



HENLEY & GRANGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL

**NUMBER 26
NOVEMBER 2005**

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CONTENTS

President's Report	1
Committee	2
Acknowledgements	2
Members	3
Adelaide Treasury Building	4
Linda Sambell	
Beach By-Laws and Bathers : 1934, 1958 and 1982	6
Glen Ralph	
Evelyn - The Forgotten Sturt	15
Arthur Jeeves	
Grange Bowling Club : Approaching the Centenary	20
Peter Wyld	
Adelaide Town Hall Tour	24
Bev Bills	
The Mystery of George Davenport: Convict, Servant & Settler	29
Arthur Jeeves	
Do You Remember ?	34
Seaside Shacks at West Beach	
Some Anecdotal Stories about the Third Generation of the Johns Family in Henley Beach	35
Gordon Johns	
Of Reedbeds and tsunamis	52
Courtesy <i>The Adelaide Review</i> , 21 January 2005	
Society Display at Henley Beach Library	53

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COVER ILLUSTRATION

Fry's Meat Store 1940
(Established 1924)

Bill Cluse at scales, Arthur Fry at block
Note bunches of blue gum leaves hanging on back wall

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Welcome to the 26th edition of the Henley and Grange Historical Society Journal. To produce a journal of such good quality demands dedication from a small band of volunteers and article writers. I wish to extend the Committee's thanks to all involved.

The City of Charles Sturt Council has endorsed the recommendations of a report entitled Historic Assets - Reviews of Strategic Management Framework which the committee has received and a key recommendation involves undertaking a "Civic History Market Research/Community Consultation". We will be involved in a meeting to give our input. The Council has also given a \$1000 donation to the Historical Society, which enables us to produce the journal. The Society thanks the Council for this money.

This year we have embarked on two tours in Adelaide:

1. The Medina Grand Hotel was a very interesting tour. We were shown the original parts of the building including the tunnels and learnt the history of its original use.
2. The Adelaide Town Hall was also very interesting. Again we were given the history of the building and its occupants.

We hope to continue the tours in the future.

This year we became involved in History Week with a display of photos at the Henley Beach Library.

Two people from the History Trust came to visit Linda and myself at the History Room and suggested we update our database software, but that might mean more capacity requiring a new computer, so we have put the idea on hold for now. They also offered help with training if we required it. They were very positive about the way our records are presently housed. We will continue to keep in contact with them.

Our speakers this year were as usual most interesting and informative:

1. Tony Brooks spoke on *South Australia - does it have a history and is it worth writing about.*
2. Pat Stretton - *The History of the Adelaide Migration System.*
3. Denise Schumann - *The early days of the Waite Institute 1920 - 1940.*
4. Tony Botten - *Early days in Henley.*

The Committee would like to thank all of the speakers for their participation in our society's meetings.

Thanks to Noel Newcombe for re-organising the past journals into a more useful mode. Where we have more than required copies they are for sale for \$3 each.

My thanks go to all the Committee members for their work during the year. Noel Newcombe resigned last year after being on the committee for 25 years and we gained Allan Williams. We all thank Allan for agreeing to join the committee. Special thanks to Linda Sambell as Secretary for all the extra work she does, and also thanks to Bev Fielder for keeping our finances in order. Each member of the committee has taken on special duties and I thank them.

I hope you all enjoy reading this year's journal and thanks again to all involved in its production.

JOAN FERGUSON

COMMITTEE 2005

President	Mrs Joan Ferguson
Secretary	Mrs Linda Sambell
Treasurer	Mrs Beverly Fielder
Members	Mrs Mollie Sutherland
	Mr. Arthur Jeeves
	Mr. Allan Williams
Council Representative	Mr. Jim Fitzpatrick

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you to society members who contributed articles for this journal: Linda Sambell, Glen Ralph, Arthur Jeeves, Peter Wyld, Beverly Bills and Gordon Johns, and to Joan Ferguson for her President's Report, advice and encouragement. Barry Fry supplied the cover picture and details of the article about the West Beach shacks.

Glen Ralph, when needed, helped with accuracy of historical facts and his knowledge of South Australian history is invaluable.

Countless hours of editing, and re-editing, were given by Roger André and without his help we could not have produced the Journal.

Thanks also to John Harvey for proof reading the final draft.

AUDREY WILLOUGHBY

MEMBERS

Mr. Roger André	Mrs Betty March
Mr John Andrewartha	Mr Max March
Mrs Freda Bartsch	Mr John P. McCarthy
Mrs Beverly Bills	Mr Ian Miller
Mrs Dorothy Bowden	Mrs Margaret Mitchell
Mr Russell Bowden	Mr Leo Moroney
Mr. Paul Caica	Mr John McPherson
Mrs Betty Cassidy	Mrs Edna Newcombe
Mr Ron Cassidy	Mr Noel Newcombe
Charles Sturt Museum	Ms Cheryl Parton
Mr Lyle Dewar	Mrs Shirley Penhall
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Mr Theo Ellenbroek	Mr Bernie Phillips
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Mr. Bill Fitch	Mrs Marie-Claire Ralph
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Mrs Margaret Harvey	Mrs Meryl Thompson
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Mr Ted Hasenohr (Life Member)	Miss Joyce Walkley
Mr Clifford Humphreys	Mr Darrel Webb
Mr Colin Hutchesson	Mr Dean Whiteford
Mr Arthur Jeeves	Mrs Janet Whiteford
Mrs June Jeeves	Mr Alan Williams
Mr Tom Jennings, RVM	Mrs Ann Williams
Mr Gordon Johns	Mrs Mavis Willis
Mrs Doris Kelly	Mr Peter Willis
Mr John Klopp	Mrs Audrey Willoughby
Mr Rod Lange	Mr George Willoughby, OAM
Mrs Kathleen Langman	Mr John Worrall
Mr. Barry Maloney	Mr Peter Wyld, RFD

ADELAIDE TREASURY BUILDING

On 15 September 2004, Members of the Henley & Grange Historical Society visited the Adelaide Treasury Building on the corner of King William and Flinders Streets. The building has now been re-developed as the Medina Grand Adelaide Treasury apartment hotel. Members were able to see, first hand, how the building has been preserved and also to learn some of its history.

The Adelaide Treasury Building was the centre of South Australian government and administration from the late 1830s to the 1960s. Offices of Colonial officials, and later the State Cabinet and Premier, were accommodated there. Other government business was conducted in the building including the work of the Treasury, Attorney General, Survey, Crown Lands, and Public Works departments.

In 1852 the colony of South Australia was facing bankruptcy, as much of its labour force had moved to the Victorian gold fields. In a plan to rescue the economy, incentives for sending gold to Adelaide were provided, in that a far higher price was fixed per ounce than in the eastern colonies. Armed escorts bearing the gold arrived at the Treasury Building, before cheering crowds. Each parcel of gold was weighed, assayed, smelted into ingots and transferred into the depositor's bank where it could then be exchanged for notes. The amount of gold brought into Adelaide rose from 5,199 ounces in March 1852 to 43,944 ounces in November of the same year.

Crowds also witnessed the triumphant return of John McDouall Stuart from his successful crossing of the continent in 1862. The Survey Team was based in the Treasury Building.

The Treasury Building as it stands today, is the result of eight distinct construction stages between 1839 and 1909. These separate building phases blend harmoniously together. The original building was designed by George Strickland Kingston and constructed of sandstone in 1839. Most of this original building was demolished over the years to make way for the two and three storey additions. The only remaining part of the original building is the South wall, which can be seen in the reception area of the Medina Grand complex as well as a display cabinet of artefacts uncovered during the 2002 redevelopment.

In 1857 Colonial Architect, Edward Angus Hamilton, designed the northwest wing addition, and in 1858 the same design was used to add the southwest corner. The building which connected these wings was probably also designed by Hamilton before his retirement in 1860.

The centre south three-storey building was completed in 1876. Executive Council meetings were held in this building, in the Cabinet Room on the first floor, between 1876 and 1968. The Cabinet Room still contains the table around which Premiers and Cabinets of the State sat.

A hidden feature of the Treasury Building is its secluded courtyard. James Milton was appointed keeper at the government offices in 1840 and he cared for the gardens for 40 years when they were called *Milton's Paradise*. His successor, Samuel Benson, created a miniature garden in the courtyard and a fountain was erected there. The courtyard was then called *Benson's Quadrangle*. The Beatles used the courtyard to escape the enormous crowds during their visit to Adelaide in 1964. The courtyard now forms part of the Medina Grand dining complex.

The tunnels underneath the Treasury Building still remain, as well as the ovens used for smelting lead for the printing of photolithographic maps, a revolutionary method in its time.

The transformation of the neglected Treasury Building into the Medina Grand complex in 2002 was the vision of Ron Danvers, a heritage consultant and conservation architect, who was also responsible for the recent Mortlock Library restoration. The buildings, which have witnessed so much of South Australia's early history, are once again a vibrant part of the city.

LINDA SAMBELL

Sources of reference:

Heritage of the City of Adelaide, Susan Marsden, Paul Stark, Patricia Sumerling, Hyde Park Press SA, 1990

[Www.postcards.sa.com.au/features/medina_grand.html](http://www.postcards.sa.com.au/features/medina_grand.html)



SLSA; N17390/2.

*King William Street, east side,
Town Hall & Treasury Building c. 1870*

Photograph courtesy of the State Library of South Australia

BEACH BY-LAWS AND BATHERS 1934, 1958 AND 1982

All Adelaide local government authorities having beaches have instituted by-laws to ensure that people who come to them to enjoy themselves can do so without fear of having their moral sensibilities offended by others exposing themselves beyond the limits, however narrow or broad, that are expected by society for the time being. Henley and Grange has been no exception. While it may be interesting to examine the original and all subsequent by-laws relating to beach decency in order to remark what progress (?) was or was not made over the years by the Corporation, it is proposed here to look merely at 1934, 1958 and 1982. The first two pre-date the opening of free beaches, such as Maslin Beach (1), while the last, 1982, was passed after that event when more liberal attitudes were becoming evident.

1934

The by-laws of 1934 were gazetted on 18 January (*S. A. Government Gazette* January 18 1934, pp.112-119). The regulations relating to costume and decency in this notice are quoted in full below; they were quite extensive, and set the tone for all that were to follow. After definitions, including a definition of such terms as "Open public water," "Foreshore" and "Beach patrol," the by-laws plunged directly into the weighty matters of beach conduct, costume, and dressing enclosures.

I have highlighted significant parts of the regulations which were as follows:

Conduct of Bathers

3.

No person bathing in the open public water shall molest or in any way interfere with any other person bathing, or approach any bather in such a manner as may reasonably cause annoyance to such bather.

Costume

4.

- (a) Each person over the age of 12 bathing in any open public water or being upon any portion of the foreshore shall be **clad in a costume supported from the shoulders and reaching to at least 2 in. (or thereabouts) below the crutch.**
- (b) Each child between the age of 7 and 12 bathing in any open public water shall be **clad in a costume reaching at least 2 in. (or thereabouts) below the crutch.**
- (c) **No person bathing in any open public water shall be clad in a silk or artificial silk bathing costume.**
- (d) Any costume worn by any person in any open public water and every part of such costume **shall be of such material, thickness and character and in such state of repair as shall be necessary to secure the observance of decency,** and if, in the opinion of any police officer or beach patrol, any person shall

contravene any of these provisions the person so offending, when requested to do so by such police officer or beach patrol, shall immediately resume his or her ordinary dress, and shall in addition be liable for the penalty imposed for a breach of this by-law.

- (e) The council of the corporation may at any time for the purpose of a swimming or other carnival or for such other purposes as the council of the corporation shall think fit **grant permission for special bathing costumes to be worn**, notwithstanding that such special bathing costumes do not conform to the requirements hereinbefore set out.

Dressing Enclosures

5.

The corporation may erect or permit to be erected dressing rooms or enclosures, and may supply, or permit to be supplied, bathing requisites, and may charge such fees for the use by the public of such dressing rooms or enclosures and bathing requisites for the safe custody of valuables as the corporation may from time to time by resolution determine, or the corporation may let the right to collect fees for such purposes, and all persons using such dressing rooms and bathing requisites, or depositing valuables for safe custody, shall pay such fees as may be from time to time determined by the corporation upon demand by the person in charge of such dressing rooms or enclosures.

6.

No person shall enter any dressing room or enclosure erected by or under the authority of the corporation for any other purpose than that of dressing or undressing for the purpose of bathing, and no person shall remain in such dressing room or enclosure for a longer period than shall be necessary for such dressing or undressing, and no person shall play cards, dice, or any other game whatsoever therein or deposit any rubbish or filth in such dressing room or enclosure, or use any offensive, profane, insulting, or indecent language therein.

7.

No person shall damage, deface, disfigure, or write in or upon or paste or affix any advertisement on or to any dressing room, enclosure, bathing houses, or other permitted enclosure or erection, or to or on any notice board or other erection, except with the written consent of the corporation first had and obtained.

8.

No person shall, under any pretext whatsoever, enter any dressing room or enclosure set apart for the use of the opposite sex.

9.

No person shall loiter in the vicinity of any dressing room or enclosure set apart for the use of the opposite sex in such manner as to be objectionable to the persons using such dressing room or enclosure.

10.

No person shall dress or undress or remove any part of his or her clothing or bathing costume so as to expose his or her person, or expose his or her person except in the dressing room or enclosure provided for the use of his or her respective sex.

11.

No person shall dress or undress or remove any part of his or her underclothing or his or her bathing costume on any portion of the foreshore between a line being an extension in a westerly direction of the northern building alignment of Henley Beach Road and a line being the extension in a westerly direction of the southern building alignment of Marlborough Street: Provided nevertheless that this by-law shall not apply

to any persons dressing or undressing or removing any part of his or her underclothing or his or her bathing costume:

(a)

In a bathing house in respect of which a licence or permit has been granted by the corporation to the owner or occupier for the time being hereof; or

(b)

in any buildings or erections owned or controlled by Glenelg Swimming Pools Limited or any successor thereof; or

(c)

in the open air without any enclosures whatever, but subject to the provisions of paragraph 10 hereof; or

(d)

in any vehicle standing or any portion of the esplanade.

Further provisions relating to behaviour were set out in clause 31, which stated that "No person shall misconduct himself in any way by indulging in riotous or indecent conduct on the said beach or foreshore. Any person or persons so offending shall be liable, upon conviction, to a fine not exceeding two pounds."

These by-laws were introduced after backless bathing costumes for both men and women had made an appearance on the beach, and a council committee had recommended that they be sanctioned. (2)

1958

The by-laws, as set out above, were in force until 1958 when they were repealed. A whole new *By-law No. 1* was gazetted in the *S. A. Government Gazette* December 11 1958 (pp.1579-1580). It lacked clauses numbered from 18 to 24 inclusive. Much less emphasis was laid on dress. But for the first time 4- to 6-year-olds were brought within the ambit of the legislation, and public decency was still seen as an important matter. Protection from molestation was not included in the text. The new by-law provided in part:

By-Law No. 1 - In Respect of Bathing and Control of the Foreshore

4.

(a)

No person over the age of 3 years shall bathe in any open public water unless he or she **is properly clad in a bathing costume or garment.**

(b)

No person over the age of 3 years shall be or remain on the beach or foreshore or any reserve adjoining the beach or foreshore unless he or she is clad in his or her ordinary dress or in a bathing costume or garment.

(c)

Any **costume or garment** worn by any person bathing in any open public water or being on the beach or foreshore or any reserve adjoining the beach or foreshore **shall be of such character and materials and in such a state of repair as shall be necessary to secure the observance of decency.**

(d)

Any person offending against this sub-section of the by-law, when requested to do so by a member of the police force, a special constable or an officer of the council,

immediately resume his or her ordinary dress, or other suitable costume or garment, and shall, in addition, be liable to the penalty imposed for a breach of this by-law.

5.

No person shall undress for the purpose of donning a bathing costume, or remove his or her bathing costume for the purpose of dressing in his or her normal clothing in any public urinal, water-closet, privy or like convenience. nor in any place open to public view.

17.

No person shall misconduct himself in any way by indulging in riotous or indecent conduct on the said beach or foreshore.

25.

No person shall bring into or deposit any filth or rubbish in any bathing house erected for the convenience of the public.

26.

No person shall damage, disfigure, write, or paste, or affix any advertisement on or to any building or other structure on the foreshore or on any reserve or road adjacent thereto without the consent of the council first had and obtained.

27.

No male person over the age of six years shall enter any building reserved for the use of female persons, and no female person shall enter any building reserved for the use of male persons.

28.

No person shall loiter in the vicinity of any bathing house or near any public urinal, water-closet, privy or like convenience reserved for the use of persons of the opposite sex.

Random notes and reflections

Society standards had changed considerably since 1934 and it must have seemed to many that the new by-laws were long overdue, but many may have deemed them old-fashioned, though certainly a bit more in accord with current thinking than the old by-laws. Two-piece bathing costumes for women and girls had first appeared on beaches by 1942, and even earlier according to some sources. At first they were modest, the lower part of the garment at least covering the navel.

In July, 1946 the world had been shaken by the atomic test on Bikini Atoll, which caused a 100-mile-an-hour wind, an underwater shock like the thud of a gigantic hammer, and a lot of heat and smoke. Within a short space of time the new two-piece bathing costume dubbed the "bikini" made its appearance and the world of fashion was changed. As might have been expected, the daring bikini was the subject of a considerable amount of social comment and the print media made much of it. An article which appeared in the popular Australian magazine *Woman*, however, was not as enthusiastic about the bikini as many people were. It showed pictures of bikini-clad entrants to the Miss World competition and others, and confidently made the prediction that Australian women would not wear the bikini. (3) However, the bikini soon became common and was to be seen on the sands at Henley every summer. Not without opposition. Under the headline "Beach War. Police in challenge to Bikinis" *Adelaide Truth* set out the position. The article said:

Like the sands of Bikini, the golden beaches of Adelaide have become a stretch of warlike activity between seaside police and bathers wearing atomic-age swimsuits these past two weeks. Described by one policeman as "short to the

point of being disgusting," semi-bikinis worn by streamlined sprites and shocking shorts worn by surf-happy sheiks are the cause of this latest duel in the sun.

The policeman, Sgt. S. C. Kitt, of Semaphore, told *Truth*: "The sooner a stop is put to the short bathers New Australians and others are wearing nowadays, the better. "Council by-laws permit men to wear bathers that look really vulgar," Sgt. Kitt added.

At Henley Beach we were told by the law that police would not tolerate the current style of brevity in bathers. "Offenders will be prosecuted," they said.

Truth investigated the seaside council by-laws to get a clearer position of the police attitude, and found that not one agreed. The councils who apply the by-laws for regulating and controlling bathing are Glenelg, Henley and Grange, and Port Adelaide. However, as a warning to bathers, *Truth* prints this extract from the Glenelg Council by-laws:

5 (A) No person over the age of 10 years shall bathe in any open public water unless he or she is clad in a costume which shall completely cover the middle portion of the body from the waist down to a distance of not less than three inches below the crutch. (4)

The 1958 by-laws were a recognition on the part of the council that we had moved on since 1934, but not everybody could be expected to heartily support the change. According to another article in Adelaide *Truth* the Dean of Adelaide, the Very Reverend A. E. Weston, said to their reporter:

"Bikinis? Why not discard clothes altogether and get around in a state of nudity? Then we will know exactly where we stand."

Truth provided other interesting detail about the new by-laws. The article went on:

"Women don't like to discard more than they have to, but, if they do, they are liable to be picked up by women police," Mrs. M. P. Gamlin, the only woman on the Henley and Grange Council told *Truth*.

It was Mrs. Gamlin who suggested the change of by-law and the motion was carried, with slight opposition from Alderman J. W. Mitchell. He said he believed that the word "approved" should be added to the by-law to determine the type of costume permissible. His plea was rejected.

Mrs. Gamlin said that she believed the existing beach by-laws had been outdated for many years and because of this they had been abused. "New Australians coming to our country have been puzzled by our bathing laws, and we should show more tolerance towards our new citizens," she said.

Once the new Henley and Grange by-law is in operation it will be safe to bathe in bikinis from the West Beach Recreation Reserve to Tennyson. The mayor, Mr. N. J. Newlands, said: "The council's decision in broadening the scope of the type of bathing costumes allowed is a trend towards modern day conditions, but I warn bathers that they will not have the free licence to wear costumes that will be considered offensive to the general public."(5)

1982

I have not checked the gazetted date of the 1982 by-laws. The text here is taken from the official copy held in State Records. (6) Bathing is the subject of Part II. It is noteworthy that the by-law, though constructed differently, is identical to the earlier by-law in its provisions relating to decency. "Foreshore" and "Constable" are defined in Part I. The draughtsman seems to have been unsure of the spelling of the word "authorise" or whether "Council" should be spelt with a capital or not.

Part II - *Bathing*

4.

(a)

No person over the age of three years shall bathe in any portion of the sea unless he or she **is properly clad in a bathing costume or other garment. Such costume or garment shall be of such character and materials and in such a state of repair as shall be necessary to secure the observance of public decency.**

(b)

Any person infringing the provision of subclause (a) shall be guilty of an offence and shall, when requested to do so, by a member of the police force, constable, Town Clerk (or an officer of the Council authorized by the council for that purpose) immediately resume his or her ordinary dress or bathing costume.

5.

(a)

No person over the age of three years shall be or remain on the foreshore unless he or she is clad in his ordinary dress or in a bathing costume or other garment. Such garment or costume **shall be of such character and materials and in such a state of repair as shall be necessary to secure the observance of public decency.**

(b)

Any person infringing the provisions of subclause (a) shall be guilty of an offence and shall, when requested to do so, by a member of the police force, constable, Town Clerk (or an officer of the council authorised by the Council for that purpose), immediately resume his or her ordinary dress or bathing costume.

6.

No person shall dress or undress in any public convenience not being a structure designed specifically for dressing and undressing, nor in any place so as to be **open to the public view** (except when requested to resume his clothing pursuant to clause 4(b) and 5(b)).

7.

(a)

No person over the age of six years shall enter any building or structure reserved for use by persons of the opposite sex.

(b)

No person shall use any building or structure for any purpose other than the purpose for which the building or structure is intended, without the prior written approval of the Town Clerk (or an officer of the council authorised by the council for that purpose).

8.

No person shall loiter in the vicinity of any building or structure reserved for the use of the opposite sex.

Provisions relating to indecent conduct, riotous behaviour, etc, like Clause 17 of the 1958 by-laws, seem to have been overlooked. Part VIII, with only two clauses, is somewhat less specific than earlier by-laws.

Part VIII - *Miscellaneous*

40.

No person using or occupying the foreshore or the sea shall do anything so as to cause a nuisance or danger to any other person.

41.

Any person who contravenes any provision of this by-law shall be guilty of an offence and liable to a penalty of not less than twenty dollars and not exceeding two hundred dollars.

Random notes and reflections

The by-laws of 1934 may well have seemed progressive at the time they were gazetted. Many people would no longer have supported the prohibition against mixed bathing that had been in force at Adelaide beaches (7) and it is not surprising that there does not seem to have been any significant public reaction to the up-dated by-laws then (or later when the by-laws of 1958 were introduced.) Society was still pretty conservative. In that era there would certainly have been no significant measure of support for such radical proposals as two-piece costumes for women or (*horror! horror!*) a free beach at Henley and Grange - or anywhere else for that matter. In an earlier age, in Adelaide, nude bathing for men and boys on the Torrens had been tolerated (8), but this was an exception, and an amazing one in some respects. Campaigns against by-laws were never an easy matter, and a fight against regulations designed to preserve public decency would always be a hard nut to crack. Such an endeavour was, however, made in Sydney in 1935, when G.W.R. Southern fought against restrictive by-laws proposed by E.S. Spooner for Sydney. (9) By and large people went along with the regulations promulgated by their local governments, whatever they were, and the good folk of Henley and Grange were no exception.

The 1958 by-laws had been in force for over twenty years, and in that time the council had been flexible in its enforcement. In 1968 the Town Clerk, Ron Nash, affirmed the council's stand on the matter of public decency. He quoted the by-law and said that anyone who violated it and refused to leave the beach could be fined up to \$70 (10)

But it would not be long before the standards set out in the 1958 by-laws would look a little antiquated. The new sexual revolution swept the world, and people, particularly the young, questioned the values so long held dear by the western world. Free love became more common, and gay liberation made its appearance. The war in Vietnam brought people into the streets to protest. In South Australia the nudist movement became more organised, with the formation of the Tindo Club, (11) which led to the establishment of the Free Beach Committee of SA, whose object was to look for a beach that could be made a free beach. Henley and Grange, not surprisingly, when approached, reacted unfavourably to the suggestion. Mary Covernton reported in *West-side* :

Henley and Grange Council has turned its well-clothed back on an attempt by SA's naturists to obtain a beach for nude bathing. Council could not suggest any section of beach suitable without breaking a by-law relating to decency.

"We have enough 'hoods' around here without encouraging others," Cr. B.B. Burke said. "By allowing the naturists to use a section of our beach we would attract all sorts of undesirable characters."

A public survey conducted among householders in the Brighton and Henley Beach area this week proved people were generally not antagonistic towards the idea. "If they could get a completely private place in which to swim, it would be alright. However, residents in the area must be considered. And there's just no beach secluded enough at Brighton," Mr. E.M. Goldsack of King George Avenue said. A housewife of Henley South agreed. "I'm not really opposed to the idea but I feel it's really quite unnecessary. Bikinis are quite adequate and frankly people have enough freedom of expression as it is today," Mrs. O.S. Lum of Gilmore Road said. (12)

In a short article in *The News* Mayor Bronte Edwards is reported as saying to the Committee that the Council had made its position on the matter clear:

We've made it clear to these people that there is a by-law which stops people from acting indecently on our beaches. "I believe certain members of the public have to be protected." (13)

There was no doubt about the opinion of the Victorian Chief Secretary who, opined that:

"A girl in a well-cut bathing suit looks much more attractive than a girl with nothing on at all."

He added that nude bathing would benefit only the flies and mosquitoes along the Victorian coastline. (14)

Advertiser columnist Jim Robbins related an incident in which an absent-minded migrant had stripped off on Grange beach and "a woman sunbather clapped her hands over the eyes of her four-year-old daughter and an elderly gentleman nearly had a fit!" (15)

Eventually the naturists triumphed. Two free beaches were opened in South Australia. Henley and Grange would no longer be pestered by people wanting to parade naked on the foreshore. Against this background the 1982 by-laws seem to be an affirmation of the existing standards and values rather than a pronouncement of new ones. It is not surprising that they varied little from the earlier regulations.

It is possibly appropriate to note here that there were people who managed to circumvent council by-laws and bathe nude on our metropolitan beaches. This was done by them coming to the beach with a tent-peg which had a 2-metre length of string attached to it. On the other end of the string they tied a piece of wood. After going into the water with their bathers on they would dive to the bottom and drive the tent-peg into the sand, then push it further in with a foot. Bathers could then be removed and tied with the loose end of the string to the floating piece of wood. As long as there was nobody else close by they could enjoy nude swimming without the fear of their bathing costumes being lost at sea.

What of the future? I will not be so bold as *Woman* and make any prediction, but merely observe that in the last couple of summers young girls have been observed untying the bra-straps of their bikinis and lying with their chests modestly pressed into their beach towels as they soak up the sun. They should be really well tanned!

Footnotes

- (1) Proclaimed in 1974, opened by premier Don Dunstan (clothed) 13 February 1975 - Clarke, Magnus *Nudism in Australia* Deakin University Press, 1982 p.217
- (2) H. & G. Historical Society *From Sand and Swamp to Seaside City* pp.42-43
- (3) "Why Australians won't wear Bikini" *Woman* 22 June 1953 pp.36-37 See also SHORT, Don *Miss World: the naked Truth* London, Everest Books 1976 pp.96-97
- (4) "Beach war. Police in challenge to Bikinis" *Truth* (Adelaide) 12 January 1957
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- (8) Morton, Peter *After Light* Adelaide, Wakefield Press, 1996 p.92
- (9) Southern, G.W.R. *Bathers beware! The naked truth about the bathing costume wowsers.* Sydney, The Author, 1935
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- (13) "Nude swims? Oh no!" *The News* 6 April 1972
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EVELYN - THE FORGOTTEN STURT



Evelyn Pitfield Shirley Sturt was born in England on 25 October 1815; he was the ninth son and the last of the 13 children born to Thomas Lennox Napier Sturt and his wife Jeanette (née Wilson). The family history records that on May 30 of the next year he was baptised at Lee Church, in the parish of Blackheath in the presence of his parents, and his god-parents, Mr Shirley, his Uncle Pitfield and Lady Skipworth. Whilst his baptismal name of Evelyn may appear somewhat unusual for a boy, the Sturt family tree shows that it was a popular name in Victorian times and borne by a number of the family, both male and female. Pitfield was the maiden name of his grandfather's wife Mary, and, Shirley the surname of one of his godparents.

Whilst very little is known of his early life, family letters establish that his formative years were spent in France and that in 1828, when the family sold their home in Boulogne and moved back to England, Evelyn returned briefly to England, then was sent back to continue his schooling at Lille. Research indicates that he later attended the Sandhurst Military College, but the family history is silent on this matter. What is known is that he was reputed to have had a "skill at arms", which indicates military training, and that at age 18 Evelyn was a tall, handsome, athletic young man. "*the complete young sportsman, and a favourite wherever he goes*". These were attributes that that were to stand him in good stead in his journey through life, the course of which was set in 1832 when his now famous older brother, Captain Charles Sturt, returned to England and published his book *Two Expeditions into Southern Australia*.

It was during this period of leave that Charles visited his parents at the family home, where he met his younger brother Evelyn, whom he had last seen in 1826, and it is evident that he convinced him that he should seek his fortune in the colonies. The family historian records "*one wonders what Charles had said to him, for they must have met at home during Charles' leave in 1833/34, for in October 1836, at the age of 21, Evelyn landed at Sydney, New South Wales*". Little could he know that some eighteen years later he was destined to achieve high public office, become involved in the Ballarat riots and rebellion at the Eureka Stockade, and earn a place in the colonial history of Australia. But that was all in the future.

In 1837, no doubt through the good offices of his brother Charles, he was appointed as the Commissioner for Crown Lands for the Murray District, a vast tract of territory that extended from the left bank of the Murrumbidgee River in what is now New South Wales, to the right bank of the Ovens River in Victoria, at a point 40 miles from the Port Phillip side of the Murray River. He was to administer this territory until 1839 before embarking on the next phase of his life.

Following the overlanding of cattle to South Australia by Hawdon and Bonney, Edward John Eyre and his brother, Captain Charles Sturt, in 1838, Evelyn decided that he too would become an overlander. In 1839 he resigned his government post and set out from Bathurst with sheep and cattle for the Adelaide market. Following the courses of the Murrumbidgee and Murray Rivers, he arrived at Adelaide in the early part of 1840 and the family history records that *"In the early 1840's he occupied country in the Mount Lofty Ranges"*. The location and tenure of this holding is not specified, whilst the Devenport family records seem to be at variance with the Sturt history.

What is certain is that Evelyn remained in Adelaide for a time following his arrival in 1840, because an article in the *Adelaide Chronicle*, dated 3 June 1840, records a meeting of colonists to discuss the dispatch of an expedition to the Northern Interior of the colony under the command of Mr. E. J. Eyre. The Hon. Captain Sturt and his brother, Evelyn, were present and appointed to the committee, subscribing £25 and £10 respectively to fund the venture. The cost of this expedition was £1,391, of which Eyre contributed £680 from his own income.

This was the northern expedition that departed Adelaide on 10 June 1840. When defeated by the sweep of the vast salt lakes to the north, Eyre explored westward, following the Great Australian Bight until he arrived at King George Sound (Albany), Western Australia, in June 1841. This epic journey was to result in the desertion of his aboriginal guides, the murder of his companion Baxter and almost cost him his life.

Returning to Evelyn, it would appear that his stay in South Australia might have been somewhat short-lived because the Devenport papers state that he arrived back in Port Phillip (Victoria) about September 1840, but do not record how long he remained there. What is known is that he did reside in a cottage that is still standing in Willunga.



A comparison of the available references indicate that Evelyn Sturt did engage in a pastoral venture in this area and then moved to Victoria at some time between 1842 to 1843, because in her biography *Life of Charles Sturt* (circa 1899), Mrs N.G. Sturt writes *"Years later when Charles' younger brother Evelyn, was feeling his feet in a squatter's life, Davenport was sent with him as a tried bush-man, and at Evelyn's request was allowed to accompany him for good to Victoria"*. This fosters the impression that Evelyn was *"feeling his feet in a squatter's life"* at a location in South Australia from which he later moved to Victoria, and it is reinforced in a letter written by Charlotte Sturt to Charles' brother, William Neville, in 1844. In that letter she refers to a letter received from Evelyn in Mount Gambier, *"where he has very lately located himself"*

with his sheep having been fed out at Port Phillip in which vicinity he has been for some time”.

In 1844 Evelyn Sturt took over the Compton Station in the Mount Gambier area. The Sturt family history records that the occupancy of this property was the source of a dispute between he and S.J. Henty, a brother of Edward Henty, who was one of the first colonists in Victoria. Apparently S.J. Henty visited the district in 1837, climbed Mount Gambier, and believing that he was “in the colony of New South Wales”, stocked a cattle run there. It was here that he built the first white settler’s hut in the area, the site of which is now marked by an obelisk, and squatted on the land until the arrival of Evelyn Sturt. When it became evident that Evelyn was the lawful owner of the land, having obtained it with a loan from the South Australian Government, Henty had no alternative than to give way to him and vacate.

It is evident that in the years 1844 to 1849 Evelyn prospered and was foremost among the settlers of the area. The family history makes reference to an extract taken from a publication titled *Old Melbourne Memories*, which refers to the “Mount Gambier Mob”, cattle station holders who had attained to social distinction and amongst whom Evelyn Sturt was the hero of numerous local legends. He is reputed to have leaped from a bridge into a flooded river to rescue a drowning man, to have “offered” to suck the poison from the wound of a snake-bitten stock-rider, and to have quelled the boldest bushman in a shearing row. The article states “*He was chief magistrate, universal referee, good at all arms, gallant, gay, the modern exemplar of the good knight and true and a general favourite with the women*”. He obviously had it all together.

It was during this time that another incident occurred, to which reference is made in Mrs NG Sturt’s biography of Captain Sturt, and that is this story of “Captain Sturt’s black cat”. “*Heroic was the devotion of a black tom-cat who was wont to bask daily in a particular window. Sturt’s brother Evelyn begged for this cat, and took him to Mount Gambier on the Victorian borders. Six months later, the cat was missed by his new master, but in due time reappeared in his accustomed corner at Grange. Unless this cat had made his way to Port Phillip and there stowed himself on an Adelaide-bound ship, he must have crossed 600 miles of wild country, swimming the Murray on the way*”. This overland feat is commemorated by a pottery effigy of the black cat, which is on display in the museum at *The Grange*.

In 1849 Evelyn gave up the station, finally disposing of it in 1850, and accepted an appointment as police magistrate in Melbourne, and in 1850 was appointed Superintendent of the Melbourne and County of Bourke Police.

This force was a motley and inefficient organization, divided into seven distinct bodies, the City Police, Geelong Police, Goldfields Police, Water Police, Rural Bench Constabulary, Mounted Police and the Escort. The police in the country districts were controlled by magistrates, crime was rampant and the position was aggravated by the discovery of gold in 1851, when forty of his fifty staff resigned and rushed off to the diggings. Despite all of these problems, Evelyn Sturt remained the recognized head of the police and exercised full control over this conglomerate until March 1853. In that year, when the Legislative Council passed an Act for regulation of the Police under a Chief Commissioner, Evelyn relinquished the post and was appointed as Chief Police Magistrate for the City of Melbourne, where he presided over the city bench for the next twenty-five years. It was also during this time that Evelyn married Mary Frances, daughter of the Reverend J.C. Grylls, of Melbourne.

In October 1854, his life took a new direction, when during an altercation outside Bentley's Hotel in Eureka Street, Ballarat, a young gold-miner, James Scobie, was killed by a blow to the head with a spade. The owner of the hotel, one James Bentley, and others, were believed to be the culprits. When the matter came before the court it was heard by Magistrates Dewes, Johnston, and Commissioner Rede. Dewes and Rede, who were known to have had questionable dealings with Bentley, had a conflict of interest and it became evident that justice was not to be done. During a brief adjournment of the hearing, the prisoner Bentley and his lawyer were seen to enter Dewes' room where a private conversation occurred. Following that conversation the court reconvened, at which time Magistrate Dewes and Commissioner Rede "honourably discharged" Bentley and the others, with Magistrate Johnston dissenting. Outraged at this miscarriage of justice, on 17 October, several thousand miners assembled outside Bentley's Hotel, which they then destroyed by pulling it apart and setting fire to it.

Alarmed at the growing unrest and the evident corruption of government officers in Ballarat, Governor Sir Charles Hotham dismissed Magistrate Dewes, appointed Evelyn Sturt to replace him, and instructed him to reopen the case of James Scobie. He promptly reviewed the evidence, found a case made against James and Catherine Bentley for the murder of James Scobie, took further depositions and recommended that they again stand trial. New warrants were sworn, following which James Bentley was tried in Melbourne, found guilty of manslaughter and imprisoned, and his wife acquitted. Evelyn Sturt was next appointed to the commission inquiring into "the burning of Bentley's Hotel at Ballarat". Whilst that final report by no means satisfied the majority of diggers, it identified and recommended the dismissal of certain corrupt officers, recommended that compensation be paid to some of those who suffered losses in the fire, and clearly advantaged some of the rioters. Without giving any reasons, Governor Sir Charles Hotham ordered that the search for the rioters concerned in the burning of the hotel be discontinued and nothing more was heard of it. It is arguable that one sees the hand of Evelyn Sturt in this decision that, in essence, wisely let sleeping dogs lie, but it was all to no avail.

The turbulence and distrust evoked by the Scobie affair merged into the growing anger of the diggers over the iniquitous cost of thirty shillings per month for a Miner's Licence. The arrival of military reinforcements in Ballarat at the request of the hated Commissioner Rede, and a provocative licence hunt conducted by police at the gravel pits diggings provoked another riot. This proved to be the straw that broke the camel's back. On Thursday, 30 November, thousands of diggers rallied at Bakery Hill, burned their licences, unfurled the Southern Cross flag, swore an oath of allegiance to it, and took up arms. At dawn on Sunday, 23 December 1854, 276 soldiers and Police attacked the Eureka Stockade killing 22 diggers, wounding 12 others, and taking 120 prisoners. This brutal encounter resulted in an outpouring of public anger against the authorities and again Evelyn Sturt played a crucial role in restoring public confidence and order.

When the processing of the prisoners began on 7 December 1854, it is recorded that Stipendary Magistrate E.P.S. Sturt advised the Colonial Secretary that:

"The Stipendary Magistrate of Ballarat, Mr Hackett, having been called to accompany the troops on the occasion of the attack and therefore present thereat, he thought it advisable not to appear as magistrate holding inquiry on the prisoners. I have therefore this day been engaged taking evidence

and hearing charges in the attack against the prisoners apprehended at the stockade.

The investigation will continue tomorrow and such prisoners as do not appear to have been in arms against her majesty's forces, or prominent instigators to the outbreak will be discharged".

Following his investigations of the 100 plus prisoners, Evelyn Sturt committed eight men for trial, two for further investigation, and discharged the remainder on the basis of insufficient evidence. Such was the force of public opinion, that when the ringleaders finally stood trial, the Melbourne juries refused to convict them and they were all discharged as free men.

Following the events at Eureka, Evelyn Sturt returned to Melbourne and resumed his duties as Chief Magistrate. In later years he was a member of the Royal Commissions that investigated the conduct of the ill-fated Burke and Wills Expedition of 1861, and in 1869 he took leave of absence and with his wife visited England, arriving at Southampton early in June of that year. On 9 June 1869, he visited his brother Charles at Cheltenham, which was to be the last occasion he was to see him, because seven days later Charles died of heart failure.

In 1871, Evelyn was appointed as one of the executors of the Victorian estate of the former Lieutenant Governor Charles La Trobe. Three years later, in 1878, his public life came to an end when with many others he was dismissed from office in what became known as the "Black Wednesday retrenchments", and was granted a government pension. In December of that year he and his wife went to England, following which he returned to Victoria in April 1881 and took up residence in a house at Brighton.

In 1883 he again embarked on a ship bound for England on what was to prove his last journey. It is of interest to note that on the way to England the ship called at India, where he was one of the witnesses at the wedding of Adeline Sturt to Lieutenant Norman Bray. Adeline was one of the daughters of his brother Henry Sturt, and Norman Bray was the great-grandfather of the late David Sturt-Bray, who was one of the founders of the Charles Sturt Memorial Trust in Adelaide, and one of its Presidents. Following the wedding, Evelyn and his wife continued their journey to England, where they remained until early 1885 when they boarded the ship *Pekin* for passage back to Australia, but it was a journey that Evelyn was not to complete. On 10 February 1885, one day before the ship reached Port Said, in Egypt, Evelyn Sturt died of severe bronchitis. He was 69 years of age.

His body was taken back to England, where he was buried at Highgate Cemetery. Childless, he was survived by his wife Mary who died in 1913. In Victoria his estate was valued for probate at £17,715. Sturt Street, Ballarat, was named after him, but apart from that and the references to him in the official records of those turbulent times, he has been all but forgotten.

ARTHUR JEEVES

Thank you to Margaret Phillips and Denise Schumann for their invaluable assistance with the research.

GRANGE BOWLING CLUB : APPROACHING THE CENTENARY

In 2006 the club will celebrate the first one hundred years. This article examines the foundation years. The present day club began life as the Grange and Henley Beach Bowling Club.

The early years

Many organisations have beginnings, which are difficult to pinpoint exactly. From which point in time does an organisation count its birth? At the inaugural meeting when a formal framework is established and office-bearers are appointed? Or do we count back to the existence of steering committees, or the efforts of individuals lobbying to form a club? Written records held at the clubhouse only go back to 1911, so information about the foundation period has to be discovered from other sources.

The first mention of a 'Bowling Club' is in the Grange Institute minute book No 1, where it is recorded that the hall was to be hired on Tuesday 2 October 1906

"Hall let to Bowling Club for 2nd Oct for an hour for 3/-."

As this hiring was only for one hour, it would appear to have been for a short committee meeting. (See minute book 1 October 1906)

Pat Wilson was a member of the bowling club from 1953 onwards. He researched the early history of the Grange Institute for an article published in Journal No 6, 1985. He thought the inaugural meeting of the bowling club took place in December 1906 when he wrote about the Grange Institute "*Sporting bodies benefited by being able to hold their meeting there. On December 6th, 1906 the Grange Bowling Club hired the Hall for what I believe was their inaugural meeting, as they commenced playing during the next year,*" (p27)

The writer has been unable to find any reference to this meeting in the minute book, but at this time, apparently not all hall hirings were recorded. However, there is a different set of circumstances in the bowling club's 1907-1986 history booklet.

In 1907 at a meeting of 25 persons held at the Grange Hotel, the Grange Bowling Club was founded.

At that meeting Messrs. Frank King, A. Eardley, and T. Hayward, of the Hindmarsh Club, attended to assist in framing rules and bylaws, as only one or two of the intending members had ever played the game or knew anything concerning it.

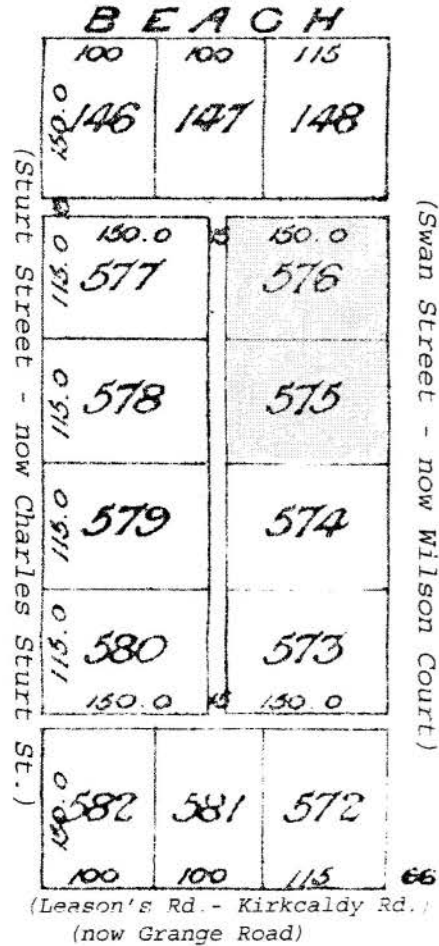
It was decided to form a club if 30 members could be guaranteed. This number was quickly forthcoming, and a committee was appointed with Mr. A. W. Ralph as president and Mr. A. W. Peek as secretary.

This *News* article was published in 1928, at least 14 years later. It fails to mention that the club started life as the Grange and Henley Beach Bowling Club and gives the start of formal matches as the end of January 1908. Henley Beach became a separate club in 1922 and the name Grange Bowling Club came into use then.

Colin Chant was the first Headmaster of the newly established Fulham Gardens Primary School, which opened in February 1961; he joined the club in the same year. In his lifetime, Colin prepared the booklet recording the bowling club's history from 1907 until 1986. At about the same time he was helping to prepare many of the text entries for the history society's Chronology also published in 1986.

Besides the club records from 1911, he had access to senior members of the club and notes kept by the late Mr W E Gill. In the members' list of 1986, C E Mackie dates his membership to 1907; he was an original committee member.

Colin's account of the club's formation follows the *News* article dated 22 March 1928. This tells of a meeting held at the Grange Hotel that had obviously been planned before hand. This would account for the presence of visitors from the Hindmarsh Bowling Club to help form the new club. The article also suggests that this was the foundation meeting as a committee was formed.

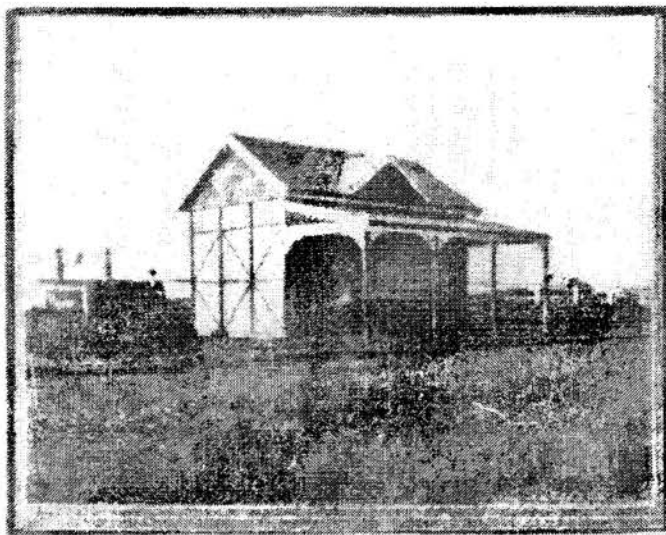


Obtaining the first land
Mr A.L. Greig is credited with arranging to buy land in Swan Street (Wilson Court) from David Murray.

The first title to sections 576 and 575 is registered to A.W. Ralph (President) and A.W. Peek (Secretary). The land was put in their names on 19 September 1907.

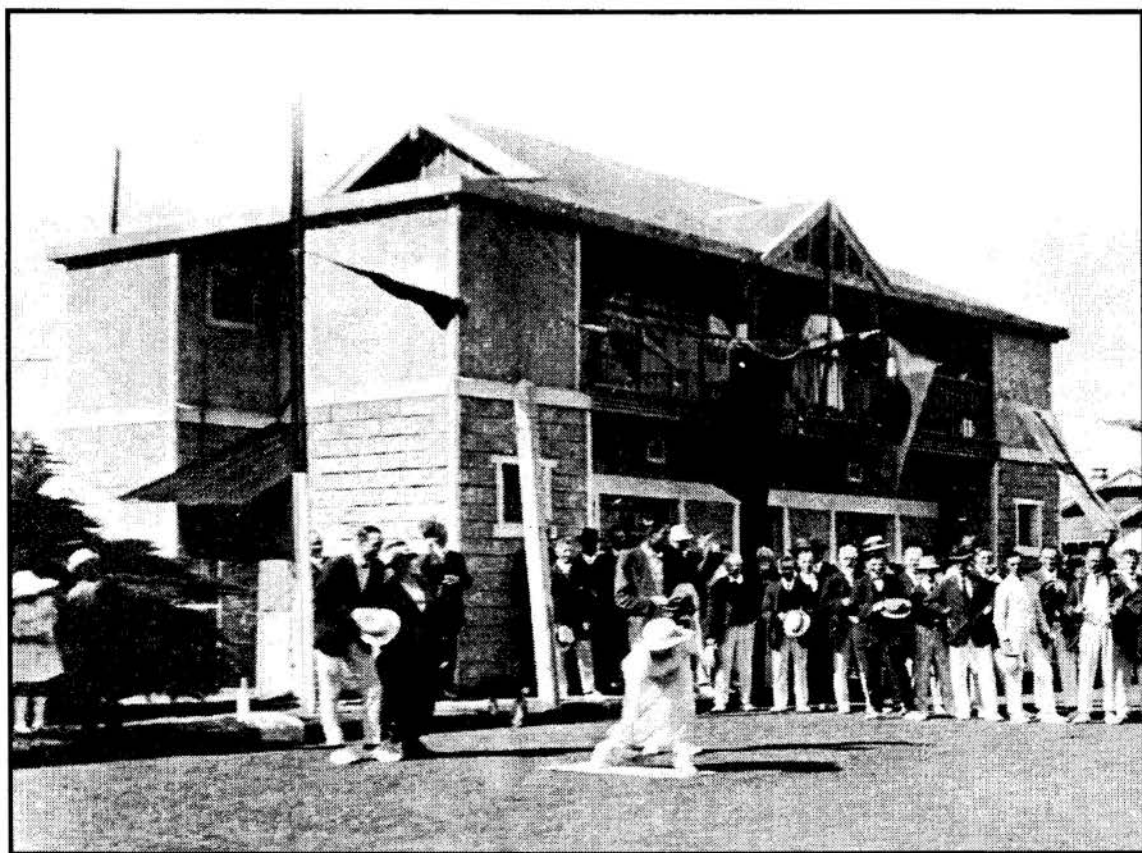
Clubhouses

A piano case was the first 'building' put on the land, this served as a toolshed. Later an iron shed was built.



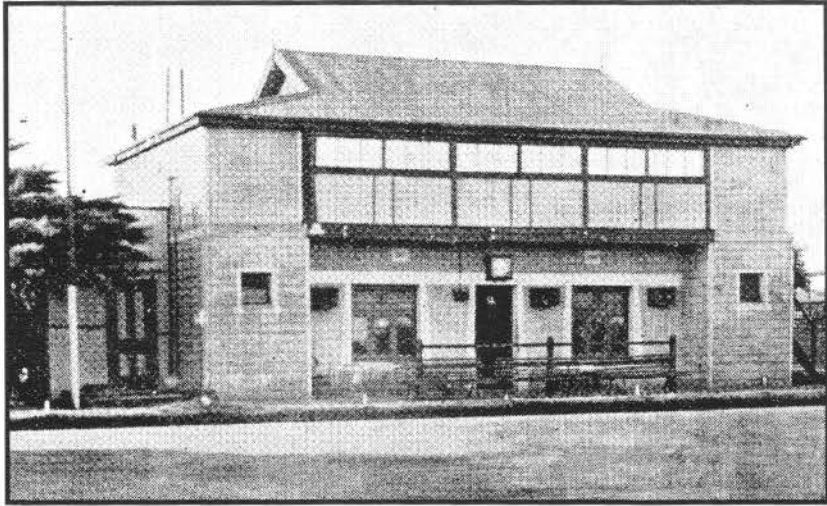
Stage one. The clubhouse in 1910

This clubhouse was erected on the north side of section 576, now the car park. It was built of asbestos and measured 6.1m by 3.6 m. As numbers grew, the club was able to erect a very distinctive building for the Grange district.



Opening of the 1920-21 bowling season (section of original photo)

The building was opened in November 1917 and a string band played on the balcony during the afternoon. It comprised ground floor clubrooms with an upstairs tearoom and kitchenette, and occupied the site of the present day car park. Electric lights were installed on the greens in 1912. Some men were classed as Electric Light Members. They paid reduced fees but could not vote or hold office.



Undated photo

Remodelling 1922-1923

The balcony has been enclosed, and a new room built on the western end for the caretaker. The open section above has been filled in.

"The tearoom and social hall is now one of the most convenient and commodious of its nature in the association." (News 22 March 1928). In 1921 the space under the northern balcony was enclosed to make an aviary that became a distinctive feature of the club.

This clubhouse was demolished when the new rooms came into use in 1954. At the end of its life a nearby resident wrote, *"The original clubhouse was a very shabby and unsightly structure."* This was a sad end for such a unique building.

In the remaining years up to the present day, the club has extended its greens and built first class facilities. This expansion deserves a separate article in a future journal.

PETER WYLD

Sources

Colin Chant *The History of Grange Bowling Club Inc.* 1986 Published by the club.
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Photo Album Ca 1986 held at Bowling Club

News 22 March 1928

Henley and Grange Historical Society Journal No.6 1985 p6 Pat Wilson's Article

E.J. Worrall *The Development of Grange* 1957 Unpublished notes in Society's collection.

Photos and original subdivision plan are from the Society's collection

Lands Department...land titles

ADELAIDE TOWN HALL TOUR

18 APRIL 2005

with the Henley and Grange Historical Society

Having gathered at 12 noon in the foyer of the Adelaide Town Hall amidst inspirational surroundings, we met our tour guide, volunteer and passionate Adelaide history enthusiast, Glen Woodward, at the foot of the marble staircase.

We were introduced to Queen Adelaide by way of a bronze statue standing regally in the foyer, grand in her stance and finery. We proceeded up the stairs to the Prince Alfred Room, passing an exhibition titled *Palestine Lost*, paintings and photographs by Eli El Ghul, Dora McPhee and Rusty Steward, on tour until December 2006.

In the course of our special tour we were informed about not only the history of the Great Hall, but also the history of Colonel William Light and his contribution to the establishment of Adelaide. The tour led us through the Great Hall, Civic Rooms, Queen Adelaide Room, Colonel Light Room, Banqueting Room, VIP Room and halls hung with paintings, photographs and drawings of early Adelaide.

The Town Hall is situated on an acre of land (acre 203) that had been reserved on Colonel Light's survey of the City with a view to it being devoted at some future period to the use of a corporation. Governor Gawler authorised the transfer of the land for such a purpose, the price being determined at 12 shillings. The first Adelaide Council came into being in 1840 when James Hurtle Fisher was elected Mayor. It failed due to insolvency in 1843, with the resignation of Mayor Thomas Wilson in September of that year. The Council functions were taken over by City Commissioners until 1852. The gold rushes in NSW and Victoria in 1851 caused some 16,000 persons to leave the colony. Everything came to a standstill. As a result of the Bullion Act (1852) and return of diggers, some measure of prosperity was restored, and the Corporation was re-constituted in 1852. At its first meeting, held at the Blenheim Hotel, J. H. Fisher was again chosen Mayor. The matter of the want of a Chamber was brought to the notice of the Governor, who thereupon empowered the new Council to take possession of Town Acre 203. However, it was not until 1862 that citizens were summoned to a meeting at which it was intended to sanction the borrowing of money for building a Town Hall. The Council was empowered to borrow a sum not exceeding £16,000.

The design submitted by Edmund Wright was accepted after he consented to some alterations proposed by the Council, and the foundation stone was laid by the Governor, Sir Dominick Daly, on Monday 4 May 1863. This had originally been planned for 23 April, but circumstances made a postponement necessary. After three years the building was completed, and the opening ceremony took place on 20 June 1866. The new structure was described as "one of the most important edifices likely to be erected in this the metropolis of the province for many generations to come."

The main hall currently accommodates around 1100 people for a theatre performance or 420 for a banquet. The Banqueting Room can cater for 150. (1)

In 1990 the organ was replaced. To have restored the old one, which had served its purpose since 1877, would have cost \$1m. The new organ, at a cost of \$1.3m, was built in Brandon, Suffolk, by J. W. Walker and was the largest mechanical-action instrument to have been built in the United Kingdom for 100 years. It has 61 stops distributed over 4 manuals and pedals and 4,500 handmade metal pipes. Free organ concerts are held during the year. The Organ Society has installed the old organ in the Tanunda Soldiers Memorial Hall.

Originally the lights of the Town Hall were fuelled by gas. The current lights replicate the original gaslights. They have faces etched into them along with other embellishments. Air vents have been discreetly placed in the ceiling surrounds.

The Albert Tower, which spans the pavement creating an arcade 20 feet wide, is 146 feet (44 metres) high. The only other arcades of this kind in Adelaide are Norwood Town Hall and the Casino. The foundation stone of the Tower, which cost an extra £4,000, was laid by His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Samuel Goode, on Wednesday 13 January 1864. Sir John Lavington Bonython, a former Lord Mayor, donated the clock, which was installed in the Albert Tower in 1935. An apocryphal story has it that the reason for Bonython's generosity was that this prominent citizen, proprietor of *The Advertiser* which had its office on the other side of King William Street, did not wear a watch, and so decided that a Town Hall clock would be the most convenient way of telling the time. The clock was stopped at the time of his funeral in 1960.

The Banqueting Room was originally an iron structure. Now it is an example of style and elegance, featuring ornate plaster roses, red and white. The double doors leading to the back of the stage act as a sound barrier, allowing the two locations to be used at the same time. The panelling of the Banqueting Room is *trompe l'oeil* paintwork made to look like timber.

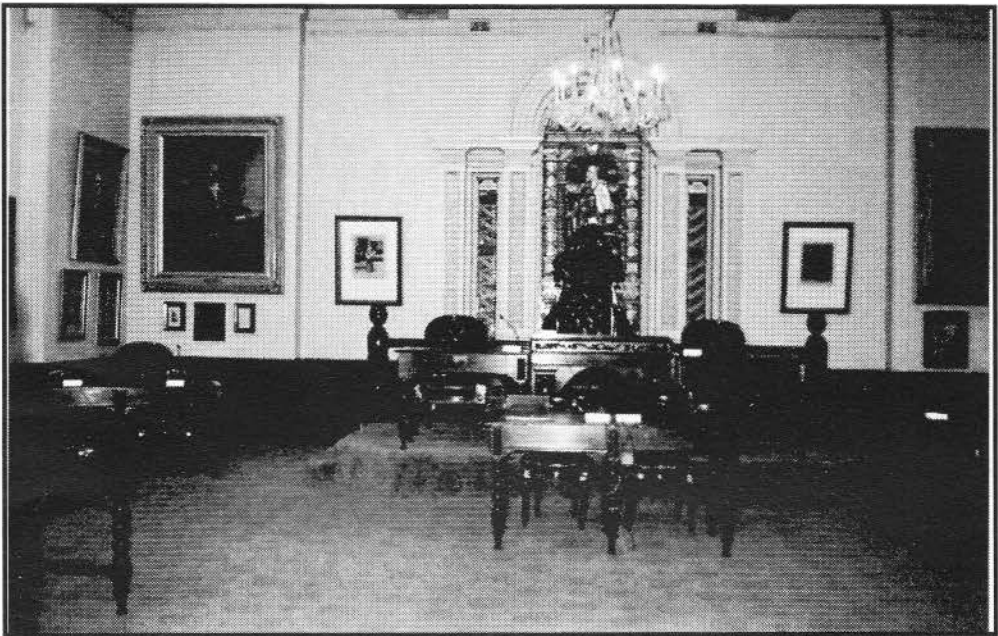
The logo of the Adelaide City Council is an 'A' with dots running through it, representing the River Torrens running through the city.

The old coat of arms adorns the space above the doors leading to the side passageway. The Coat of Arms is in quarters - a ship in full sail representing commerce, a bull's head for squatting interests, a golden fleece for sheep farming and the wool trade and a wheatsheaf representing agricultural interests. The crest shows a hand holding a miner's pick. The supporters are a lion (left) and a kangaroo (right). The motto "ut prosint omnibus conjuncti" roughly means "for good all join."

Maps and drawings of early times hang in the long hall leading from the foyer. These include two drawings executed by John Goodchild, a former Principal of the South Australian School of Arts and Crafts, Kingston's map of Adelaide dated 1843, and another dated July 1876. Photographs include the North Terrace precinct in the early 1860s, showing the Institute Building on the corner of Kintore Avenue and North Terrace before the Public Library (now the State Library), Art Gallery and Museum were built. The Royal South Australian Society of Arts, which was founded in 1856, was the instigator of the Art Gallery, which was built in 1900 to the design of C. E. Owen-Smyth.

The VIP Room is used for important Council meetings and receptions. The exquisite chandelier does not shine as brilliantly as it used to. Glen's suggestion for this was that not all of the detergent used for cleaning was rinsed off the crystals. The stained glass window in this room was presented by Alfred Muller Simpson (1843-1917), chairman of A. Simpson & Son, in celebration of the Coronation of Edward VII.

The Queen Adelaide Room, adjacent to the Hall, was originally intended to be a Telegraph Office, but the idea was "thrown away" because it appeared that the Government planned to erect a Post Office, and it was intended to provide the premises required for telegraphic purposes in connection with it. The chandelier, originally from Ayers House, dates from the 1870s. Many artefacts can be seen in the four display cases in this room, such as portion of Queen Adelaide's dinner service, which is of Copeland porcelain, and there is one of her diaries, written in German.



Inside The Queen Adelaide Room

Queen Adelaide was born on 13 August 1792, the daughter of Duke George and Duchess Louisa Elenore of Saxe-Meiningen, in Germany. Her full name was Amalie Adelheid Luise Therese Karolina Wilhelmina, and she was her parents' eldest surviving child. She was known as Princess Adelaide. After her father's death in 1803 her mother, a courageous woman, governed the Duchy. In England, Queen Charlotte (1744-1818) and George III had fifteen children. There was only one legitimate grandchild of the King - Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince of Wales (later to be George IV) and Princess Caroline of Brunswick. She died at a young age. George IV (1762-1830) thus leaving no male heir, the crown passed to his younger brother, William, Duke of Clarence (1765-1837). William had for many years lived quietly at Bushey with Irish actress Dorothea Jordan, by whom he had ten illegitimate children. It seemed that no woman wanted to marry him. But Princess Adelaide, then 25, married William, then 53, in 1818, twelve years before he succeeded to the throne in 1830 as William IV. The South Australian colonists petitioned King William for the right to name the city Adelaide, in honour of his Queen. An order to this effect was given to Governor Hindmarsh in a letter dated 13 July 1836 from Lieut.-General Sir Herbert Taylor,

Private Secretary to King William IV. Queen Adelaide had two miscarriages and two children died. There were no descendants. Thus, on William's death, Victoria, the daughter of his younger brother Edward, Duke of Kent, and Victoria of Saxe-Coburg ascended the throne. Victoria Square was named after her by Colonel Light. Queen Adelaide was a woman activist. She paid to support the illegitimate children of William, including their education. She lived to the age of 57. The Queen Adelaide Society organises fund-raising events for children's welfare. A recent book, *The Story of Queen Adelaide*, has been published by the Queen Adelaide Society to promote further knowledge of this respected Queen. (2)

The Colonel Light Room serves as the Council's main committee room. It was so designated on 7 May, 1956, in memory of the city's founder, and in it are kept his regalia and items used by him. There is a portrait of William Light in oils by an unknown artist, a copy of the original purchased by the Art Gallery, and notebooks and diaries. Light, born in about 1786, was the eldest son of Captain Francis Light and a woman named Marina Rozells (there are variant spellings of the name), who, some say, was a Malayan Princess, and others a woman of Portuguese extraction. William had an interesting life. At the age of six he was sent to school in England, where he was fostered by George Doughty and his wife, Anne, at their home, Theberton Hall, in the village of Theberton, Suffolk. The young Light was said to have excelled in languages and he showed an early talent for sketching. When he reached the age of fourteen, those looking after him wanted to send him to a Naval Academy in Greenwich. During his naval experience he drew maps. In 1803, at the age of sixteen, he went to France. Napoleon, in a fit of pique, ordered that all Englishmen in France were to be interned. Light, with a couple companions, made a daring escape. He hung under stagecoaches to arrive safely in Germany. Later he joined the army at the instigation of Lord Wellington, and this led him to Spain, where he participated in the Peninsula War and became a colonel. The portrait referred to above, which some think is his own work, depicts him in the regalia of a Spanish colonel. In October 1824, Light, then aged 38, married Mary Bennett, one of the daughters of the Duke of Richmond. She came into a tidy inheritance and she and Light spent the next few years aboard ship in the Mediterranean, visiting art galleries in Greece, and inspecting the ruins of Pompeii and the Bay of Naples, sketching and painting. The jaunt ended with a visit to Egypt where Mary became engrossed in the study of Egyptology, which brought her into a relationship with fellow enthusiast, Hugh Bowen. Light was busy with naval affairs, in the course of which he met Captain John Hindmarsh, and he gave Hindmarsh a letter of introduction to his friend Colonel Charles Napier. Hindmarsh paid Napier a visit at Portsmouth on 27 May 1835, at a time when Napier had just resigned as governor-designate of the colony which was about to be established in South Australia. Napier wrote to the authorities giving Colonel Light strong recommendation as a replacement for himself, but Hindmarsh, keen to take up such a post, had rushed straight to London, and lobbied actively on his own behalf. He had already been promised the position when Napier's letter arrived. Light returned to England in January 1836, and was offered the post of surveyor-general to the new colony, which he accepted.

Light had tuberculosis which was the cause of the delay in his departure only a little in advance of the first colonists. He sailed in the *Rapid* in May, taking with him his talented and devoted housekeeper Maria Gandy and her brother, Edward. On arrival in South Australia it was necessary to establish a suitable site for the capital. This took some time, during which several sites were inspected and considered, before the matter was settled on 31 December 1836, a few days after the arrival of the *Buffalo*.

After the survey of the city, Colonel Light was so pressured by the authorities that he resigned his commission and entered into a partnership with his friend, Boyle Travers Finniss (Light, Finniss and Company). Light had a hut on North Terrace which was burnt down in a fire on 22 January 1837, and most of his lifetime's accumulation of diaries and paintings was lost. He was able to move into his cottage which had been built on Country Section 1 on the southern bank of the Torrens near where the track from Port Misery passed to the city. The construction of Theberton Cottage had been financed by the sale of some land and paintings, and a loan from the bank. It was there in his cottage, nursed by the devoted Maria, that he died on the night of 5/6 October, 1837. On 7 July 1840 Maria married Dr. George Mayo, and the cottage was advertised for sale. The only reliable description we have of the cottage as it originally was is this newspaper advertisement. After it was sold the new owners made alterations to it, and this has made the subject of Colonel Light's cottage a matter of controversy. The site was eventually purchased by Colton, Palmer & Preston, who demolished the cottage in 1926. Present owners, the South Australian Brewing Company, have placed a plaque on a wall to show where the cottage once was, and the Royal Geographical Society have put a memorial plaque on the other side of the Torrens for the same reason. Every year, at the Town Hall, at the first meeting of the City Council, Colonel Light is toasted in a silent ceremony as the founder of our city. He is buried in the Square named after him, and the well-known iconic statue of him was raised in Victoria Square, to point down King William Street. This has since been removed to Montefiore Hill, where it still stands. In 1987, as part of its South Australian Jubilee work, the Corporation of the City of Adelaide published a handsome book, *Art of William Light*, by David Elder.

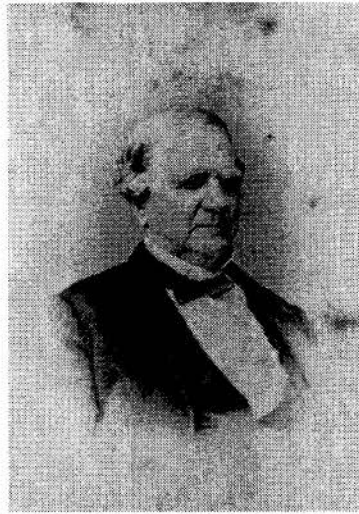
The name Thebarton instead of the original *Theberton* arose as the result of a printer's error when Colonel Light's *Brief Journal* was first published. Perhaps, due to his ill health, his handwriting was not clear. Whatever the reason, the spelling T-h-e-b-a-r-t-o-n has been accepted, and remains as we have it today.

BEV BILLS

{1} www.adelaidetownhall.com.au/tours.htm

(2) Queen Adelaide Society Inc. *The Story of Adelaide*, Adelaide, 2004

THE MYSTERY OF GEORGE DAVENPORT: CONVICT, SERVANT, & SETTLER



George Davenport was a man who had an association with the explorer, Captain Charles Sturt, and his family that started in 1831, and endured until his death in Adelaide on 6 May 1871. He remains an enigmatic figure because the reasons for his transportation to the penal colony at Norfolk Island do not seem to accord with the military history of the time, which, coupled with the confusion in the spelling of his name, suggests that something is missing. Notwithstanding these mysteries, there is no doubt that George Davenport was a constant and resilient man who survived the harshness of the convict system, endured the dangers of Sturt's 1844-1846 Central Australian Expedition, and at age 69, died a prosperous and respected resident of the City of Adelaide. This is his story.

On or about 6 August 1830, following his return from the Murray expedition, Captain Sturt was dispatched on duty to the penal colony on Norfolk Island, a place that was a veritable hell on earth for those incarcerated there. It had been re-established by Governor Brisbane in 1824 as a receptacle for the worst of offenders, "from which they were to be excluded from all hope of return". Governor Darling, in his turn, was to decree that "it was to be a place of the extremist punishment short of death", in consequence of which it was to evolve into a place of unspeakable cruelty. In her biography the *Life of Charles Sturt* (c1899), Mrs. N.G. Sturt writes that George Davenport was transported to Norfolk Island for the crime of "Cowardice on the Battlefield", and this raises the first of many questions.

According to Mrs. N.G. Sturt, Davenport was subject to fits, and "feeling the dreaded symptoms when carrying the colours at the Battle of Waterloo, he took down the colours, put them for safety in his pocket, and lost consciousness". After the battle he was found in the rear, dazed but unwounded, with the missing colours in his pocket. "This added a suspicious circumstance, and his "ugly face" confirming his guilt, a Board of Officers promptly condemned him to transportation for life". If this was the case, it indicates that Davenport was an officer in the British Army, because the regimental colours were always carried by an officer of the rank of Ensign, whose duty it was to defend them to the death.

Any student of military history will confirm that a regiment's colours are revered icons upon which are emblazoned its battle honours, and until the end of the 19th century it carried them into battle. They were the regiment's rallying point in battle and the focal point where messages or orders had to be conveyed to the officer in charge. It is therefore difficult to accept that at the Battle of Waterloo, where communications being essential to his victory, Wellington was constantly on the move assessing the battle and sending messages to the various regiments, that it could have been possible for the Ensign and colours of any regiment to simply go missing. It also raises the question as to what regiment did Davenport belong, because although a large number of men of all nationalities did run away from the battle on that day, there is no record of the loss or absence of any regimental colour at Waterloo. The only regimental flag officially recorded as missing during this time was that of the King's colour of the 69th regiment, which was taken by French cavalry, two days before Waterloo, at the Battle of Quatre Bras, on 16 June 1815.

A further question that remains unresolved is that of the conflict of the dates. The Battle of Waterloo occurred on 18 June 1815, following which George Davenport allegedly faced court martial and was transported for life, but he could not have been sent to Norfolk Island because that location was not reopened until 1824. Prior to this date convicts were transported to Dieman's Land, or New South Wales. However, the 1828 census of New South Wales confirms that there was nobody of that name in the colony in that year. There was a convict named J. Devenport, for whom no details are provided because he was in a hospital at Newcastle and therein may be a clue.

Later records show that he variously spelled his name as both George Davenport and George Devenport, whilst the record of his second marriage in 1859 shows that his father's name was "John". These are puzzles that beg to be solved and further inquiries will be made to the Mitchell Library.

To return to Mrs. N.G. Sturt's biography, she writes that George Davenport was a convict on Norfolk Island in 1831, became Sturt's cook and participated in the incident in her book, which she inexplicably refers to as the "Wreck of the Queen Charlotte", which is a misnomer. The incident to which she refers did not involve a shipwreck, but rather a capsizing of one of the ship's boats.

The 'Queen Charlotte' was a "Brig" that at noon on 27 May 1831, arrived off the harbour bar at Norfolk Island flying a signal of distress. At this time a gale was rising fast, and the rough seas combined with the tremendous surf created a dangerous situation. Sturt decided to launch a boat to render assistance, called for a volunteer crew, and promised freedom to any convict who saved life. Having nothing to lose, a number of convicts, amongst whom was George Davenport, launched a boat and set out. However, before they could reach the Brig one of its boats, having on board the prostrate figure of a man, was launched and seen making for the shore. This figure later proved to be the ship's captain, Captain Rennoldson, who had been wounded that morning by the accidental discharge of a musket. As the ship's boat neared land it capsized. Davenport dived into the boiling surf and succeeded in rescuing the ship's captain, whilst the others rescued those in the water. Eleven days later Captain Rennoldson succumbed to his wound, and nothing more is heard of George Davenport until 1835 when Sturt and his wife Charlotte (née Green) returned from England and settled on land at Bargo Brush at Mittagong, New South Wales. Mrs N.G. Sturt writes that, at this time, "foremost of his trusty retainers was George Davenport, who had been

Sturt's cook on Norfolk Island, and had won his freedom by his gallant conduct at a shipwreck there".

George Davenport was to prove in every way a devoted family servant. He was the first to hold their son Napier, for whom he was to have a life-long affection, and he accompanied them to their next property at Varroville, where he assisted Charlotte Sturt during Sturt's absence in 1838 when he overlanded cattle to the Colony of South Australia. In 1839, when the family moved to South Australia, George Davenport followed, but again there is no record of his arrival in the shipping list of passengers arriving at Port Adelaide between 1837 and 1845. Perhaps he came overland, but he was certainly here in 1840, when Charles Sturt "gave him" to his brother, Evelyn Sturt, who was finding his feet in a pastoral venture and needed an experienced bushman. George Davenport was to remain with Evelyn Sturt, who subsequently moved to Victoria and then Mount Gambier, until 1844 when he saw a newspaper report that Captain Charles Sturt was about to lead an expedition into central Australia and determined that he would offer his services.

He informed Evelyn Sturt that, whilst regretting the inconvenience caused by so sudden a departure, he must be off at once, declaring: "If that good man is going to risk his life, I must go and do what I can for him, and if he dies, die with him". He arrived in Adelaide just before the expedition departed and was hired as a servant "to wait upon the officers of the party". The expedition departed Adelaide on 10 August 1844 and it was to prove an eighteen-month journey of epic proportions that resulted in the death of James Poole from scurvy and exhaustion. After eighteen months, in January 1846, its gaunt and sun-blackened survivors, both men and animals, returned to Adelaide where the next stage of George Davenport's life was to begin. From this time on, whilst he was to continue an ardent admirer of Sturt, he became his own man.

According to documents held by his descendents, referred to as the Devenport papers, it is recorded that he invested his accumulated pay from the 1846 expedition in certain sections in Adelaide, acquiring a property in Hindley Street in 1846, one in Wright Street in 1847, and the Talbot Inn in Gouger Street in 1850. However, this does not accord with the official records.

The Adelaide hotel register shows that in 1846 the Hotel Gothic in Morphett Street, Adelaide, Town Acre 461, was held by a T. Petch. In 1847 the licensee is recorded as being G. Devenport (Davenport ?), in 1848 the licensee was G. Devonport, and/or Michael McNamara, and in 1849 the licensee was G. Devenport. In 1850 the licensee is shown as ??, and from this time on the confusion of the spelling of his name becomes manifest. There is no doubt that the licensee of the Hotel Gothic is the person whom we know as George Davenport, because there is uncertainty about the year 1850, which is the year he acquired the Talbot Inn in Gouger Street. The Devenport papers place him there and the official record shows that from 1850 to 1852 the licensee of the Talbot Inn was G. Davenport (note spelling), and that it was held by another person in 1853, which was the year he went to the goldfields and struck gold. In 1854 G. Davenport is again the licensee and remains so until 1871 when he dies. From 1871 to 1872, the licensee was C. J. Davenport, who was his wife Catherine (née Harris). Of particular interest was that the Talbot Inn was held in the name of Davenport, not Devenport.

It is interesting to note that Mrs. N.G. Sturt's record of this appears to be the source of information in the Devenport papers, which are at variance with the official colonial records. She writes "Davenport, on his master's recommendation, invested the capital

for the eighteen months in certain sections of Adelaide to such good purpose that for one such section acquired at two shillings and sixpence to five shillings, he was able later to refuse £3,000. She also writes that "Davenport's fortunes culminated in a lucky hit on the goldfields, where, after actually throwing up his rights in a digging, he picked up a nugget of 4lb. 3 oz. weight, which in the Adelaide mint assayed at £300. This enabled him to buy more land, and to open a good inn with successful results". It is evident that Mrs. N.G. Sturt's story simply does not accord with the fact. George Davenport may or may not have struck gold as described, but he certainly did not open a good inn on the proceeds. He already held the Talbot Inn, in the circumstances as described, and in the absence of other sustainable evidence to the contrary, the version of the property holdings described by Mrs. N.G. Sturt, and the Devenport papers, must be discounted.

The last meeting between Captain Sturt and George Davenport is reported to have taken place at the Talbot Inn just prior to Sturt's return to England. There is a reference to this meeting in a letter in the possession of Davenport's descendants, written by a James Miller Loch, who was George Davenport's trusted friend and executor of his will and estate, and dated 30 January 1902. In that letter James Loch writes "The evening before he (Captain Sturt) left Adelaide he visited Devenport's and bade them goodbye. I was present at the time and, of course, saw Captain Sturt. He appeared to me almost blind. Devenport led him into the room at the back of the hotel and gave him a cage with a favourite parrot". The family also appear to hold a letter from Sturt, dated June 1853, which was written and sent to George Davenport from St. Helena, whilst en route to England. This letter contains a reference to the parrot given to him by Davenport, which is reported to be a great favourite that often cheers them up with a song. This corroborates the Loch letter dated 1902.

From this time on George Davenport maintained a correspondence with Captain Charles Sturt, and his son Napier, until Sturt's death in 1869. Thereafter he wrote to Napier, and on one occasion Mrs Charlotte Sturt added a passage to one of Napier's letters. Davenport later sent him a fine gold chain made from nuggets in his possession and this chain remains in the Sturt family. At one time George Davenport made Napier Sturt his heir, but later changed his will when he had sons of his own, and therein is another story and the great confusion of names becomes evident.

The register of marriages shows that on 14 February 1846, one month after the Central Australian Expedition returned to Adelaide, George Davenport (note the spelling), labourer, married a Mrs Anne Giles at Holy Trinity Church, Adelaide. The register of deaths records the death on 16 March 1859, at Gouger Street, of Ann, the beloved wife of Mr George Devenport, aged 40. She married G. Davenport, she died the wife of G. Devenport, but there is no burial recorded in that name. There is an Ann Davenport buried in the West Terrace cemetery.

It appears that George Davenport did not believe in extended periods of mourning. The register of marriages shows that on 19 October 1859, one George Davenport (again note name), whose father's name was "John" (shades of the 1828 census), married Catherine Jane Harris at St. Luke's Church, Adelaide. The register of births shows that on 9 September 1862, a son was born to Mrs. Devenport, at her residence, the Talbot Inn, in Gouger Street. This son, of whom no other record could be found, must have been one George Napier, who was the father of a Mr. Victor Sturt Devenport, of Victoria, who was the holder of the Devenport papers, and family memorabilia, in 1945.

Their next child, Lionel Harris Devenport, was obviously born in 1864, because he is recorded as having died on 24 August, 1865, aged 1 year. He is buried Lionel Maris Devenport, in the West Terrace cemetery. The Maris is obviously a data entry error in the cemetery records, because he is buried in the family plot that contains Charlotte and George Davenport.

Charlotte Augustus Davenport was born on 10 February 1867 in Adelaide. She died on 16 January 1868 aged 11 months and was buried Charlotte Augustus Devenport in the West Terrace cemetery.

The last child, Sydney Augustus Devenport, was born on 3 March 1870 at Adelaide. He later married a Helen Matcher and they had a child, Sydney Davenport.

George Davenport died on 6 May 1871 aged 69 years. He was buried George Devenport, at West Terrace cemetery, and thus ends the story of this man. His wife Catherine held the licence of the Talbot Inn in 1871 and 1872, following which it passed to a Mr. R. Cock in 1873, and at this time Catherine Davenport or Devenport seems to disappear. The family descendants in Victoria, for some reason or other, seem to have taken great pains to erase the name Davenport from the record. This is particularly noticeable in the address given by V. Sturt Devenport in 1945, and published by the Victorian Historical Society in September 1949. In that paper, every reference to Davenport, in the sources quoted, has been changed to Devenport. The passages from Mrs N.G. Sturt's biography in which she specifically refers to George Davenport, or at times, the more condescending term of "Davenport", have certainly been deliberately changed to "Devenport". The references to George Davenport in Sturt's *Journal of the central expedition*, and his *Narrative*, have also been changed, and raises the question often posed by the late Professor Julius Sumner Miller, "Why is it so?"

Many years ago, when I noted this anomaly, I raised it with the late David Sturt-Bray, who was an acknowledged expert on Sturt and George Davenport, and his explanation was that the family changed their name to "Devenport", because of the stigma of their convict heritage. Whilst I accepted that version at face value at the time, I must confess that now I am not so sure, and perhaps there was something more in the story of George Davenport that remains to be told.

The romantic version as recounted by Mrs. N.G. Sturt, to Davenport's executor, Mr. James Loch on 2 May 1902, in which she writes "My earnest wish was to show, as forcibly as my poor powers working on very slight material could do, the high qualities of a mind of character which shone with brighter lustre because of the cruel wrongs and against which hardships of fate in his early life Mr. Davenport so nobly and successfully fought his way. More than one of the English reviews singled out this remarkable career as a wonderful instance of steadfastness under most various conditions of life and expressed indignation at the hideous miscarriage of justice which condemned so fine a character to such an utterly undeserved term of transportation". This what Mrs. N.G. Sturt believed until her death in April 1944, but was it true, because on her own admission the story was based "on very slight material", and that understates the case.

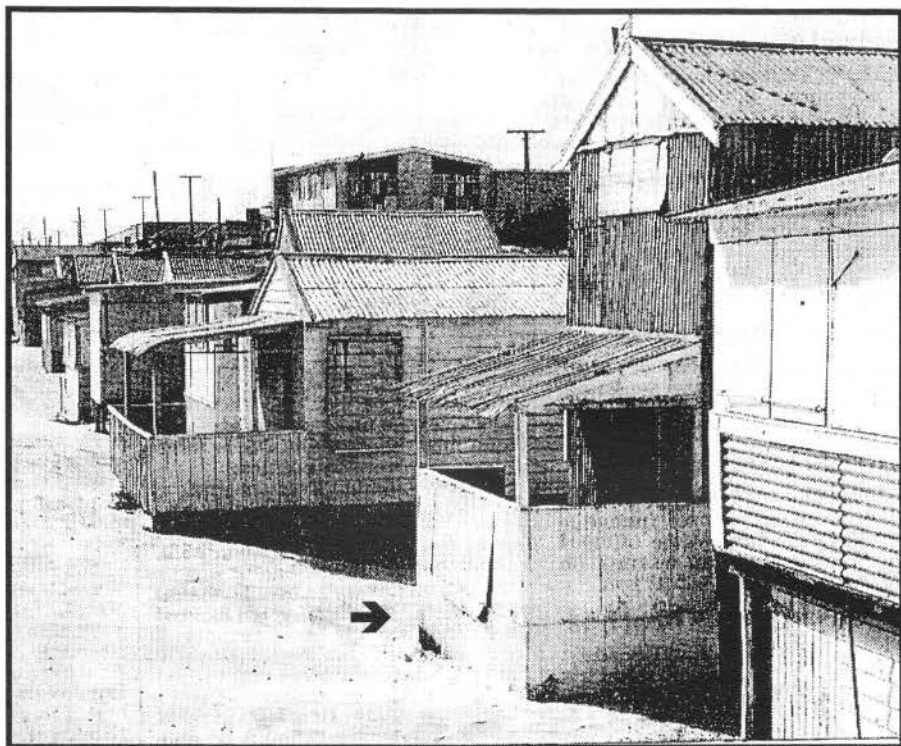
Was George Davenport his real name, was it George Devenport, or was he the convict, J. Devenport, in the Newcastle hospital in 1828, who for some reason did not provide the details required for the census, other than that at some time prior to 1828 he arrived in the 'Ocean'.

Was he a soldier transported for cowardice? If so there must be records in the Public Record Office in England, and he must appear on the convict muster roll on Norfolk Island in 1831. This is the stuff of which mysteries are made, but it does not in any way detract from the fact he is an historical figure, and that he and people like him endured all things to make a new and better life for themselves in the new world. George Davenport, as we know him, succeeded, but like his idol Captain Charles Sturt, the enigma remains. As they used to say at the end of the old mystery plays of my youth, "will the real George Davenport please stand up"?

ARTHUR JEEVES

Thank you to Margaret Phillips and Denise Schumann for their invaluable assistance with the research.

DO YOU REMEMBER ?



Seaside shacks at West Beach, March 1963

Photo courtesy *The Advertiser*

Do you remember the beachside shacks, which once occupied prime sites on many of our suburban beaches? Those pictured above were at West Beach. The shacks were most often built from scrap building materials. Some were brightly painted and well maintained, others less so.

The shack arrowed belonged to Henry Deboar (May Fry's grandfather) and his family. It was removed from West Beach to Semaphore Park not long after this photo was taken. The shack consisted of three floors. The top floor was a kitchen with a large trestle table to accommodate twenty people. The middle floor contained nine bunks and the first floor, which was beneath ground level, housed six bunks. The shack was occupied, by most of the family, through December and January, Easter and other school holidays.

SOME ANECDOTAL STORIES ABOUT THE THIRD GENERATION OF THE JOHNS FAMILY IN HENLEY BEACH

Following the publication of the stories about our two senior generations in last year's Journal, I am encouraged to tell more tales about our third generation, of which I am No. 14 on the list. However, we are a spread out lot, stretching from Gladys, the first born of Percy and Rose in 1906, to my brother Rodger, the youngest of Stan and Frieda's four, in January 1938; so spread indeed, that six members of our fourth generation had made their appearance prior to the end of the thirties and their seniority on that list will merit them a friendly mention in the further dialogue.

The actual writing of this narrative is commenced on a quite distinguished family date, that is the 95th birthday of our senior cousin, Edna Rosenberg (née Cluse), on 3 April this year. I spoke to her on the 'phone earlier tonight and found that she is still as sharp as a tack, although she admits to slowing up a bit and the memory is not as good as it was. "I'm so proud of my sister" said Evelyn (Cousin Evie), not so long ago and she herself turns 86 this year. It was about six years ago when I had occasion to ring Edna, after Glad Johns died, and said "I missed talking to Glad before she went, Edna, so I've got to talk to you before you fall off the perch". Her response was "There's no danger of that, Gordon, although I am glad I'm on my way out; this modern world is too wicked for me, but I have no intention of going just yet". Today she's turned 95, so there is also one of her cousins, who is proud of her.

It is now about 15 years ago that a big Johns Family Reunion was held on the area between East Terrace and Military Road that the local Henley and Grange Council had consented to name JOHNS RESERVE. The land had originally belonged to Grandfather, but the Engineering and Water Supply Department had acquired it in the thirties, for a pumping station, which lasted there for many years. This reserve represents the heart of 'Real Johns Territory' in that the old couple lived on the hill at 335 Military Road. My father owned the block next to them and the house next to the Reserve in East Terrace, where I was born. The Cluse family lived within calling distance on Military Road. Cliff Johns lived opposite their back gate on East Terrace and Ron and Glad occupied the house opposite Grandfather's. Perhaps we should also claim St. Michael's Church, South Street, in our Territory for the large number of family baptisms, marriages and funeral services conducted there over five generations.

Much genealogical work was done in England and a booklet was produced styled *Nine Generations of the Johns Family*. I took it upon myself to write the history of the research and produced a total Family List of six generations in Australia, plus a pen picture of all in the first three, of which all except three I can personally relate to. Presented here is an updated and briefer summary of the lives of the 20 members of our generation, this time in chronological order. In *Nine Generations* the write-ups were done at random, the easier ones first and myself last and the total writing occupied 40 foolscap pages. It was, and has been, an exercise which has given me much pleasure and satisfaction.

First cab off the rank is **GLADYS EVELYN**, who was born in 1906 and, as the first in a new generation of JOHNS, must have been an absolute delight to Percy and Rose and her adoring grandparents. Ron, Perce Junior and Harold were developing youngsters when tragedy struck their family in 1916. A diphtheria epidemic put her and 7 year old Perce in hospital. He recounted the story of how he woke up one morning and Gladys was missing from her bed. "Where's Gladly?" said he. "She's gone home" said the nurse, which was so sadly true. Edna, who can clearly enough remember her, says she was a beautiful child with gorgeous curly auburn hair, in the mould of her grandmother. Perce also said that as a result of her death, his father was so affected by it, that he gave up running Grandfather's shop in the Square (which was his by that time) and moved the whole family to Torrensville and worked there for over a year, before returning to Henley Beach. I can remember a few times during the thirties when Aunty Rose would come into Dad's shop to place an in memoriam notice in the *Advertiser*. As a compliment, both cousins Joyce and Evelyn have Gladys as one of their names and Rose and Percy must have been delighted when eldest son Ron won Gladys Lill (local Grange girl) as his bride. Their homes at 26 and 50 Main Street were both called 'Glad Haven'.

RONALD JAMES JOHNS - 1908 - 1987

With only a vague knowledge of Gladys when I was a lad, I always saw Ron as the senior person in our third generation. I am mindful of a photo taken in 1934, which featured the senior members of four generations. James Henry, Percy, his eldest, Ronald, his eldest and Cedric, born 1933, Ron and Glad's only son. I have a very early memory of Ron coming to the back door of our house in East Terrace. Mother and I were in the bath together, and she had a shouted conversation with him. I was about 3, so that would have been some time in 1927.

When James Henry and Sarah Jan visited older brother Joseph and his family in Fairfield, Nebraska in 1925, they took Ronny, not 17 with them, a marvellous experience for a teenager, especially at this time in his young life. Ron and Glad were married in July 1929, probably at St. Michael's. I have a vague memory that all the little kids, which included me, Lionel, Graham and Rayford and possibly others, were baby sat by our older cousins, Joyce and Evie, and we were all bedded down in Grandmother's big dining room. Glad told me years later that they started their honeymoon by sneaking into the house opposite, where they lived most of their married life, unbeknown to all their friends and relatives.

Ron ran a wood and ice round for many years pre-war and his wood yard was on half a block next to their house. In those days there was a single-track railway line in Military Road and the freight trucks with huge loads of wood would be in position right opposite his gate for unloading. Marguerite, their daughter, was born in September 1934, with serious life threatening complications. Glad said that our mother, heavily pregnant with Helen, was a great help to her during this crisis, running them into the Children's Hospital on many occasions, in the new Plymouth. Margot survived her ordeal and lived into her sixties.

When the war came, Ron joined the AIF as Arthur, Bill and Chip Cluse had already, and he served in the Middle East, only coming home after the victory at El Alamein. He served out the war and remained in the Army for many years subsequently. Sixteen years my senior, I rated him as the best of my male cousins after Graham. He was in a sad state in his declining years. He and Glad celebrated 50 years of marriage in 1979 and there was a family function at their unit in Kirkcaldy. Ron died in February 1987, released from his suffering, at the age of 78.

PERCEVAL STANLEY JOHNS 1909 - 1992

An early memory I have of Cousin Perce, was when he was flat on his back in a bed in the dining room of 26 Main Street, with an acutely painful back. He usually slept in a sleep-out above the garage with brothers Harold and Ron, who'd recently married. Perce was active in many different sporting areas in the Henley Beach of the twenties. He was the first vice-captain in the newly formed Henley Lifesaving Club in 1925, the first club in the state. From there he went off playing cricket and football and also boxed a bit and wrestled, probably where he did his back in.

Perceval (his baptismal name) and Lillian Levy were married in November 1934 and they lived in a house close to the Town Hall and I often saw him early mornings, when he was on his way to the butcher's shop and I was on Badenoch's Corner selling *Advertisers* before school. He was big into football administration after his playing days. I think it was 1934 when he ceased being secretary of the local team and became secretary of West Torrens B Grade. The Henley lads won their Division premiership in Amateur League in the season after he left them. Perce offered Graham and myself the job of scoring at the B Grade matches at Thebarton Oval. The score box was at the southern end of the oval. We had the job for three seasons and it was good fun. Sometimes we were told about it, if we were slow in changing the score. Graham and I were still in primary school when Gayleen was born in 1936 and he became an uncle for the third time. Carleeta was born in 1938 and then they were building their house in East Terrace, close enough to the real Johns Territory. The war came and Perce, a family man, in 1942, enlisted aged 33 and saw active service in New Guinea and Morotai. His service to West Torrens Football Club was for well over thirty years. He undertook many different positions, and was honoured with several Life Memberships within the Club and in more recent years was given a Life Membership by his local Henley Club, of which his father Perce Senior was Club President for several years just after the war.

In his retirement years he and Lill lived in a unit on Military Road, behind what we remembered in the thirties was the Kirkcaldy Railway Station. Lill pre-deceased him and he died quite suddenly in 1992.

EDNA PHYLLIS MAY CLUSE - later Rosenberg.

Our oldest female cousin Edna and the eldest of her siblings, fourteen and a half years older than me, always seemed very much an adult when I was still a kid. Age variation seems important when one is young, but disappears as one grows up. I gather that Edna and my mother were great friends. The ten years difference was as nothing, especially by the time Edna married. She tells a story that when she was young Mum took her to see Pavlova dance and she went along feeling all grown up wearing a fur piece. The year was 1926, so Edna was just 16.

She left the family nest when she married Harry Rosenberg in July 1931. I wasn't 7 at the time, but can remember her wedding at St. Michael's. I was lined up to present her with an ornamental lucky horseshoe, which I looped over her arm, and for that I received a nice kiss from the radiant bride. Edna and Harry went to live in a house in Wayville in a short dead-end street, which abutted the Glenelg tram tracks. We visited them several times and I can remember when Hayward and then Desmond were small boys. Harry worked at Richmond for the organisation which became ETSA. He was a good scout, always bright and cheery, and Hayward, that lively character, has taken after him. She tells several stories of her courting days. When Harry was coming to visit, all the younger brothers were made to have a bath and smarten themselves up.

Edna earned the nickname of 'the snob'. Younger sister Evie, by nine years, would sit at their feet in the lounge room and threaten to tell her mother, if they wanted to have a bit of a snob. Around Henley, walking with Harry, she was several times confronted by a scruffy shoeless Fuf (Arthur) selling papers, saying "Want a paper Missus?"

I made a special trip to see her in 1989, before the Reunion, not having set eyes on her for about twenty years or so. As I came through her front door she said "Gordon, you look very much like your father". My response was "You are the image of your mother", but later she trimmed off a lot of weight, and considering the age she is now, she still looks pretty good. At our meeting she told me about several family skeletons. Every family has them and ours won't be mentioned here. I said to her "Lord, Edna, I was aware of those, when I was only a kid".

Harry died a number of years ago, and Edna lived for years in a unit in Glenelg, but has now gone to hostel accommodation on the other side of town. Good on you Edna, I give you the Japanese greeting of good fortune - KUJYU KU SHINIMASHO, which translates as: 'May you die at ninety nine!' You only have four years to go.

HENRY WILLIAM CLUSE - 1911 - 1968

Try as I might, I cannot remember much about Cousin Bill when I was young. He was the second of Ruby and Will's six and their eldest son, born in 1911, when Edna was about 15 months. There is one story of when they were adolescents. Bill had told Ern (Nuna) not to wear his dancing pumps to go to the dance at the St. Agnes hall, but Ern did. Irate, Bill went there and forcibly took them off him, so Nun had to walk home in his bare feet. He was friendly with Edna Dunning, local girl and one-time President of our Historical Society. Evie said at the Reunion, "I didn't recognise Edna again. I thought at one time she was going to be my sister-in-law". Pre-war, Bill worked as a butcher with Cuthie Lanyon and Arthur Fry, a great personality at Henley South, and was 28 when the war started. He joined the Army in 1940 with Chip was in the 2/3rd Machine Gunners led by Blackburn V.C. After Syria and Pearl Harbour they claimed Arthur from Tobruk and the unit was embarked to go to Java in 1942, where they fell into the hands of the Japanese and became POWs. Bill was a survivor of the Burma-Siam Labour Camps where many Australian and Allied prisoners died. He returned to Australia after Arthur and resumed normal civilian life. He married Vera Franks in 1952 and they lived in a house in Yeomans Avenue. Garth Johns said he had laboured to help Bill build his house. He returned to butchering like his grandfather and four others in the family and had a shop in one of the northern suburbs. There'd been no children as they married later in life, but neither lasted long, both dying with cancer within a few years of each other in the sixties. Joyce described her cousin as a gentle man and I heartily concur with her judgement. Bill's was another life traumatised by War. The medal wearers of our third generation are pleased that there is no one in the fourth and fifth generations with an entitlement to wear campaign medals in their own right.

HAROLD GRAHAM JOHNS - 1912 - 1980

A friend was sifting through old records at the local chemist shop and said "I found a prescription for Baby Johns dated January 1913". I said that would have been Cousin Harold, born December 1912, almost 12 years older than Graham and me. As the adult brother living at home, he contributed considerably to our worldly knowledge, when we were young and playing our cards and dice cricket game, with statements like "Don't shuffle the tits off the queens", and I wondered about this girl Nina Knight, whom he said he went out with from time to time. Harold was a keen lifesaver in the early days of the new club and, as late as the seventies, he and little Percy took an interest in the club

as trophy donors, also attending reunion functions at the clubrooms on the Esplanade. He played cricket and football in the twenties and thirties, then moved to bowls, which all the Johns of his family played. It was a proud day for P. Johns Senior when he had all his four sons and himself playing on the greens of the Henley Bowling Club. Graham, the youngest, on one occasion represented Western Samoa at lawn bowls in South Africa; five big Samoans, with a much smaller Graham, the only European.

In business, Harold worked in the shop with his father and Perce. I think he did the deliveries all over Henley and Grange in the butcher's horse and cart. Perce Junior did the bookwork, assisted by another well-remembered Henley identity in Lindsay 'Nuts' Warner. They would hurry with their tidying up when the shop shut at 5.30, then they could get across the road to the Ramsgate for a quick couple. Harold developed a reputation for being slow to 'push the boat out' i.e. shout his round. It was six o'clock closing in those long bygone days.

In 1942 both the brothers enlisted in the AIF, and once again P. Johns leased the business to Jack Cheek, who came to live with his family in the dwelling connected with the shop. At the finish of the war, after demobilization, they took back the reins of butchering. Harold and Jean Foulds were married in the late fifties and lived the comfortable life in East Terrace at her house, further north. They gave up the shop at about the turn of the decade in the seventies. It was a shock to be told of Harold's sudden death in Queensland in July 1980. Graham came over from Tonga and there was an impressive well-attended Memorial Service for him at St. Michael's a few days later. On a Saturday just previously, I'd seen him at the Henley Football Club with Perce. I felt a pang of regret at not having had that final drink with him, even if it meant me paying, as I rated Cousin Porky as an alright bloke.

CLIFFORD RAYMOND CLUSE: Chip, Chips or Chippy - 1913 - 1998

Chip was third in his family group. Call him Cliff at your risk. He liked being called Chip. One gathers from his Army stories that he was a 'wild one' like his Uncle Mick. He had the normal sporting and working childhood and adolescence, which all the older Cluses and Percy's lot had in the twenties. He was at Grange School, but transferred to Henley when it opened in 1924. He tells of a run-in he had as a schoolboy with 'Nuts' Warner, which the Head Teacher, Mr. Edwards, had to deal with. With six children by 1919, a large den was built at the back of the Cluse residence which accommodated the four boys and occasionally Uncle Will Cluse. At the outbreak of War Chip joined up and was in the 2/3rd Machine Gun Battalion with Bill, serving in the Middle East and the Syrian Campaign, and he told me much of that action and the high time he had in Beirut, Lebanon, when it was a beautiful unravaged city, 'The Paris of the East'. After Syria he, Bill, and Fuf (Arthur) headed for Java, although Chip was on a different boat following the others, which touched a Madagascan port, before returning to Australia. During 1943 he was still in the Army, but had refused to go on posting; with his father dying and two brothers as prisoners of war, he reckoned he'd done enough. He was subsequently discharged, and returned to work at Holden's and concentrated on raising a family, with Mary. of 3 boys and then 3 girls. Their second son, Patrick, is a keen genealogist and has done much work on family history.

The last time I'd seen him was just before I went to Japan in 1947, and we renewed our acquaintance at the Cluse Reunion in April 1989 after 40 years. He showed he had not lost his blarney when he called to me, "Hey Gordon, introduce me to your daughter!". I said, "Chip, I only have sons. The lady you think is my daughter, in fact is my wife". Highly complimented, Lorraine had never met him before. Chip died in 1998 and we

picked up Edna at Glenelg and attended his funeral service at Enfield, and caught up with family members we hadn't seen for quite a time, which does appear to happen in many families. Ours is no different.

ALAN HAMILTON PAVLICH - 1913 - 1973

Family research during preparations for the Johns Reunion in 1989 revealed that we had an extra person in our generation, whom very few people knew about. Uncle Arthur, Mick or Howie, 'the wild one' had a romance with Thurza, who was working as a maid for Grandmother and she produced a son, whom she called Alan. He was born on 13 October 1913 at Solomontown. There's no doubt that Mick had the opportunity to make an honest woman of Thurza, before he went off to Gallipoli in 1915, but he didn't. Our Grandmother thought the world of her. Further information about him has come from Patrick Cluse. As lads, Chick recognised Alan as his cousin and his brothers must also have known. Edna, the oldest of the Cluse clan, has said that she remembered him as a young person, but didn't know he was also her cousin. Uncle Percy Johns was well aware of his status. It appears that his name was on the electoral roll in Port Pirie until 1946, then he moved to Alice Springs. By some strange coincidence, he followed the family calling as a butcher. Patrick states that his father was in Alice Springs in the late fifties, visiting Alan, who, it seems, was a friend of Albert Namatjira and he and Chip went to his campsite and ate by his campfire. Namatjira presented him with a postcard, which said 'Good Luck Chips' and also gave him a small watercolour painting, which Mary still has. A death certificate indicates that Alan died in the Alice Springs Hospital on 24 December 1973 and was unmarried. We have little information about Thurza, except that her other name was Elizabeth, born February 1888 and she never married.

ARTHUR JAMES HAMILTON CLUSE - 1915 - 1952

Cousin Arthur, the third son of Will and Ruby had his birthday on 21 August, a day before mine, but 9 years earlier. Attending Grange School and then Henley when it opened in 1924, he worked after school for Arthur Fry, the South Henley butcher and for Uncle Stan, selling papers on Badenoch's Corner or at the tram stop on Newcombe's Corner; then later worked for Uncle Cliff delivering wood and ice in the summer, sometimes getting up at 4 am to get the ice and get it delivered early. The War came and Arthur enlisted on 24 November. He was a 'thirty niner' and when he went into camp, he got 'Woodside throat'. At one week's notice, he and Daphne Northey (local girl) were married at the Congregational Church on Military Road on 2 January 1940. I remember attending the ceremony. A short honeymoon, then he went to Ingleburn for further training. Daphne went to Sydney in May to see him off overseas and, with friends, went down to the wharf, but the boats had already gone. The draft of soldiers landed in England after Dunkirk, and he spent time in Scotland and on Salisbury Plain. He was in hospital minus his appendix when they had to go to the underground shelter to avoid German bombs. Next stop was Egypt, via the Cape, and Arthur finished up in Tobruk, spending six months there, living on bully beef and biscuits. Chip and Bill say he was quite a hero in the fighting and should have been given a medal for saving the lives of wounded men, by dragging them back behind the wire. He finished up in hospital again in Palestine, where he caught up with Chip. Bill and Chip, being older brothers were able to claim him, so he joined them in the 2/3rd Machine Gunners. He'd been in the 2/10th Battalion. After two days in his new unit, he left with Bill for Java. It was February 1942. Arriving there, they went ashore in small boats and were supposed to be evacuated by HMAS Perth, which was sunk. Dutch troops didn't give them support and they fell into the hands of the Japanese. They went into a POW camp, but weren't fed properly. Arthur got used to eating cats, but didn't like eating dogs. Arthur and Bill were posted as 'missing in action' for 18 months, as the Japanese would not

release their names. Daphne wrote many letters, but he only received a few of them and Daphne rarely heard from him. As well as cat, Arthur ate much maggoty rice and was suffering from malnutrition and later beriberi. It affected his sight so badly that he couldn't see the maggots. He really existed under dreadful conditions and because he was so ill, he wasn't sent to work on the Burma-Siam Railway.

After the dropping of the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, then the surrender, when POWs were released, Arthur was moved home quickly because he was so sick. The plane carrying them, came in over Darwin and the pilot told them they were in Australian air space. Most of the lads bawled their eyes out with joy. They landed in Townsville and Arthur had a hot shower and a steak, in shock at such luxuries. He finally arrived back in Adelaide weighing 8 stone and still in bad shape. He'd been 11 stone 2 pound on enlistment. Arthur didn't know that his father had died in 1943. On the Adelaide station the padre told him "Your father couldn't wait for you, son". He was terribly upset. I remember visiting him on the day he came home and he didn't look good. He underwent a long convalescence at Northfield and was discharged from the Army on 21 June 1946. Marilyn was born in March 1947 and they had moved into a house built for them on East Terrace, not far from Harold and Jean, and they were opposite neighbours of Lawrie and Shirley Stafford. Arthur never worked again and he became a TPI (totally and permanently incapacitated pensioner). Jeffrey was born in 1950 and in 1952 he went to the doctor for stomach cramps, caused by the bad food in Java. He was admitted to Daws Road and died under unfortunate medical circumstances.

Another sad letter came up to Japan. Arthur having suffered at their hands, was really interested in my reaction to them, which was of course vastly different. I had visited him and Daphne when home on leave in 1949 and 1951. I told him that Occupation soldiers had adhered to their motto, 'We served by example'. I am grateful to Arthur's grandson, Craig Arthur Koch, for most of this material. He did a school project on his grandfather some years ago. Daphne missed seeing her husband off to war, then did without him for over five years, not knowing for eighteen months whether he was alive or dead, then she coped with a sick man for seven years, then had forty-five plus years of widowhood, dying in 1999. Another example of the lives of two of our family, one cut short and the other lonely, ruined by the tragedy of war.

GLADYS JOYCE BRAUND nee GARRARD - 1917

Cousin Joyce was born in 1917 and was given the name Gladys as a compliment to her recently dead ten-year-old cousin, but the family knew her as Joyce. She said as a young girl she spent a lot of time in Henley, staying with the old couple. She loved her 'Grandfather Jim', as she called him, I think more than her own father. She had the advantage of knowing him in middle age from the eyes of a developing adolescent, with a greater appreciation of his qualities. Joyce's son, Kyle, writing from America, has said, "My mother always spoke most fondly of her grandfather". Joyce developed into a really good-looking young woman and enjoyed the admiration of at least one of her younger male cousins and no doubt some of the older ones also. I went to her wedding in December 1942 when she married Jack Riley, a very personable and handsome fellow in Air Force uniform. Jack went off to Canada and Joyce joined the WAAAF, having several years' service; and didn't she look great in Air Force Blue. She was still spending a lot of time at Grandmother's house. I remember meeting her, quite by accident, at the top of South Street. She was going up to the Square. I fell in step with her and on entering Seaview Road, I changed my position to be on her outside. She said to my embarrassment, "I see you've developed courtesy toward women, Gordon. I used

to dump my boyfriends if they did not do that". I largely lost track of Joyce after Kyle was born and I went to Japan. She was in Sydney for many years. On her return she worked for a time at the Ramsgate Hotel, happy hunting ground for five generations of Johns. Then she looked after her mother in her home at Riverway, Fulham, for a long period. Always happy-go-lucky, she has been the proud owner of a distinctive shape Model 1962 Valiant Sedan. She and I have always been good friends, right from the days she took Lionel and me to see Father Christmas in 1932. A recent phone call (June) to her, revealed that she is still with it in her 88th year, although troubled by asthma, which restricts her walking.

ERNEST PATRICK FERDINAND CLUSE - 1918 - 1995

Nuna was born on St. Patrick's Day 1918, hence the name, and there was an Uncle Ferd somewhere on the Cluse side. He weighed well over 10 pounds born, a big baby. When I was young, working as a newsboy, Nun used to tease the daylights out of me by calling me "Speiler, sells penny halfpenny papers for tuppence". During the whole of the thirties the price of the *Advertiser* and *News* was this amount. In those days you could make a halfpenny go a long way. It was the time of the Depression and things were tough. For years now we've never had it so good. During the war, Ern and I were the only two of service age not in uniform. For a few years in the early forties Ern and Evie ran the fish shop next to the Ramsgate near the tram stop. They never made any money according to Edna, as they had too many hungry, freeloading friends. Later Ern became a butcher, following the family tradition and for a short while during the seventies occupied his grandfather's shop in the Square. After his marriage to Phyl Hepburn, they bought Grandmother's house on her death and spent many years there bringing up their children John and Susan.

I am reminded of another incident involving Ern, which occurred when I was 10. Roly Pettit from Port Lincoln, a cousin on Grandmother's side, and I, lit a fire next to Cluses' back fence and it got out of control and we panicked. Ern and one of the others came to our rescue and put it out and we both had our behinds kicked - summary justice, not administered these days. Ern said he was going to tell my father, but fortunately for me he never did. Nun died in 1995, in poor health during his final years.

EVELYN GLADYS JOAN BOND nee CLUSE - 1919

Cousin Evie, the cute, lisping little sweetie, who gave her two slightly older brothers nicknames which became very well known in Henley Beach, was born in 1919. She was the sixth and last of Will and Ruby's brood. The names Arfuf (Arthur) and Ernun (Ernest), which converted to Fuf or Fufa and Nun or Nuna, were used with affection and respected by all the 'rellies' and their many friends. I have assumed that it was Ev and Joyce who looked after us little kids for Ron's and Glad's wedding in 1929, but I can definitely remember that our two older female cousins took Lionel and me in the tram to see Father Christmas in 1932. I was 8 and Lionel nearly 5 and we'd had a fight prior to going to town. I remember the wise old Father Christmas said to me "Now don't fight with your little brother!". I thought how could he have known about the fight? I was impressed with the all-knowing, all-seeing rotund gentleman and became a fan for life. Aunt Ruby and Grandmother had for several summers rented a house at Bridgewater for family use. It was third up from the oval on the right hand side. We were up there on several occasions in the thirties. I have seen a photo recently of us all sitting on the steps. Evie and Joyce are in this photo as teenagers. At the Town Hall for a kid's matinee, 'Twinkler' Mills, a radio personality, promised a prize for the boy or girl with the nicest smile, and Evie was chosen. I was quite proud of my cousin that day. It was just before the war and she was at our place behind the shop, working for Mum and

Dad. My cousin, Ron Kuss, more her age than mine, staying with us, decided to give her s stir. "I'll tell you how you got your name" said Ron. "When you were born, your father picked you up and said, 'Heavy', then dropped you and the H together". Ev was quite dairy-fed at this stage and a lovely bundle of cud.

When she and Ern no longer ran the fish shop, she spent about 15 months in the Australian Army Medical Women's Service. At the end of the war, many 'rellies' and I attended her first Marriage at St. Michael's. She later married Don Bond, who was rated as a good bloke. They were living at Brompton and we needed a babysitter for Michael, our little redheaded two year old kid, when we went to Melbourne at Easter 1961 to see Carlien and Rodger off to England. We were grateful for their kindness and when we returned to pick him up, Evie said to Chris or Josie "Tell the guts his parents are here". I said, "Pity us, we feed him all the time". Evie and Don lived at Elizabeth for many years, and Ev is still living in that area and for a number of years she and her friends were often away on off-season Russian cruises.

JACK LENARD GARRARD - 1921 -

Cousin Jack - could you get anything more Cornish than that - is the second child and only son of Lucy and Harry, mainly living his early life at Woodville. Only three years older, always seeming to be that much more street-wise than me. For a while during his younger days some of his friends called him Slim. I think he experienced a really stringent time during the Depression years. Coming to Henley, he associated himself with the Cluse boys and he and Nuna were great mates and he has told many stories about them, Uncle Len, and the betting shop where he and Nun used to bet under age. Sometimes Butch would keep their money and threaten to tell George Chilman, the local policeman, that they were betting as minors. He joined the RAAF in the early part of the War and served in New Guinea and Borneo; then after the war spent a number of years with the Henley Football Club, when Ron was Secretary. According to Peter Ardill, he was a very serviceable footballer and in due course was honoured with Life Membership status, as was Ron, then Garth Johns. In a later year Perce Junior was also honoured and I also achieved this status for over ten years service in my professional capacity after I'd gotten the same from West Adelaide Football Club for over 15 years. That's five awards to members of our generation and our number three son, Michael, is also on the Honour Board as Best Player in one season in the early eighties.

Jack and Ursula were married in 1956 and had three children in quick time. Jack still lives locally and eldest daughter Louise, with Ian Berry and their family and our son Shane with Paula Olson (local girl) are two others with Johns family connections still living in Henley. Also Michelle Richardson, daughter of Gayleen and Murray, lives with husband Andrew Capel and family in Grange. Late mail says that Louise and Ian have moved to Lockleys.

GRAHAM JOHNS - 1924 - 1986

Cousin Graham was born at home, 26 Main Street, on 17 October 1924. He, my contemporary and boon companion, number five on his family list, was very much the 'scrapings of the pot' for his parents, being 12 years younger than Harold. His father, Percy, was so proud of himself, that he showed him off in the front bar of the Ramsgate when he was only one day old. It is believed that Aunty Rose was highly displeased with this action, but be that as it may, this early visit gave Graham a life-long liking for beer, a definite Johns trait. My first memory of him was at his house in 1928, when we would have been about four. We spent 18 months at the Glenayre Kindergarten, which was conducted in the hall of the Congregational Church on Military Road. We then

went to Henley Primary School together in 1931 and he was immediately put into Grade 2, when Rose said "Graham's work is much ahead of Gordon's". 'Stupid' was dumped into Grade 1, but during the first morning I opened the First Primer and read through to the back page, repeating it at the teacher's request. Next day, guess who scored a rapid promotion to Grade 2! We proceeded through primary school together, Graham usually doing better than I. His writing was certainly neater. In one of the term exams in our Qualifying Certificate year, 1936, also South Australia Centenary year, I beat him by 20 marks, but he was 10 ahead of me when the real QC Exam was held at Grange School. We both went to Pulteney Grammar School and Prince Alfred College and finally parted company after the Leaving Exam in 1939 when he achieved 6 subjects and two credits, and I stayed in the Leaving Class and had a far better year in 1940, with increasing maturity. Graham played school football from Grade 6 at Henley and was chosen for the 1940 Inter-Collegiate match on the Adelaide Oval and kicked three goals in a winning team. Together we developed a game of cricket before we were 10, using playing cards and dice, and played many Test matches between Australia and England. We should have patented this game, as by the time we played our last game when we'd turned 16 in 1940, it had been highly developed and fine-tuned by our developing minds.

Graham joined the Bank of Adelaide on leaving school and, after some city work, had a number of country postings. Yorketown and Streaky Bay were two. He joined the Air Force in early 1943. After initial pilot training, he won his wings at Mallala and went off to England via Canada and the U.S. where he served until the end of the war, in Training Command, never on Operations, but he gave himself a fright one time when he and one of his friends had a mid-air collision, but both got down safely. On 'demob', he returned to the Bank and was working in Port Pirie when he met Joan Scrutton, one time local girl and a pillar of St. Michael's Church. They married in May 1947 and shared a marriage and banking career, which took them to a number of country towns, Georgetown and Willunga being two, then finally Melbourne. Joan hated every day of the five years they spent there, as she is a cold frog.

Graham then got into Development Banking and this move took them first to New Guinea, where they met up with Cedric Johns, then Fiji and Western Samoa. He was highly thought of by the powers-that-be in the World and Asian Development Banks. They were also in Tonga for quite a time. Joan was friendly with the Queen and other members of the Tongan Royal Family. Joan was the perfect partner for Graham and she can drink only beer and has a good capacity for it. Her father Reg, an hotelier, appreciating this quality in his daughter gave her some advice, "Joan, you drink like a man, so pay like a man". She currently lives in Noosa, near daughter Susan, Bruce and her three grandchildren.

It was a sad blow to lose Graham at not 62. For my part, we planned to grow old together, well into the seventies and perhaps eighties, but it was not to be.

LIONEL STANLEY JOHNS - 1928 -

My other boon companion of our formative years was younger brother Lionel, born in the early morning of 15 January 1928. I have clear enough recall of some of the happenings on that occasion, although I was only 3 years and 4 months at the time. For some reason, I was in the cot in my parents room. I think Mum had live-in help in preparation for the new baby. Mum had started into labour and Dad had gone nearby to get Aunty Ruby Cluse. For once I didn't create or make a fuss, standing up in the cot, wondering what was happening. The next thing, Aunt is sitting in the kitchen with Mum. This is my first clear memory of her, although I knew who she was. Mother was

whisked into the Memorial, the Zoo Hospital, called that as the lions could be heard roaring early in the morning. Vague memories of going to town in the car, but I remember the overhead tram wires as the vehicle went up the rise into Seaview Road. When Lionel was six months old, we moved from the new house in East Terrace to behind the shops in the Square. We were right next to Badenoch's Bakery and the oven wall was on the boundary of our back yard. The property was situated between the tramline on Seaview Road and the train line on Military Road. In late 1934 a bathroom and laundry were built by Albert Northey, the father of Daphne Cluse, later the Mayor for several wartime years. An upstairs sleep-out for Lionel and me was also constructed as Helen's arrival was fairly imminent. Prior to this, living conditions were fairly crude, with no bathroom or laundry. Dad would go to his mother's place for a bath. We kids would have been singularly unimpressed at the move away from 29 East Terrace. Anyway, it was here that Lionel and I grew up. We played 'cricket in the backyard at Mum's' and here we were close to the Henley action. Trams, trains, the Ramsgate and the betting shop, where we both sold papers inside, the jetty, the beach and the playground were a safe happy haven for kids of those days. There were also the Games Pavilion and the hurdy gurdy and Tom Cassidy's 'Touch'em'. The lower area was called 'the Squeezer' where all the romance occurred with the beach lads and lasses, although we were too young for it ourselves at that stage. Later, we used it. Lionel had the normal education at Henley Primary School, then attended Adelaide Technical School on North Terrace for three years and gained his Leaving Certificate. We both sat for intermediate Chemistry in 1942, next to each other, and we both passed. In 1944 he took over the early morning job delivering papers in South Henley which I'd been doing from the time of Pearl Harbour, and then held this job until he went to England in 1955, about three weeks after Helen. They toured the Continent together and both worked in London. He was away for about three years. While there, he indulged his interest in Shakespeare's plays by seeing acted most, if not all, of the 37.

He worked at Woomera for a period, then joined the G.P.O. and then Telecom and was in charge of Public Telephones for a goodly while, up to his retirement in 1991. For many years he had a keen interest in ballroom dancing and he did look good in tails and he seemed set to remain a bachelor until he met a young widow named Faye at a dance. She had spent some time at Henley Primary School during the time that Rex Jory was a student. For the final Christmas that he was alive, our father, S.G., was surrounded by his 10 grandchildren plus Faye's two young daughters, Sharon and Julie. We were all delighted when Lionel announced to Rodger and me, on that terrible weather Anzac Day 1971, that he and Mrs. Richardson were going to tie the knot. He had turned 42. At one stage he was interested in sailing, owning a Finn and a Moth - small sailing craft. He was also a member of the Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron. He has maintained a long time interest in the writing and teaching of calligraphy. Lionel and Faye live quietly at Seaview Downs and late last year they became grandparents to Julie's and Michael's Lottie Grace, definitely the youngest member of our 5th generation.

RAYFORD NORTH JOHNS - 1928 - 2003

Ray was born on 28 February, about a month after Lionel. Cliff and Elma lived in a house on East Terrace of similar design to ours and opposite the Cluse back gate. I strain the memory, but I cannot come up with much about his childhood. I can remember him at Christmas functions with the old couple. He was three classes behind me at school. I was aware that Aunt Elma had a stillborn daughter prior to his birth. Peter Ardill said that he had been a good, serviceable footballer for Henley. Ray caused quite a stir in Henley Beach in 1953 or thereabouts, by running off to Western Australia

with the wife of another well known Henley bloke and good friend to us all in Ron 'Killer' White. Writing up to Japan, Lionel stated "How's this for a nice juicy bit of family scandal". I remembered Joyce as one of the young local beach lasses in the mid-forties connected with women's lifesaving. There has been a lot of water under the bridge since then and they made a new life for themselves in the West, raising a family of three sons who have presented them with seven grandchildren, which at the time of the Reunion swelled the numbers of our 5th generation to 59, with only 6 married. What further potential has this group developed over the last 16 years? Ray returned to Adelaide for his father's funeral in 1971. Lionel, who went, remarked how much like Cliff he had become, even to the tone of his voice. Sadly, both Ray and Joyce have died in recent years and one of their grandchildren has died while still a young person.

GARTH MALVERN JOHNS - 1930 -

Garth was born the younger son of Cliff and Elma. In those mid-thirties days he was just a little kid to me, just as I was a little kid to all our older cousins, seemingly half a generation further on. Garth was 8 when our grandfather died. He says he can remember nothing of that period. He had a normal enough childhood like the rest of us, being affected by the bad economics of the thirties and then was a young teenager when his father was away serving in the Garrison forces guarding prisoners of war at Loveday. That's what our generation had to face up to. The Depression and then the War affected each one of us differently and we each dealt with it differently. I lost track of Garth during my Japan period, but on resuming life as a civilian in 1954, I treated him when he broke his collarbone. When he broke his collarbone for a second time I became aware that he had married Freda and was living in the new part of Henley. Then I caught up with his son, Tim, at a Rotary meeting. He had a successful career with the local football club and gained a life membership for his service to the club. He and Freda have lived in the West Lakes area for many years and are neighbours and friends of Noel and Edna Newcombe. Their sons, Mark and Tim and their wives, have produced three grandchildren and Tim lives with his family at Grange.

HELEN MARGARET HAYES nee JOHNS - 1935 -

Helen, the youngest of the five girls in our generation was born at an impressionable time in my life. In May 1934, Mum, Lionel and I motored up to Burra to stay with Mum's twin sister, Beth. We lads didn't know it, but Helen was on board as well, to be born on 2 January, seven years after Lionel and I had turned 10.

In our father's life everything revolved round the various editions of the *Advertiser* and the *News*, and this applied to the births of his children. New Years Day 1935 had been a busy holiday time for Henley, every train and tram crowded with beachgoers. It had been a hot day and Mum had sat in the Plymouth at the chemist's corner distributing papers to newsboys, including me. At nine in the evening, she said to Dad "Keep your clothes on, you'll be taking me in within a few hours". Mother did go into hospital as she predicted and Dad was able to pick up his papers from the *Advertiser* office in town and Helen was born just after 5 am. Dad, standing on the steps of our new sleepout announced, "You boys 'ave a red 'eaded sister". When I first saw Helen I wondered where the red head had gone, as she turned out to be quite blonde with beautiful long hair as a teenager which when down below her knees.

When she was older, Lionel and I would compete to push her up the jetty in her stroller. Later we wished we could push her off the seaward end. She was a tyrant in miniature. I remember well the time she took off her shoe and threw it into the sea. I was hours before I returned home. When Rodger was born, three years later, she was sent to stay

with Glad Johns' sister, Dorrie Williamson, and she learned some manners and civility and obedience. But it didn't last once she came home again. In 1940 she was a pillar of the small St. Michael's School, run in the parish hall by Joyce Knight and Lenore Bowes (Saunders) and at Henley Primary School, one of the class teachers, a Mrs. Turley, had put the fear of God into her and big 17 year-old brother had to sometimes take her into class to protect her from the ogress. However, teacher and I had developed an understanding about Helen, that she was to keep up the discipline. She was 12 when I went off to Japan and Mum, Helen and Rodger flew to Sydney to see me off. Later I was the hero big brother in uniform at a Sixteen's Dance at St. Peters Girls in 1951. I'd sent home a quite good quality artificial pearl necklace. At a previous function the strand had broken and pearls scattered all over the dance floor. Helen put on a great act. Mother wrote up with the story. "How much were they, could I get some more?". I wrote back, "About 20 yen, absolute peanuts. I wouldn't have even bothered to pick them up".

Helen achieved the distinction of having her name on the General Honours List for the Leaving Honours Examination in 1951, being among the top dozen students in the state. She also won the Annie Montgomery Martin Medal for English. It was amazing, as Mum said that Helen's idea of study was to be in the kitchen with the radio blaring. She went off to England in March 1955 and had early information about our eldest son's impending arrival in August. On board at Outer Harbour, being farewelled, she called "Good luck with the baby", which caused the 'rellies' and friends to prick up their ears. She returned three years later after, witnessing the selection of Pope John XXIII in Rome and also had some time in Burma, looking well fed on a diet of pommy potatoes. Then she lined up for training at the Adelaide Teachers' College and completed an Arts Degree. She married Darrell Hayes, then a farmer in the Elizabeth area, in 1962. They have three children who have produced two grandchildren for them. For three years in the late eighties Helen taught at Parndana on Kangaroo Island. A few years back, she went on her own into China, seeing the Great Wall and the Entombed Warriors and continued on to Europe on the Trans Siberian Railway, a marvellous experience. Then in 2002 she had a trip to Uzbekistan in Central Asia. Helen and Darrell now live comfortably at Flagstaff Hill. These days she does voluntary work for the 'All About Adelaide' group on the city streets.

RODGER NORMAN JOHNS - 1938 -

Rodger is the last of our third generation, born in January and without doubt the only one of us who does not have any recall of our grandfather, who died in September of the year he was born. Helen looked on the dead face of James Henry at 3 years and 8 months and can remember it. Our two young ones were able to relate better to Grandmother as we moved back into the East Terrace house at the end of 1942, back in real Johns territory, for about the last six years of her life. In about 1946 Grandma promised Rodger threepence to do a job for her. The entrepreneur even then, he said "Gee, Grandma, that's worth a shilling". It is not known whether the old lady, 84 at the time, parted with the extra ninepence. We are of course talking about 1946. The same job in 1932 would have paid a brown penny if you were lucky. Later, Rodger was Dux of Grange Primary School, then proceeded on to Adelaide Technical School. I missed out on his early teen years and by the time I became a fulltime civilian again, he was a motherless 16 year-old and mature for his years.

Being thirteen years older and Lionel ten, we were careful never to sully the ears of our kid brother with swearing or dirty yarns. We shouldn't have worried, as at his bucks' night in the backyard of 29 East Terrace in March 1961, he and his Engineering friends

showed his older brothers that this necessary aspect of his education had not been neglected. Sometime in 1955 he started a friendship with the 16 year-old who lived opposite to where Lorraine and I had gone to live in Lockleys. First date - big impression. He turned up at our place, a far cry from the suave sartorial executive engineer he became, in a rumpled suit and shirt. Lorraine got out the iron and I shone his shoes. We saved his marriage on the first date. Later Lorraine, only married twelve months and coping with a very young Philip, said "I can't get used to being called Mrs. Johns". Dreamy-eyed Carlien, with her mind already on the bridal, said "I think it would be lovely to be called Mrs. Johns". Carlien denies this, but it was said. Anyway Rodger graduated with a degree in Civil Engineering from Adelaide University in 1959. Carlien achieved her desired change of name and they were married in March 1961 and went off to England to further his experience. Their eldest daughter, Julie, was born in February 1962. I remember Helen's reaction, "Stupid idiots, they could have been skiing in Austria this month".

Why our father chose to have his children, other than me (honeymoon baby), during January is a mystery. As the local newsagent, it was always his busiest period. There is a theory and a family joke among us siblings, that it is connected with the fact that there was never a newspaper on that movable feast date, Good Friday.

Rodger celebrated his first birthday on the hottest day Adelaide has ever had - 12 January 1939, when the temperature was 117.7° or 47°C. Everyone sweltered. No fans or any air-conditioning in those days. The beaches were crowded and many slept on the beach overnight. Rodger spent the day in a cool bath. He was about 3 weeks old when Dad and Mum went to town, leaving me in charge of the shop and the baby. I remember I had to change his nappy. Yuck!

He has had a very successful career as a civil engineer, working for a time with Kinnaird Hill, Colliers and the State Transport Authority, then independently, and in recent years he has had many trips to China. He and Carlien have had three daughters, who have given them seven grandchildren. They have lived at Urrbrae for over thirty years.

GORDON JAMES JOHNS - 1924 -

Lastly and humbly least, I now come to write about myself, to complete the saga of the first three generations of our Family Johns in Australia. Home births were all the go when I was born in the bedroom of the family home on 22 August. I had a fairly unspectacular childhood and some of my own narrative is interwoven in the stories of my uncles, aunts, cousins and, of course, the old couple.

I was Mother Hubbard's dog in a presentation by the Sunday School of St. Michael's at the Town Hall in 1931. Dad tried to induce me to go to the side of the stage and cock my leg against the curtain. He said it would bring a big roar of laughter. Mother said "No", so being a good obedient boy, I didn't and so missed out on some early notoriety in Henley.

I went to Henley Primary School from 1931 to 1936 and always managed to pass into the next grade. History was my favourite subject, and while in Grade 4, I got 10 out of 10 for a test. The teacher, Mr. Moss, said "Good work Gordon", but one of my dobbing classmates said, "He's still got the book under his desk". I was sent to the Head Teacher with a note. Do you think I didn't have the breeze up? The wise old Head said "Tell me what you wrote about Sir Walter Raleigh, son", so I repeated what I had written and

was exonerated. In Grade 6 I achieved 100% for History and Geography and in 1940 I was tenth in the state, with a credit in Leaving Modern History. I didn't need to cheat at History. The same wise Head, Ray 'Tato' Edwards, got into a certain amount of hot water later in that same year when he permitted the broadcast of the 1933 Melbourne Cup from the new school radio to be heard by all classes. Kids were able to tell their parents when they got home that Hallmark had won the Cup. I've never forgotten the incident.

Like Bob Badenoch, the elder son of the local baker, I learned the work ethic early in life. In many of those primary years I sold papers on the Grange Station or on Badenoch's Corner and elsewhere, but I always had money for the school penny bank and in 1936 a group of about ten of us went to Phillip Island for a week during the May holidays. I was able to pay for the holiday myself out of my own bank account. The fee was 2 pounds 17 shillings, \$5.70 in today's money. Unfortunately I had no ability at sport. Graham was developing into a useful footballer. I was no good at cricket, although I loved the game and have been a lifetime fanatic. I was at the Adelaide Oval for the first day of the infamous 'Bodyline Test' in 1933. With lousy eyesight, I must have been a real gawk of a kid, and being small, I was often enough the target of older bullies. At the age of three, I'd been diagnosed with 'optic atrophy'. It was predicted that I could be blind by the time I was seven. Later Mother read about an Adelaide man whose sight had been badly affected by his service in WW1 who was undergoing physiotherapy training in London at St. Dunstan's School for the Blind. I was asked whether I would like to do this sort of work, and I agreed, so my course in life was set in 1938 and I started the course at the university in 1943. By this time, many of my cousins and other contemporaries were in uniform, serving their country. I went for a compulsory military medical in September 1942, after I'd turned 18, but was declared unfit for service.

In the meantime, Graham and I had been to Pulteney Grammar School and then Prince Alfred College, where I had an undistinguished academic career. I had a couple of years in the school cadets and marched in the 1940 Anzac Day March. At the same time we'd attended Sunday school regularly at St. Michael's and joined the choir. We were prepared for confirmation in 1936 with many others by the new Priest in Charge, the Rev. Thomas Thornton Reed, who years later was to become the Anglican Archbishop of Adelaide. On one Sunday morning late 1937 I didn't go to church but went to the beach instead. There was more fun there and it was the start of a ten-year lifesaving career for me. Lifesaving activity became part of my adolescent life, especially during the war years. I had several personal rescues. There was activity in four of our generations for the lifesaving club. Special mention is due for Perce's son Haydyn and his granddaughter, Michelle Richardson and our four, Philip, Shane, Michael and Matthew, who without any badgering from their father, gave a number of years service and all qualified for their Bronze Medallion. I also had great fun as a scout, and attended the Jamboree in Sydney in 1938-1939, celebrating the 150 years of white settlement in Australia. Later, with my four sons, I spent ten years as a scouter and attended two more jamborees with three of them.

As the eldest son of the local newsagent, I have always claimed that I cut my teeth on an *Advertiser*. As a kid, I was often out with Dad on the early morning deliveries in Grange and later, as an adolescent, I collected the paper money at the back doors of houses in Henley South, Henley, Kirkcaldy, Grange and Tennyson. A fortnight's delivery of the *Tiser* and *Mail* was two shillings and two pence, including a delivery charge of a penny a week. Nowadays it's 40 cents. I remember as a youngster in the thirties that in many

houses there were groups of middle-aged women, living together, some with two or three spinster sisters. I asked Dad about it, and he said that it was as a result of the war, when 60,000 potential husbands didn't come home. What a sad price Australia paid for its involvement! At the time of Pearl Harbour I became Dad's assistant, doing the South Henley round, delivering *Advertisers* etc. in the blacked out streets of Henley from a horse and cart, for several years. During that period I had many growth experiences, gaining considerable maturity.

My progress through the physiotherapy course was quite average. I struggled with some of my exams and had doubts about my suitability for the work. However, I persisted and graduated in December 1946 and started my professional career at the Royal Adelaide Hospital in January 1947. I was the first male graduate of the new university course and our group were the first graduating students to register under the new Physiotherapists Act of 1946.

I went off to Japan in July 1947 as a Lieutenant in the Medical Corps for my life's great adventure in the Occupation. I stayed there for six and a half years. It was a marvellous experience for a young fellow, first time away from home in a situation where the enemy were not going to shoot back. We kicked (ignored) the men of that defeated nation, being far kinder to them than they ever were to Arthur and Bill and the many others who did not make it. We cosseted the women from 8 to 80. With Hugh Douglas, 2nd Year Medical student in 1944 when I was in First Year at the Anatomy School, I climbed Mount Fuji in September 1949, a unique experience. I was in Hiroshima, the Atom bomb city, on numerous occasions and spent eight months on Miya Jima, Japan's sacred island.

From the Occupation I got involved in the Korean War, 1950-1953, with never a moment's regret for having stayed so long. I met Lorraine up there, a good-looking redheaded nurse on Ward 4 when first sighted. I was coming home and I had to make one of the quickest and most positive decisions of my life. We had a marvellous romance in that northern winter of 1953-1954 and we were married, back here in Adelaide, in October by the same T.T. Reed, at that stage the Dean of Adelaide. Over a ten-year period we produced four sons and we are proud of each of them. Their welfare has been Lorraine's life project. They have produced five grandchildren for us. By an amazing coincidence, Lorraine can also qualify as a local girl as she lived in Henley in North Street, opposite the Town Hall door, with her grandparents for a year during 1940. We very likely set eyes on each other, but one wouldn't expect a 16 year-old to be interested in a 10 year-old. I took the girl out of the West, but have never taken the West out of the girl. From 2, our own family unit now numbers 15. From S.G. and Freda, altogether the number is about 50 and from James Henry and Sarah Jane the number of family living at Reunion time in 1989 was about 170. It could be an interesting project to bring our Family List right up to date. For all we know there may be someone in the Seventh Generation.

In 1962 I was invited to join the Rotary Club of Henley Beach as a Charter Member and I have now had more than 40 years service as a Rotarian, which I have enjoyed for all those years. I was Club President in 1970-71, taking over from well-known Henley identity, Dean Hicks. In subsequent years, three other of our Society members, Dean Whiteford, Noel Newcombe and Allan Phillips, have also been President. Dean Whiteford also became Rotary District Governor of D9500 in 1985-1986.

For six years in the seventies, in my professional capacity, I looked after the International cricket sides at the Adelaide Oval and was on friendly terms with Clive Lloyd, Gary Sobers, Viv Richards and Graham Pollock from South Africa, plus 'Kiwis', Pakistanis and Indians. Also I knew the Chappells, Ian and Greg, Dennis Lillee and Rod Marsh as mates. The greatest ego boost I've ever had in my life is the knowledge that the Australian XI of the seventies knew me by my Christian name.

Also my interest in history and geography has led to success on a number of national TV quiz shows. I was the final box picker on Bob Dyer's Pickabox in 1971 and in 1972 won a Ford Fairmont on 'The Great Temptation'. Lorraine has two mink coats in her wardrobe, which I didn't pay for, and I enjoyed my fifteen minutes of fame. The estimate of my quiz winnings total just five figures, not bad for the seventies, but peanuts in today's world. It has been a great disappointment that I never got to appear on the 'Sale of the Century'. At audition, aspiring contestants were told that they would have six days notice to appear. In December 1981 I was called at less than 48 hours notice to be in Melbourne on the Wednesday for the final tapings for the year. I already had 25 patients on my books to treat on that day and I had to make the decision to put the duty of care to my patients before my considerable quiz ambitions. I explained the position to somebody in Melbourne and was promised a call in early 1982, but the call to compete never did come in almost 20 years of waiting for it. Now 'Temptation' is back on the airwaves, but my brain cells won't perform as they would have twenty or more years ago. I would still like to give it a go.

I have been very fortunate in life. Perhaps I've gotten more than I have merited. There are plenty in this world who have worse vision than I have. I thank the Lord that He did not take my eyesight from me.

GORDON JOHNS

HISTORY

The Adelaide Review, January 21, 2005

Of Reedbeds and tsunamis

While experts speculate what would happen if a tsunami hit Adelaide, history shows that the western suburbs have long been vulnerable to flooding.

James Potter



Above: Flooding under the tram viaduct through Reedbeds, 1917. **Below:** Flood in the Flinders Park area, 1931, with tops of greenhouses visible. (Photos courtesy of State Library of South Australia)

IN THE FIRST few days of European settlement in Adelaide, a small boat explored what we now call the Patawalonga. An early map names this waterway the River Thames. The first settlers obviously had a good sense of humour although it seems the creek was navigable for some kilometres. Looking further north, an early report on the River Torrens described it as entering gulf waters at Port Adelaide – something that does not seem right today.

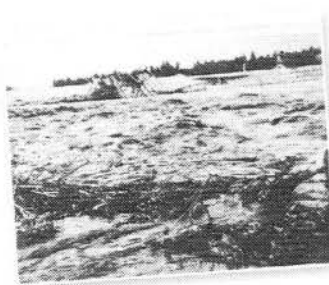
The connecting factor here is the behaviour of the Torrens as a typical Australian river before white settlement – mostly dry in summer apart from rockpools, meandering slowly in the wetter months, losing itself in reeds and swamps as it neared the coast, and prone to severe flooding when waters broke through the swampland to reach the ocean at either Port Adelaide or the Patawalonga.

The resulting low-lying area of swamps and lagoons from Semaphore in the north to the Camden Park area in the south was known for many years as the Reedbeds. From east of the line of sandhills along the coast, it ran two kilometres or so inland, taking in such current suburbs as Henley Beach, Fulham Gardens, Lockleys, Grange and West Lakes.

The settlers quickly realised the potential of this area. A letter dated January 1841 read: "There is a spot near Adelaide, called the Reed Beds, which was universally condemned by the first settlers as a swampy worthless soil. It is, or rather was, full of rank reeds, and presented a most uninviting appearance. This now

turns out to be some of the best soil – the reeds are being gradually eaten off by the cattle, and in their place, there springs by a very rich herbage – the equal of any land in our mother country. I have seen racks of hay and wheat off this land which appear to me to be very good."

Practically every winter saw water flow into this area, bringing with it fresh layers of rich loam from the hills. Soon there were market gardens, orchards and vineyards throughout the area, while cows



grazed and pigs and poultry wandered. Adelaide was supplied with peaches, apricots, plums, a variety of root vegetables and even tobacco, all of excellent quality. It is hardly surprising that further waves of immigrants from southern Europe later in the 19th and 20th centuries were attracted to the area. It was also a great place for horse riding, and in 1860 the Reedbeds Mounted Rifle Company (also known as the Reedbeds Calvary) was formed.

Some winters, however, the area was flooded as waters from the River Torrens catchment areas in the hills reached the

plains. This might have been romantic for city dwellers who gathered along the high ground of West Terrace in the evenings to gaze upon "a perfect sea of water glistening in the bright moonlight", but not so for the residents of the Reedbeds, who saw their crops, fences and roads regularly destroyed.

In the 100 years from 1836 there were some 15 serious floods. On a Sunday morning in September, 1844, the river at Moore Farm (on the northeast corner of the Henley Beach Rd and Tapleys Hill Rd intersection) rose more than three metres in less than two hours. In the late-1870s Samuel White built "Weetunga" – a house that still stands in a street of the same name in Fulham Gardens. This name is Kaurua for "much water" and was well chosen. It was often isolated during times of flood. A report in 1889 noted that "When the flood was at its highest, cows, pigs and other animals were swimming in all directions in search of high land, of which there was very little."

When the electric tram service was extended to Henley Beach in 1910, a viaduct was built to carry the line through the Reedbeds, but this proved inadequate in the floods of 1917 when trams could not reach beyond Torrensville. The tops of trees were all that could be seen at Lascok's Lockleys nursery.

On September 21, 1923, floodwaters reached into the more populated areas of Torrensville (Hayward Ave and Carlton Parade). It was the closest that floodwaters had ever come to the city.

Eventually a channel was dug through the sandhills to reach the gulf waters south of Henley Beach. It was completed in December, 1937, and remains today. Various other flood mitigation schemes successfully ensured no major flooding has occurred since.

The recent devastation in Asia caused by an earthquake and subsequent tsunami has raised questions of flood danger in Adelaide, not from waters brought down from the hills, but from the gulf. An earthquake in the ocean to the south of the continent could, if circumstances allowed, send a tsunami northward. As well as devastating the south coast and Kangaroo Island, it could reach up the gulf and enter the Port River. Waters would once again claim the Reedbeds and all that is built there. By knowing our past we can at least acknowledge and understand possibilities for the future.



*Henley & Grange Historical Society Display at Henley Beach Library
during History Week, May 2005
Photo courtesy Linda Sambell*