



HENLEY & GRANGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL

**NUMBER 27
NOVEMBER 2006**

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COVER ILLUSTRATION

**Dwelling on East Terrace known locally as Mud Hut - between
Atkin Street and Raymond Street, Henley Beach (long demolished)**

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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**NUMBER 27
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EDITED BY ROGER ANDRE AND AUDREY WILLOUGHBY

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

By Joan Ferguson

It is my pleasure to present the annual report for 2006. Again it has been a very busy time for the Historical Society. During 2005-2006 we undertook several tours, including the Adelaide Town Hall, the Botanic Gardens and the Mortlock Library, which were all well attended and very interesting. The influence of Captain Charles Sturt, whose home is at Grange, was widely felt in our past. References to him were found in the tours of the Mortlock Library and the Town Hall.

I must thank the speakers who gave of their time to enlighten us on some aspect of our history at our general meetings. We do appreciate their enthusiasm and interest in their subject. Our first speaker to remember in 2005 was Barry Fry, whose family have been the local butchers on Henley Beach Road for several generations. His reminiscences were very interesting.

Trevor White of the Woodville Historical Society gave us a very professional presentation on the history of the house *The Brocas* on Woodville Road.

Bob Randall spoke of his family's connection with Henley and Grange.

Ron White gave an interesting talk and slide show on the development of the tramway system in Adelaide, with special reference to Henley Beach. Once again, many thanks to these people.

We participated in History Week again this year at the Henley Library with a display of photos using the theme of *Now and Then*. It was well received, according to the Library staff.

The production of our *Journal* is one of the most important aspects of our historical society. The research and work which goes into its development each year is a great tribute to those who comprise the journal group and also those who agree to write articles for inclusion. Without their effort our *Journal* would cease. Special thanks must go to Audrey Willoughby for coordinating and organising the articles and layout ready for publication. All involved should feel very proud of their efforts.

Special thanks to the City of Charles Sturt for its financial support of the Historical Society to the tune of \$1000 which goes towards publishing costs.

This year the Charles Sturt Council has been attempting to coordinate local history management and has promoted several ideas to try to arrive at a history of the council area. Several meetings were held with history societies and museums and the result was to employ a project officer to coordinate the idea of a partnering agreement to achieve their outcome. We feel we cannot commit to 'partnering' at this stage, but we already have our history written in our journals and available at most libraries and to all members. If someone comes forward to work in the partnering agreement, then we could change our stance.

In 2005 Denise Schumann helped the society apply for a grant to produce a walking tour brochure but unfortunately was not successful. We may have to renew our efforts at a later date.

In November 2005 Seawitch Images approached us for permission to produce images for sale from our historical photographs. These are now available from their shop in Port Adelaide.

We have received gifts of photographs, documents, articles and a DVD from people with a connection to Henley and Grange and we urge all readers of this journal not to throw out old photos and documents, but to send them to the society. Photos of old buildings, shops, scenes and people would be gratefully received and kept for future generations.

I would like to thank the members of the committee: Linda Sambell (Secretary), Bev Fielder (Treasurer), Molly Sutherland, Arthur Jeeves, Alan Williams and Jim Fitzpatrick (Council Representative). We would all like to encourage others to join the committee and help with the various tasks.

The history room is fairly well ordered but there are always jobs to do. We could do with some help with cataloguing so if you would like to help let us know.

Membership could do with a boost, so if you know anyone who has an interest in our local area please encourage them to join.

To conclude, I would like to thank all members of the society for their support of the Henley and Grange Historical Society during the year and I do hope you find friendship and knowledge through our meetings.

COMMITTEE 2006

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 and others with an interest in our local history who contributed articles and photographs for the publication of this journal: Ron Cassidy, Theo Ellenbroek, Julie-Ann Ellis, Joan Ferguson, the late Peggy Green, John Harvey, Edna Newcombe, Ruth Price, Linda Sambell, the late Dorothy Triggs, Ann Williams, George Willoughby OAM, and Peter Wyld RFD.

John Harvey also devoted many hours of proof reading to the *Journal* drafts.

We are grateful, too, to Patrick Hedges for his illustrations of the childhood gardens.

ROGER ANDRE & AUDREY WILLOUGHBY

MEMBERS

Mr. Roger André	Mrs Betty March
Mr John Andrewartha	Mr Max March
Mrs Freda Bartsch	Mr John McCarthy
Mrs Beverly Bills	Mr John McPherson
Mrs Dorothy Bowden	Mr Ian Miller
Mr Russell Bowden	Mrs Margaret Mitchell
Mrs Annabell Caica	Mr Leo Moroney
Mr. Paul Caica	Mrs Edna Newcombe
Mrs Betty Cassidy	Mr Noel Newcombe
Mr Ron Cassidy	Mrs Cheryl Parton
Mr Lyle Dewar	Mrs Shirley Penhall
Mrs Marlene Dewar	Mr Alan Phillips, OAM
Mr Theo Ellenbroek	Mr Bernie Phillips
Mr Don Ferguson	Mrs Patricia Phillips
Mrs Joan Ferguson	Mrs June Porter
Mrs Beverly Fielder	Mrs Ruth Price
Mr Charles Fielder, OAM	Mr Glen Ralph
Mrs Christine Fitzpatrick	Mrs Marie-Claire Ralph
Mr Jim Fitzpatrick	Mrs Linda Sambell
Mr Steven Franks	Mr Leslie Schwimmer
Mr Barry Fry	Ms Anne Strangway
Mr Don Fry	Mrs June Sturm
Mr John Harvey	Mrs Mollie Sutherland
Mrs Margaret Harvey	Mr Frank Sweeney
Mrs Nell Hasenohr	Mrs Meryl Thompson
Mr Ted Hasenohr (Life Member)	Mr Rodney Thompson
Mr Clifford Humphreys	Miss Joyce Walkley
Mr Colin Hutchesson	Mr Darrel Webb
Mr Arthur Jeeves	Mr Dean Whiteford
Mrs June Jeeves	Mrs Janet Whiteford
Mr Tom Jennings, RVM	Mr Alan Williams
Mr Gordon Johns	Mrs Ann Williams
Mrs Doris Kelly	Mrs Mavis Willis
Mr Rod Lange	Mr Peter Willis
Mrs Kathleen Langman	Mrs Audrey Willoughby
Ms Vila Liebich	Mr George Willoughby, OAM
Mr. Barry Maloney	Mr John Worrall
	Mr Peter Wyld, RFD

FOUNDATION MEMBERS

Eight members of our current membership are Foundation Members of the Association which was formed in 1979.

Mr Ted Hasenohr	Mr Glen Ralph
Mrs E.R (Nell) Hasenohr	Mrs Mollie Sutherland
Mr Noel Newcombe	Mr George Willoughby, OAM
Mrs Edna Newcombe	Mrs Audrey Willoughby

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO SATURDAY 6 JANUARY 1906

A DROWNING TRAGEDY AT HENLEY BEACH

WHEN A RESCUE ATTEMPT GOES WRONG

By Peter Wyld

The Observer, Saturday 13 January 1906, carried a long article about the sad death a week earlier of Charles Arnold Caust, who tried unsuccessfully to rescue the occupants of an overturned boat and drowned in the attempt. *The Observer* was an Adelaide newspaper published each Saturday.

An earlier report had appeared in *The Advertiser* on Monday 8 January 1906, the first publication day after the tragedy, but at that stage the body had not been found. There are only minor points of conflict between the two accounts.

Adelaide had been experiencing a severe heatwave. *The Advertiser* had recorded many deaths from sunstroke during the previous days.

‘There was an immense crowd on the jetty, and on the beach at the time enjoying the welcome change in the weather’ reported *The Advertiser*.

The boating party

William Strapps was a clerk in the office of Forward, Down, a prominent engineering company at that time. At about 4 o’clock, Saturday afternoon, he set off from the beach in a 14-foot (4.2m) canvas canoe. He took 4 boys as crew. They were his two sons, Claude, aged 16, and Frank, 10, Gordon Miller, 10, from Mile End and Leslie Heming, about 12 years old. Leslie’s father, Tom Heming, was the licensee of the Selborne Hotel in Pirie Street, Adelaide.

They sailed the boat well north of the Henley Jetty and were turning the boat when a strong wind gust capsized them. The boat lay floating on its side and all were able to cling to it. The article mentions that all were swimmers. Modern small dinghies sailing off our metropolitan shore can usually be righted by the crew and continue sailing. They usually have plenty of buoyancy, self-draining cockpits, lightweight sails and rigging, unlike old-fashioned boats. When these boats capsized, they stayed on their sides or turned completely over. With the usual southwest sea breeze crews would hang on and hope the wind and waves would wash them into the shallows; this would be further north. If a strong southerly was blowing, then a crew would need rescuing. Any

offshore wind would blow a boat out to sea. The other risks were hypothermia or being washed away by heavy seas.

‘The boat which capsized is declared to be unsafe, and this is not the first time that it has caused trouble’ noted *The Observer*.

Claude Strapps was able to swim ashore while the others were to cling to the boat for about three quarters of an hour until help came. William Strapps kept up the boys’ spirits by singing.

Rescue attempts

Many people on the jetty saw the capsized boat but that afternoon there were no boats tied up there. A yacht sailing further off shore failed to spot the capsized boat. Stanley and Bert Scrymgour from Mile End borrowed Kenneth Fry’s boat, which was kept near the beach. They rowed out and retrieved the crew.

‘None of the capsized party was any the worse for his adventure, but there was a sad sacrifice of life in another direction’ *The Observer* lamented.

Charles Arnold Caust

Mr Caust was 27 years of age. He had been employed for 10 years by F. Ralph & Co., wine and spirit merchants in King William Street, and was their ‘corresponding clerk’. He originally lived in Drew Street, Thebarton, but was now living at Henley Beach, according to *The Observer*. Charles Caust was the Sunday School Superintendent at Ovingham Methodist Church and a lay preacher in the Hindmarsh Circuit. One of his brothers was the Reverend E. Caust and another, R. Caust, was studying to be a minister.

On this afternoon he was on the beach with his wife and child.

Mr Caust...saw the peril in which the crew were placed, and inspired by heroism, divested himself of a portion of his clothes and began to swim towards a dinghy which was anchored a short distance from the scene of the accident....There was fairly heavy sea on and a strong current prevailed. One or two waves lifted Mr Caust fairly high, but he struggled on. Presently he disappeared. His young wife rushed to the water’s edge to see if she could catch a glimpse of her husband, but his form was not to be seen and she gave way to uncontrollable grief.

This article was published before a body was found and *The Advertiser* reporter went on to speculate

What actually happened to the poor fellow it is, of course, impossible to say. He may have been stunned by the waves, he may have been seized with cramp, or, worse still, he may have been seized by a shark.

The Observer account suggested he was not a strong swimmer and had partially exhausted himself in running along the beach towards the dinghy.

Search for Charles Caust

At first, people on the beach thought they could see a body floating near the dinghy. This turned out to be the floorboards which Tom Heming had let go overboard when he was trying unsuccessfully to free the boat from it's mooring. Tom had swum out at the same time as Charles but did not see him.

Two yachts joined in the search. They belonged to a Mr Hazelgrove and a Mr Lever. Mr D'Arcy Aird in a canvas boat also joined in the search. For the rest of the day people searched along the shoreline without success. The search was directed by Senior Constable Mack. He was present on the beach when the yacht overturned.

The Harbors Board steamer, *Governor Musgrave*, tied up at the jetty and the crew assisted in the shoreline search.

The search continued on Sunday but there was still no trace of Mr Caust's body. Early Monday morning the search resumed and many local residents assisted Senior Constable Mack and two other policemen. There were several rowing boats also involved.

Inspector Burchell thought that the body could have been carried south by the tides and involved the police at Glenelg. They were instructed to patrol the shoreline north towards Henley until they linked up with the other search party.

Towards noon one of the shoreline search party spotted the body floating near the Grange Jetty. Constable Mack set out in a dinghy, retrieved the body and took it to Henley Beach.

Two years previously two others had drowned at Henley Beach due to a capsized. After this there had been local requests for the police to have a boat available.

The Observer article went on to complain about official neglect. It pointed out that the Henley Beach Police Station did not even have the 'phone connected.



Charles Caust

Sources

The Advertiser, 8 January 1906 p.56

The Observer, 13 January 1905 9.28 (photo), p.41

Sands & McDougall *South Australian Directory*, Adelaide, 1906

PROMINENT GRANGE CITIZENS: VERNON & DORA HARVEY

By John V Harvey

As Grange residents for nearly seventy years, my parents were involved in many community enterprises. Although their association with various organizations commenced well before World War Two, they are, perhaps, best remembered for their efforts in the period 1937-45 when they were Mayor and Mayoress of Henley & Grange.

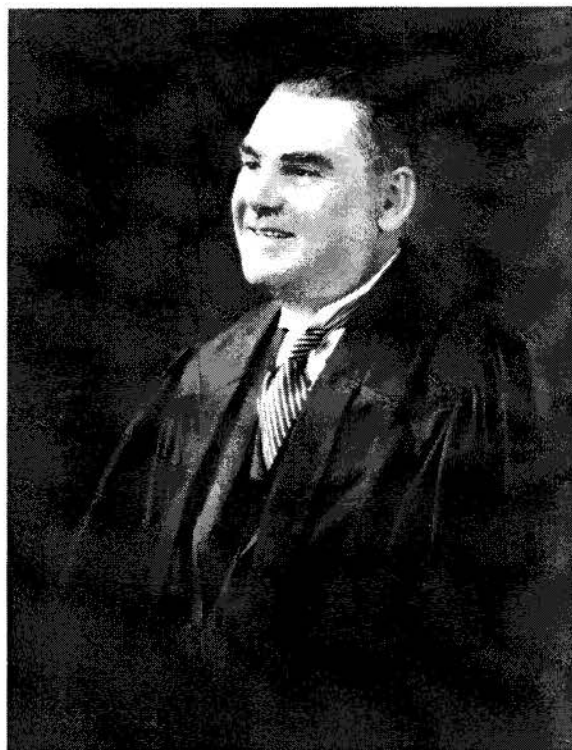


Vernon Harvey, c.1942

My father, Vernon, the only son of John and Isabella Harvey (néé Coates), was born at East Adelaide on 4 October 1884 and baptised in the home of Arthur Harvey (his grandfather) at No 1 Marine Residences, Grange. He was educated initially at Grange Primary School and, after his family left the district, at Pulteney Grammar School and St Peter's College. Leaving school in 1900, he worked for Randall & Noltenius & Co (late Randall & Boucaut), wine and spirit merchants of Adelaide, for several years as a junior clerk and accountant/book-keeper. He later joined J. Kitchen & Sons Ltd, soap manufacturers of Thebarton, where he served as a clerk/accountant and traveller, servicing customers in the western parts of Adelaide and travelling by means of horse and trap. It was at this time that he joined the Commercial Travellers' Association. When he enlisted in the First AIF (1st/27th Battalion) in January 1915, he was assistant secretary at Kitchen's and for some years had been living again at Grange. In this period he identified himself with the local community as secretary of the Grange Institute and of the Grange & Kirkcaldy Progress Association; the latter body presented him with an illuminated address when he left for overseas service in World War One in May 1915. Prior to leaving, he became engaged to Dora M. Cunningham of Grange. He served in Gallipoli, Egypt and France, leaving Australia as corporal and returning in May 1919 as a warrant officer (RQMS of the 27th Battalion).

On discharge in July 1919, he joined John Dunstan & Son Ltd, quarry owners of Waterfall Gully, as secretary. To get to the quarry office, he travelled by train from Grange to Adelaide, tram to Burnside terminus and then horse and trap to Waterfall Gully, this mode continued until he acquired a car, a Ford A roadster, in 1930. He married Dora on 15 January 1921 at St Agnes, Grange, when rector Warren Swan - a keen cricket follower - complained that they chose the wrong day, as it was during a test match at the Adelaide Oval. They moved into their new home opposite Brig House, High Street, Grange; theirs was one of only three homes at the northern end of the street. The house had been completed sometime in 1920 and a wedding photograph taken outside the house shows fences and an established front garden.

In 1927 Vernon was elected Councillor for the Grange Ward of the Henley & Grange Corporation and subsequently served as Alderman (1932 - 37) and Mayor (1937 - 45). An outstanding pre-war memory I have is that of his strong advocacy of topless bathers for men, a subject of considerable media attention in the late 1930s. As he and Dora were Mayor and Mayoress throughout World War Two, they were consequently heavily involved in the many wartime charities and other patriotic and essential activities in the district during that conflict. He played a part in the local Air Raid Precautions (ARP) organization and undertook blackout patrols. I recall a sandbagged shelter, well stocked with emergency rations etc, in the centre of the house, which itself was fitted with blackout curtains. I also remember the much-reduced street lighting, barbed-wire entanglements on the Esplanade and other wartime measures.



Vernon Harvey, c.1935

**This photo found in antique shop (Paraphernalia Plus,
47 Henley Beach Road, Henley South) July 1988**

In the 1920s and '30s he was active in the Henley & Grange RSL Sub-Branch and the local Toc H branch and at different times he was a member of both Grange and Henley Bowling Clubs. As a foundation member of the Grange Golf Club, he helped with construction of the course, held various positions with the Grange Cricket Club, and was also a keen supporter and life member of the Henley Sailing Club. During his council years he was involved with the committees of the annual Henley & Grange summer carnivals, some of which included queen and ugly man competitions. With a group of Toc H colleagues, he helped establish the 1st Grange Cub Pack in 1931 and was chairman of its first parents' committee; the pack was the nucleus for 1st Grange Scout Group when formed in 1936. As a freemason, he was a member of both St Peters' Collegiate and Henley lodges. After World War Two he was secretary of the Grange Oval Committee, president of the Grange Institute and active in the affairs of St Agnes Church.

When John Dunstan & Son Limited amalgamated with other quarries to form Quarry Industries Limited in the 1940s, he was the first secretary of the new company, which had offices in Adelaide (Brookman Buildings and later Pirie Street) before moving to Plympton. He retired in 1954 and later worked as a part-time bookkeeper in Adelaide. He suffered a minor stroke in 1961 and the following year he and Dora sold their home at Grange. Before leaving the district they were tendered a civic farewell by the incumbent Mayor and Mayoress of Henley & Grange (Mr & Mrs John Mitchell) in the Town Hall on 25 September 1962 when over 130 local citizens signed a memento book. At another function Dora was presented with a fine china cabinet bearing an inscription 'as a token of appreciation from the women of Henley & Grange'. They moved to Aldersgate Village, Payneham, where Vernon died after a short illness on 17 June 1965. In his short time at the village he was involved in community life at Aldersgate and after his death Dora donated a wheelchair to Aldersgate in his memory.

Vernon was a man of large physical stature, well known for his outstanding organizing abilities and many-faceted commitments to community affairs. In some ways a 'workaholic', he nevertheless found time for family, recreation and hobbies. He was an avid and very knowledgeable cricket watcher, a keen philatelist, and liked to potter in his back-yard shed (where, amongst other things, he made toys for charities from wooden gelignite and detonator boxes discarded from the quarries). Lawn bowls, bridge and reading were also leisure pursuits and for many years he maintained scrapbooks of material relating to Henley & Grange and its municipal affairs. As a boy he was a chorister at St Peter's Cathedral and for a time was the choir's leading soprano; in later years he had a collection of early recordings of opera singers such as Caruso and Melba, frequently playing them on an early model 'Sonora' phonograph. Having a car from 1930, he planned camping holidays but could not persuade Dora to participate. Instead, I remember motoring holidays in the 1930s, staying at hotels. The first trip was to Robe, Mt Gambier and Portland; later trips took in the Riverland and Mildura and then at Christmas 1935 to Melbourne. Sandwiched between my parents in the Ford A roadster, I recall that there was not much room in the middle of the bench seat!

My mother, Dora Marguerite, the eldest child of Frank James and Emma Minnie Cunningham (née Rippon), was born at Kent Town SA on 4 January 1892 and baptised at St Luke's, Adelaide, in April that year. The family moved to Grange in the mid-1890s and her early education was at Miss Jessie Beck's school in the Grange Hall (a school that Dora herself later conducted). She was then at private schools at Woodville and North Adelaide, leaving relatively early to seek some form of employment to help the family finances. Dora assisted first at a school at Woodville and later helped Miss Beck at the Grange Hall School, before assuming control of it herself about 1914. In 1906 she had an emergency appendectomy at a hospital at Semaphore and nearly died from complications during convalescence; she remembered existing on cracker biscuits and sips of champagne for about two weeks.

Becoming involved in community affairs from the time of Vernon's election to local government in 1927, she was active in several groups providing assistance to the less fortunate in the years of the Great Depression of the 1930s. In 1932 she was one of a group of women who formed the Estcourt House Auxiliary, formed to provide amenities for patients of the home at Tennyson and became its first honorary secretary, a position she held for several years. In this period she was also active in Henley & Grange Red Cross Branch and responsible for establishing a committee to support the Junior Red Cross Home at Henley Beach; she was also a foundation and keen member of the Henley & Grange Women's Service Association and was later president.

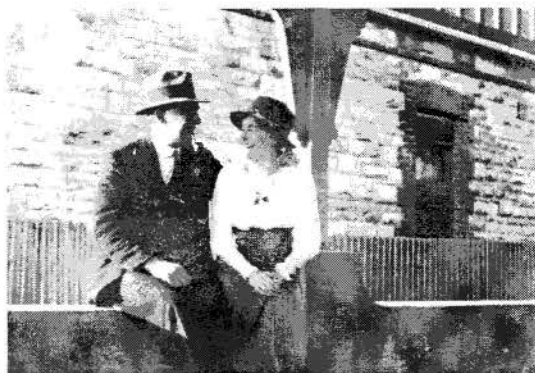
Involvement in the Mother's Union at St Agnes Church included the position of enrolling member for several years from 1936.

When Vernon became Mayor of Henley & Grange in mid-1937, Dora approached the role of Mayoress with vigour and efficiency and later co-ordinated the wartime activities of various community groups and established new ones such as a local branch of the Fighting Forces Comforts Fund of South Australia and an auxiliary of the Adelaide Cheer-Up Hut. She was either president or chairwoman of many of these committees, or, if not so involved, just a member or, in some cases, patroness. My memories of home in the 1939 - 45 period are predominantly of a very busy place with both parents heavily involved in community affairs, day and evening. Running a home would not have been easy in this period when rationing of food and other materials was imposed, but there were few problems. After the war, Dora's community efforts mainly involved Red Cross and Estcourt House and one or two other favourite charities. In 1953 she was awarded a Coronation Medal in recognition of her services to the community.

In 1940 Dora had a hysterectomy, followed by a lengthy recuperation; later she developed severe arthritis, particularly in the hands, and also underwent major hip surgery in 1958. When she and Vernon moved to Aldersgate in 1962, both played a part in community activities of the village and Dora continued to do so for some years after Vernon's death in 1965. She died at Aldersgate on 3 May 1978, after a brief illness, and was cremated at Centennial Park; her ashes were later scattered near St Agnes at Grange.

Dora was a good organizer and capable of sustained and determined effort in whatever task she undertook. In early years she played tennis at the Grange Lawn Tennis Club, enjoyed playing cards and reading and, before arthritis took hold, was also a keen knitter and dress-maker. Fond of entertaining, she enjoyed the company of many long-standing Grange friends, some of whom she had known since childhood.

**A happy pair
c.1920**



**Vernon & Dora
20 May 1950**

T.F. CASSIDY - GENERAL STORE

GLIMPSES OF PRE WORLD WAR TWO HENLEY & GRANGE

By Ron Cassidy

Thomas Francis Cassidy was born in the small Victorian country town of Buninyong. He grew up in Creswick a small town 12½ miles due north of Ballarat. He was a member of the fire brigade, played for the local football team and ran with the Creswick Harriers' Club. Athletic events were held from time to time in the surrounding townships. He often reminisced about competing in events at Eaglehawk, Daylesford, Clunes and Buninyong. He was quick off the mark, ran good times and won trophies, some still with the family.



Creswick Harriers Club - Tom Cassidy 2nd from left in the front row, c.1900

Hard times came to Creswick. Tom went to Broken Hill to look for work. Perhaps he thought he would get a job in the prospering mines. However, there he found out that being born in Broken Hill was a mandatory qualification for earning the lead bonus. He was successful in getting a job with the Co-operative Store, a large general store.

One of his Broken Hill experiences makes a good racing story. News of winners and place-getters of race-meetings in other parts of Australia came by railway telegraphy to the stationmaster of the Broken Hill railway station. A betting shop was situated just across the road. One day Tom was at the railway station when the racing results came through. The station master handed him the list of winners and place-getters and asked

him to take it to the betting shop. In later years Tom would finish the story something like this: 'So I walked into the betting shop while bets were still being laid, knowing the winners and place-getters. I would have been strung up if I'd tried to make money out of it.'

One day a young and pretty Gertrude Chitty, visiting the Hill, walked into the shop with her elder married sister. Tom decided she was the girl for him and made the first step acquaintance. This prospered into friendship and eventually they were married in Broken Hill.

About 1920 the Cassidy family - there were now two sons - moved to Adelaide and settled in a rented house in Surrey Street, Kirkcaldy. Tom decided to build a shop and open a general store.

He bought a block of land on the western side of Military Road near Crewe Street, two blocks south of the Star of the Sea Convent. The Convent property ran from Seaview Road down to Military Road, as did a number of adjacent house properties south of Star of the Sea. One of these had been subdivided in order to put a block up for sale. Tom bought it. The subdivision had the unusual feature of providing, on the eastern side, a lane from Military Road to the Seaview Road house property, the lane being on the north side of the block.

The shop was built soon after the land was acquired. It fronted Military Road, with the main entrance being double doors recessed between display windows. A serving counter was to be found on each side of the shop. The storeroom was offset on the south side. There, a door gave access to a path from the street. A door on the north side opened to a brick-paved area extending to the north wall of the shop. Below the wooden floor of the storeroom was a cellar of concrete construction with the same floor dimensions as the room above. A concrete counter ran from side to side along the east wall. The cellar had a depth of about eight feet. It was entered by raising a trapdoor giving access to strong wooden steps. A toilet was built at the back of the block.

All above ground construction was of red brick and galvanised iron roofing.

Shelving, almost to ceiling height, was fixed to both side walls of the shop and to half the back wall. A large ice-chest stood in front of the unshelved section. Counters fronting the shelved side walls ran back two thirds of the shop length. They were joined at the rear, except for a passageway, by a wooden fixture for storing half-tins of biscuits and providing privacy for dealing with paperwork.

The shop, with the business name 'T.F. Cassidy General Store' painted on the street frontage above the front veranda, opened for trading about 1921. The first customer to walk into the shop was Mrs Ogilvy. She said she had decided to be the first customer and got there early. Mrs Ogilvy lived in a house on the northeastern corner of Seaview Road and North Street. She remained one of Tom's customers for many years.

A full range of groceries, cough mixtures, pills, aspros, sweets (including the penny tray) small goods, cooking tin ware, sticks of red sealing wax, bran and pollard, cigarettes and tobacco, and other commodities was on the shelves. The Retail Grocers' Association provided information and articles in its journal. On hand was *Law's Grocers' Manual*, an outstanding book with 1171 pages of small print covering, in great detail, about 900 items listed in the supplementary index.

Not long after the business opened, Tom needed help. He was joined by a brother-in-law, Bob Gardner. A horse and a cart were bought. The horse and cart were used in those days by grocers, milkmen, bakers, butchers, 'rabbitos' and greengrocers for deliveries.

Tom and Bob built, at the rear and north side of the block, and timber-framed, metal-sheeted stable with attached storeroom for harness, bags of chaff and rock salt for the horse. A post-and-rail fenced area adjoined the stable to give the horse a yard in which to move about.

About the same time, a timber framed metal-sheeted shed was built about two yards behind the shop storeroom. Just inside the shed was a large commercially-designed metal container to hold kerosene. On the other side of the shed was a large metal-lined two-compartment bin for bran and pollard. An open area catered for bags of potatoes and onions, and empty bran bags etc. waiting to be collected by the wholesalers.

The cart, with a single metal step, had a stretched canvas hood with the top peaking at the front and a roll up-down canvas sheet at the back.

With the horse and cart in service, the T.F. Cassidy General Store gradually gained customers as far apart as those near the sandhills of Tennyson and those who could see the West Beach sand dunes. A small quantity of commonly used groceries was carried so as to be able to leave small orders. Large orders were invoiced for delivery later the same day.



**T.F. Cassidy's shop on Military Road
near Crewe Street, c.1930**

Wholesalers dealt with shops in several ways. The large firms, such as D. & J. Fowler, Wood Son & Co and Menz Biscuits, had travellers calling weekly for orders. Delivery was carried out by truck a few days later. Firms dealing with a large volume of small items such as butter, tea and cool drinks, sold direct from vans (refrigerated for butter). Amongst these firms were A.E. Hall (Strathbutter), Robur Tea, Woodroffe (cool drinks) and Farmers Union (butter). Smallgoods (black and white puddings, pork sausages, fritz and bacon) came by train in a large brown cardboard box from Jacobs' Smallgoods at Mount Barker. It was collected at the Marlborough Street station from an early morning train.

The railway line turned into Military Road at Grange, running alongside the eastern edge of the road to the Henley Beach terminus. Stations along the way were Grange, Kirkcaldy, Marlborough Street and Henley. Three were platform type, enabling passengers to step at the one level from the platform into a carriage. Marlborough Street station was an exception for many years. It had two station lengths of dark planking, about a foot wide, providing a step up from ground level to carriage entry. It was replaced by a conventional platform in the late 1930s.

One sunny mid-afternoon in about 1928, men carried Bob Gardner into the house the Cassidy/Gardner families rented at 1 Chester Street. He had been driving the cart back to the shop after delivering orders to Kirkcaldy customers when, where the road turns slightly westward just before intersecting with Marlborough Street, a locomotive struck the cart. Bob sustained only slight injuries and no doubt was suffering from shock. I saw him carried into the passage through the front door and was told what had happened. Bob must have been thrown to the roadway. I know nothing more about the accident; perhaps the cart veered towards the train and a wheel was glanced by the passing engine. The engine driver may have applied the brakes, but the cart got a nudge. I don't know if the cart was badly damaged. Bob was very fortunate not to have been seriously injured.

Vera, Tom's daughter, attended the Star of the Sea Convent school. There, from time to time, basketballs went flat. The Sisters had trouble blowing them up or finding somebody to do the job. The problem was solved by sending the balls to the General Store. Tom pumped them up to the right pressure and laced them up. He did this for quite a few years during the '30s.

For many years Tom got a weekly free ticket to the local pictures in the Henley Town Hall. This was allocated to him for displaying, on the front of one of the counters, a large multi-coloured sheet advertising in some detail, the coming attraction to the local cinema. The sheet, about a foot wide, draped down to just above the floor. It displayed the film title and stars' names on a background depicting a story scene. I understand these are now prized by collectors and fetch a lot of money.

Tom's outside business interest was horse-racing. He did not have the time to go to race-meetings with his long working hours and things to be attended to after the shop doors closed. He relaxed at home studying form. On Saturdays he had two-bob bets with the local SP bookmaker. Some of his customers shared his interest in horses. When doing his Saturday morning round he was often asked by customers to put on bets for them with the SP bookie.

The income from the General Store supported the Cassidy/Gardner families for a number of years. Then came 1929, the beginning of the Great Depression. Customer breadwinners lost their jobs. Grocery accounts could not be paid. Some customers were carried; bad debts mounted. All this impacted on dealings with wholesalers. Under these conditions there was little income from the Store - hardly enough for one family. Bob Gardner decided to try and eke out a living from the land. He somehow took over a small mixed farm alongside the Thorndon Park Reservoir. He and his family were there until moving to Mount Gambier.

Tom Cassidy continued operating his General Store as before 1929, managing daily rounds with horse and cart, carrying some groceries for small orders and invoicing larger orders for later delivery. The canvas hood was now no more, perhaps due to the brush with the train. Tom held the reins only protected by a raincoat in wet weather. The only covering was for the groceries at the back of the cart.

A Saturday Tom always remembered came with the Depression at its worst. There was a race-meeting at Victoria Park. Tom called on a customer, Mrs Boulter, that Saturday morning. Mrs Boulter said she was going to the races. He asked her to place a bet for him, a double. She agreed and he gave her the money. The double comprised *Vermonious* and *Batchelor Green*. Both horses won, the double paying 50 pounds, a

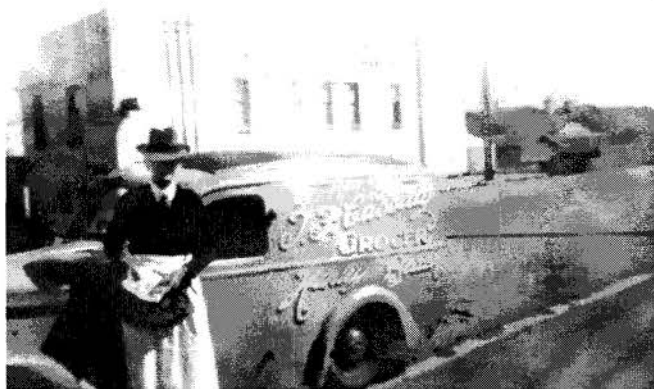
fortune to some in those hard times. Tom could hardly stop pacing up and down as he wondered whether or not Mrs Boulter had placed the double bet. She had. Tom gave her ten pounds. It was a happy day for both of them in those very difficult times.

After the Gardner family moved to the Thorndon Park farm, Tom Cassidy needed somebody to serve in the shop while he was out on the road. A young man, whose surname was Drummond, was his first shop assistant, followed by Doris Gebhardt, a young woman who conveniently lived in Crewe Street. I joined my father about 1937.

The horse and cart played an important role in the business for many years, the horse being somewhat part of the family. *Queenie* and *Darkie* are remembered names. *Queenie* was thought to have been a racehorse in her earlier years. The horse was taken to Mr Bennet, the blacksmith, when new shoes were needed, his farrier's workshop being reached from a lane behind the backyard of his house fronting the East Terrace side of Main Street, Henley Beach. About 1937 *Darkie* was put in a vacant block alongside, and forming part of the property at 12 Chester Street. Late at night *Darkie* collapsed. Tom, very experienced with horses, knew nothing could be done for *Darkie*. He went to the Henley Beach Police Station. Not much later he returned with a policeman who shot the horse. *Darkie's* body was carted away the following morning.

Tom decided the time had come to buy a motor van for business use. Enquiries were made for a suitable motor vehicle available in Adelaide. Only two were considered suitable for what he had in mind. Finally it was decided to purchase a Singer van. It was light green in colour. Arrangements were made for 'T.F. Cassidy & Son' to be painted on both sides. When this was done, I drove it home. Tom could not drive.

The van needed shelves to make it completely suitable for the way the shop operated. The shelves would be removable so that the Singer could be used for other things. Mr Smith, the husband of one of Tom's customers, was an experienced carpenter and was asked to make them. The van was driven to his home for him to look at and discuss what should be done. The preliminaries over, he got on with the job. A set of identical maple shelving was constructed for each side of the van. All shelves had a two inch high edging to prevent groceries sliding off them. They were securely held in place in the van by metal struts anchored between them at the top.



Tom Cassidy
standing alongside
his Singer van,
with Henley Hospital
in the background,
c.1943

The van was then soon in use. Things were done as before, but more conveniently. There was shelter from the sun and rain, groceries were much easier to handle, there was more floor space for big orders, headlights made for safer conditions for late deliveries on dark winter afternoons and urgently needed out-of-stock groceries could be picked up from a distant wholesaler, generally within the hour. The chore of tending to a horse after the shop closed had gone.

Tom couldn't drive and had not given any indication of wanting to learn. The declaration of war gave him no choice; he had to learn. Young men would soon be called up for military service and I was one of them. I became his instructor and we got to work. He was well past middle-age and probably found things difficult at first. He persevered and at last the day came when he was driving on the open road.

Then I was in the army - first at Gawler, then Woodside. Later, I enlisted in the R.A.A.F. Enlistees were not called up for about six months. During that time they attended three weekly night classes to prepare them for things to be studied during training. I was back at the shop during those waiting months.

Tom's wife, Gertrude, affectionally known as Gertie, took over the shop duties after I was called up. Tom was probably out on the road most of the time. Gertie got great satisfaction from what she was doing at the shop. She scrubbed counters and anything else needing this treatment. She kept everything neat and tidy, weighed up sugar, rice and other staples, made up orders, chatted to customers while serving and talked to the travellers. She enjoyed her new life and blossomed. She was at the shop all day except on odd occasions. Her daughter, Vera, looked after the housework at home. Gertie worked at the shop from November 1941 until I was demobilised in February 1946. She told Vera her days there were the happiest times she had had for a long time.

I returned to the shop, taking over from Tom the out-of-doors work done with the van. I worked there for the next two years. Then I saw a position dealing with the technology I had worked with in the R.A.A.F. advertised by the Department of Civil Aviation. I successfully applied for it.

Tom did not employ a shop assistant after I left, running the business on his own. He had decided to cease trading with the van and only sell groceries over the counter. He continued doing this until 1955. He then retired after running his General Store for about 34 years. He died on 19 May 1957.



Tom Cassidy, c.1949

Appendix

There were two Tom Cassidys, of about the same age, living at Henley Beach during the '20s and '30s. They were Thomas Francis Cassidy of the foregoing article and Tom Cassidy, who lived in Durham Street, Henley Beach. Tom F. Cassidy came to Grange in about 1920, shifting to Henley Beach a few years later. It is not known when Tom Cassidy of Durham Street came to live there. Tom F. Cassidy died in 1957. Tom Cassidy of Durham Street died in the late thirties.

Tom Cassidy of Durham Street, was known by just about everybody in Henley and Grange. He was a character. His notoriety came from a sideshow, remembered as 'knock 'em down', he ran for profit during summer weekends. For many years a sealed strip of land on the foreshore side of the Esplanade was occupied by sideshows etc., stretching from about 30 yards north of the jetty to the Yeoman's Playground. Sometimes, at the jetty end, there was a boxing booth with the spruiker inviting anybody in the crowd to fight one of his troupe; for a year or so a girl, Doreen, was one of the troupe. Permanently standing on the strip were a merry-go-round and a few sideshows including Tom's 'knock 'em down' booth.

It was open to the sky. A counter high plank ran across the back. On it, in a straight line, were two tiered sets of round wooden blocks. The high canvas backdrop was highlighted by coloured electric globes along the edging. The wooden blocks were in various colours. Tom kept the colour theme going with colourful spruiking. Onlookers were invited to knock over the blocks by throwing wooden balls from behind a rail at the front of the both for a prize if you scattered one or more sets.

'Knock 'em down' and Tom were a Henley Beach foreshore attraction for many summer weekends, especially during the carnival held over the Australia Day long-weekend.

Twenty names are known of these who had grocery or similar businesses for various periods in Henley and Grange between the world wars. All except two had shops. The exceptions worked from home selling groceries and dairy products from a van. Of these, one started with a shop and then moved to home/van trading. The other started with home/van trading, then progressed to a shop.

The names of the proprietors and the locality of their shops, in South Henley to Grange North order, were:

A.E. Newcombe

on the eastern side of Seaview Road (just before the road divides and the eastern run becomes the Henley Beach Road).

Glyn Fleetwood

on the western side of Seaview Road between Delmonte and the Henley Square.

Fred Baker, Home Service Store

on the western side of Seaview Road opposite the Ramsgate Hotel.

W. Badenoch

on the north-west corner of the section of the Henley Square with the Ramsgate Hotel on the south side.

Mr McCauley

on the north-east corner of the section of the Henley Square with the Ramsgate Hotel on the south side, then at Crewe Street trading from home with a van.

Laurie Vale

traded from home with a van then to a shop on the north-west corner of Military Road and Main Street.

Tom Cassidy

on the western side of Military Road opposite a lane running from Military Road to East Terrace between the back fences of Chester Street and Crewe Street homes.

Miss Naylor

on the south-east corner of the Military Road-Marlborough Street intersection and at the north end of the Marlborough Street railway station.

Joe Starrs

on the western side and midpoint of Marlborough Street between Military Road and Seaview Road, then to a shop at the south-west corner of Seaview Road and Marlborough Street.

Mrs Kernot

on the northern side of Victoria Street - a short distance from East Terrace.

Copper Botten, then Mr. Hammond

on the south-west corner of Kirkcaldy Road and Anthony Street, Kirkcaldy.

Glastonbury, then Doenau

on the south-west corner of Beach Street and Military Road, Grange.

Mr Adams, then Mr & Mrs Wilson

on the south-east corner of Jetty Street and Military Road, Grange.

Acknowledgements for information provided:

Vera Clarke,

Joyce Walkley

THE CHILDHOOD GARDEN PROJECT

**By the late Peggy Green, the late Dorothy Triggs, Joan Ferguson,
Edna Newcombe and George Willoughby**

In a 'Five-Minute Spot' at the March 1993 meeting of the Society, Joan Ferguson invited members to 'describe the types of gardens they grew up with, so that the society can record the kind of environment children used to play in and the way the gardens were used.' They were also asked to give details, if they wished, of their present gardens. [circular to members March 1993; this *Journal* 1993 p.42]

In the next year or so ten members responded and their descriptions and/or plans were filed for future reference. A selection from them follows.

Peggy Green: address (1993) 22 Yorktown Crescent, Henley Beach South

We had quite a few different houses when I was young, but I remember we always had fruit trees and grape vines and grew rhubarb as well as vegetables. Many times we had some fowls and occasionally had ducks. There was a sandpit when we were very young; it was covered with passion fruit vines. At one stage I remember a plot of lucerne to feed the fowls. We did not have a garage until quite late in my growing-up years.

The laundry was usually out in the back yard with copper and tubs etc and also the toilet. Clotheslines criss-crossed over the yard and there was usually room for few flowers.

Dorothy Triggs: Garden and other areas around my childhood home in Kapunda 1920-1930s

We moved into Kapunda from a farm near the town; the house was not new, but was very well built and in 1993 was still occupied and in good repair. The front verandah had attractive lacework and there were two underground rooms - a bedroom and a second living room and kitchen - as it was cooler underground and butter, eggs, milk etc were kept here (no refrigerators or ice-chests then).

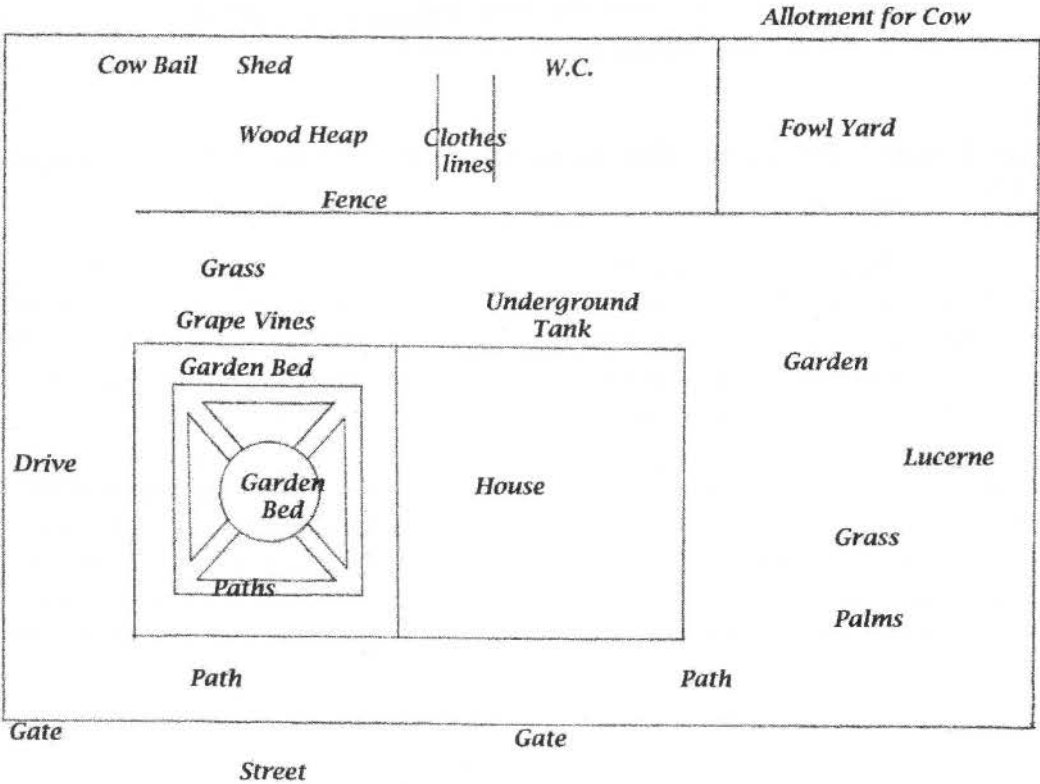
The garden had been constructed many years before and had many plants when we moved in. The Great Depression overshadowed everything and there was little money to spend on gardens or on anything other than bare essentials. Many of my fellow students at primary school had to leave school at 14, but I was fortunate to be able to go high school (which was in the former home of Sir Sidney Kidman) and then to become a teacher.

The garden had a couple of arches (in fashion again now) and some climbing plants grew there. I can remember a hibiscus, which was protected from frost with bags on cold nights. Violets were very plentiful and other flowers (not all grown at once) I can remember were jonquils, daffodils, hyacinths, lachenalias (soldier boys), snowdrops, hollyhocks, marigolds, verbena, chrysanthemums, cosmos, poppies, geraniums, freesias, irises, ranunculi, daisies and some cacti. We had a lilac bush and a few other shrubs, the names of which I can't remember. White lilies were common, too - good for the cemetery - but native shrubs were not common; we didn't have any. My ancestors came from Scotland and they tried to grow plants to remind them of 'home' or they heard about them if they had been born here. We also had some plants in pots, mainly 'special' lilies, fuchsias and pelargoniums.

Grapes grew on a support, as 'pergola' was not a name we knew. We had a pomegranate somewhere. At one side of the house, near the front, were four large palm trees and they are still there, even larger. The rest of the garden is now lawn, with about a dozen shrubs, still fairly small. We had grass in various areas and also lucerne for the cow.

There was not much time for gardening as domestic work was much more arduous (no labour-saving devices) and there were no males in the household. Other plants and gardens I remember in Kapunda had lawns, dahlias, Iceland poppies, roses, shrubs and, of course, most of the same flowers that we grew. Most people we knew grew some vegetables and had fruit trees: apple, apricot, mulberry, peach and pear and, in some cases, mulberry trees; blackberries grew wild in the countryside. Some people, mostly of German descent, grew vegetables for sale. We often bought them and they were very fresh and tasty.

Pools, spas, sitting-out areas, barbecues were unknown as people had less leisure time. The sitting-out areas were on verandahs, which were also very useful for cooling the house. There were, of course, no air-conditioners and most fans were hand held.

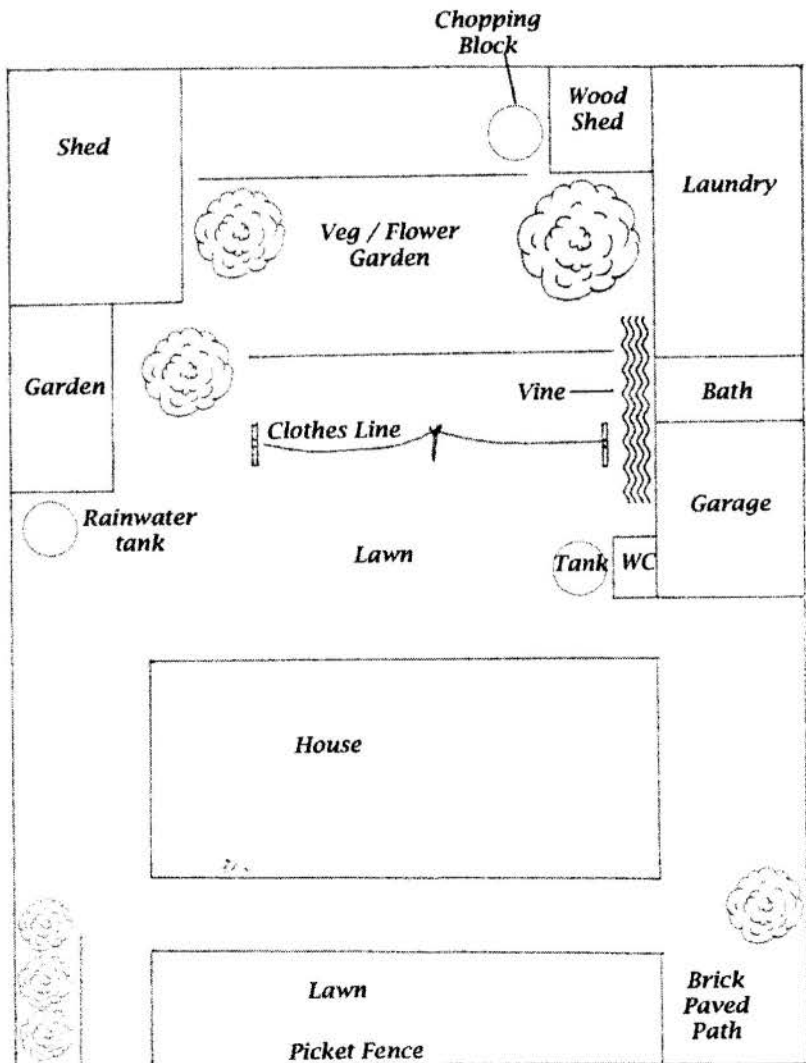


Joan Ferguson

The house that I lived at 37 Anthony Street, Largs Bay was divided into several flats, housed three families and various single people and was owned by an elderly woman. The garden therefore had to be used by groups of people rather than a family alone.

The paths were paved with red brick and on the central lawn was a long clothes-line with timber supports. To one side was a long shed which contained a garage (no one had a car, though) in which were a mangle and a long bench; in the next small room were a chip bath heater and bath. The bath was tin, so got hot if you didn't pour some cold water in as well. Next was the laundry with two sets of concrete tubs, a copper and an area to iron clothes; all residents used this area for washing. An outdoor toilet was adjacent.

As everyone had wood fires, there were several woodsheds, a chopping block and tanks. Fruit trees were orange, peach, and walnut and there were grape vines and some people grew a few vegetables. There was another large shed for storing bikes and canoes etc. As children, this was an interesting place to grow up in, as it was two storeys and had a large back verandah on the first floor and a lookout at the top of the house. There were sheds to play in and we seemed to keep very busy.



From 1950 the second house I lived in was on Torrens Road, Woodville, where my father developed a very productive garden with many types of fruit trees: almond, apricot, lemon, peach, orange, plum and he grew almost all of our vegetables. He divided the back half of the garden into blocks with bitumen paths around, and this made for easy access. The garden wasn't used much except for growing food. Towards the house were a lawn, chopping block and tank-stand. I also had some rabbits in a hutch. The house was a standard three-bedroom home with a tiled roof.

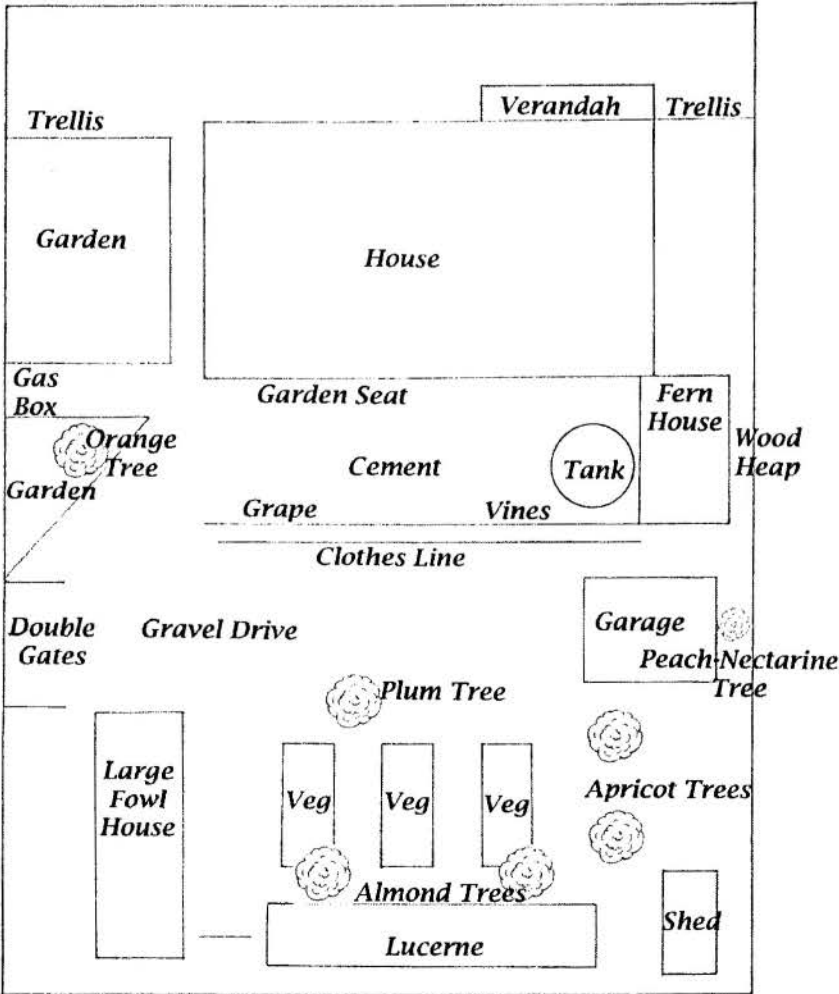
Edna Newcombe

My childhood home was at 22 Towers Terrace, Edwardstown. I lived there from 1928 until I married at the age of 24.

Even though we had a large block with plenty of room for three children to play, we still sometimes played on the front footpath.

We had fruit trees, grape vines and grew our own vegetables. Lucerne was grown to feed our fowls.

My parents lived there for 50 years and the house is still standing.



George Willoughby

From 1933 to mid 1940s I lived at 13 Jetty Street, Grange. The block is now No. 17 Jetty Street and on it are two modern courtyard homes.

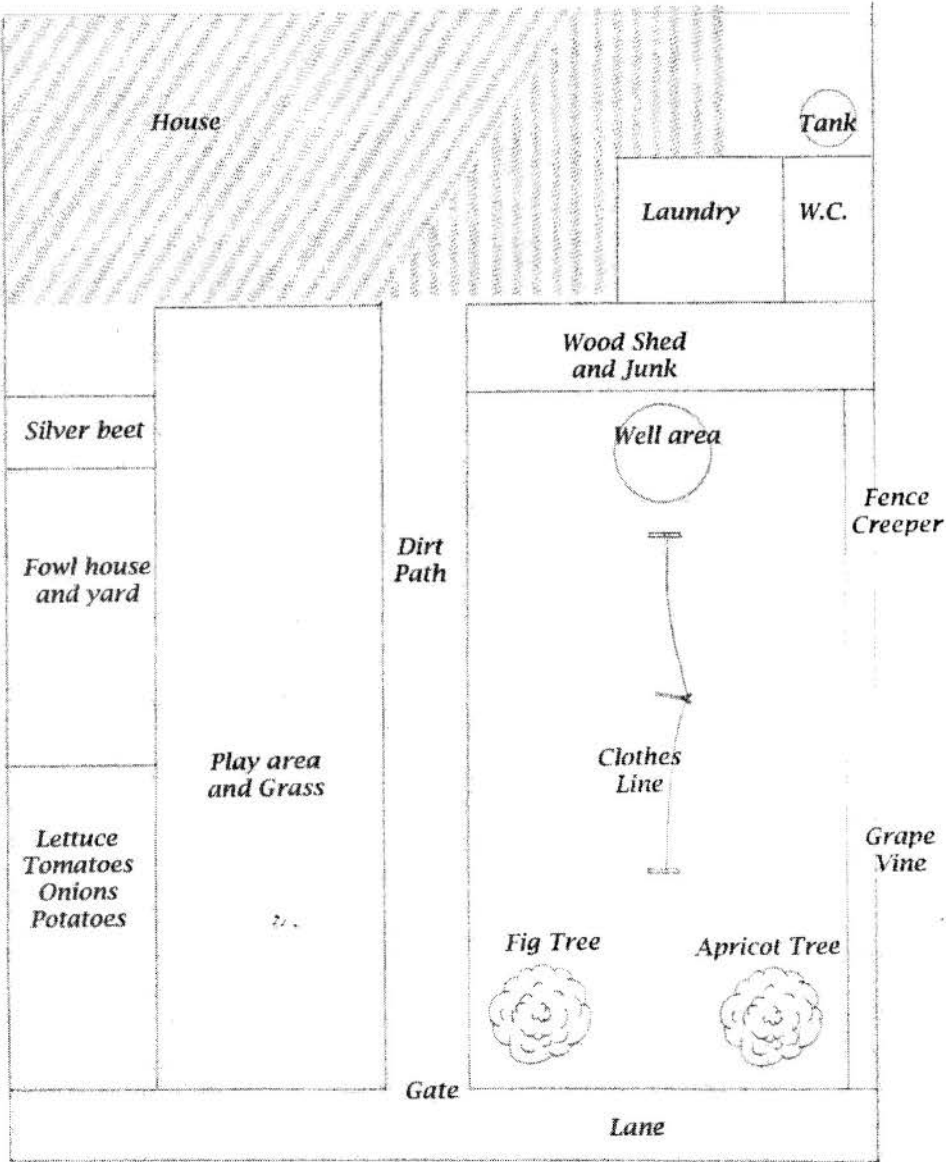
A lane at the rear of the premises ran from Military Road to Charles Sturt Avenue, and connected with a second lane running North to South.

Our back garden had a large play area and dirt paths. We grew vegetables and had fruit trees.

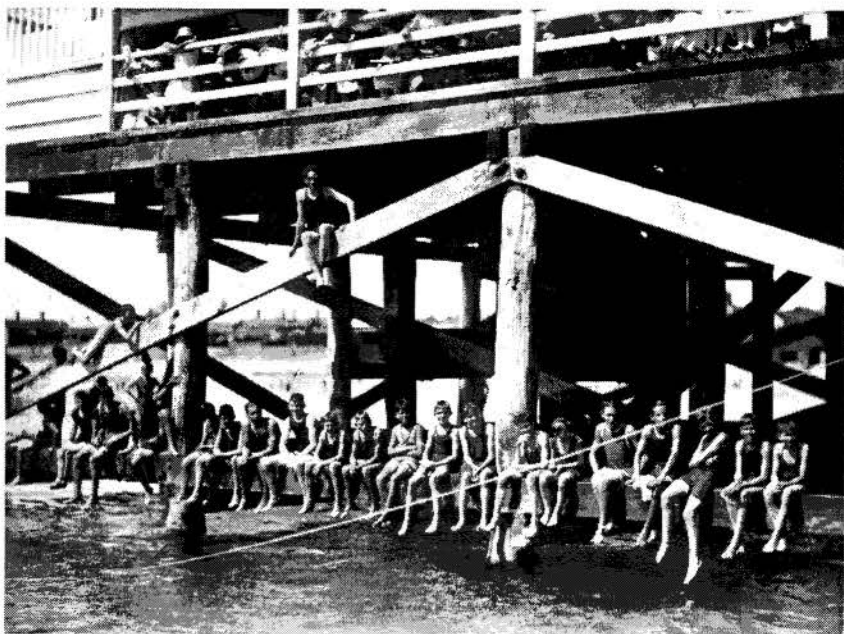
A deep unused well in the back yard had been boarded over and was very dangerous.

We had a fowl yard with a shelter and fed our ‘chooks’ on ‘scraps’.

Most homes in the district had similar back gardens. The boys in Grades 6 and 7 at Grange Primary School had lessons in growing vegetables in their own allocated garden plots.



FUN AT THE BEACH



Swimming off the Henley Jetty c.1920

**This three-storey structure housed a restaurant and refreshment rooms at end of jetty.
Demolished 1945 after storm damage**



Children paddling at Henley c.1930



Bathing beauties at Henley c.1930



Acrobats at Henley c.1930

Children on fountain
(now dismantled)
in Henley Square
1980s



Catching crabs
on Grange Jetty
2006

50 YEARS OF HENLEY HARDWARE

By Theo Ellenbroek

There is little that Ray Tucker does not know about hardware after celebrating 50 years in the trade at his South Henley Hardware store on Henley Beach Road. Ray is now 88 years of age, having been born in 1918 at Kensington and, with his wife, Ethel, is still the proprietor of the independent hardware store that has been a part of our community here in Henley since 1956.

Ray opened his first hardware store on Goodwood Road near Cross Road at Redfern - now named Cumberland Park, where the Big W shop is - in 1946, when he was 28 years old. He ran the business there with his wife for about five years, having married Ethel in 1940. During this time he also drove trams, including the Henley tram along the viaduct via Seaview Road to the terminus at North Street. He remembers lots of wooden and corrugated iron bathing sheds/shacks, stretching along the back of the beach north of the Henley Jetty.

Three children arrived and the situation became too much for Ethel, so Ray sold the business and left the hardware industry, working for The Advertiser as a tele-type operator. In 1956 he returned to hardware and established South Henley Hardware on Henley Beach Road in the newsagency shop, next to his present store on the corner of Cudmore Terrace. Ray bought the vacant block of land next to the former store and had a house built first at the back of the block, leaving the corner section of land for the new store. His original house behind the shop was rebuilt eight years ago and he still lives there with his wife, Ethel.

The Housing Trust was just beginning to build 500 homes at Henley South at this time, there being few homes in the area east of Hazel Terrace. Ray remembers all the land north of Henley Beach Road being taken up by market gardens and lots of glasshouses, with many Bulgarian and Italian Families living and working in the area. The Vasileff Family were prominent local landowners and market gardeners. They and many other migrant families were good customers in the early days, when more housing development and the Henley High School grounds across Henley Beach Road, gradually took over the vast open market gardens and cow paddocks in the 1960s. Walking around the area now, there still remains a lot of vacant land where market gardens previously existed, especially in the Fulham Gardens area, where only recently the glasshouses have been gradually replaced by new housing developments.

Gone are the days when I knew just about all of my customers by name because I delivered to them and knew their names and addresses. The only deliveries we carry out now are to a few older customers who do not have their own transport. I don't charge for deliveries, he said.

Many older Historical Society and community members will remember the old yellow V.W. tray-top delivery truck that Ray used for many years up to the late seventies.

South Henley Hardware is still a real family business. Working in the store now are Ray's daughter, Jan, and two of his grandchildren. Christine started working in the store when she was 15. She married Ray's grandson, Darren, who also works in the store with Jan's son, Scott. 'In the early days of the store, I had eight staff serving on Saturday mornings and they were always busy,' he said. 'Saturdays are still the best days for us and many local tradesmen still come in.' I personally appreciate the wide range of products, paint, tools, nuts and bolts, screws and nails, I sometimes need when working on things at home, just down the road from the store.

Ray does not regret his life in hardware. 'I've had many laughs and experiences over the years, most of them satisfying ones,' he said. Part of the storeroom at the back of the store is called 'the archives' by Ray because that is where he keeps old lines, many of them not produced now, which are occasionally asked for. An example is nickel-plated horseshoe nails, many years old, but unmarked, which are occasionally bought by a customer to use in her jewellery and craft work. He also remembers an amusing episode many years ago, when a customer tied his dog to a wheelbarrow displayed out the front while he went in to buy something. The German Shepherd got a fright for some reason and took off across Henley Beach Road, with the wheelbarrow in tow, creating a huge racket. It ended up tired and exhausted, but unharmed, at Henley Square. The same cannot be said about the wheelbarrow, which remained attached to the poor dog. Ray said the man offered to pay for the damage done, but he didn't charge him and he remained a good customer for many years, often having a good laugh about the recalled episode.

While providing a valuable business service to the local community for 50 years, Ray tells me that he is still a member of the Henley Beach Rotary Club, having been a founding member since 1962, along with Dean Whiteford, who also remains a long-standing member of the Henley & Grange Historical Society.

I'm sure all members of the Society and the general community using the store appreciate the service Ray, Ethel and their family have provided for so long and wish them continued success for many years to come. I know I certainly do appreciate them being there, when I need the odd screw or two or three, as well as the odd tin of paint.



South Henley Hardware Store 2006

AN AFRICAN INTERLUDE - MOMBASA, KENYA, 1953-1956

By Ruth Price

Introduction

My husband, Doug, and I were born in the same town, Sutton, Surrey, England, and attended the same school.

By the time World War Two started we had begun our careers, I as a court dressmaker in London and Doug in a solicitor's office in Sutton.

Our homes were in the path of the German planes raiding London and also close to the South Coast where our soldiers landed after Dunkirk in 1940.

I had first-aid training and at night worked at a first-aid post set up by our local council, working at my job during the day. Doug volunteered for service with our County Regiment (West Surrey), the Queen's Royal Regiment's youth battalion, aged 18 years.

In the course of time Doug served in England and then in Italy. When hostilities ended he was sent to Italian Somaliland on occupational duties until his demobilisation.

While in East Africa, Doug travelled widely and made friends with settlers who were later very helpful when we decided opportunities, climate and housing there would benefit our growing family.

Initially we settled in Nairobi (in 1950), with employment in a solicitor's office, and after two years (1952) Doug transferred to H.M. Colonial Service as Registrar of Land Titles, serving two years in Nairobi.

Nairobi is 330 miles inland from the coast on a plateau, giving it a pleasant climate in spite of being on the Equator. The port of Mombasa is on the coast and is tropical. This is the story of our three happy years in Mombasa where we were stationed from 1953 to 1956 before being granted overseas leave.

Mombasa, Kenya, 1953-1956

Mombasa is an almost land-locked coral island joined to the mainland by a causeway and forming a harbour named Port Tudor to the north and Port Reitz to the south.

The ten nautical miles inland from the coast belonged to the Sultan of Zanzibar and was the 'Protectorate', as in 'Colony and Protectorate of Kenya'. The mix of peoples was

much as in the rest of the colony, but with a much higher proportion of Arabs, who had their own representative, the Wali of the Coast. The Provincial Commissioner, Desmond O'Hagan, presided over communal matters with representatives of all communities and the Colonial Officers in the Administration, including Doug, as he was a Land Officer as well as Registrar of Titles and Collector of Stamp Duties and Acting Recorder of Titles. The post of Recorder of Titles was established to bring the country under the Torrens Title System as had been done in Nairobi. The Arabs had had an 'ownership of land' policy under which parcels of land could be bought and sold and inherited, but there was nothing on paper and often only word of mouth or a tree or stream or another house constituted the boundaries. The Island, and some of the North and South shore, had been surveyed and registered since Britain established administration in circa 1890, but in 1920, when funds for the Recorder were withdrawn under a cost cutting program, there were hundreds of claims still outstanding. These were lodged in several wardrobe-sized safes in Doug's office and transactions made in English and Arabic. Mohamed bin Abdulrahman and Kibwana bin Mzee were the translating clerks. Apart from Pandya, a Hindu, the rest of the staff were Goan; there were also two African office messengers. This may sound rather racist to modern ears, but we honoured all the different religions' holidays and the visits of important people. Ramadan lasted a month and was heralded by a gun being fired from Fort Jesus as the new moon was sighted and finished when the next new moon was due.

The Land Office had been the original Police Station and still had a cell in it; Doug's office was the Magistrate's Court. The office was to be completely re-organized and this led to all sorts of discoveries of ancient printed forms (1920) and even a grocery account for an early Registrar. Life was interesting!

Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese explorer, was the first European to leave his mark here: he built the imposing Fort Jesus at the entrance to the 'Old Port' on the North side of the Island. Now a museum, it still directs the passage of the dhows sailing in from Arabia with the monsoon, just as they had in biblical days. These started arriving around Christmas time and left with the winds, just before Easter.

One thrilling day, Wali arranged a visit to a dhow moored in the Old Port for us and some friends who were staying at our home from Nairobi, the Riley family. We were taken aboard by a long, narrow rowing boat that picked us up at the Custom House in the Old Port. We were seated on a pile of Persian rugs in the stern. A group of musicians played drums and pipes in the bow while the eight oarsmen pulled us out to the dhow which we had to board by climbing the rope ladders hanging over the side.



A long narrow rowing boat, manned by the dhow crew, was laid on to visit a dhow at the Old Port, Mombasa. c.1955

We were greeted by the Namdah (Captain) and taken on a tour. Some of the crew fished over the side. There were chickens on deck and I'm sure a lot of tidying up had been done. We were courteously escorted on a tour of inspection of the basic, but clean, amenities before being seated on another pile of carpets and offered very strong coffee accompanied by nuts and Turkish delight (halva). A large stove on the deck formed the galley! The toilet was a wooden construction suspended over the side and brightly

painted with symbols. After photos were taken we were ceremoniously rowed back to shore.

Awri, our houseboy, had not come to Mombasa with us due to family problems. A few months before we left Nairobi, he received a letter from his family at Kisumu with the news that his wife had left his two sons with his mother and decamped, an unheard of situation, so he had to return to set up home again and to check on his 'shamba'. However, after a few months, we had a visit from an African who worked for a neighbour in Nairobi and was with them holidaying at one of the coastal townships. He brought a request from Awari for his fare from Nairobi. He had worked his way there, but the rest of the journey to the coast had no opportunities in that regard, it being 300 miles of semi-desert and national parkland. So we had our friend Awari back. Soon after this a young girl arrived, a new wife, very shy and already pregnant. This was another challenge, but we found a maternity hospital run by nuns and when the baby was born the mother stayed on, sharing the boy's quarters attached to our house.

Mombasa was being upgraded from a sleepy Arab/Indian/European town to a port for a growing economy, requiring better facilities for imports and exports, and tourism. Water was the first problem; buildings more than one storey high had difficulty in coping in the afternoons.

Mzima Springs, close to Mtito Andei, was a deep pool of clear water ringed with palm trees full of chattering monkeys. The hotel at Mtito Andei was about halfway between Nairobi and Mombasa, so we spent extra time there to walk through the desert/scrub to see this 'oasis', a wonder of nature. Watching the hippo at the bottom, with other animals and fish, was a revelation. From this, spring water was to be piped to Mombasa, (150 miles), necessitating an acquisition of a strip of land for the pipeline. There was a crocodile hatchery nearby and, nearer the coast, some farms which would be affected.

Another time we detoured through part of Tanganyika, driving via Arusha and Moshi and making a circuit around Mount Kilimanjaro. The mountain was shrouded in cloud, but we did see it early one morning on a later trip when we stayed overnight at Tsavo Game Park. Sitting at breakfast on the veranda of our rather Spartan, but very clean, bungalow, we saw, among the little white clouds in the very blue sky, one materialise into Kilimanjaro's snowcap. We saw elephant here too; ivory poaching was a big problem, so we were lucky.

On another trip, during the rains, a large puddle right across the road was being used by an elephant as a mud-bath. When it was nicely covered with a coat of red mud it calmly lumbered to its feet and was quickly out of sight in the scrub. The mud would keep it cool and the ticks at bay.



Chris,
on the Mombasa Road
c.1958

On a later journey the fanbelt on our car broke, causing great concern, when we were within 30 miles of Mombasa, where there had been a military camp during the war. A couple of Africans materialised just when we were considering using the last of the lemonade to top the radiator up, having managed to use one of my stockings as a makeshift belt, and guided Doug to a stand-pipe connected to a rainwater tank nearby. The road was tarmac'd the rest of the journey. Doug always included a fanbelt in his spares after that.

In another part of the road, where the banks at the sides were eight to ten feet high, cars could be pelted with stones thrown by small gray-coloured baboons. If you stopped, they would swarm all over the outside of the car, much to the amusement of the children, giving them a lesson in their anatomy as they peered through the closed car window, spread-eagled.

We always took extra drinking water and 'iron rations' and played *I spy with my little eye*, among other games, and sang familiar songs including *Ten green bottles hanging on the wall* when books and drawing pencils lost their charm.

All officials arriving from overseas were welcomed with a reception, usually a cocktail party. The Queen's birthday, celebrated at the end of Ramadan, also called for a gathering of representatives of all government departments, Council officials etc. The British Naval Depot was in Trincomolli in Ceylon, now Sri Lanka, and the Admiral of the East India Fleet brought a squadron of his naval vessels to 'show the flag' once every year, calling for us all to entertain the officers and ratings. This meant, that apart from the official cricket matches and cocktail parties, we had officers to our home on alternative nights to ratings. Mostly the men appreciated a family meal, the children, and talk about their own families, our newspapers and magazines, leaving it to the last minute to be driven down Kilindini Road to the deepwater port of that name on the south side of the island, before curfew. A procession through the town carrying the Union Jack, with the band playing, was the visual side of the visit, but there were other matters attended to by the Provincial Commissioner. And of course, a cricket match between the crew and local residents!

Treasury Square, at the back of Fort Jesus, housed the Supreme Court, Council Offices, Provincial Commissioner's Office, Land Office, and Post Office. The European Hospital and Government housing were on this side of the island. There was a statue to Sir William Mackinnon in the garden in the centre of the square. He founded the East Africa Company to encourage settlers to bring money and expertise to develop the land and raise the standard of living of all inhabitants. Many were the difficulties of finding suitable crops; the soil was very sandy, the rain monsoonal - long rains in March and short rains in November - not always reliable. Humidity was especially high in the month before the rains were expected.

I had misgivings about the health of our four children, now aged between fourteen months and nine years. On medical advice I gave them Myadek (a tonic) and an anti-malarial tablet daily. Fresh food was delivered by train from Nairobi and tropical fruit and fish were obtainable locally. All commerce was run very efficiently by Indians, mainly Ismailia and Hindus. The 'duka' stocked everything, all on monthly accounts because we were paid through Barclay's Bank that way. This method was 'feast or famine', the latter especially likely in months with five weekends!

Friends in Nairobi spent holidays with us in the cool season (July, August, September), so life was busy. I learned to drive at this time so that the children could be taken to their three different schools (Chris went to a kindergarten for three hours on week days). School started at 7.45 am and finished at 12 noon. Our office lunchtime was 12 noon to 2 pm, so with an ayah to watch them, see to their washing etc. in the afternoons, and the convenience of the Land Office being a short way up the road and closing at 4 pm, we got along fairly well.

Our home had been the Nurses' Quarters, with the Hospital just across the road, but both had recently been rebuilt. Thus the old Nurses Home was added to Government housing and the old hospital became the 'out-patients'. Our house still had a cross painted on the roof, a relic of the war years when German warships patrolled the East African coast.

Doug's working hours stretched as time went on. The Land Officers in Nairobi sent instructions and requests for information from all the departments as well as the Land Registry. Doug was the only qualified official; his primary duty was as Registrar of Titles and Collector of Stamp Duties, a statutory appointment. Mr D'Costa, the chief clerk, was a very capable man and much liked by all of us.



**Sunday on Nyali Beach,
Mombasa, 1952**
**L to R: Doug, Michael, Ruth
holding Christopher, Susan and
Julia.**

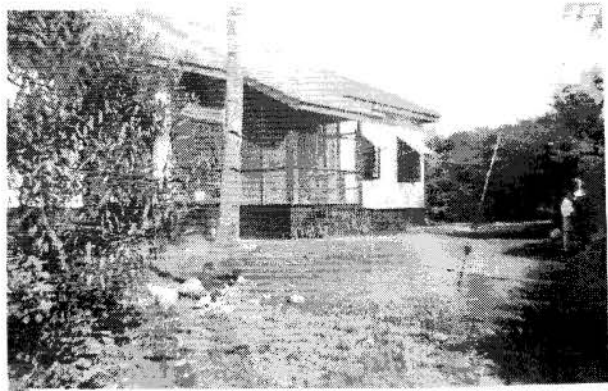
We managed to spend Sundays on the beach, after Church at the Mombasa Cathedral - this had a dome like a mosque, leading to my suspicion that the builder was used to building mosques more than churches with spires! Our Rector, Rev. Rex Jupp, was a great 'character' and he and his wife Alison, the local school teacher, were talented at 'show-biz', making for great nativities at Christmas, fetes and Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, cleverly re-written around local characters, at other times.

The Cathedral had Swahili services as well as English ones, but the Catholic Church catered for the Goan population and ran a very busy club as well.

Doug and I helped with the Cathedral Sunday School and for the first time all our children had 100% attendance! I also played the piano for the hymns on the proviso that I chose the easy ones, as it had been a long time since I had been called on to perform!

I had a mixed staff at the house; Awari had rejoined us, the Ayah was a local tribeswoman and so was the shamba (garden) boy. The latter two were Muslims, so life was a bit 'trying' during Ramadan - the Ayah watching that the young shamba boy did not eat or drink anything during the day, and so was sleepy due to eating during the night!

Kenya had been discovered by the film industry - *Hatari* among others, documentaries too - we passed Michaela and Armand Dennis' four-wheel drive vehicle on one journey. The road surface from ten miles out of Nairobi to within 30 miles of Mombasa was 'murram', a hard surface but dusty, and very prone to corrugations which were best driven over quickly to minimise the shaking of the car and everyone in it!



Our house in Mombasa, built of coral blocks and open to the sea breezes. c.1954

Our life in the tropics, five degrees south of the Equator, was a relief after that in Nairobi. We loved the beautiful beaches; it was peaceful. The hot season was humid but we lived in a large house built of coral blocks and open to the sea breezes. Prickly heat was a problem when we first lived there, but our skins had acclimatised and there was better medication available.

The office was very busy, the land acquisitions were going ahead, staff were flying in for the day from Nairobi, usually having lunch with us, and taken to the airfield later to board the DC3's evening flight. The Assistant Commissioner of Lands, James Aloysius Rice, was kept late at a meeting on one visit so missing the plane; Doug found a local resident who offered Mr Rice a lift in the back of his van. He was taking some ducks up to market overnight and J.A. Rice shared the back of the van with them, sitting on a packing case - what a journey!

The biggest acquisition was for extensions to Kilindini Harbour, involving a large number of Arab dwellings and including a Muslim burial ground. The Wali of the coast was very busy negotiating and was invaluable in identifying the owners/claimants for compensation.

Our Chief Clerk, Mr D'Costa, knew everyone, it seemed, and between them all, the several thousand owners were paid out one Saturday morning at the Bank of India.

So, when, one Sunday, D'Costa died suddenly, the office lost a very efficient officer. Doug and I went to his home to check on the family. Sitting round the table in the living room where D'Costa was lying dressed in his best suit, clasping his rosary, were his shocked wife and children. However, he must have died in a relaxed manner, at the Goan Club, playing his usual game of cards.

Alfred Vincent D'Souza, the deputy Chief Clerk, took over and I corresponded with 'AV', as he was known, until he died in Goa in 2002.

Our two office messengers, Saidi and Hamisi, had been in the office many years. Saidi was tall and had one year's longer service than Hamisi, who was gentle and lived in a village on the Southern Mainland. They shared the office bicycle and ran the messages very amicably, so when Saidi said he wanted to retire, Hamisi, who was busy with his sons building a nyambani (house) for his new second wife, 'went sick'. A few weeks later 'AV' reported that Hamisi was going to a witchdoctor, and it was time to see what was going on. So Doug, 'AV' and George D'Souza drove down to Hamisi's village one

Sunday, arriving in time to see the witchdoctor 'reading' a goat's entrails! They negotiated a price to have the 'spell' transferred to Doug. Hamisi suddenly recovered and retired on a pension at the same time as Saidi. There was an *Anti-Witchcraft Act* which was not enforced and this was a way around the situation, saving 'face' for all concerned!

Awari had taken his wife and child back to the reserve and I took on female staff; Agnesy was our cook/housemaid and the children were much more independent.

Doug was busier than ever in the office, working weekends trying to keep up with the volume of correspondence, but in the end suffered a breakdown. Only when our doctor refused to take responsibility for his health did the Nairobi office send a relief for him in time to sail with us on 3 March 1956. As this officer was only able to cope with the Registry and the legal documents, the Land Office section closed temporarily. I remember sitting on one of our packing cases waiting for the ship's doctor to come to check that Doug was able to make the trip. We took our entire possessions, not at all sure we wanted to return.

Three weeks on board worked wonders for us all. Clothing was a bit difficult. After six years our warm clothes were outgrown, so Doug's mother had sent us two sets of woollen underclothes each and a friend just returned passed on some raincoats (Mark's and Spencer's, the favourite store of us all), so we were well set up for the March winds.

Christopher had his fourth birthday as we were crossing the Mediterranean Sea, but he had a bout of seasickness, so his brothers and sisters enjoyed the tea party put on by the ship's crew (*MV Rhodesia Castle*) without him.

Our first stop was Genoa where we stayed several days due to wet weather that delayed the unloading of cargo. So we braved the cold winds and toured the lovely city, mostly by tram, grateful for the hot chocolate and pastries in the piazzas. We took the girls to a performance of *The Marriage of Figaro* while the cabin steward checked on the boys. It was our first visit to Italy and Doug was thrilled to be back; he had great respect for the Italian people after his wartime experiences.

Postscript

We stayed in England for our 'long leave', and on return to Kenya were posted back to Nairobi, September 1956.

Due to the imminent granting of independence, it was clear that a decision would soon have to be made regarding the family's future.

Julie was in her last years at Kenya High School and aiming for a teaching career, so, with colleges in United Kingdom, South Africa, Australia or U.S.A., we had a lot of investigating to do.

A visiting doctor from South Australia, who had teaching experience as well as medical, gave a lantern lecture to the parents' association of Kilimani Primary School on life in his home state.

We were very impressed and decided to make further enquiries about settling in a country offering the living conditions for which we were hoping.

Doug embarked on correspondence with Australia House in London and with the other capital cities here, including Canberra, while the children and I returned to the United Kingdom to apply for assisted passages, staying with our parents. Meanwhile Doug (four years having passed by and due for 'long leave') came to Adelaide, via Perth, and was able to sponsor us through Australia House.

However, Doug had to return to Nairobi to complete another tour unless released earlier through the African replacement scheme.

In the event, after six months Doug finally left Kenya (February 1962) and we were able to be a family again.

Our children were wonderfully supportive and capable and a cousin of Doug's, Vivienne, helped a great deal, as did the people of St. Agnes Church in Grange.

My parents joined us in 1974.

Australia has been to us all we hoped for - and more - so, 45 years later, our story is continuing.

Ruth Price is now a great-grandmother. She has recently published a personal memoir, *Ruth's Story*.

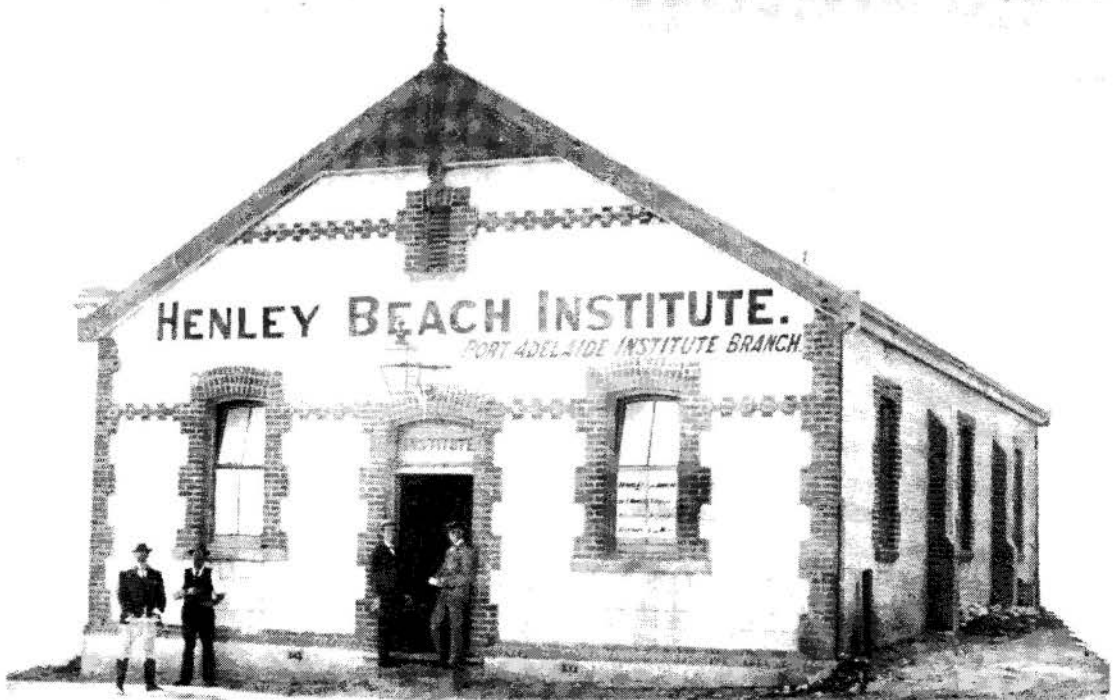
THE INSTITUTE BUILDING IN HENLEY SQUARE

By Joan Ferguson

The building was built in 1891 and was used as a branch of the Port Adelaide Institute. Later it was used as a billiard hall. During the 1940s it was a betting shop, then later it became the Beach Hut, which sold ice-creams, takeaway food and drinks to beachgoers, then later became Stella Italian Restaurant.

A description of the building according to Danvers Architects Pty Ltd in the *Heritage Survey of the City of Henley and Grange*, May 1993, is as follows:

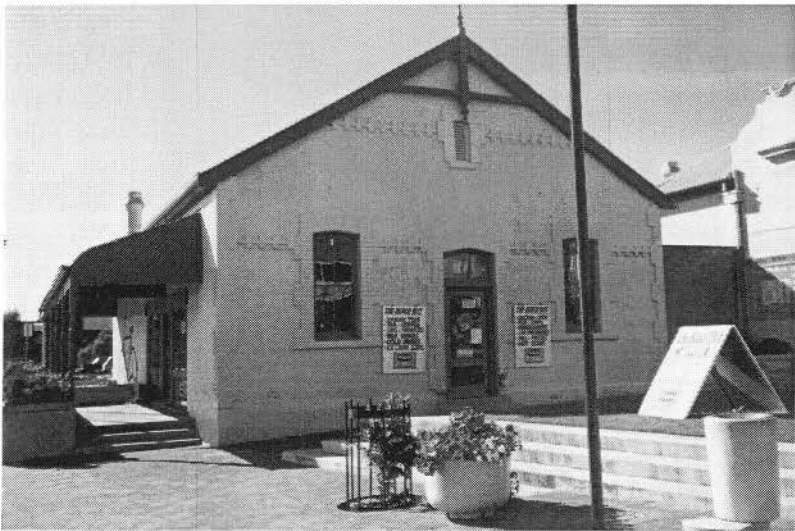
A simple gabled building with decorative brick string courses and surrounds, gabled corrugated galvanised iron roof with simple bargeboards and finials. Vents in gabled ends. Double hung sash windows in arched openings. Ceilings are of jarrah wood.



Henley Beach Institute 1895



**Institute on right, next to it is fish and chip shop, wine shop and delicatessen
(all now demolished)**



**The Beach Hut, formerly the Institute
Signs at door advertising Devonshire teas, milk shakes, ice cream, fish and chips,
pies and pasties, hot dogs etc.**



Stella Italian Restaurant with enclosed verandah area

THE HISTORY OF THE HENLEY AND GRANGE ARTS SOCIETY INC. 1966 - 2006

Extracts from the History by Ann Williams



Early in 1963 a W.E.A. painting class was established for local artists at the Henley Primary School and Malcolm Carbins was appointed tutor.

After three years, some of the pupils felt the need to expand into a club with ambitions towards holding exhibitions. Pauline McGlynn and Janet Kranz began to tutor pupils in their own homes. From this point on, the story of The Society's beginnings unfolded with several members of the former W.E.A. class who undertook to start an art group in the Henley and Grange area. From the original group came Pauline Mc Glynn, Janet Kranz, Elsie Peacock, Rev. Syd Farmer, Helen Joyes, Moira Jamieson, Claude Avery, Joy Napier, Olive Ransbury, Barbara Semple, Glenys Burgess and others, and to these were added Betty Travers, Beth Spicer, Betty Searcy, Pat Wuerdon, Sheila Applekamp, Fay Boyce, Otto Wuerdon and Gwen Clay.

This new group met at the Church of England Hall, South Street, Henley Beach on Thursday nights, and gradually tutors were engaged to help members find interest and diversity.

Encouraged by the enthusiasm of growing membership, it was decided that the group should formalise its existence and so the inaugural meeting of Henley and Grange Arts Group was held on 18 January 1966 at 12 Cudmore Terrace, Henley South and this name was duly registered.

S.H. Farmer was elected President, Pauline McGlynn Secretary and Glenys Burgess Treasurer, and in surprisingly short time the group was able to hold their first exhibition.

A new home

The first steps towards the group having a proper home came when Bronte Edwards sought Janet Kranz's co-operation in the staging of Expo '68. As a result of members' involvement in the Expo '68 project, making a model of Henley, Alderman Edwards requested Council to grant the group the use of the premises at 376 Seaview Road, Henley Beach. In October 1968 the members moved to their new home and celebrated by changing the name of the group to *Henley and Grange Arts Society*. Netley artist Fraser Hay became President of the Society and commenced tutoring regular art classes; his encouragement and enthusiasm sparked off much activity in painting.

In this new environment demand for classes grew. Tutors were Betty Searcy (now Edwards), Sheila Applekamp, Fay Boyce, Ivan Boaden and Joan Read.

Children's activities

From the early days of the Society's existence activities included an art and craft class for children supervised by Janet Kranz and Helen Joyes and offered as an alternative to the usual sporting activities.

Pottery gets started

Elsie and Eddie Peacock built the first pyrometer the club ever owned and were marvellous workers in getting the pottery section started. Initially the pottery was created in the back room of 376 Seaview Road, Henley Beach, and fired in the yard. It soon became obvious that under pressure of demand for pottery classes, the Society would have to expand to meet this need. It was decided to spend almost the entire amount of funds on hand to erect a prefabricated shed to house the pottery section. At the same time the committee applied for a government grant. A grant of \$1,500 was given and consequently it was possible to erect a first class gas kiln and purchase pottery wheels; - from that time activities expanded.

Many society members physically helped get the new pottery studio up and running.

The debt the Society owes to Trevor Pitt, at that time Senior Arts Master at Henley High School, is impossible to calculate. Jan and Geoff Pearce were also very active in the pottery section of the club. As a result of these early struggles in getting pottery on its feet, we were to reap unexpected rewards during the years ahead.

Painting trips

In October 1972 Nyra March arranged the first painting trip to the Flinders Ranges. A group went to Angorichina Village for a week and it was a wonderful experience; the next trip was to Arkaroola, followed by several trips to Merna Mora Station, often in the company of the Gawler Art Society. Students were always encouraged to get out in the open to paint from nature.

In 1975 Fraser Hay, President from 1959 to 1975 and held in great esteem by members of the Society, was asked to become Arts Director of the Society and he readily agreed. Thus he was able to arrange exhibitions, demonstrations and critiques enabling our Society to become more integrated within the art scene.

During 1976 Betty Searcy, an inaugural member of the Society, was commissioned by the City of Henley and Grange to perpetuate the Council's new coat of arms in oil. Helen Hanrahan brought back to Australia the new coat of arms from the Royal College of Heralds in London.

A new move

In early 1977 the Henley and Grange Council was ready to expand the Council Chambers and as 376 Seaview Road Henley Beach was to become a major part of the extensions, the Society was to move to a new location. Ray Farran, an engineer and Member of Henley and Grange Council who had succeeded Fraser Hay as President, and Mayor Edwards were able to secure the premises at 8 Durham Street, Henley Beach and on 28 May 1977 a house-warming party was held in the new home of our Society.

The Premier's Department granted an amount of \$1,000 towards the cost of a new gas kiln as the old one could not survive being moved and in October 1977 the pottery section was completed with the aid of many hours of voluntary labour.

Classes flourished in this new environment as having the use of two studios meant that we could operate two classes in tandem. Tutors during this period were Sheila Applekamp, Betty Edwards, Fay Boyce, Janet Kranz and Jean Fisher together with Boris Franco. Fraser Hay was Art Director. Pottery tutors were Wendy Wood, Paul Greenway, Felice Cooper, Malcolm Reynolds, Angela Vanicemist, Georgie Fitch, Cynthia Milbank, Rolf Bartz, Glenda Scott, Maggie Smith, David Galvin, Trevor Pitt, Barbara Wallace, Peter Anderson and Peta.

In 1977 Paul Greenway, a tutor in pottery at the Society, received the Bonython Award for ceramics.

Painting and Pottery weren't the only things that occupied our members; a very strong social group was being nurtured through having social evenings where we enjoyed demonstrations and lectures on painting and pottery by well known artists like Jean Eitzen of the Adelaide Potters Club artists, Gary Lee Gaston, Fraser Hay and John Goodchild.

When Ray Farran was absent overseas Jim McDowall became President.

Friday 27 March to Sunday 3 April 1977 was the period granted to Henley and Grange Arts Society to exhibit paintings in North Terrace. Fraser Hay threw down the gauntlet to the members to produce a minimum of 120 paintings, all of which needed to be of the best quality. In spite of appalling difficulties at the start with rain and wind and weather, it was a great effort; 21 artists made gross sales of \$2,730. The Rotafest '77 held on the Henley Oval was also a great success for the Society with record pottery and painting sales.

The Bronte Edwards Memorial Library, honouring the former Patron and Henley and Grange Mayor who sadly passed away on 17 April 1979, eventually came into life in 1982 when the Society had a beautiful cabinet made to order. The Henley and Grange Arts Society have much to thank Bronte Edwards for. Seeing the potential for the area of Henley and Grange to have a group that was community-based, he joined in and was always ready to help in his capacity as Mayor.

The Henley and Grange Arts Society became an incorporated body on 12 September 1978, and with the foresight of the growing history of the Society, an honour roll was purchased in 1981.

During the years 1977-1980 the Society held many painting exhibitions and our annual North Terrace Exhibition was very successful. Potters were working very hard to keep up the popular demand for their pottery selling at Marion and Arndale shopping centres and in other areas. The painters and potters, besides enjoying working at their crafts, were enjoying many social get-togethers.

In March 1980 Janet Kranz was able to arrange for members to go to Merna Mora again for a week's tuition from Fred Klix a noted Flinders Ranges artist. The week was very well attended and a huge success.

During March 1982, in conjunction with the Festival of Arts, the Society held an exhibition of paintings on the Boardwalk at the rear of Government House. Consternation was great when the exhibition was attacked by thieves on the very first night and, owing to the loss of quite a few paintings, we had to return the exhibition to the Hindmarsh Building Society in Gawler Place. This was a dismal disappointment after such high hopes.

In November 1982, we were scheduled to exhibit on North Terrace; again we went ahead, hoping that the previous loss had been an isolated case. However, on the first night we lost another 19 paintings and this exhibition was abandoned.

Those setbacks lost us a great deal of support from artists who did not wish to risk losing more works and thus declined to enter into any further outdoor exhibitions. Without the assistance of these people, the committee found it very difficult to carry on, being always short-handed whatever the task in hand.

During 1982/83 we were lucky enough to be granted the use of a shop, rent free, in the Henley Mall and Peter Thursby gave a great deal of time to the organising and promotion of this venue.

Peter McLay, who had been President for some time, also became a tutor for a period when Boris Franco resigned. Peter McLay had been innovative on the committee, introducing several successful Open Weekends. Unfortunately he was forced to resign suddenly through ill health. Murray Marks was appointed tutor and carried on the class. Moira Jamieson, one of the founding members of the society, returned after some year's absence, and commenced a class in portraiture, which was a new innovation and was well received.

During 1983 the potters invited the painters to pot. Many artists enjoyed this evening and the idea of painters potting and potters painting came into being.

In October 1983 the painters and potters exhibited at the Grange Primary School Centenary Exhibition, and at the Henley Shopping Mall. Later that year a demonstration was held by Fraser Hay of oil and pastel painting, which was very popular.

In 1984 our year started off with the North Terrace Exhibition at the end of January. It was decided to wire all the paintings onto the screens for security, and for extra security the South Australian Police were able to check the site during the night.

A new era

In June 1985 Pam Datson, a potter, became the first woman President of the Arts Society. It became her top priority to pursue the matter of a government grant to enable the Society to erect its own gallery and studios on land which had already been located for its use on the Henley and Grange Oval. Aided by Ray Farran, who had been working towards the goal since 1975 himself, and Jenny Lane, she approached the subject through every avenue available to her. The success of this effort is now evident.

In July 1985, Jenny Lane approached the General Committee with the proposal to form a special group to be called the Heritage Foundation Committee. This group was to be responsible for raising funds for the express purpose of gathering together items of the various arts produced by society members. The first approaches were made to Janet Kranz and Fraser Hay (artists) and to Trevor Pitt and Rita Oliver (potters), as these people are recognised as being the very backbone of the Society. Early acquisition of paintings by Claude Avery (1973), a founding member, and Jean Jory (1980) a 'bark painter' would become a part of this collection, as would the 'wailing wall' a collection of jottings by various artists painted collectively on a large board.

In November 1985 the combined Arts Group of South Australia joined together to hold an exhibition at South Australia's First Grand Prix. This was a new and exciting venture for our group and for South Australia. Our group of ten members sold 14 paintings for \$1,250, which was an extremely good effort.

At the beginning of 1986 there were 250 members enrolled for the year. Glenda Scott, a pottery tutor who was exciting and excellent at her craft, often demonstrated her skills when there were open weekends or exhibitions. Maggie Smith, President of the Adelaide Potters Club, having given a very interesting demonstration, was also engaged as a club tutor at this time.

Boris Franco wrote in the Society newsletter of a trip that we took into the Adelaide Hills, 'in the afternoon we went to Hahndorf to see a demonstration by Peter Browne. His first demonstration was unusual as he painted with vegemite, using his fingers as well as matches to complete a painting'. Later his dog that loved vegemite came and licked it clean!

The State of South Australia celebrated its 150th year in 1986, and activities planned for the Society were many and varied. An open week exhibition was held in February and encouragement prizes of \$100 were given to the most improved painter and potter, student or amateur. During the final weekend of the exhibition our society took part in the South Australian Jubilee Celebrations procession by making a float up to represent the Society.

Classes continued as usual. Paintings and pottery were being produced at a good rate; the potters especially were very successful financially and through their hard work were able to help establish funds for our new premises. Jo Oswald was Kiln Supervisor and a most successful potter and producer of our newsletter; her cheery personality was very helpful in bringing people to our group.

An eight-day trip to Orparinna Station in the Flinders Ranges was organised in October 1986. During the days we travelled to different areas in the bus where we set up easel.

Many of us were new to painting out-of-doors, so the lovely spring weather, the Salvation Jane and the beautiful gum trees were a very exciting new experience.



Mid North by Betty Edwards

During 1987 the foundations for the new building were finally laid.

From humble beginnings of Janet Kranz's first class in St Michael's Church Hall putting 10c each into a saucer towards their dream of a real art centre, through the years of saving, planning and dashed hopes, the dream became a reality.

Classes continued with growing excitement that our new art centre was in the process of being built and after all the years, Henley and Grange Arts Society Inc. would eventually have its very own home. The potters were working very hard making and selling their wares. The painters were still exhibiting but were not able to be as commercial as the potters. Everybody was working as hard as they could to save for the new building. Pottery tutors at this time were Maggie Smith, Glenda Scott and Lynda Lehmann. Painting tutors were Betty Edwards, Murray Marks, Craig Newman, Trent Duffy and Sue Georgiou.

A new beginning

On 17 January 1988, one day before the Society's 22nd Birthday, John Bannon, Premier of South Australia, declared the Henley and Grange Arts Society Incorporated officially open in the presence of Members of Parliament, Mayor, Council Members, invited artists, friends and members.

This was the beginning of a new era.

Classes were running smoothly, and potters and painters were busy enjoying working at their crafts with pottery enrolments booming.

Peter McLay was kind enough to give the painters a demonstration in oils, explaining how he plans out his work with great technical skill, and Boris Franco held a watercolour workshop. These were very popular. A well-deserved award was granted to Ray Farran who was selected for the Citizen of the Year for Henley and Grange. In June

we were treated to a demonstration by Pam Watts, a skilled fabric painter for TAFE; a fabric-painting workshop followed on from this demonstration.

Committee members worked tirelessly to raise funds for the new building. It was hard work but they kept on holding exhibitions, demonstrations, bingo nights, quiz nights as well as coming to classes and painting and potting. Murray Marks, a painting tutor and very hard worker for the Society, organised his class, called 'Murray's Mob'.

Another grand award was presented to Sue Georgiou, an excellent artist and tutor, who was accepted as a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts.

Our own home

It was a very exciting time and probably a sense of relief was felt by those members who had led the way to Atkin Street - at last they had arrived. However, of course, the building was virtually a shell. Bearing in mind that the building was designed to house creative people, equally important was building up a club atmosphere. The Open Weekend held late 1988 which attracted over 500 visitors, helped in the 'warming'.

Fundraising was a very important activity at this time. Glenda Scott 'threw' many wine carafes, sold empty for \$20 or full for \$25 - they sold well! Glenda was generous with her time but also with her glaze recipes and made the most attractive bowls with crystalline glazes. Pam Datsun had done much of the spadework in the establishing of the new clubrooms this year.

A memorable demonstration was given by Garry Lee Gaston. Using his brush in a rapier-like manner, he painted tutor Murray Marks - a great likeness. The club later purchased this portrait in oil

During the year Fraser Hay demonstrated his skill with oils and Arthur Phillips entertained everyone present whilst creating a watercolour seascape. The painters held regular 'critique nights' where members were encouraged to take along their 'problem' paintings. A panel of tutors gave advice on how the work might be improved.

The nineties

Members had been concentrating on settling into their new home and fund raising for equipment, but in 1990 potters and painters took time off to enjoy themselves and relax a little.

At the beginning of 1991, the Club had 230 financial members. We were flying high, the tutors could not take on any more students - the painters had a waiting list and pottery classes were full.

The potters' sales at the Marion and West Lakes Exhibitions were excellent, but of course with all this activity, the kilns were going almost non-stop with the result that it became necessary to consider replacement. A new gas kiln and flue would cost \$8,856. How to cover these costs? It was decided to put the sales from the last two exhibitions towards the cost of kiln replacement and repair.

Looking for inspiration, a few brave and keen painting enthusiasts left at the crack of dawn and headed for Terowie, some 216 kilometres north of Adelaide. A little closer to home, a wonderful time was spent with the native animals at Warrawong Sanctuary, which provided material for later works.

In August 1991 a new gas kiln was installed - the potters were elated. The new kiln made firing so much more efficient.

1991 seemed to be a year for events at the clubrooms as well as excursions. Members headed in all directions at this time, soaking up ideas and possible scenes and subjects to interpret in their own style later. The Barossa Painting/Sketching Day, the Asian Pottery Tour of the Art Gallery, the Autumnal Bus Trip through the Adelaide Hills in October and a short journey to Clare, Mintaro and historic Martindale Hall were memorable days spent with friends, old and new.

Time was found in this very social year to hold demonstrations and workshops. Bill Butor showed members how to paint with gouache; Andris Jansons' two workshops were well attended; Boris Franco and Arthur Phillips, both skilful watercolourists enthused students to bigger and better things.

Life-Drawing

Life-drawing classes with a live model were offered to members for \$10 per class. These were well attended and held on a regular basis; the potters' classes were in such high demand that another class was started. Being a community-based organization, there was always an awareness that the Club was not really offering the 13 to 17 year old a place in the class schedule and an intermediate group was formed, concentrating on the basics. Something different was offered to club members - a demonstration by Gerard Menzel, who spread 'calm' as he showed those present the art of Sumie Japanese Painting, a form of traditional Zen Brush Painting. Clifford Frith, lithographer and sculptor, demonstrated his oil painting expertise, while Kim Cahill conducted a workshop 'Portrait in Pastel'. Thirty-five members travelled to Victor Harbor to learn how Lorraine Lewitzka captured her subjects in portraits.

A demonstration which inspired many potters was given by a potter with a Chilean heritage who showed a very simple but different method of burnishing and applying slips. This method must have appealed to some of the potters for the influence of this artist could be seen later in the gallery and at various exhibitions.

Painters were busy preparing for the end of year Spring Exhibition which was opened by Fraser Hay, but made time to see John Ford, well known for his paintings of boats, and Terry Lewitzka, artist husband of Lorraine, whose subject matter was very different. A Sumie Japanese Brush Painting workshop was also available for those seeking to relax a while.

Early in 1993, it appeared as though it would be another bumper year overflowing with students.

Thirty intrepid travellers took off to the Coorong staying at Gemini Downs Station, Steve Condous, ex Lord Mayor of Adelaide, opened the Spring Exhibition this year and 35 potters and 50 painters took part in the exhibition.

The potters were treated to a special workshop in 1994 with the Canadian born, celebrated, Robin Hopper. It was a good year - 1994 - painting classes were full and there was still a great demand for tuition in pottery. Potters totalled 81 with enrolled painters numbering 102 including 46 new members.

The potters held a record-breaking exhibition at Colonnades. The Society held two other exhibitions this year, one a 'Combined Exhibition of Photographic Prints, Paintings and Pottery' opened by Di Laidlaw, Minister for the Arts & Transport, at Mullins Gallery, Beulah Park and the other, our own end of year Spring Exhibition held in the clubrooms and opened by Chris Gallus, M.P.



An artist at work

'Potters' Grog'

As 1995 dawned, club members numbered 302 with the painters retaining their students and the potter's numbers fluctuating dramatically. Life-drawing was going well and some members were being tutored in calligraphy. We welcomed the Henley Scribblers to the Club - they were a strong group and already contributed to the newsletter.

It is so easy when familiar with the basics to forget to state the obvious. This occurred on one of the regular potter's nights, when students were asked to bring a quantity of 'potter's grog' to the next class. Two quite new students eager to be part of the group decided that they would bring a flagon of sherry as their contribution, which they did, only to discover that 'potter's grog' is made up of bisqued pots that have been crushed to a fine medium of coarse powder! The sherry wasn't wasted.

Seven years after moving in, Ray Farran suggested that the Club think seriously about the proposed building extensions which would cost in the vicinity of \$50,000-\$60,000 plus the architect's fee.

This brought forth a flurry of fundraising ideas. A H.A.G.A.S. recipe book was compiled and offered for sale. The attractive ruby-red covered book with its gold tie sold for \$5 and 'went like hot cakes'. A Club raffle with a prize of painting equipment went well. However, there was still a shortfall of approximately \$33,000. By August 1996, despite all the fund raising efforts, it was clear the building extensions that members had been working towards and looking forward to would never become a reality - and sadly they never did!

On the brighter side, classes were holding their numbers. The five pottery classes were full and there were 99 student painters, as well as an enthusiastic life-drawing group. The children's classes were strong.

'Necking'

Wendy Wood and a friend had spent a lesson learning to pull necks up on their cylinders, which takes some skill. They stayed on after class to practice and arrived home much later than usual, whereby Wendy's husband asked 'Why so late?' and she replied that she had been at the Club 'necking'.

The Society received an Adult Education Grant of \$1,246 in 1997 and the Spring Exhibition was opened by the Mayor of the City of Charles Sturt, John Dyer. Twenty potters and 43 painters entered their work which consisted of glass sculpture, pottery, woodwork, leadlight and painting. The Henley Scribblers' contribution always added another dimension to this end of year event.

A heavy campaign to promote itself was undertaken by the Society in 1998 and at first it was effective, but the resignation of several pottery office holders tended to destabilise the pottery section which then limped along and Club sales slumped, as did the economy at this time.

Jenny Lane, who was a long time member and had recently obtained her Bachelor of Design, specialising in ceramics and glass, rejoined the Society and eventually tutored in pottery and kiln-formed glass and took on the role of Pottery Director.

It was strange to hold in 1998 a Spring Exhibition without Beryl White's wonderful flower arrangements. Sadly, Beryl, fondly known as 'the flower lady', had died during the course of the year, along with painter, potter, copper enamellist and top-class weaver, Betty Travers, a member of 30 years standing.

Open Day

Our first open day proved to be a great success. It was a 'come 'n try day' and gave the 60 odd visitors the opportunity to try their hand at painting, drawing, or working with clay. Life Be In It assisted with the advertising and promotion of the event which generated a good deal of interest both within the Society and the community in general.

The children's classes became so popular in 1999 that it was necessary to enlist the help of another tutor, but it was a sad day for the life-drawing class as they would no longer be able to sketch their very professional and favourite model, Annie, as she had decided to retire.

The lengthy job of cataloguing the potters' library books commenced. The late Wendy Wood's family had donated her extensive collection of books to the Club - the library was appropriately named The Wendy Wood Memorial Library.

The Society made its television debut - well, some of its members did - on the popular Channel 7's *The Book Place*. It seems that the director of the show was an old Henley Beach girl and when they wanted to air some footage of people painting during Children's Art Week, she thought of the Club. It must be said that as the cameras panned the gallery, members' work 'came up a treat'.

Glass classes

Kiln-formed glass classes were offered this year for the first time. Two kilns, which were a gift to Jenny Lane from the University of South Australia's Underdale campus, were donated to the Club by Jenny. Jenny Lane is the only tutor in South Australia teaching this type of work. The 'classy glassies', as the glass class members called themselves, were enthusiastic and very soon evidence of their work could be seen glistening on the gallery shelves.

Glass was certainly very popular in the market place, but so was leadlighting. A demonstration of this ancient craft was given and soon after, jewel-coloured glass images were placed in the gallery by a keen and competent member. These added a colourful touch to the always-attractive pottery and glass displays at the Spring Exhibition.

The Club as a group visited 'The Cedars', and another Open Day, 'Beach Fantasy' provided some quite different and exciting activities for visitors - a live model in a bathing suit under a beach umbrella to encourage would-be artists to sketch.

A new century

Angela Condous opened our Sprint Exhibition this year and, mid-year, a combined social get-together with the Henley and Grange Historical Society was held in the Club's art room and one of the Society's long-time members with a special interest in glass gave an informative talk on the history of glass and commented on her own pieces which were on display. Around mid-year, workshops were held in papermaking and silk dyeing.

The year 2001 was a rather upsetting year for more than one reason. The gallery, housed in the Society's clubrooms, was burgled, with hundreds of dollars of artwork and pottery stolen. The police advice was to cancel the end of year exhibition so as not to attract attention to the premises. The date this occurred was 12 September, the day after the tragedy in the United States of America.

A sense of gloom settled on members and it was some time before confidence returned. A monitored alarm system was installed and the premises are now under constant surveillance. At the first management committee meeting after the tragedy, a minute's silence was observed in respect for the loss of life on 11 September.

The Society joined the Henley and Grange Historical Society in the 'Festival of the Coast' celebrations organised by the Council. Each body had their own display area in the Henley & Grange Council Chambers. The theme was *Water*. Painters and potters set up their work which must have looked very attractive to the 536 visitors because a bumper \$900 was taken in sales.

To make up for the cancellation of the Spring Exhibition and to lift everyone's spirits, a day trip to Victor Harbor was organised, stopping at Alfred Engel's Gallery to view his special paintings.

Club patrons were City of Charles Sturt Mayor Harold Anderson, Paul Caica Member for Colton and Peter McLay, Life Member of the Society.

A 'Passion for Painting' workshop was fully attended and enjoyed, as was Trevor Pitt's potting demonstration and members still came to watch 'Eddie the Sculptor' work with sandstone or aerated concrete forming his semi-abstract sculptures based on the human form. Some members headed south to visit the studio of the talented Brian Dobson. He made everyone feel welcome and gave commentary as he worked and washed his brush in what might once upon a time have been found under the bed. Some members purchased a 'Dobson treasure'.

The potters reported that the Mothers' Day Exhibition at Parabanks was very successful - a credit to the small number of potters who crafted items for sale. The Society took part again this year in the South Australian Living Artists Festival and Ann and Alan Williams took members on a S.A.L.A. tour.

Our Patron Paul Caica, Member for Colton, opened the Spring Exhibition, the fifteenth year that an end of year exhibition had been held. We joined the Council on the Ageing, in their 'Every Generation' Festival declaring open studio for the month of October.

Enthusiasm

In 2004, in an attempt to stimulate interest within the Club and attract new members, a programme of leadlight, watercolour, pastel, acrylic and oil demonstrations and workshops took place in rapid succession, organised by an enthusiastic director.

In August, the Club opened its doors to the wide world of art and 'Colour Your World' was the inviting name given to the end of year exhibition held in October. This event attracted a huge opening night crowd. Members did themselves proud, producing their finest work. Sales were good. Patron and Mayor of the City of Charles Sturt, Harold Anderson, opened the exhibition this year.

A late afternoon freak storm in 2005 played havoc with displays in the gallery. A module displaying mosaic items was well and truly drenched and many items and modules had to be removed, but luckily nothing was permanently damaged.

The Club received a snap visit from Premier Mike Rann and his entourage on his way to Henley High School for afternoon tea. He chatted to the members, and seemed pleasantly surprised at the quality of work in the gallery. Thanks had to go to our Patron Paul Caica for guiding the Premier to the Society and to the President and Publicity Officer for spreading the word to members.

Club members were treated to workshops in drawing, portrait painting and watercolour as well as demonstrations in pen and wash, oils and mono-printing, the S.A.L.A. Festival got off to a good start and the Society joined other venues and opened its gallery on the weekends. There was a steady flow of visitors, some of whom became members. Members who joined the 'S.A.L.A. Crawl' visited some Port Adelaide venues including the Port Adelaide Community Art Centre where John Ford spoke to the group, then on to a modern studio in Brompton before visiting the Adelaide Art Society, followed by the Royal South Australian Society of Arts exhibition which included a marvellous sculpture of musicians playing instruments and, lastly, a seaside artist's studio where there were marble 'bottoms' comfortably seated on wooden shelves. What next?

One of our Patrons, Paul Caica, opened our 2005 end of year exhibition 'Its on for Young and Old'. Again, this exhibition attracted a good opening crowd and proved to be very successful, rewarding the members who worked tirelessly to present the event.

A special year dawned - 2006! The Henley & Grange Arts Society turned forty this year. To celebrate the occasion and on the very day, 18 January, more than 50 members attended a cake cutting ceremony at the clubrooms, with Betty Edwards, the longest-serving member, cutting a lemon sponge decorated with the Club logo, ably assisted by one of our Patrons and Mayor of the City of Charles Sturt, Harold Anderson.

The first 40 years were tinged with highs and lows, humour and pathos, strength and weakness. However, linking all of those things was togetherness emanating from members with a common aim to capture and nourish the creative spirit which lies within us all.

Addendum

The Art Society *History* includes reference to the following members awarded Life Membership for devoted service:

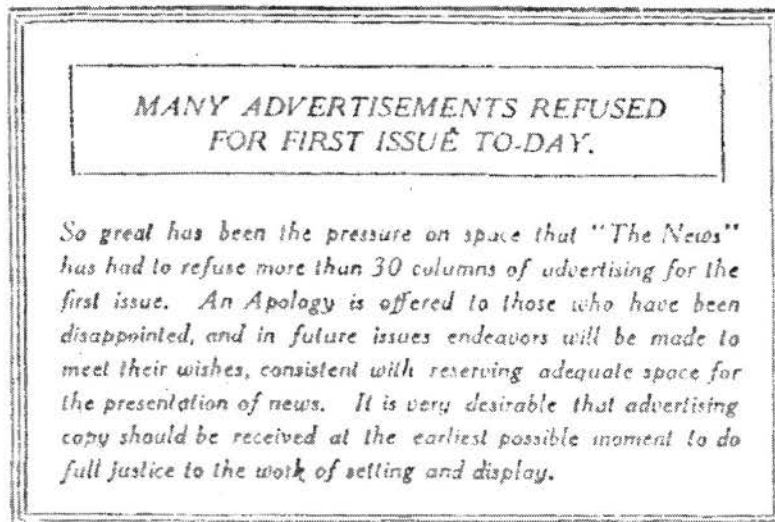
Dot Batten, Fay Boyce, Janet Chaplin, Pam Datson, Betty Edwards, Ray Farran, Boris Franco, Bernie Franzon, Fraser Hay, Margaret Hoy, Robert Hoy, Ellie Jamieson, Eryl Jenkins, Janet Kranz (first Life Member), Jenny Lane, Peter McLay, Shirley Padfield, Trevor Pitt, Vic Steele and Wendy Wood.

The Life Membership certificates were meticulously hand drawn by Fraser Hay, using beautiful paper which had been hand made by his father in the 1930s.

HENLEY GUESTHOUSE MAKES THE GRADE

By Audrey Willoughby

On the front page of the first edition of *The News*, Vol 1 No 1, published in Adelaide on Tuesday 24 July 1923, the following article appeared:



(Actual size was 7 cm x 3.5 cm)

The back page of the publication included the following 3cm x 1cm advertisement for Board and Residence in Henley Beach.



Can any of our members recall this Guest House?

DID YOU KNOW ?

By Joan Ferguson

During World War Two, barbed wire was placed on the beach at Henley Beach and along the railings on the beachfront and sandbagged slit trenches were dug into the foreshore to protect us from the enemy.

Motorcycle races were held on the beach near Henley Jetty, attracting large crowds during the 1940s.

Images such as these came to light when Mrs Sue O'Loughlin from Burnside gave us a DVD made from a series of 1940s films which her father had taken. Unfortunately the films had been in a shed and only small amounts were able to be transferred to the DVD, but what was saved was very interesting for our society.

It gives us a snapshot of life from the point of view of Sue's family who ran the Del Monte as a guesthouse in the 1940s. The DVD shows parts of her family life, motor bike racing on the beach, draughthorse racing at Grange Oval, fishing in Cowell, the Botanic Gardens and scenes of Henley foreshore and beach.

The society is grateful that Sue thought of us as a recipient of her information.



Standing in the slit trenches

WHO WAS THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER?

By Julie-Ann Ellis and Roger André.



Colin Alan Longbourne Greig 1896-1918.
Courtesy City of Charles Sturt

The problem

When June and Peter Donovan wrote their fascinating study *150 Years of Stained and Painted Glass*, they made due reference to the windows of St Agnes Anglican Church, Grange.¹ They carefully noted the nine stained glass windows then in the church, including one window in the northern transept which they noted simply as representing the 'Christian Soldier', as if the figure in this window - a young man in armour, with lance and sword - was intended to represent all Christian soldiers. But a survey of the window shows that the soldier is not simply an archetypal figure, but a portrait of a particular soldier, with the face taken from a photograph. So who *was* the Christian Soldier of St Agnes, Grange?

The question is easy enough to answer, in one sense. The history of St Agnes, written in 1985, clearly defines that the window was 'in memory of C.A.L. Greig' and 'showed the features of the man it commemorates'.² The window itself carries the inscription 'To the Glory of God and in Memory of Signaller C.A.L. Greig, 27th Battalion, killed in battle, Aug. 8th 1918, Villers-Bretonneux, dedicated by the family'. But that in turn raises other questions. Who was C.A.L. Greig? What sort of man was he? What was his

connection to the church? What was his experience of the war that killed him? And why should he alone, of the twelve parishioners of St Agnes who died in the Great War, be honoured with a separate memorial window, when all the other deaths are commemorated together in the St Michael window in the chancel, and on the brass plate affixed to the wall? The authors became intrigued with these unanswered questions, and began research. We received much help locally, and we give particular thanks to Lyn Carmichael and Natalie Jones, Secretary and Priest's Warden respectively of St Agnes, Grange, to Richard Hughes of Charles Sturt Council, to Michael Parsons and to Joan Ferguson and Rod Lange of the Henley & Grange Historical Society. Thanks to them, and to the resources available at the State Library of South Australia and through the Australian War Memorial and the Internet, we have been able to uncover the following tale, which we call...

Who was the Christian soldier?

or

The strange case of the stained glass window.

Family background

Colin Alan Longbourne Greig was born in Gover Street, North Adelaide, the second surviving child of a comfortable and well-respected family. His father was Alan Longbourne Greig, who had been born in England of a Scottish family, and emigrated in his early twenties to South Australia, becoming one of the first members of the Adelaide Stock Exchange. In contrast, his mother, born Emma Addison, had lived in South Australia all her life, the child and grandchild of long-established settlers, including pastoralists and a colonial botanist, who had all arrived in the colony in 1839. They married at St Peter's Anglican Church, at Glenelg, on 30 January 1888.

Just ten months after their marriage, Emma Greig was delivered of twins, first a healthy daughter, Rachel, and several hours later, a still-born son, Donald.³ The experience may well have been traumatic; some seven and a half years passed before the birth of their next child, Colin Alan Longbourne Greig, on 3 March 1896. His birth, though, was followed relatively quickly by the births of Alice Ruth Greig, born 1898 and Frank Longbourne Greig, born 1902.

At around the time of the last birth, the family moved to the Grange, to live in a house called Racona, on the Esplanade, between Beach Street and Jetty Street. Research indicates that this was at the site of the present 477 Esplanade; the house itself has long disappeared. Racona was built for the Greigs, and was an eight-room residence, highly suitable for a successful stockbroker and his family. Here the family began a loose association with St Agnes' Church. Alan Longbourne Greig paid pew rent only sporadically - for example, he paid in June and July 1907, but not again until February 1911, nor for the rest of his life.⁴ They were not regular attenders, and when Rachel Greig married Alfred Mudge in October 1915, it was at Holy Trinity Church in Adelaide, not her local parish church.

Although not particularly enthusiastic about their membership, they were still definitely members of the Church of England, and under the parish system were a part of the St Agnes congregation. The Greigs also enrolled their son Colin in the Anglican St Peters' Collegiate School for the last years of his education, 1911 to 1914, inclusive; his younger brother Frank, was later also sent there to finish his education.

At school Greig was not particularly academic, and took no prizes. His strengths seemed to show more on the sports field, and he was a member of school cricket and football teams from 1912 until the end of his school career; in 1913, he travelled with the school team on a cricketing tour to Melbourne. In his last year he won both the half-mile and the mile events at the school sports, and for his prowess was presented with a medal by Lady Way, wife of Sir Samuel Way. His character shows only faintly through the sports reports which mention him; a cricketing report mentions that he 'bowled with excellent judgement' and a critique of the school football team records that he was 'a very good back man and spare ruck. A hard battler, who generally gets a splendid drop kick' and noted that he had 'played magnificent games in the district matches'.⁵

He was also a member of the senior cadets while he was at school, for at least two and possibly three years.⁶ This was not simply a pastime; both senior and junior cadets, aged from twelve to eighteen years, were rigorously trained and drilled, and were seen for many years as an integral part of national defence. After he turned eighteen, and was no longer eligible for the cadets – which was in March 1914, while he was still at school – Greig joined the civilian forces, the 77th Battalion, which was closely associated with beachside suburbs. He remained in this civilian battalion for the next two years. The civilian forces were liable for service during wartime anywhere in Australia, and Greig presumably was on call after August 1914, with others in the forces, 'to guard magazines, munition factories, cable and wireless stations, important railway bridges and other essential points, as well as wharves and all transports and other overseas ships'.⁷

At the end of 1914, he left school. He had by then grown into a stockily-built young man, slightly under 5 ft 7in, dark-haired but with a fresh complexion and direct blue eyes under straight brows. He joined the Bank of Adelaide as a clerk, and set up house in Thebarton. He worked there for just over a year, throughout 1915, as news of the war showered down on Adelaide, as the Gallipoli adventure opened and closed, as the new South Australian battalion, the 27th, was formed, and as local girls formed Cheer-up Societies to farewell soldiers off to the war. He did not join up himself, though he was still in the civilian forces; it seems probable that this was because he was still under-age at this time, and therefore needed his parents' permission to enlist. When he did enlist, just prior to his twentieth birthday, their permission was clearly given under protest, and with the strong hope that he would be found medically unfit to fight. They wrote to 'the doctor examining recruits', in a letter dated 29 February 1916, and asked that the doctor should:

thoroughly examine our son Colin (the bearer of this) as we do not consider him strong enough. He is always catching colds, and had an accident which he will tell you about. However if you consider him fit we herewith give our consent to him becoming a soldier.⁸

The letter was signed by both his parents, but his mother's signature was uncharacteristically abbreviated, giving her initial rather than her name, and was also perceptibly shakier than her normal signature, as if she was both unwilling and unhappy to sign.

In fact, the letter was completely without effect. Colin Greig had already been examined for fitness to serve ten days earlier; both the medical examiner and the dental examiner dated their reports 19 February 1916. Without further delay, then, Colin Greig took his letter of permission on 29 February, was accepted as a recruit and sworn in that same day. Within a week he was in camp.

Grange
29th Feb 1916

To the Doctor Examining recruits
Currie Steel Depot

Dear Sir,

We wish you to thoroughly examine our son Colin (the bearer of this) as we do not consider him strong enough. He is always catching colds, and had an accident which he will tell you about.

However if you consider him fit we herewith give our consent to him becoming a soldier.

Signed { Alan Longbourne Greig
E. Greig

The letter by which Colin Greig's parents reluctantly consented to his enlistment in the AIF.
Courtesy National Archives

Colin Greig at War

On 12 August 1916 Colin Greig embarked with other members of the fourth reinforcements of the 27th Battalion on the troopship *Ballarat*. He was appointed Acting Corporal for the voyage, a rank he held intermittently for most of the rest of the year.

By mid-November 1916 he was in France. However, almost at once he was out of action with illness. Indeed, his parents' fears about his health seem to have been justified. His period of service was interrupted by bouts of illness, including unidentified fevers, mumps and recurrent bouts of influenza - in all, he was to lose a total of 54 days in hospital, and much more time recovering from illness in camp. It was not until 8 January 1917 that he was taken on strength with his unit, which was then training behind the lines, ready for the renewed Allied assault on the Somme, which drove the Germans back to the Hindenburg Line.

Greig had been with the Battalion for just three weeks when it was sent to the front again, and his company, B Company, to the front line. The Battalion history gives a brief glimpse of the kind of territory which the 27th was contesting at this time. On 14 February A and B Companies:

took over the forward posts immediately facing the famous Butte-de-Warlencourt... The Butte, at this time practically in No Man's Land, afforded

an excellent aiming point for the enemy's and our artillery, and the ground surrounding it was a series of deep shell holes almost full of water.⁹

Back in Adelaide, his family had been worrying helplessly about him, and in so doing, gave a further indication of the family's tenuous link to St Agnes. On 6 December 1916, two donations of five shillings each were made to the general funds of the church, in the names of Emma Greig and Colin Greig, by then in France.¹⁰ His father's anxiety did not lead him to contribute to St Agnes at this time, but he was becoming noted in the city and especially at the stock exchange, as 'a liberal subscriber to all patriotic funds' for the remainder of the war.¹¹

In France, the battalion, and Greig with them, played their part in the long, grinding Battle of the Somme. They took part in the gruelling and ultimately indecisive battles of Warlencourt and Lagnicourt. They suffered an outbreak of trench fever.¹² Intermittently they were rested, withdrawn behind the lines to get back in condition for another assault. On one such break, in April, the 27th Battalion played football against the 28th, a West Australian battalion. It can be hoped that Greig, that 'good back man' and 'hard battler' was part of the Battalion team:

The ground was situated amidst the heavy system of entrenchments that constituted the German front line prior to the great Somme offensive of July, 1916. The famous La Boissell crater, the blowing up of which was the signal for the advance, was about 1,100 yards away. Practically surrounded by trenches, the ground was frozen and strewn with pieces of barbed wire and fragments of shells. Sheltering from the cold wind, the spectators viewed the game from the trenches, their heads just visible above the ground. A few plucky volunteers held the goal posts in position during the game.¹³

In the last weeks of September and the opening days of October the 27th was marched back from training camp to the front lines, where they took part in the celebrated battles of the Menin Road and Broodseinde Ridge, battles where the gaining of objectives commanding control of the road boosted Allied morale and tested the German resolve.

These were to be Greig's last battles for many months. On 8 October 1917 he went down again with influenza. This time he was evacuated to England, no doubt to his parents' relief, and spent over a month in Queen Mary's Hospital. On being discharged, he enjoyed his first and only stint of official leave, reporting for duty again on 8 December 1917. By this time, the Greigs had renamed their Grange house Durrington, after the village next to Lark Hill military camp, where so many Australian troops were prepared for active service. Perhaps the hospitable village had proved something of a home-away-from-home for Colin; his parents may have seized on the name in the forlorn hope that it would somehow buttress his chances of a safe return. There followed briefer episodes of illness, but by mid-1918 he was deemed fit enough to go back to the battleground.

His service in France to that point had only lasted nine months, but it was certainly long enough for Greig to feel that he deserved a night off before he went back to it. At any rate, he gave himself a night away from military discipline just before being sent back to France, missing the 6:45 pm parade on 12 May 1918, despite being warned not to do so. He was docked seven days' pay, and spent the next seven days confined to camp.

In early June 1918 he rejoined the 27th. He had filled out by this time, maturing, according to his sergeant, into a dark, thick-set man, 'reserved and quiet, yet very

powerful and substantial in character... a very good sport and one of the best soldiers in "B" Co[mpan]y.¹⁴

By the time Greig rejoined his battalion, incidentally the same battalion in which John Harvey's father, Vernon Harvey, served, the war had entered a new phase, and the long to-and-fro struggles of the Somme had finished. On the Western Front, the German forces had surged towards Paris, then had been beaten back by the Allies; the war Greig returned to was observably in its closing stages. Greig was with the 27th at the battle of Morlancourt on 10 June, and again when it played a supporting role in the battle of Le Hamel in July. This battle was small in scale, but brilliantly effective, using tactics planned by General John Monash; it resulted in a victory which was a great boost to morale for the Allies. The tactics Monash devised, especially in the use of aircraft as cover for other action, were adopted in the next major battle - and Greig's last.

This was the major offensive planned by the Allied commanders to take place on 8 August 1918, the day which became known to the Germans as 'der schwarze Tag' - the black day.¹⁵ To Australians it was remembered as the battle of Amiens, the first battle in which all five divisions of the Australian army were attacking together, alongside the Canadian forces. Among the troops, this major advance was casually referred to as another 'stunt', a 'hop-over' in the pre-dawn dark, and a dash towards the enemy lines, but 'they instinctively felt it was really the beginning of the end'.¹⁶

They waited in the dark, keyed up, nervous, exhilarated. Around them, from about 3:00 am, a heavy mist began to gather. Then '[t]he never-to-be-forgotten moment arrived, and immediately following a mighty flash and roar, a tornado of shells, hurled from thousands of guns, signalled the challenge of the 4th British Army to the 2nd German Army.'¹⁷ Company by company, brigade by brigade, the Australians began to advance.

At 4:30 am, in heavy mist, the B Company began their part of the hop-over. Greig dashed forward with the rest towards the enemy lines, but was hit by a bullet in the knee. Unable to continue the charge, he apparently turned back towards the supporting lines behind - and was smashed, eviscerated, by one of the thundering shells.

There was no eye-witness to his death, but two members of B Company saw him shortly afterwards. One explained that he had been:

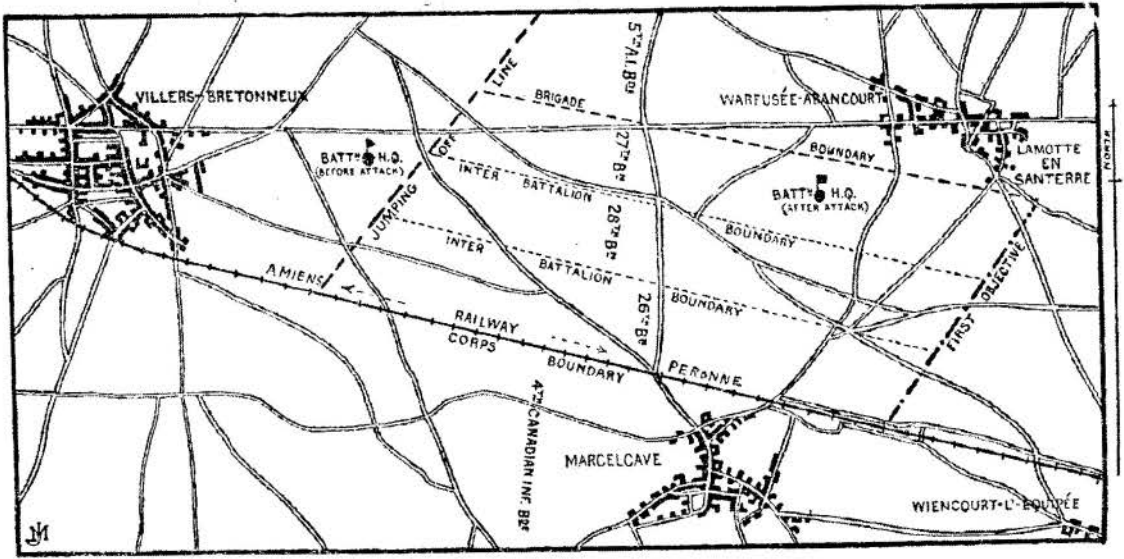
with him in the stunt [that is, the advance] though could not see him on account of the mist and found Greig at this time next to him but lying dead. This was immediately after the hop-over.

The other recorded:

I saw Greig's (B company) body after he had been killed outright by a shell soon after the hop-over He had been wounded slightly in the knee and started back and must have got hit by shell on the way out. It was very foggy and dark. He was mutilated and must have been killed instantly.¹⁸

'On the way out' is a bitterly suggestive phrase; it seems that Greig was hit by one of the Australian army's own shells, a 'drop-short' as the AIF called such mishits from the fire which was meant to be covering the advance. If so, he was not the only soldier to die this way; C.E.W. Bean's official history of the war noted that 'many of the 7th Brigade found themselves in their own barrage and a number were hit by it.'¹⁹ That it was an Australian shell which hit Greig is made virtually certain by the 'dearth of the enemy's artillery action' during those few hours, with most German response coming from 'their light field guns'.²⁰ Greig was badly hit in the stomach and groin, and must

have died quickly, possibly even 'instantaneously', as the letters informing his parents suggested. His parents were not told of the probability that it was one of the Australian army's own shells which killed him.



Plan of 8 August 1918 Allied operation in which Colin Greig was killed.
The Blue and Brown Diamond, History of the 27th Battalion (AIF)

Memorial and memory.

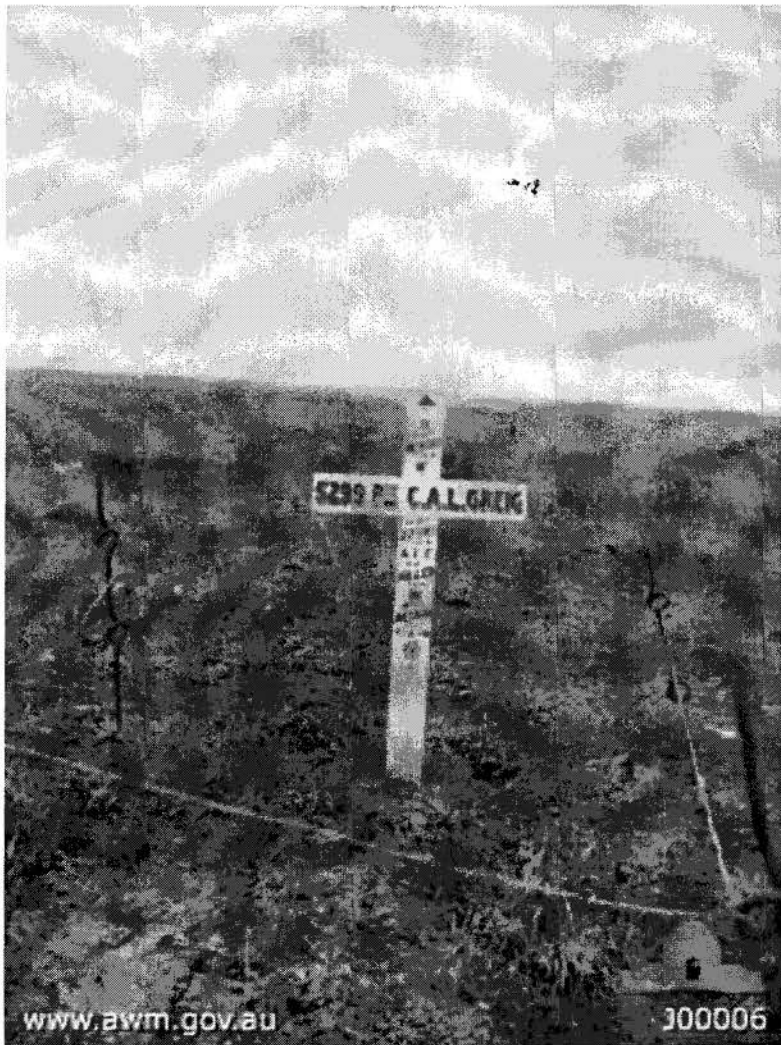
The first to know of his death, and to memorialise it, were of course his fellow-soldiers. The two B Company witnesses, however, were in disagreement about how the company marked Greig's death. One claimed that 'I don't know about burial'. The other stated that Greig:

Was buried the same day by his Company. men and soon after the casualty - at the spot where he fell that is on the Warfusee-Villiers-Bretonneux [sic] road between the two and two miles from Villiers-Bretonneux and 200 yards in on the south side. A Batt[alio]n mark was made immediately and a substantial cross was erected a fortnight later and a photograph of it taken by Pte G.R. Barrington (photographer) Cremorne St, Unley, Adelaide.²¹

Both men were of B Company, a group of only about a hundred men. Both were present, and were with B Company for the weeks after 8 August. It seems odd that one man in B Company could know nothing of a burial that B Company men carried out. The battalion history does not mention any burials undertaken, as contrasted with earlier mentions of burials, and does mention such standard matters as the meal taken that night, and the good night's rest enjoyed by the battalion.²² However, there were only five battalion deaths in this action, and burial of casualties was a normal duty, perhaps not requiring special mention.²³

The uncertainties are redoubled by Greig's service record, which states plainly that he was buried at Card Copse Cemetery, one mile north-west of Marcelcave on the road to Fouilly, on 2 November 1918 - a location about half a mile south of 'the spot where he fell', as described by the eyewitness quoted above. Possibly he was buried near the Warfusee Road in August, and then reburied at Card Copse cemetery in November; possibly the eye-witness meant only that Greig was buried in the general vicinity of 'the spot where he fell'. The body in Card Copse Cemetery was later exhumed, and reburied in Crucifix Cemetery about a mile north of Villiers-Bretonneux. That final grave was

certainly marked with a 'substantial cross', honouring Greig as having been 'Killed in Action'; a photograph of it appears in the Australian War Memorial's Roll of Honour.



Colin Greig's grave at Crucifix Cemetery, Villers-Bretonneux,
photographed by G.R. Barrington c. 1919.
Courtesy Australian War Memorial.

The news travelled through the well-rehearsed official channels back to the authorities. Here the second divergence in the memorialising of Greig can be noted. Officially, he was listed, and is still listed, as having 'died of wounds', despite the evidence that his death was either instantaneous or close to instantaneous, and on the field of battle, so that 'killed in action', as marked on his grave, would seem more appropriate. This was perhaps because he was killed by a shell from Australian troops, and not by the enemy, and thus not 'in battle'.

The news also travelled, fairly quickly, back to Greig's family. There is no record of their personal reaction to the news, but something of their anguish can be gauged from a letter, included in Greig's service record, which Alan Longbourne Greig wrote to military officials just two weeks after the death, asking that his son be remembered by his 'correct' rank of corporal. The letter, evidently drafted hurriedly by a secretary, possibly taking dictation from Greig, was sent from Greig's stockbroking business in Pirie Street. That it was sent in some distress is hinted by the inclusion of errors and omissions in the letter which any usual revision would have corrected: 'I would esteem

it a great favour me of [sic] the correct rank of my late son'. The reply gave perhaps some little comfort, allowing that Greig had held the rank of Acting Corporal; in fact he had returned to his substantive rank of private long before his death.

The insistence on claiming 'correct' rank hints at the Greigs' desperate desire to give their son as much dignity and prestige in his death as possible, just as the Battalion had tried to give Greig - even if only in report - the dignity of an immediate burial and 'substantial cross'.

The Greig family turned to erecting their own memorial. It may have been as a first step towards re-establishing links with St Agnes that Alan Longbourne Greig made a donation of one guinea to the organ fund in January 1919; it was his first donation to the church since 1911. Around April 1920 he approached Henry Dyson, the priest-in-charge of St Agnes, asking that he be allowed to place a stained glass window commemorating his son in the church. Dyson took the request to the vestry meeting on 28 April 1920, where he 'mentioned that Mr Greig desired to place a stained glass window in the Church as a memorial to his son, ~~Frank~~ Colin, who was killed in the late war.'²⁴ The emendation was made in pencil, after the meeting; it is a further indication of how loose was the connection of the Greigs to St Agnes that the meeting was evidently uncertain which of the Greig boys had died, or even how old they were - Frank had in fact never enlisted, and was only sixteen years old and still at school when the war ended.

There is no record of the arguments for or against accepting the offer. Indeed, there may have been no debate in the vestry meeting. It may not have been seen as possible or desirable to refuse something that would undoubtedly enhance the church building - there were at the time only three other stained glass windows in St Agnes; all other windows in the church were simple diamond-shaped leadlights. However, it may be that there was some concern about giving such prominence to a family only marginal to parish life, especially in view of the fact that others much more closely connected with the church had also died in the war. Major Philip Priestley, for example, who died on 3 May 1918 leaving a widow and child, had arranged for a special parting communion service and blessing at St Agnes before he embarked, and was noted in his obituary as having been constant in his attendance at Anglican services at the Front.²⁵

Greig went ahead with arranging for the window to be made. The window almost certainly was ordered from Clarkson Limited, the name under which the company formerly called H.L. Vosz Ltd had been trading since August 1915, in an attempt to avoid the war-related hostility which a German trading name could encounter.²⁶ Clarksons had already begun a trade in family memorial windows, and it was a reasonable extension of this trade to begin advertising for war memorial windows shortly after the war began. They had several memorial window designs, mostly using the elements of a soldier in armour with a cross of St George, as shown in their standard advertisement at this time.²⁷ The Greig window adheres fairly closely to the pattern used in their advertisements. However, the family did personalise the window, to ensure that it was a memorial to Colin Greig, and no-one else. They inserted not only his name, but his battalion colours, with crossed signallers' flags to indicate his role as signaller. The vexed question of his rank was solved by commemorating him as 'Signaller' and the window asserts strongly that he was indeed killed in battle.



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STUDIOS: RUNDLE STREET, ADELAIDE.

Clarkson's advertisement featuring their *Christian Soldier* design.
Adelaide Church Guardian, October 1917

The window was installed quickly, and dedicated in September 1920. The dedication of the window was a strikingly low-key affair - held on a Thursday afternoon, and attended only by the Greigs and the priest-in-charge, Warren Alexander Swan. Possibly the Greigs had requested total privacy in their grief; possibly also their fellow-parishioners were consciously withholding their approval of this marking out of one of the parish dead from the rest. Whatever the case, the priest, in noting the dedication in the parish newsletter, saw fit to argue the case to his congregation that:

It is most fitting that there should be such a memorial of one who gave his life in a great cause - in the Church where he was wont to worship, and with the life and affairs of which he was intimately connected for some years. The thanks of the congregation are due to the donors of that which adds so greatly to the beauty of our House of God.²⁸

The Warden, however, made only cursory reference to the admittedly 'handsome' window in his annual report, hastily adding that it was 'to be hoped the **Church** [authors' emphasis] War Memorial [would] also be consummated [sic] at an early date.'²⁹ (It may be noted in passing that shortly after the dedication, the St Agnes Vestry thriftily sold the diamond panes replaced by the Greig window, for a total sum of £1-10-0, to a Mr Everett, presumably William E. Everett, housepainter, of 250 Sea View Road, Henley Beach.)



**‘which adds so greatly to the beauty of our
house of God’ -
the Greig memorial window in
St Agnes Church**

Only a few months later, the chilly relations between the St Agnes congregation and the Greigs became even more painfully apparent. On 23 January 1921, Alan Longbourne Greig died, suddenly, at his home; his funeral was held at St Agnes. Only one other parishioner, Mrs Goldring, died and was buried in that month - the reporting of the two events in the same issue of the parish paper varied greatly. Greig’s funeral was noted formally, as having taken place in the church; no other remark or notice was inserted, not even a sentence wishing the family condolence in their grief. By contrast, the same issue contained a long paragraph beginning ‘We deeply regret to record the death of Mrs. Goldring...’, a paragraph which remembered her ‘keen interest’ in St Agnes, and underlined that she would be ‘greatly missed’.³⁰ Similarly, a notice a little later for Mrs Susan Toms evinced regret at recording her death, offered condolences to the family, hoped that she would rest in peace, and mentioned with appreciation her gift to the church of riddel posts for the altar. The complete silence, the lack of condolence or hope for peaceful rest with regard to the death of the donor of a handsome stained glass window stands in marked and eloquent contrast.

But the Greig window, if not welcomed or very graciously received by the St Agnes congregation, nevertheless must have impressed them. In April 1919 the vestry meeting had been talking of a war memorial in terms of a new hall (and indeed the hall did go ahead within the next few years). But in May 1921, the vestry meeting resolved in addition to:

erect a memorial in the Church to the fallen Soldiers from this parish in the late war. Mr Haden moved and Mr Goldring seconded ‘that the proposed Memorial take the form of a Stained Glass Window and Tablet, and that the present centre window in the chancel be moved to one side, and the reredos completed, subject to the funds being available and necessary consent being obtained.’³¹

That is, within six months of the Greig window being dedicated, the vestry had decided that there should be another war memorial window put in place, and they even considered for a time removing the central chancel window, the depiction of Christ as

the Alpha and Omega, to make way for the new memorial window. Despite the great importance that such a mooted removal of the central window indicates, collection of the money took a full year. The Greig name does not appear in the surviving lists of subscribers.

The parish memorial window was dedicated with considerably more *éclat* than the Greig window. It was unveiled, along with a second window and a brass tablet listing the fallen, on a Sunday afternoon, 21 May 1922, by the Bishop of Adelaide himself, Arthur Nutter Thomas:

There was a very large congregation, and the service was a beautiful one. The window representing S. Michael is the parish memorial of the men who fell in the war, and the tablet records the names of the members of the church who gave their lives. The other window, representing S. Agnes, is in memory of Mis [sic] H.M. Swyer, for some years a faithful and consistent worshipper at the Grange. It is the gift of her niece, Mrs. F.J. Fisher. The windows add considerably to the beauty of the sanctuary, and are the work of Messrs. Thompson and Harvey, of Adelaide. The tablet was supplied by A.W. Dobbie and Co. The preacher at the service was the Rev. E.H. Fernie, Rector of Unley.³²



Dedicated with *éclat* – St Agnes parish memorial to those who fell in the Great War – the window representing St Michael

Postscript

The Greig family attempted to keep up some connection with St Agnes' Church even after the death of Alan Longbourne Greig, and the apparent coldness of the response in the parish paper; Alice Ruth Greig paid pew rent in January, March and July of 1921. By 1925, though, the family had decided to leave The Grange for good. Emma Greig sold Durrington to Leslie and Eileen Harvey and moved well away, to Glenunga. In 1926 Alice Ruth married a returned soldier, Herbert Furze. Furze was one of five sons of Gustav Emil Zschorn, but along with at least two of his four brothers had changed to his mother's family name, Furze, during the war, presumably to avoid anti-German feeling. They chose to marry in St Augustine's Anglican Church in Unley, where the rector was the returned military chaplain, Edward Humbert Fernie, who had preached at the dedication of the St Agnes' parish memorial window four years earlier. Frank Greig is believed never to have married.

The Greig window seems to have spurred a rush of window dedications at St Agnes. In the eight years following the dedication of the Greig window, four windows were dedicated - the two mentioned above, and two more, in the southern transept, dedicated in 1928.

And what of Colin Greig? His war record was unremarkable; his war experience was like that of thousands of other young men. To the wider Australian public, as represented by the St Agnes congregation, his death was nothing special, to deserve commemoration. To the Australian army officials he was just one more private whose death was not even a real death in battle, but an accidental death 'of wounds'. But the private grief of his family, thanks to its backing by the moderate wealth of the stockbroker, was strong enough to force the creation and installation of a permanent and public commemoration of their son. In investigating the strange case of the stained glass window, the authors found themselves both touched by his parents' grief, and glad that they were able to piece together, and bring to a new generation, his commonplace story.

¹ Peter and June Donovan. *150 years of Stained and Painted Glass*. Wakefield Press, Adelaide, 2007.

² The Rev L.R.D.B. Jupp, *Energetic, United and Loyal: St Agnes' Church - The Parish 1888-1988*. The Grange, 1985, p.22.

³ We are indebted to a Greig family descendant, Douglas Dashwood-Howard, for information about the birth and death of the twin boy. At the time deaths of children under the age of 16 are not necessarily registered, and Donald Greig does not appear in the official registration office for deaths.

⁴ St Agnes, Grange, Cash books. SRG 94 A43. State Library of South Australia (SLSA). The books contain receipts and expenditure from 1907 until 1922 only.

⁵ *Saint Peter's Magazine*, May 1914, August 1914, August 1915.

⁶ Defence Service record, 5299, Greig, Colin. The length of time served in the jacket appears in the document as two years, and on another as three years.

⁷ *Australia During the War*, (Vol XI of the Official History of Australia in the War 1914-1918), Ernest Scott, Angus and Robertson Sydney 1936, p.196.

⁸ Defence Service record, 5299, Greig, Colin.

⁹ *The Blue and Brown Diamond, History of the 27th Battalion*, by AIF, in *Service*, Lieut-Col W Dollman, VD and Sgt H. M. Skinner, MM, Adelaide, 1921, Bennen & Co, p.72.

¹⁰ St Agnes, Grange, Cash books, SRG 94 A43, SLSA.

¹¹ *Advertiser*, 25 January 1921.

¹² *Blue and Brown Diamond*, p.89.

¹³ *Blue and Brown Diamond*, p.81. The 27th won the game.

¹⁴ Red Cross records, SRG 76/1/7916 SLSA and Australian War Memorial website, www.awm.gov.au

¹⁵ C.E.W. Bean (in *The Australian Imperial Force in France in the Allied Offensive, 1918*, Vol VI of the Official History of Australia in the War 1914-1918, Angus and Robertson, Sydney, 1941) devotes an entire chapter to this battle, which is, as war historians will recognize instantly, the major source for the account here. The battalion history was also consulted, especially for company movements.

¹⁶ *Blue and Brown Diamond*, p.149.

¹⁷ *Blue and Brown Diamond*, p.149.

¹⁸ Red Cross records, SRG 76/1/7916 SLSA and Australian War Memorial website, www.awm.gov.au

¹⁹ Bean, p.530. The 27th Battalion was part of the 7th Brigade.

²⁰ *Blue and Brown Diamond*, p.153.

²¹ Red Cross records, SRG 76/1/7916 SLSA and Australian War Memorial website, www.awm.gov.au

²² *Blue and Brown Diamond*, p.83 cf pp.153-4.

²³ *Blue and Brown Diamond*, p.154.

²⁴ St Agnes Vestry meeting minutes, SRG 94/A43/1, SLSA.

²⁵ *Adelaide Church Guardian*, May 1918.

²⁶ Jupp, p.22, states that the window was 'from the studio of H. L. Vosz' but the evidence for this has been lost, and Donovan and Donovan, p. 74 credits no studio or supplier with the window. However, as stated, the Greig window closely resembles their standard designs.

²⁷ Clarkson Limited watercolour designs for stained glass windows, BRG 172/1, SLSA.

²⁸ *St Agnes Parish Paper*, No 14, September 1920. The item was also printed in the *Adelaide Church Guardian*, November 1920, p 396-7.

²⁹ St Agnes Warden's annual report, 1920/21, SRG 94/A43/8, SLSA.

³⁰ *St Agnes Parish Paper*, No. 19, February 1920.

³¹ St Agnes Vestry meeting minutes, SRG 94/A43/1, SLSA. Emphasis in the original.

³² *Adelaide Church Guardian*, 8 June 1922, p. 141. Edward Humbert Fernie was a returned military chaplain. The central window was not in the end moved to make room for the parish war memorial window.