood, St. Francis, Dulwich, Keswick and South Park (2). St. Francis and Keswick were very strong. Three Taylor brothers played for Keswick, John, Laurie and Don. Each had a long League football playing career, aggregate games played passed only by the three Hank brothers of West Torrens. Don, a brilliant footballer, and Laurie played interstate football for South Australia.

Some clubs with churches near Greenhill Road used parkland courts. For Henley Beach players this meant a long walk from a Keswick tram stop along Greenhill Road to the courts. Tennis attire, particularly in the first half of the thirties, was unsuitable for the hot weather of summer. It consisted of long white trousers and long sleeve white shirts for men - just above the ankle length white dresses for women. There were no facilities near most of these parkland courts. A change of clothing was known to be made in the bed of a creek.



Trams were the usual form of transport - trains occasionally. Tram travel to matches in the northern, eastern and southern suburbs meant changing trams at the King William Street end of Currie Street as that was the City terminus for trams from Henley Beach. The tram stop or railway station nearest to the courts often meant a long walk there and back.

The courts showed signs of wear a few seasons after the Club was formed. It was decided to resurface them with malthoid. Strips of wood were laid a yard apart, then layers of malthoid poured between them. The wooden strips were removed after the malthoid began to lift, then peel off, leaving all sorts of gaps, small and large. It was a disaster, however a disaster which was overcome by using a more conventional method of resurfacing when the work was done again.

In 1936 the B grade team, which had been relegated to runner-up in 1931 by just one game, made the final again and this time was successful, winning the Association shield. Members of the team were:

Women Joan Clark, Gladys Rippin, Nora Forrester and Nora Lillecrappe
Men Michael Brady, Fred Thompson, Sid Knight and Alan Hallett

Ben Starrs made a conspicuous appearance on the court one day wearing shorts, the Club's first player to make this sensible decision.

The courts remained until the late '50s when the courts area provided the site for the new Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church, opened in December 1958.

RON CASSIDY

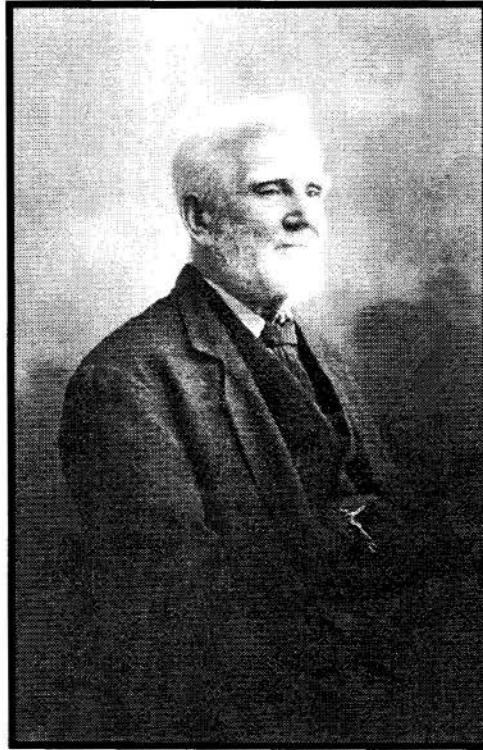
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

Mr. Joe Griffith *

"A strip of seashore known as Henley Beach", Frank Sweeney

- Mr. Joe Griffith, son of Phil Griffith featured in the article, and a Club playing member in the 1930s, for information, photo and assistance.

HERBERT BERRY - THE GARDENER'S SON



The story of Herbert Berry and his family's association with the explorer Captain Charles Sturt first gained public prominence in 1927 when an article titled "Link With Sturt" was published in the Adelaide "Mail", on 5 November. That article reported that *"Having lived at Grange with Capt. Sturt nearly 80 years ago, Mr. Herbert Berry, of Beverly, who on Wednesday celebrated his eighty second birthday, is one of the few remaining links with the great Australian Explorer"*. The article went on to record that in his 82nd year this remarkable man was still actively working as a blacksmith, which trade he had followed for more than 60 years, that he was a Rechabite of some 50 years who continued to be the secretary of Lodge, Albert Trench No. 5, which position he had held for 40 years, that for more than 60 years he had attended the Kilkenny Church of England Mission Church, which he and two other men had built, and of which he had been church organist for 27 years.

The article further recorded *"As a lad of five Herbert and his brother William Henry played with the Sturt children (Charlotte Eyre and her brother Charles) and went fishing with them in the adjacent creek that is now known as the Port River. He also remembers Captain Sturt in 1850 as a tall and kindly middle-aged man, who was ever ready to invite the children of his gardener to have a meal with the Sturt family, and that the stream which now runs in front of Sturt's old residence at Grange used to run behind the house when Sturt lived there and that the country was much more swampy than it is now"*.



*Watercolour of gum trees behind Captain Sturt's Home by Lt. E. Frome, c 1849
This is how Herbert Berry would have seen the property in 1850 - 1853*

Herbert Berry was the fourth child of John and Elizabeth Berry, born in England, on 2 November 1845. He arrived in the colony of South Australia on 11 December 1849, on board the “*Ramilles*”, in the company of his parents, an older brother (William Henry), and his two sisters (Charlotte and Hester), all of whom were travelling as Government Immigrants in Steerage.

Herbert's father, John Berry, is recorded as following the occupation of “Cellarman, China Painter and Gardener” and as stated in “*The Mail*”, in 1850 he was employed by Captain Charles Sturt to be his “gardener” at “Grange” which at that time was the Sturt family home, and where John Berry's last child, Alfred George, was to be born in December 1851. The Berry family lived on the property in a cottage close to “Grange” until 1853 when Captain Charles Sturt and his family departed for England. The oral history of the descendants of the Berry family records that the children of both families were playmates until that sad day when the Sturt family left for Port Adelaide in a bullock dray driven over the sand hills by John Berry. The Berry children climbed to the top of a nearby sand hill from which William Henry waved goodbye, using a red handkerchief, until their childhood friends passed from their sight forever. Today that handkerchief remains a treasured family possession in the hands of Herbert Berry's grandson, Malcolm, who still resides in the suburb of Grange.

Historians are also indebted to the Berry family for preserving a valuable fragment of Captain Charles Sturt's famous central expedition of 1844-1846. The oral history of the Berry family again records that prior to his departure for England in 1853, Captain Sturt gave John Berry a box of papers and books with instructions that they be burned. Fortunately for posterity he disobeyed his master's instructions, since those papers included a prayer book used by Sturt on his central expedition and another of approximately one hundred sheets of lined paper sewn and bound between hard covers. Those bound papers contained a record in Sturt's own handwriting, of events that occurred on his central expedition between 8 April 1845 and 10 November 1845 and they remained in the Berry family until 1904, at which time the State Library of South

Australia purchased them from Herbert's younger brother Alfred Berry. Today those bound documents are held in the Mortlock Library, where they are catalogued as PRG 2/15 (formerly V28) and continue to fascinate historians and researchers alike, since they form an authoritative and controversial record that is markedly different from what has come to be regarded as "Sturt's official record" of that famous expedition.

Following the departure of Captain Sturt and his family for England, John Berry and his family went to live upon the banks of the Torrens River at Fulham. One of the most vivid memories retained by Herbert Berry was of the grand old pioneer Mr. "John White" who, though a wealthy man, used to wear a white smock when he rode to Adelaide, and used to kill a bullock once a week upon the "White Estate", so that persons nearby could get cheap meat.

After a few years at Fulham, the Berry family next went to live at Hindmarsh where Herbert Berry attended the school of a Mr. Chambers, but his scholastic career came to an abrupt end on 8 August 1859 when the ill-fated "*Admella*" was wrecked with the loss of eighty lives. Mr. Chamber's son was amongst those on board the ship who lost their lives by drowning, and as a consequence of his grief he closed the Chambers academy of learning. Herbert next went to work on farms at Yankalilla and Two Wells and then as a young man became apprenticed to a blacksmith, which trade he followed for the rest of his active working life.

On 1 January 1873, Herbert Berry married Elizabeth Musgrave, and they established their family home on an acre of land that adjoined Princes Square, at Beverly. They had nine children (eight sons and one daughter), and enjoyed a long and happy marriage until Elizabeth's death in November 1923. Family research also indicated that Henry Berry had made a good match since Elizabeth Musgrave was an interesting lady in her own right, in that she was a distant relative of the Governor of South Australia, Sir Anthony Musgrave (1873-1877), and that "on occasions" Elizabeth received a visit from Sir Anthony.



Herbert and Elizabeth

Herbert Berry's older brother William Henry, who was known to all as "Henry", was also an interesting character who has left us another anecdotal record concerning Captain Charles Sturt and his family, in an article published by the "Adelaide Advertiser", on 5 June 1953. In that article a Mr. D. Dingle of Clarendon recalled that many years ago "*Mr. Henry Berry of Woodville told him that Mr. Justice Cooper lived in Capt. Sturt's house at Grange after the family went to England. That Judge Cooper planted the palms in front of the house*". Mr. Dingle also recalled that Mr. Berry had told him "*They cooked guinea fowl eggs in the reeds and played natives on Queen Victoria's Birthday, May 24, on which occasion the natives would gather on the old recreation ground south of the house where Captain Sturt would distribute blankets,*

sugar and other provisions to them, following which they would hold a *corroboree*'. It was also recalled that many years later, Henry Berry, who never married, wrote a letter to Charlotte Eyre (Missy) Sturt, who responded to his letter via a friend explaining that her sight was near gone but that she wished for a photograph of her old home. Henry provided the photograph as requested and that was the end of their correspondence. Henry Berry died in 1916 and Charlotte Eyre Sturt died at Upper Norwood in England in 1928.

Herbert Berry was to outlive all his sisters and brothers, and all but three of his nine children. He continued to lead an active and contented life until he died on 25 November 1933, aged 88 years, and was buried beside his wife and other family members in the Cheltenham cemetery. He was in every way a remarkable and modest man and with his passing he broke the last link between the Sturt and Berry children who had lived and played together at "Grange" in that time in our colonial past, when the Colony of South Australia was still young and the explorer Captain Charles Sturt lived amongst us.



Berry Family Grave Plot – Cheltenham Cemetery

Elizabeth Berry (nee Musgrave) 8/12/1849 to 29/7/1923

Herbert Berry 2/11/1845 to 25/11/1933

Mary Elizabeth Berry (the only daughter) 8/12/1877 to 7/12/1879

Aloiza James Berry (their son) 6/4/1880 to 2/5/1881

Henry Martin (their son) 1/12/1873 to 6/9/1914

His wife Lydia died 17/6/1957 aged 83 years

FIFTY YEARS AGO : 1954

The West Beach Reserve Adelaide Shores

In 1954 the South Australian government announced plans for a large reserve at West Beach to be managed by a trust made up of the three neighbouring councils and an independent chairman. For much of this period the name West Beach Reserve has been used. The area was renamed Adelaide Shores in 1999.

When to observe this anniversary is problematic.

Is this anniversary observed fifty years after the state government made the initial announcement, when the Act of Parliament was passed, when the West Beach Trust was first constituted or when actual work began on the site? Adelaide Shores celebrated their anniversary over the period from September 2003 until April 2004.

The land

The area originally formed part of land holdings of W H Gray. His metropolitan landholdings stretched from *Frogmore* in the NE corner of present-day West Beach across to and including, most of North Glenelg. His farmlands extended towards Adelaide and included the present-day airport. Gray owned other suburban land, country properties, areas in the Northern Territory and the North West corner of Adelaide. Gray Street, near West Terrace, recognises his city connection. The land included the trust area had passed to his son Percy Gray who had a house in this area (see in 1913 map).

Much of the area behind the coastal sandhills was very swampy. The Torrens River, Brownhill Creek, Keswick Creek and Sturt River all drained into this area. Floodwaters had to escape via the Patawalonga Creek (the Pat) or through the reedbeds to the Port River. When the artificial Torrens mouth was constructed, the high bank meant the Patawalonga estuary alone had to drain this area, subject to tidal influences. Drains were previously made on the Gray farm to channel water into the Patawalonga.

Many will have memories of this area before development. Along the beach was a line of shacks in all states of repair, behind these were high sandhills extending back to an unsealed and rough Military Road. Boxthorns introduced as hedging plants, had spread everywhere and there were still some trees along the banks of the Pat.

Subdivision of West Beach

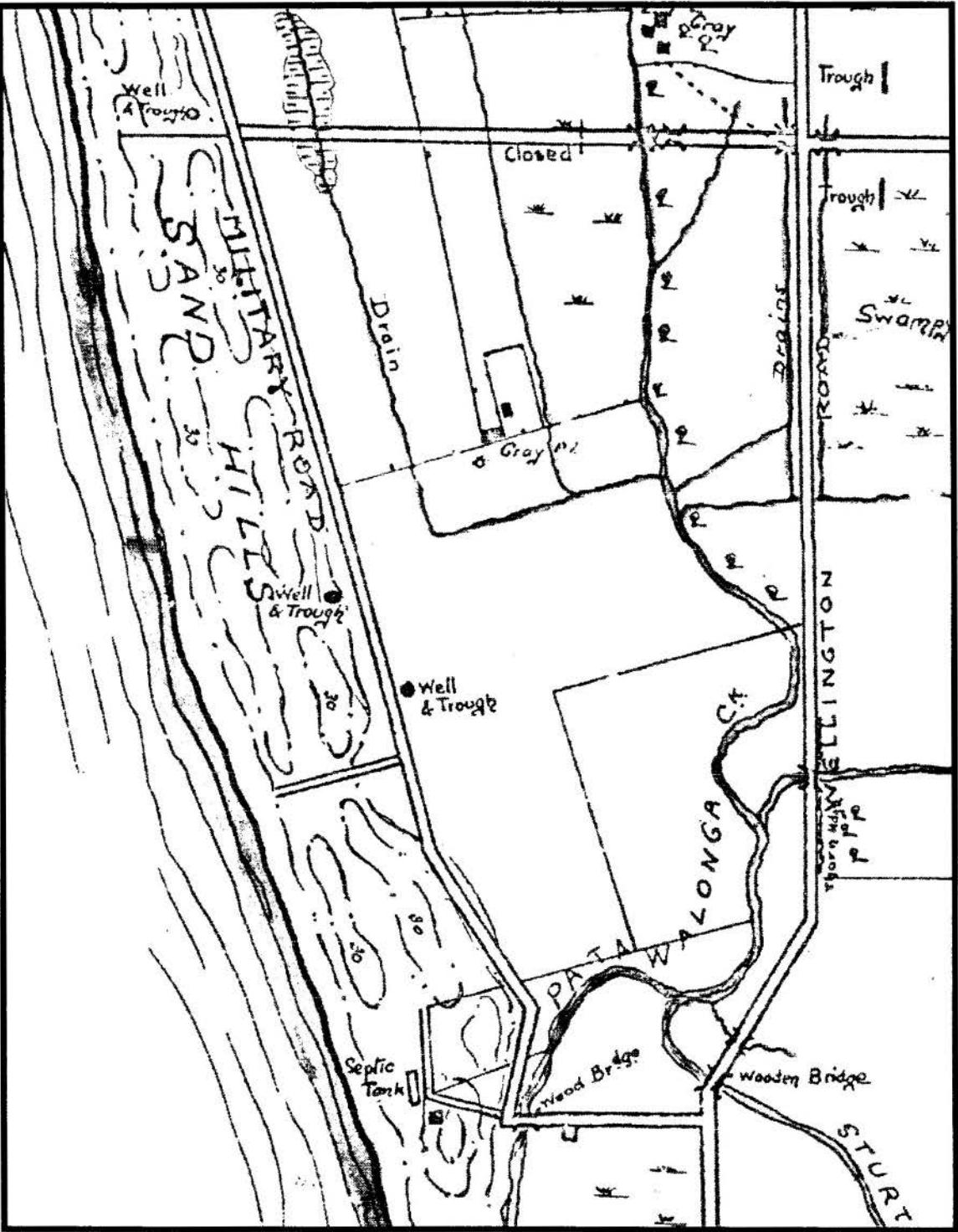
Sales of the building blocks began in 1930 but only a few houses were built prior to the war. The subdivision would probably have spread along the sand hills but for the airport's plan to build a parallel SW runway making the land unsuitable for residential use. The approach to the NW runway left another unusable slice of land in the built up Housing Trust area.

Housing Trust

The South Australian Housing Trust built 177 houses and held more land across West Beach Rd. fronting Tapleys Hill Rd., for future expansion. The announcement of the preferred new airport site at West Beach meant this land was now unsuitable for housing.

Airport Plans

The site was investigated in 1945 by the Department of Civil Aviation and Cabinet approval came in January 1946. Land acquisitions were completed in the same year and construction commenced in 1947. The airport opened in December 1954.



Section of *Sketch Plan of Glenelg-Henley Beach Area* 13 August 1913

Scale 1:15840

The Australian Intelligence Corps
from copy held in Mortlock Library
The E-W road at the top is the present day Burbridge Rd. Wellington Rd. is Tapley's Hill Rd.
Military Rd. continued across the 'Wood Bridge'.

The Trust Proposal

The first public announcement was made in 1954 and the Act to set up the West Beach Recreation Reserve received the governor's assent on 23 December 1954. The Trust was appointed on 3 March 1955 with three representatives each from West Torrens and Glenelg Councils and A J Baker (Director, Tourist Bureau) as the chairman. Both councils and the state government made financial contributions.

Henley and Grange did not join the Trust at first. In September 1957 they were invited to join but they had to match payments already made by the others. The council was to join later.



"Hop in, the water's fine!"

Early planning was complicated by uncertainties over future SW runway extensions, plans for a parallel SW runway and the possible re-alignment of Tapley's Hill Road. The Trust had to establish an administration, arrange sub-leases for its 'tenants', make by-laws and arrange finances. There were proposals for a motel, speedway, drive-in theatre and Shell service station in the early years. It was said by the first chairman that it would take 50 years to develop the reserve and this has proved an accurate statement.

Work Commences

The caravan park was the first big development and has been an ongoing success. The rear sand dunes were levelled with sand being sold to the airport to fill swampy land. Many sporting organisations negotiated leases and moved onto the reserve. Glenelg and West Torrens Councils used land near Tapley's Hill Road as a rubbish tip. At one stage rubbish was collected and covered at night to stop birds being a danger to planes.

Golf Links

The original Westward Ho golf links were constructed before the West Beach Trust started operations. A group of businessmen leased land in the southwest corner of Tapley's Hill and West Beach Roads from the Department of Civil Aviation. This area is currently a service station, a drying site for mud dredged from the Patawalonga basin and land leased to the Trust. The Trust took over the Westward Ho lease on 1 July 1957. In 1952 the first golf club was formed. When the Trust commenced operations this club ceased but was later revived in 1955. The present club dates from August 1957. The club has now built its own clubhouse adjacent to the two golf courses run by the Trust. The present golf facilities are another Trust success story. A smaller golf course was constructed near Marineland; later this was closed to create space for the development site.

Marineland

The story of Marineland is very complex and deserves an article in its own right. Events are comparatively recent in historical terms and very emotive for some. A lease to build Marineland was granted to A J Boss in 1968 and it opened in March 1969. The Trust took over the lease in 1973 and operated it until 1985. Marineland became embroiled in redevelopment proposals and protests. Public opinion was changing towards keeping dolphins in captivity and others were opposing any form of coastal building developments. Two developers made proposals- Tribond and later ZhenYun, the commercial arm of a Chinese regional government. Marineland Village was shifted further south in order to create a larger development site. Nothing came of these proposals and a parliamentary enquiry held in 1992 estimated a \$10m loss to the state. All this occurred during a state government push to see major developments take place in Adelaide. A new act had lessened local control of the Trust, this occurred in December 1973.

A fisheries research establishment, SARDI, was sited near Marineland to share the costs of a common sea water supply system.

The Woolshed

Eventually the development site was used to construct a large woolshed. This had daily shearing demonstrations and displays about the wool industry. This is now a function centre.

Sand hill Loss

Generally most of the fore-dunes have been preserved by using controlled walkways. Some loss of dunes started with the location of Sea Rescue clubrooms, then the Holdfast Bay Yacht Club moved there from Glenelg. Now this area has the new boat ramp, The Adelaide Sailing Club (an amalgamation of Glenelg SC and Holdfast bay YC) and extra facilities for Sea Rescue. The newer developments were caused by the Holdfast Shores scheme at Glenelg involving the state government relocating the ramp and sailing club.

The Reserve today

West Beach Reserve/Adelaide Shores is one of Adelaide’s better features. It is a fine collection of recreational facilities which manages to preserve a large green belt area. Whether this was government foresight 50 years ago or one of the better results of having a metropolitan airport is open to debate. The green belt maintained by the Reserve can be contrasted on Tapley’s Hill Road with the airport land. To the east the airport authorities are infilling the open spaces with buildings and billboards; on the west they allowed a service station.

PETER WYLD

SOURCES

Space does not allow for a full history of the Reserve and some aspects have not been fully researched.

E Hasenohr	<u>W H Gray</u>	Adelaide 1977	The Author
W H Jeanes	<u>Historic Glenelg</u>	Glenelg 1979	Glenelg Corporation
P Donovan	<u>Between The City And The Sea</u>	Adelaide 1986	Wakefield
The Trust	<u>Update No 1</u>		Sep 1973
The Trust	<u>Update No 2</u>		Nov 1994
SA Parliament	<u>Inquiry into the continued existence of the West Beach Trust</u>		pp 182 1993
Norm Mitchell’s cartoon is from the <i>News</i> 1954			

FIFTY YEARS AGO

FORESHORE IMPROVEMENTS OPENED AT HENLEY BEACH

On Saturday afternoon 19 December 1954, the Governor Sir Robert George visited Henley Beach to officially open repairs to the storm damaged coastline. In the *Advertiser* on the following Monday, a photo showed him meeting surf boat crew L.Bailey and P.Abbott.

Support For Foreshores Praised

The Government had generously supported beach councils in repairing storm-damaged foreshores, the Governor (Sir Robert George) said on Saturday.

He was opening the new Henley Beach foreshore.

Henley residents could be proud of their new foreshore, which had been built at little cost to ratepayers, he said.

Sir Robert George unveiled two tablets on the jetty to mark the occasion and opened a new St. John Ambulance room.

“Advertiser” Mon 20 December 1954

The 1953 Storm

On Monday 18 May a severe storm damaged most of the seawalls along the Adelaide foreshore. The barometer was at its lowest about 6am and rose during the day as the storm reached a peak during the afternoon. The maximum wind speed was 107.8 km/h at 4-45pm.

At Port Adelaide the high tide reached 4.60m at 6-39pm when the predicted tide was 2.71, nearly 2 metres higher. (Note: these measurement were taken on an old datum)

Along the Henley and Grange Council foreshore many kiosks and toilet blocks were destroyed, including the locker room of the Henley Pool. At Henley, Marlborough and Kirkcaldy the beach was eroded up to the road in places. Damage was limited at the Grange Jetty beachfront, to the erosion of sand hills to the South.

Sea Shore Damage Committee

This Group was formed by the state government, to plan and help councils make repairs or take long term measures for better coastal protection. Due to the earlier removal of protective sand hills this need for an artificially managed coastline continues to this day.

The committee produced a photo album of the storm damaged coastline. A copy was presented to Town Clerk Ron Nash and is now in the Society's collection.

PETER WYLD



*Above Grange - north of jetty
21 May 1953*

Below August 2004





*Above Henley Beach near North Street
300m north of jetty
21 May 1953*

Below August 2004



SOME STORIES ABOUT THE FIRST TWO GENERATIONS OF THE JOHNS FAMILY IN HENLEY BEACH

By Gordon Johns - a member of the Third Generation

I am in my eightieth year, as I start to recount the story of some of my family in Henley Beach for the Journal of the Henley and Grange Historical Society, where I have been a member since about 1982. In 1983 I gave a talk on my early memories of Henley and Grange in the 30s and 40s when I was a child and an adolescent. In 1999 I prepared an article about my primary schooldays in the early thirties, in connection with the 75th Anniversary of Henley Primary School.

The progenitor of our second and third generations, James Henry Johns was born at St. Ewe in Cornwall on 13 June 1857, the second son of James Johns and Mary Ann Taylor. It is believed that older brother Joseph and Grandfather tossed a coin to see who would go where. Joe went to Nebraska and James Henry came to South Australia in 1879. It is not really known who won or lost, but when Grandfather landed at Port Adelaide, sometime known as Port Misery, ostensibly with only two shillings in his pocket, he may have felt that he had lost.

It is presumed that Grandfather must have had some training as a butcher in Cornwall. His sister Bessie's husband, Samuel Gay, was also a butcher. There is a J. Johns listed in the South Australian Directory for 1882, as a butcher at Bayswater near Port Adelaide. From there was a move to Woodville, which included deliveries to the Henley Beach area and he became so popular with the locals, that he was invited to set up business in the Henley Square area and the sign about the shop in Main Street for many years read: ESTABLISHED 1888.

In the meantime he courted and won Miss Sarah Jane Underwood, and they were married at St. Margaret's Church, Woodville on 4 June 1884. Our maternal Grandmother was born at Woodville on 2 May 1861, the third child of Henry Underwood Snr and Bridget Ann Lalley, who'd married in 1857. Bridget came to Australia as a single migrant from County Galway and was married at 18. Henry had migrated to the Gawler area in 1851.

From 1885 to 1898, James and Sarah raised a family of five sons, (very suitable for the butchering game) and two daughters. It is believed that Grandmother birthed eleven babies, including a set of twins, and reared seven. Nothing much is known of the deceased infants. There is a story that Grandmother, who had flaming red hair when young, had been on a ship which went to Japan as a teenager, looking after children and she has learned a few words of Japanese. A high adventure for one so young.

The first fruit of their union was Percy, born 21 April 1885, followed by Alfred, 1886, then Ruby in 1888 and Leonard Roy in 1892, with Lucy in 1894, born in the dwelling behind the shop. Then Stanley Gordon (my father) on 8 October 1895, followed by Clifford Jameson 7 December 1898. They all had nicknames except Aunty Ruby. Percy was 'Fat', Arthur was known as Mick or Howie, Len was 'Butch' or 'Butcher' and my father was 'Waxy', a name which I inherited as a kid and I absolutely hated it. Cliff was 'Long un', being tall, whereas Percy and Stan tended to have 'ducks disease', with short legs and bottoms too close to the ground. Lucy was referred to as 'Bridget' by her brothers, after her grandmother; but woe betides anyone in our third generation who called her that: in an age where one gave respect to their elders and children were seen, and not heard. I was aware that Uncle Cliff was also sometimes called 'Kicky'. All the family received their primary education, by trudging to Grange School, at least a mile and a half from Henley Square.

In their turn all the lads joined the business and worked for Grandfather. There is a story on one occasion, that some of the older boys (no idea who) out till very late, sneaked in and put on their work-clothes and were out busily harnessing the horses, when Grandfather appeared and said: "That's good lads. Up before me for once!" When he was annoyed with his sons, he would roar at them and refer to them as 'bloody colonials', although Percy had not turned 16, when Australia was federated in 1901 and we became a Commonwealth and were no longer colonies.

While Percy, a solid citizen, was married to Rose Graham at 21 and was Grandfather's right hand man, Arthur was a bit of a wild one. It is known that he was prominent in football circles in Henley in the years before the War. It was probably him who drove the butcher's cart under the viaduct crossing the Reedbeds, in the days of the horse trams, standing up in the cart as the alluvial soil was quite low in those years. When a form of compulsory military service was introduced in about 1911, Mick took his .303 rifle and fired a shot from high on the hill across Military Road into the area we now know as Johns Reserve. It was not the only shot he fired, as he had what we would call today a 'love in' with Grandmother's maid, Thirza, and she presented him with a son in the year that World War I started.

Grandfather had retired from active business in about 1910 and Percy the solid, married son took over and Howie the 'wild one' went off to the War, enlisting in 1914 as No. 142 Trooper A.A. Johns, on 9 October, arriving on Gallipoli about three weeks after the original Anzac landing. He was wounded, hospitalised and returned to Gallipoli in October and remained until the Evacuation. From there he spent considerable time in various Light Horse units in Egypt and Palestine, probably taking part in the attack on Gaza and Beersheba and sadly died later after drinking poisoned water, left by the retreating Turks and Germans, near Damascus, a month before the Armistice in 1918. His name is commemorated at the Jerusalem War Cemetery - Stone Panel Inscription. As a child in the early thirties I became aware that there was a large framed photograph of him in the Memorial area of the Henley Town Hall. Several times I was in that hallowed place, looking at it and others from the district who had paid the supreme sacrifice and I wondered about my dead uncle. He had the face of devilment and was but 32 years 6 months and 2 days. Had he returned, he would have married Thirza and Grandmother who thought the world of her would have been able to love her as a daughter in law and there would probably have been more than twenty cousins in our third generation.

Arthur's situation was one which was happening with many Australian families from 1915 to 1918. "I speak for 60,000 dead" thundered Prime Minister Billy Hughes at the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919.

The next to be dealt with is Len or 'Butch'. Born in 1892, he went to Grange School and it is believed he had a couple of years at Pulteney Grammar. Like the others, he joined the business, but by some means unknown he diversified into newspaper belivery in Henley and Grange. He enlisted in the A.I.F. in early 1916 and my father Stan or 'Waxy' took over the deliveries from him. It is said that the bundles of *Advertisers* and *Registers*, bore the name L.R. Johns for a considerable time after. Len embarked for England with reinforcements for the 27th Battalion on 25 March and he arrived in France in late July and joined his unit at the front during August. He was admitted to hospital in Belgium and was later evacuated back to England in May 1918. He was repatriated to Adelaide in February 1919 and discharged in May. His service affected him badly and he was a psychological wreck. I don't think he ever really worked again. My mother said that Len had experienced all the horrors of the trench warfare in France and could never be induced to talk about it. He became what we today would call a 'dero' and was often 'botting' two shillings from my father or P. Johns for some 'four penny darks' at the wine shop of the Ramsgate; his second home. There was no harm in 'Butch' and he was very kind to his nieces and nephews. His most famous exploit in 1934, when the police raided Tim Whitehorn's illegal S.P. betting shop on the top of the Café Duval on the Esplanade, was to jump from a window, much too high for him and broke his leg. He was waiting on a stretcher in Seaview Road and I went up to him and said, "Gee, Uncle Len, does it hurt?" After a long stint in the Adelaide Hospital, he was discharged, but after that he always walked with a limp.

I must tell how I put it over him once. In early '42 I was working the South Henley paper round, just after Pearl Harbour, fresh out of school; and quite new to the job and Len was helping me. I was out of the cart at the bottom end of Main Street and he said, "Gordon, there's a pound note on the ground over there. Pick it up and give it to me and we'll go halves". I fished in my pocket and luckily for me, found a ten-shilling note and said, "Here's your half, Uncle Len". I tell you, had I given him that quid, I would never have seen my half.

Len died quite suddenly in early January '43 and several days later made the journey to Cheltenham. As his cortege moved off, I heard Grandmother say, "Poor Len" and a tearful Rose Johns said, "You did your best for him". At this stage, our matriarch was 82 and had been concerned that when she went, who would look after Len?. His funeral procession passed through Henley Square so that he could give his final salute to his beloved Ramsgate. 'Butch', just 50 had had a sad and unfulfilled life, ruined by war.

Cliff Johns enlisted on 15 August, stating that he was 18 years and 7 months, having put his age up by over a year. He became No. 1607 Trooper C.J. Johns. He was posted to the Middle East with the 12th Reinforcements, 3rd Light Horse Regiment on 18 November. At one stage he was attached to 1st L.H. Regiment and later was at Brigade Headquarters as a groom. It must have been a help to be familiar with horses as he and Mick had been with butchers' horses. He served out the war and returned to Australia in June 1919, earning the standard three medals of World War I, the 14-15 Star, the British War Medal and the Victory Medal and resumed civilian life, living at home with his parents.

In the mid twenties he courted and won Florence Elma North and after the misfortune of a stillborn daughter, they had two sons, Rayford and Garth, who were born at the end of the twenties. For many years pre World War II, he was the local wood and ice man, in much demand during the very hot weather and for a long period he assisted my father doing the South Henley Paper round, early in the morning seven days a week. Young brother Lionel and I used to meet him most Sunday mornings, when we were dragged out of our warm beds to help 'do the Gingers', i.e. place the four page supplement which arrived separately, into the main copy of the *Mail*. The 'Gingers' referred to the Ginger Meggs cartoon. During the 1939-1945 War, he was too old for active service, but he spent several years in the Garrison Forces and was posted to Loveday in the Riverland, guarding German and Italian prisoners of war. On Grandmother's death, he inherited the family home on the hill, 335 Military Road, called Stancliffe, which he sold to Ernie Cluse, our cousin, for £1100, no doubt a reasonable market value for 1948. He was well known in the Beach and active in sporting circles especially at the Bowling Club. He died in 1971, about six months after my father, and Aunt Elma died in 1979. She was the last of our second generation.

The next Johns on the list is a lady, the third generation's Aunt Ruby and the mother of the six Cluses, all born in the years of the second decade of the 20th Century. She was a great personality in the Beach, well known, like and respected. The Cluse boys were active in local sporting teams and their house was a favourite meeting place for their many Henley friends. The Cluse door was always open to them.

My own first memory of her was the morning of Lionel's birth, when she was sitting in our kitchen in the dark hours of 15 January 1928 having come to help get Mum to hospital. I was just three years and five months, but I knew who she was. She would have been not quite forty at the time, and even then she was always fat and jolly and always smiling.

During the War she and her friends actively fundraised money for wartime charities and for her efforts in 1944-1945 she was named as the local Grandmother of the Year, well deserved. She was terribly upset when Arthur (Fuf) and Bill became prisoners of war of the Japanese in Java in 1942. It was not really known for a long time whether they were alive or dead, as they had been posted as 'missing in action' and the Japanese were reluctant to exchange lists of prisoners. Her husband of over thirty years, Will Cluse, died in September 1943. He had been ill with cancer for a long time. It was his great disappointment that he did not see his two POW sons safely home from the War. At one stage towards the end of the War, Aunt appeared at our front door, quite late one evening, in a highly distressed state saying that Arthur and Bill were coming home next week. She had probably been alone at her house. Mother returned the 1928 favour and comforted her with kind words and the inevitable cup of tea. When she had settled Dad or I saw her safely back home again. Ruby herself succumbed to cancer in 1950 and I received another message of a family death, in far away Japan.

Lucy Underwood Johns was accorded the family name of her mother when she was born during 1894 in the residence behind the shop in Main Street. She is the mother of Joyce and Jack Garrard. In the early thirties she lived in one of Grandfather's houses in Woodville. I have a personal early memory of her. I was about seven and I'd had a tub in the bedroom and walked through to the lounge room at the back of the shop. I was in the nuddy. I thought Mum was on her own, but Aunt Lucy was there also. She said, "Hello Gordon, nice to see you". Embarrassed, I beat a hasty retreat. Lucy was engaged to a soldier in the early part of World War I, but another soldier, Harry Garrard, swept

her off her feet and they married with the disapproval of her parents. Uncle Harry Garrard is just a shadowy figure in my memory.

In 1962 we were off to the Commonwealth Games in Perth and we asked Lucy would she come and live in our house and baby-sit our three, then aged seven, five and three. This she did in the company of Minnie Morcom, a direct cousin to all of the second generation. Our lot absolutely loved them and talked about various happenings for years and when Lucy went to live with Joyce, not far from our place, it became a ritual that Philip, Shane and I would go to see their friend each Christmas Eve for a number of years. Another incident worth telling occurred when we went with Dad to tea at Lucy's house when Philip was about twelve months, in 1956. Auntie Min was there also and they were friendly with a couple of nineteen year old university students who visited while we were there and we were introduced. Lucy referred to one of them as "Camel" but it was in fact a young *Khamal* who stood before us. One would say that the trademark of Lucy was a full length apron, which she often wore over her dress.

Dealing next with the mother of those two girls and my Grandmother, I really became aware of her in 1931, when I was six and she was seventy in that year. She dressed old and looked old. The red hair of her youth had long ago turned white. As a youngster I remember her egg and bacon pie, which was without much taste, mainly pastry and her caraway seed cake which Grandfather liked, but we kids thought it was awful. I can still clearly remember events connected with their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 4 June 1934. Cousin Graham and I, not yet ten, practised on our school fifes and played 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' as the happy couple entered the room.

The feature family activity for many years pre-war was the Christmas dinner with the old couple. Upwards of 30 were accommodated in the big lobby area. All the kids were anxious to get their Christmas threepence from the pudding. In 1935 I spent mine going to the new Henley Pool to swim on Christmas afternoon. You could usually make a good impression on her by going to see her on the Sabbath, dressed in your Sunday school clothes. She would say "that's a good boy" and she was often good for a penny. She was always kind to, and interested in, her grandchildren. I was never scolded by her except on one occasion, when I was about twelve. I decided to stir one of the developing older female cousins on her side of the family. As she left, I said "Well goodbye ugly" and she said "Gordon, it was naughty of you to say that".

On Sunday afternoons for years it was a ritual for Dad to drive her over to Woodville in the relatively new Essex to visit her older sister who lived on Tapleys Hill Road, then onto the Port Road to younger brother Henry, whose house was in sight of St. Margaret's, the Church where it all started. Another incident which Hayward Rosenberg, first born to Edna of our fourth generation, recounts. It must have been about 1941, after Grandfather had died, Butch was helping the old lady with the washing and was operating the wringer and Grandmother pressed just a little too close. She said "Oh Len, Len!". Described by Hayward, "Poor Grandmother Johns got her tit caught in the mangle". Our matriarch's bruised boob became the laugh of Henley Beach. Len was sent down to Butcher Fry's for steak and Edna said she's put Chamosan Cream on it. It should not have happened to someone who in her time had suckled eleven babies.

My final memory of this dear kindly soul was the day before I went off on my travels, which also took me to Japan. At twenty-two, I absolutely towered over her and she said, "Gordon, by the time you return, I may not be here" and this time she slipped me a ten

The final three to be discussed are those who were in charge of the businesses in Main Street, in sight of the Ramsgate Hotel, which had opened in 1897. Percy, the first born, took over the butcher shop in about 1910 as Grandfather decided to retire while still relatively young. By that time he and Rose had a young family of three, but tragedy struck in 1916, when their eldest and only daughter Gladys died aged about ten, during a diphtheria epidemic. Edna Cluse in her ninety-fifth year now as I write, has said that Gladys was a beautiful young girl, with the most gorgeous red hair, in the mould of her grandmother. It was a sad loss for the developing family of Percy and Rose, who were so devastated that he leased the butcher shop for over a year and worked in Torrensville during that period. However life went on and they finally had another son, Graham. He was very much "the scrapings of the pot", as his three older brothers, Ron, Little Percy and Harold were twelve plus years older than him. But he was my boon companion, just eight weeks younger than me. It is believed that Uncle Perce was so proud of his efforts that he showed him off in the front bar of the Ramsgate when he was but one day old. It is further believed that Aunt Rose was highly displeased by his action. In 1935 they built a new house at the bottom end of Main Street, number fifty, corner of East Terrace, with freestone front and side, which was fairly luxuriously appointed and they were the envy of the rest of the family and doubtless many others in the still tough Depression years. They lived here for the rest of their lives. P. Johns, as my father referred to him, in the thirties was active in many organizations locally, business and Freemasonry, also football, barracking for West Torrens, and he was President of the Henley Football Club for several years post war. I rated him as a good bloke. He would sit and listen to our cricket broadcasts. Graham and I were comfortable with him and he was relaxed with us. I remember that one of his nightly pleasures was to smoke a pleasant smelling cigar.

Phone: Henley 49.

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During the War, mothers of soldiers, sailors and airmen, were presented with Mother's Badges with a star for each son or daughter who was overseas. Rose was determined not to wear hers until all her sons were in the forces and this occurred during 1943. During 1944 while coping with a shortage of something, some shop assistant said to her, "Don't you know there's a War on?". I think the poor unfortunate woman had those four stars rammed down her throat, one by one. Again Rose was not pleased.

A final story about Percy occurred in 1963 when he was in poor health. I was working in the Physical Medicine Department at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital and found him in an O.T. Class. Discussing him with the Occupational Therapist later, I said, "He's my father's oldest brother. I'm distressed to see him in this deteriorating condition. He has been a good husband and father and a prominent businessman in Henley for fifty years or more. I rate him highly among my Uncles". Uncle Perce died in January 1964 and had a big funeral and was mourned by many, in Henley and elsewhere, who had known and respected him.

I now come to the Johns about whom I know the most, my own father, Stanley Gordon, who was born 8 October 1895 and left Grange School the moment he turned fourteen to go into the business in 1909. There are no specific stories known about his childhood years and he had turned twenty when he took over the newspaper deliveries from brother Len. I suppose I asked him "What did you do in the War, Daddy?" and a few times he said he was in 'B' Company: *Be here when they go and be here when they come back*. Perhaps he felt that three brothers serving was enough.

In early 1921 when he was courting Mother, Dad must have opened his wallet and took her for a 'flip' for her twenty-first birthday. The date is on the photo of them in flying gear. They went to an airstrip at Hendon and had a joy flight over Henley, where they could see Ruby Cluse out in Military Road waving a large sheet. Another story from those courting days: Dad was very quiet one evening when visiting Mum and she asked was anything wrong. "My feet hurt" said Stanley. "Are your shoes too tight? What size are they?", "Yes, eights" from Dad. "Well get nines!" said Mother, when she wasn't his wife yet. I would know. I had more good sense kicked in through my arse by his number nines than I achieved in any other manner. The quote is actually borrowed from Sir Edric Bastyan, one time our State Governor. On an occasion prior to 1928 Mum and Dad had guests and S.G. buzzed them off early saying he had to be up at 20 to 6 to meet the first train to collect his papers. Subsequently newsagents had to drive to the *Advertiser* office in the City to collect them. Over the years as he got older, Dad's time became earlier and was as early as 2.30 am at the end.

The paper shop in Henley Square was opened in 1927. Previous to that Harry Lucas had been there with shoe repairs and sales. In about July 1928 we moved to the dwelling behind the shop, from a relatively new house to primitive and cramped living conditions. I don't think Mum ever forgave Father for this move. When still quite young I was often out on the paper cart with him in the early mornings, summer and winter. Dad was a very accurate throw with the bent paper and often took great delight when people would sleep outside in the days when you could safely, on a hot summer's night, in landing the paper on their chests. The number of broken windows and knocked over milk billies was also considerable.

I would stake my life on my father's honesty and generosity. Nobody knows of the number of times in the hard Depression days, somebody in Grange, would stop him and ask for a look in the Jobs Vacant section for free. The cost of a paper was a penny halfpenny and yet they couldn't afford that. I saw him do it numerous times and I wasn't with him most of the time. He employed lads to sell the *News* on street corners at sixpence per night to help a family where the breadwinner was unemployed. I would get sacked to achieve this and come back into the shop and mind it, without pay. Another greatly admired person was Bill Badenoch who would employ lads in the Bakery. Also, during the War, Dad would wrap up non-returnable papers and magazines and there

must have been several thousand went over fences in Henley and Grange where we knew there was a serviceman overseas. For a penny stamp many were sent to the Middle East and later New Guinea, marked A.I.F. Abroad. My cousins Chip, Bill, Ron and Fuf (Arthur) all received them and many solders home on leave would come into the shop to shake his hand and thank him.

Dad paid the college fees for two of his children for ten years and supported and paid fees for three of us for a further aggregate of ten years of tertiary study. Not a bad effort for the humble poorly educated paper man. Dad's hobby was work, apart from growing huge trombones in the garden behind the house. All he knew was the paper round - early morning, noon and night. The southern section and shop were divided off in 1955 and he continued with the Grange end until January 1971. He had turned 75 and the Paper Offices were going to compulsory retire him but then gave him a six month reprieve, not doing him any favour at all. During this time he suffered a massive brain haemorrhage prior to starting the round one summer's morning. I was called, took one look and stated "He's thrown his last paper". He was hospitalised and never regained consciousness and died of hypostatic pneumonia a few days later. I could not remember him ever being laid off the job sick. We always said there would be three moons in the sky the day that S.G. Johns was not delivering papers in Henley and Grange and it happened on this day, Monday 11 January. From late 1915 to 1971, a time span of over 55 years. A record of service to a community that will never be broken.

He had not had a holiday off the job since his honeymoon in late 1923 until he went to Canberra in 1968 where his youngest son, Rodger, was living. He actually got away without telling Billy Excell, another well-known beach identity, who died in 1984 nearly 102. Bill was the town gossip. He liked to know what was going on and he'd missed the best Henley scoop in fifty years. Do you think old Squeaker wasn't annoyed? He refused to speak to Dad. "He wants me to apologise" said S.G. Seeking to smooth things over, I suggested "Look Bill, I'm sorry I didn't tell you I was going away". "Bugger him" said Father quite forthrightly. I said "One of you one day is going to be dead, and the other is going to be sorry" thinking of course it would be old Squeaker, thirteen years Dad's senior, who would go first. Bill duly attended Dad's funeral, then saw him out for another thirteen years.



*Advertisement from Henley and Grange 29th Regatta Souvenir.
January 1933*

Now regarding Mother. I have mentioned something about the spouses of the members of the second generation, but I could write a volume about the dear lady who gave me life then saw to it that all her four children reached a satisfactory level of education. She was devoted to her family. It was a source of great sadness that she died relatively young in 1953. I was still in Japan and received the worst of the four communications of a family death. Being so far away I felt dreadful. Wodalla was winning the Melbourne

Cup and they were putting my Mother into the ground. She was denied meeting the marriage partners of her four children and her eventual twelve grandchildren. She was envious of her sisters Beth and Elsa, who had them. She was well loved by her nieces Edna, Joyce, Evie and Glad, her nephews and by her own family. She was that sort of woman. Edna tells a story of how Mum took her, all grown up at sixteen, to see Pavlova dance in 1926.

Now a little more about James Henry, the grandfather to six generations of Johns in Australia. While still working he was active in community affairs in Henley Beach. As a child, I can remember the swings in the Children's Playground had a sign on them "Donated by Father Johns". One of his statements was "Let's not spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar" in reference to expenditure during a regatta. Another, which I actually heard was "the buggers will soon forget me", referring to his own family, four generations at that stage, in the year before his death. His statement stuck in my mind and I have been proud of the influence that he and Grandmother and those I have written about here, have had on the town of Henley Beach.

At the Christmas gatherings during the thirties he told us stories of his courtship. "I was 27 and she was 23". They had several trips to Cornwall to see his aging parents and they took young Ronnie Johns, their eldest grandson to Nebraska, when they visited his brother Joseph and family in 1925. As a primary schoolboy I remember him as an old man who on one occasion helped me harness one of the horses I was going to ride.

He was subject to "turns" and finally was admitted to St. Ives Hospital at Torrensville. Lionel and I were taken to see him on the Sunday but he was in a comatose state, but much more lucid on the Tuesday when Dad visited him and he put out his hand and said "Goodbye Stan, my son". He died during the morning of 8 September 1938. It was somewhat prophetic that my parents and I were going to see the World War I play "Journey's End" by R.C. Sherriff in the evening of that day. "The journey's end for Pa", mused Grandmother.

There was a big funeral from his home to Cheltenham on the Saturday afternoon. He was well known and respected in Henley as he had been a prominent citizen for over fifty years. It was a sad occasion, around the time of the Munich crisis. The War clouds were gathering over Europe and it was the end of an era for our family.

GORDON JOHNS

What is the Beach without your Bathers

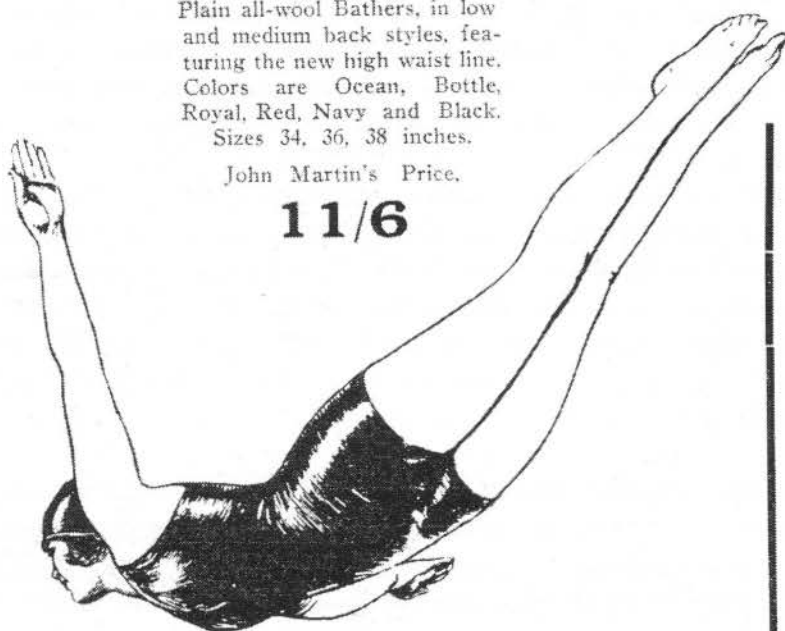
What is Summer without its Sun Worship . . . put on your Swimming Suit and get out on the Sunny Sands. It's good for you . . . it makes you Brown . . . it makes you healthy. It peps you up with the joy of living . . . but . . . first the right Bathers!

LADIES PLAIN WOOL BATHERS

Plain all-wool Bathers, in low and medium back styles, featuring the new high waist line. Colors are Ocean, Bottle, Royal, Red, Navy and Black. Sizes 34, 36, 38 inches.

John Martin's Price.

11/6



JOHN MARTINS

John Martin & Co., Limited, Rundle Street, Adelaide

Advertisement from Regatta Programme, January 1933