

THE HENLEY AND GRANGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL

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THE HENLEY AND GRANGE

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COMMITTEE, 1983

President: Mr. D.J. McCarthy
Vice-President: Mr. N. Newcombe
Secretary: Mrs. C. Dobson
Treasurer: Miss H. Hanrahan
Members: Messrs. E. Hasenohr, A. Leonard,
D. Whiteford
Mesdames, B. Edwards, P. Fowles, D. Triggs,
A. Willoughby
Miss E. Dunning
Auditor: Mr. B. Crago

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING -

Friday, 18th November

MEMBERS

Mr. F. Angus
• Mrs. M. Angus
Mr. P. Cates
Mrs. P. Cates
Mr. C. Chant
Mrs. D. Cluse
Mrs. C. Dobson
Mr. R. Donne
Miss E. Dunning
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Mr. D. Fergusson
Mrs. J. Fergusson
Mr. T. Ferrier
Mr. J. Fowles
Mrs. P. Fowles
Mr. B. Fry
Mr. D. Fry
Mr. R. Gassner
Mr. A. Green
Mrs. M. Green
Miss H. Hanrahan
Mr. E. Hasenohr
Mrs. E. Hasenohr
Miss M. Jacka
Mrs. R. Johns
Mrs. A. Kluck
Mr. A. Leonard
Mrs. N. Leonard
Mrs. M. Mitchell
Mrs. M. Mitton
Mr. D. McCarthy

Mrs. R. McCarthy
Mr. A. Macdonald
Mrs. L. McLelland
Mrs. E. McNamara
Mr. M. McNamara
Mr. R. Nash
Miss A. Newcombe
Miss E. Newcombe
Mrs. E. Newcombe
Mr. N. Newcombe
Mr. D. Palmer
Mrs. N. Penny
Mr. A. Phillips
Mrs. P. Phillips
Mrs. J. Porter
Mrs. R. Reeves
Mr. E. Spears
Mrs. J. Sturm
Mrs. M. Sutherland
Mr. P. Thomas
Mrs. D. Triggs
Miss E. Tucker
Mrs. S. Twist
Ms. J. Walkley
Mr. D. Webb
Mrs. M. White
Mr. D. Whiteford
Mrs. J. Whiteford
Mrs. A. Willoughby
Mr. G. Willoughby
Mr. P. Wyld

The last twelve months has been a period of consolidation for the Society's Committee.

Since the inaugural meeting of the Society on 18th September 1979, the efforts of the successive committees have made the Society into a flourishing body. Some of the more notable achievements have been:

- * The growth of the Society's membership to over 60, and still increasing.
- * The publication of an annual Journal.
- * The successful negotiation with the Henley and Grange Council for a room in the Henley Beach Town Hall to serve as the Society's original Headquarters.
- * The mounting of four major historical exhibitions and numerous minor displays, generally to assist with the education process in schools.
- * The purchase of a public address system complete with tape deck, the latter being used to record guest speakers.

In addition to the above achievements the present Committee and Society members are working on some large and ambitious projects:

- * The classification and cataloguing of all items which are held in the Society's collection. This project is ably controlled by Helen Hanrahan, with assistance from Nell and Ted Hasenohr, Edna Dunning and Dorothy Triggs. Progress is slow but rewarding.
- * The publication of a chronicle listing dates associated with any significant event which has occurred in the Henley and Grange area. This project is led by David McCarthy. It is hoped that the chronicle will be completed in time for release in 1986 - South Australia's Sesqui-centenary.

The Society's appreciation is recorded to those persons who have passed on historical items and artifacts. Appreciation is also accorded to the guest speakers who have willingly given their time to the Society. The guest speakers for the period were -

Mrs. Marjorie Mitton (Recollections of life at Grange), Mr. and Mrs. Alan Leonard (Recollections of Henley Beach and a demonstration of old gramaphones), Miss Edna Dunning (Growing up in Henley), and Brian Moulds (History of the Henley and Grange Foreshore).

In closing, I wish to acknowledge the efforts of the Society's inaugural President, Ted Hasenohr. Ted has worked tirelessly to make the Henley and Grange Historical Society an organization of some significance to both the local community and those who are outside, but in immediate influence of Henley and Grange. Thus the Society looks forward to 1983/84 with enthusiasm and confidence that May 1984 will evidence even more consolidation and achievement.

David McCarthy

THE GRANGE : REMINISCENCES

From the transcript of a talk given by Mrs. Marjorie Mitton.

I've lived in the Grange district since 1914. I came down here as a small child, and have lived here practically ever since. It makes me feel proud, to have lived here, and to have been associated with the very fine people of this district.

Tonight I would like to talk about people rather than the things that have happened. The people make the district, and the people of this district make our history.

To start off with the Sinclair family - a wonderful family.

Mr. James Sinclair was born at Alberton in 1858, the son of J.M. Sinclair, Mayor of Port Adelaide. He and his family came down here to live in 1904, and Mr. Sinclair became the first Mayor of Henley and Grange.

He had served articles with Symon and Way, and among his accomplishments were: President of the South Australian Endeavour Union, lay preacher in three churches, foundation member of the South Australian Football Association, Assistant Crown Solicitor, and Stipendiary Magistrate at Port Adelaide, Port Pirie, and Strathalbyn.

He has an important part in our history, as it was he who called a meeting, in the dining room of his home, which marked the starting point of the Henley and Grange Council.

And he called the meeting which led to the foundation of the Grange Methodist Church. Mr. Vawser, too, was associated with this.

A very wonderful orator, he could speak well on any subject; and, if anyone chipped in, he could answer quick and lively.

Mr. Sinclair was certainly a well-known personality; but in later years he was a complete alcoholic.

This was a terrible pity, and I gained some understanding of the situation from his daughter, who is the last of his children now alive.

He took a very active part in recruiting in the 1914-1918 War. As he was a most eloquent speaker, he could arouse great patriotism in people.

And then his eldest son Jack, who had just got through Law, with brilliant results, enlisted.

I have a newspaper copy of a letter written by him to his father, about the conditions at Gallipoli - depicting conditions exactly like those shown in the recent television film '1915'.

Jack was wounded at Gallipoli, and later sent to France, where he was killed. His death turned Mr. Sinclair into an alcoholic. If people remember him as he was in the end - and he lived to be quite an elderly man - his son's death was a main reason for his state.

His daughter Jean had a wonderful contralto voice, and was always willing to help district societies. She sang before Melba in 1927, and started up a Grange Choral Society.

To quote from a newspaper article: 'Grange will have a fully-fledged choral society. Grange for Culture will be the new slogan of the progressive seaside town. The sponsors of the movement are Miss Ruth Naylor A.M.U.A., who has distinguished herself as pianist and singer, and the titian-haired contralto Miss Jean Sinclair, also A.M.U.A., who was one of the leading lights of the Elder Conservatorium Opera Class.'

They organised and gave local concerts with such people as Harold Parsons, Arnold Matters, Marjorie Walsh, and others, whom they brought to this district to help to raise funds for various organisations.

And, of course, Jean Sinclair took the contralto part in The Messiah.

Her sister Nell was a fine person, too, and a great worker for district charities. She worked for the Council for a number of years, and was instrumental in discovering that all was not well with the account books of one of the Town Clerks.

When I first started at the Grange School, in 1914, floods still occurred quite often in the district.

As Jetty Street was higher than the surrounding area, the floodwaters would cover the ground on both sides of the road. A channel was made under Jetty Street, so that the water could flow from south to north.

The houses were flooded back as far as Swan Street and Sturt Street. We lived in Jetty Street and, as our house was on higher ground, our back yard would be full of the neighbours' dogs and poultry, brought there for safety.

The big floods were caused by a combination of high tides, and very heavy rain in the hills. It could happen that people from the Grange would go to work by train in the morning, but be unable to come home that way in the afternoon. Some used to catch a train to Semaphore and, with the high tide over Military Road, would have to walk through the sandhills all the way from there.

Eventually they built levee banks and also used sand bags. Sometimes sandbags would be piled across the line and, if the train could creep through the floodwaters, they'd whip the sandbags away for long enough to let the train through.

[From Mrs. Mitton's brother, Hartleigh Kelly.

I was a boy at school at the time, and I know how pleased we were when the headmaster came out at lunchtime and made the announcement: 'All the children living at Henley Beach and the Grange, would they please report and go home straight away. The floods are coming up.'

They were great days.]

Mr. Muirhead was Headmaster at the Grange School all the time that we were there. He was there for 25 years, and was a wonderful old chap. We were not used to anyone else. He was part of the stock of the place.

His house joined the school. In the old school there was just the main room and an attached verandah. A curtain divided the main room into two parts. How the teachers managed to teach under these conditions, I don't know.

At one stage, the school became so overcrowded that two big marquees, with wooden floors, were put up in the yard. Classes were held in these marquees, and also in one of the sheds, until parent protests at last helped bring about improvements.

To add to difficulties, the Memorial Hall that they had built, and which was used as a classroom, was burnt down. As a result, the little ones were transferred to the Grange Institute.

The poor teacher there was nearly driven silly, because there were no proper facilities, not even proper toilet facilities. The yard, too, was unfenced, and the Grange train, as you remember, used to come right along Military Road. The children would run out to see the train, which worried the teacher very much. I can remember getting in touch with my sister-in-law father (Mr. E. Allen, Inspector of Schools) and telling him of the conditions; and he had the whole matter put right.

During my time at school, they changed from classes to grades. I remember I was in Class 3 and suddenly it was turned to Grade 5. At the school, pupils could continue to Grade 8.

One boy - Rupert Litchfield - attended the Grange School for all eight years without missing one single day. He continued to attend the school even when the family shifted to Alberton. If he's still alive, perhaps the School Centenary Committee could invite him to the celebrations.

The Grange Oval was originally set aside as a recreation area for the employees of the Eastern Extension Cable Company, who were also going to build offices for their staff, on the sea-front. But the use of cables declined, and neither of these two schemes eventuated.

The recreation area was taken over by the young people of the Grange. I can remember Mrs. Hughes (Nell Sinclair that was) telling me that, when the Grange girls formed their hockey club, the ground was also used by a football club, so that the girls were in difficulty about Saturday matches. Her father, a strong-willed old man, told the girls to get there first and start playing. They did - and the footballers had to wait their turn.

The oval dressing-shed at the time, and for many years afterwards, was the old Grange (Terminus Street) railway station building. When I see what they're doing to the Grange Oval now - well, it's wonderful; and will be still more impressive when all those trees grow.

To return to the old days. A Grange Progressive Association was formed, and the oval was improved and extended. The Grange Hockey Club wanted more and more grounds as they got bigger and bigger. I think it was during the time my father-in-law was Mayor that the Corporation had a whole lot of soil available, and this was used to extend the oval through to what is now Trimmer Parade (which was only a track in those days.)

[From H.K.]

The soil came from the bank at the Grange which kept the floodwaters back. When they made the Breakout Creek down through South Henley, the bank became redundant. The Council agreed to put the soil onto our oval. They dumped it in heaps all over the oval, and we had the job of straightening it out.]

As the oval was mainly used by Henley and Grange people, and the Woodville Council hadn't taken much interest in it, an application was made to have the oval transferred to the Henley and Grange Council.

I believe that the Woodville Council eventually granted it very reluctantly, and pointed out that no more Woodville land would be transferred. That's why, just where we live, there's a sort of peninsula, containing just a few houses, west of the Grange Oval, that is under the Woodville Council.

It was good for the young people to have the Oval in our own Council area, and I was very sad when I heard that the Trotting Association were using it. I understand that the trotting people felt that the oval wasn't being fully used, and that the Council felt that they would make revenue out of the plan (which they didn't.)

I found that, when the ground was first leased, it was to be regarded as parklands, and was to be used in such a way as would be used by the Y.M.C.A. Well, I didn't see that the Y.M.C.A. would be granting permission for a trotting association to be using it.

And then the secretary of the Trotting Association, who lived next door to me, said that they would gradually be taking the whole area over. They wanted to make a trotting venue, with lights, such as they now have at Globe Derby Park out at Bolivar.

Well, the first thing that happened was that the Grange footballers (who weren't very strong) were asked to go and join up with Henley, which they did. The basketball girls had a court alongside Military Road. Horses were put there, and it was impossible to keep the court in order. More space was taken up for parking of cars, and the trotting ground was further extended. Then the baseballers, who had three teams, lost their ground. It was going from worse to worse.

I went to Parliament House, made notes, and spoke to people there. And in the end, though our Council had all been in favour of the trotting, the Trotting Association were told that they had to go.

The events I've mentioned happened over many years. But I'm so thrilled to think that that ground is still there for our own people.

After the war, materials were short, and many people couldn't get permission to build houses. People came and put up tents and various sorts of shelters on the Grange Oval. There was quite a town down there, for a long time. Those living there just couldn't get rented accommodation.

One poor old lady, who had been just 'dumped' by her relatives, lived in a sort of caravan that looked like an old-fashioned circus tiger-cage. She used to scrounge what food she could, and existed like this until the welfare people came for her.

One night, there was a terrific storm, and all the tents blew away. Poor things, they were all soaking wet. Our house overlooked the oval, and we had them all up at our place trying to dry their clothes - a very difficult situation.

I think that storm persuaded many of them to leave the oval, where they had been for some years. All this was part of the effects of World War II.

One chap was living down there in a small tent with his wife and three little girls. He would come home drunk, and they'd start heaving things at one another. One night his wife was calling out: 'Murder! Murder! He's murdering me!' We rang the police. They took about three quarters of an hour to get there, and she could have been murdered two or three times. But next day it was quite all right - all back to normal.

Anyhow, they were eventually told to go. We saw them going off, in the pouring rain, in a little dray that was almost falling to pieces, pulled by a horse with all its ribs sticking out.

Estcourt House is not strictly in our district, but the district has always been associated with it. The Grange people have had an Auxiliary, helping Estcourt House, for as long as I can remember.

It has, of course, been used at different times for different things. At first it was a home for blind people, and crippled children.

They did everything from the Grange, although there was no proper roadway along Military Road. A crippled man used to come in a horse and cart, and collect the mail each day from the Grange. Two of the boys used to go to the Grange School in a horse and cart. During the day, they'd just let the horse go in the paddock.

The Children's Hospital took the home over eventually, and the Grange women worked hard on this Auxiliary. The parents of the children had no means of getting there, and my father used to run a taxi service - up to three trips, on Saturday and Wednesday afternoons. He had an old Essex car - the type with a running-board. People used to sit all over it, wherever they could get a grip - along the running board, on the bonnet.

My father used to take them along Seaview Road as far as he could, and then over the sandhill and down onto Military Road, and on to Estcourt House to see their children. He couldn't go all the way along Military Road, because parts of it were often flooded or blocked by sand.

He did this on two days a week for fifteen years.

The people were dependent on him for getting them there, and would help when necessary. At times, when they came to the sandhill, they'd all have to get off or out of the car, and push down the sandhill. Coming back, of course, it was worse. They'd all have to push up the sandhill.

One day, when they were half way up the hill, one lady, who was always interested in telling people how good they were, stopped them, to say: 'Oh, I think you're wonderful, Mr. Kelly!' The pause helped them all get their breath back.

My father was a well-known character in his day.

[From H.K.]

The fare was 3d. return; and sometimes the afternoon's collection could be a mere 1/9.

Our father was a very forthright character. If he thought about telling anyone off, he would do so.

He was President of the Grange Bowling Club. At one stage, he had the idea that the third team in the club should have the same right to the best green as the first team had. He was in charge of the greens, and this caused a real stir.

One day, when he was driving from the north to the north end of the station, he swung out to turn, while it was all clear. But when he backed, the train had come along, and took the back half of the car. Three or four weeks later, he and the car were back on the road again.

When he was 80, he drove to Perth.]

When the railway went along Military Road, they used to ring the bell all the way.

Many people, children and adults, going to work or school, used to catch the train that went at a quarter past eight. We always got into the last carriage, because we were only in time to get into that one, anyway.

In those days, everybody knew everybody. You'd see them coming out the gates with a piece of toast in their hand, and carrying their coats, and running for their lives to get the train.

The guard used to know these Grange people, too. He would get out of the train, stand around, look all down the streets, and wait until everybody got to the train. Then he'd blow the whistle and off we'd go. You can't imagine them doing that now!

[From H.K.]

There was one family who liked to get onto the train when it was moving. The Pontifex family lived up at the northern end, and they always waited at the northern end of the platform to get onto the last carriage as it whipped through. By that time, the train was going pretty fast, and they swung onto the back platform of the train. It was a pretty dangerous thing to do, but they did it for years. Max Pontifex was a Magarey Medallist and captain of the state football team.]

And then there were the processions from Grange to Henley, put on by the local business people and sporting bodies. What used to mark the Grange a bit was that the line of floats and so on always started off from the Grange Hotel and finished up at Henley, taking all the people with them.

Another thing the Grange people weren't very happy about was the Henley and Grange town clock. The Grange people worked hard for that, too, and it was put in the Henley Square.

Henley and Grange built a model of the Taj Mahal, for the South Australian Centenary Flower Day, and did a marvellous job of decorating it with flowers. They won second prize.

The Grange Bowling Club was started by Mr. Butterfield and the Fewings and others, and has always been a very successful club. My father was a member there for virtually 35 years.

One day (this was when my family was growing up a bit), Mrs. Dave Fewings invited me to come along and play bowls with the ladies at Lockleys. I hesitated for a while, but eventually went along. At the Lockleys Club there were a dozen or more ladies whose husbands play in the Grange Club.

The Grange Club was purely a men's club, but Lockleys admitted women. Well, we thought, what a silly thing - wives playing at Lockleys, when their husbands play at the Grange. So we decided to get hold of the husbands of some of these women, and see if we couldn't do something about getting a Ladies Bowling Club at the Grange.

Mr. Fewings, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Wally Blackwell, Mr. Merv Nelson and others were in favour. A motion was put into the club. Well, panic set in. It was unthinkable to allow a women's club into what was purely a men's club! Some of the members went to a solicitor about it all, and it was declared that the motion was, in some way or other, not in order.

A motion that was really in order was put in, and a meeting arranged, although some of the members had said that, if the ladies came in, they were going to leave.

In the end, when the meeting was held, there were only about four or five who dissented.

But we kept very quiet for a long time, before we were completely accepted. Now, the men realise the wonderful help the ladies have given the club, and the thousands of dollars that they have raised. They all work so well together, and I consider that they've got one of the finest clubs in South Australia - not only for the clubhouse and the greens, but also for the terrific atmosphere. That is one of the great achievements of the women in this district.

[From question time.]

Yes, Mr. Mitton had a zoo at his home. We always used to stop and watch at the gate - not on the way to school, but on the way home. He had peacocks, koalas, emus, laughing jacks, and wallabies. It was often known as Mitton's Menagerie.

Cyril Chambers was going to go up for Mayor, and the Protestants decided that that wasn't right, because he was a Catholic. It's so ridiculous when you think of it now, but anyhow they approached my father-in-law to see if he would stand up against him. Why they should think that religion had anything to do with making a good Mayor, I don't know. Anyhow, he was persuaded to stand and he got in.

But afterwards Cyril Chambers became a Member of Parliament, and went ahead fine, so that was good. . .

MAYORS, HENLEY AND GRANGE

1. James Hugh Sinclair, S.M.	Dec. 1915 - Nov. 1916
2. George Speller Wright, J.P.	Dec. 1916 - Nov. 1918
3. William Frank Harrison, J.P.	Dec. 1918 - Nov. 1920
4. David Julius Beck, J.P.	Dec. 1920 - Nov. 1921
5. Michael Kerrison, J.P.	Dec. 1921 - Nov. 1923
6. Hermann Gaetjens, J.P.	Dec. 1923 - Nov. 1925
7. Harry May, J.P.	Dec. 1925 - Nov. 1927
8. Walter Barrey, J.P.	Dec. 1927 - Nov. 1929
9. Ewart Wilfred Mitton, J.P.	Dec. 1929 - Nov. 1931
10. Walter Barrey, J.P.	Dec. 1931 - Nov. 1932
11. Cyril Chambers, J.P.	Dec. 1932 - June 1935
12. Ewart Wilfred Mitton, J.P.	July 1935 - June 1937
13. Vernon Harvey, J.P.	July 1937 - June 1945
14. Albert Edwin Northey, J.P.	July 1945 - June 1948
15. George Thomas Gurner, J.P.	July 1948 - July 1952 ¹
16. Donald James Newlands, C.B.E., J.P.	Aug. 1952 - June 1962
17. John William Seymour Mitchell, B.E.M., J.P.	July 1962 - June 1964
18. William John Henderson, J.P.	July 1964 - June 1967
19. Alwyn Dean Whiteford, J.P.	July 1967 - June 1969
20. John Joseph Bronte Edwards, O.B.E., O.A.M., M.C., E.D., E.M., J.P.	July 1969 - Oct. 1978 ²
21. Peter Gordon Cates, J.P.	Dec. 1978 -

¹ Died in office.

² Resigned due to ill-health.

TOWN CLERKS, HENLEY AND GRANGE

L.N. Whibley (acting)	Oct. 1915 - Jan. 1916
Hurtle Norman Walkley	Jan. 1916 - March 1916
R.J. Mills	May 1916 - June 1920
Charles E. Whyte, J.P.	July (?) 1920 - May 1923
Charles Madison Yeomans, J.P.	June 1923 - Oct. 1931
William Weston Winwood, B.E.	Nov. 1931 - Feb. 1950
Eric Henry Godfrey (acting)	Feb. 1950 - Aug. 1950
Ronald Edwin Nash, M.B.E., J.P.	Aug. 1950 - June 1980
Rodney W.S. Donne, J.P.	July, 1980 -

REMINISCENCES

From the transcript of talks given by Mr. Alan Leonard

and Mrs. Nell Leonard.

[As a prelude, Mr. Alan Leonard played three cylinder records on one of the many old gramophones which he has restored. Two of the records were from a number rescued by the late Bronte Edwards after they had been dumped as rubbish. It was good to hear instrumental music, including Christmas carols, recorded over 75 years ago.]

Then . .

In speaking about early entertainment in Henley, I've tried to go back before the 1920's, before the Town Hall was built (1921).

Behind where the new Commonwealth Bank is now was a row of shops, with a residence behind each. In one of the enclosed yards, a Coles Penny Pantomime was held. Admission was a penny, and my parents gave me twopence to spend on sweets. I was seven or eight years old at the time.

In the play 'Aladdin and his Magic Lamp', I can remember someone coming out with a hurricane lantern, and someone with a white sheet over his head - probably the genie.

The audience would consist of as many as 15 or 20 boys, sitting on planks with a kerosene case at each end. These performances went on for a number of years.

At that time, before we built on East Terrace, we lived almost next to where the old Police Station was.

Silent pictures were shown in Belcher's Kiosk (the present Moby Dick's), every Saturday afternoon and some Sunday nights. One of the serials was called The Hooded Terror. You remember the old serials - there was always someone tied to the train-line, and off would go the camera. All the youngsters had to come back next week, to see the hero arrive in time to rescue his girl friend.

ON NEXT PAGE

The Taj Mahal.

From the Advertiser, 19th September, 1936
(the day after the Centenary Floral Procession).

'Now the snow white dome of the Taj Mahal moved majestically onward into the line of vision, with peacocks and pools, its pillars crowned with arum lilies, and its swarthy Maharajahs and Maharanees clothed in all the magnificence of India, with bracelets and pearls and vivid turbans, the monumental handiwork of Henley and Grange.'



"TAJ MAHAL"

Presented to Mr. & Mrs. G. T. Gurner.

As a memento, and in appreciation of the valuable assistance rendered in the building of the Town of Kenley & Grange floral float, which was awarded second prize in the S.A. Centenary Floral Pageant, September 18, 1936.

R. Tucker Secretary

E. W. H. H. H. Mayor

There were open-air pictures where the Savings Bank is at the present time - that was before Henry Hicks' garage was built. Deck chairs were put out in a paddock of soft sand. You just walked in and paid your money, and even the aisle was soft sand.

People would bring their dogs, and sit them down alongside the chairs. The Johns family, who owned the butcher's shop, always came along with their big dog - a shaggy sheep dog.

The Town Hall was built in 1921. I can remember, as a boy of about 11 years old, playing in there and being told by the workmen to move out. I was attracted to buildings, and used to like to go and see how they were built.

Pictures were held in the Town Hall on Saturday afternoon and night, and on Wednesday night. The pianist was Dorothy Angus, who was a music teacher and lived in Sussex Street. She was a master on the piano. If there was a horse-race, she'd play from the William Tell overture, going for her life. If there was something very solemn, she'd be playing from the Poet and Peasant. Without any music, she'd change, as quick as a flash, as scenes changed in the film.

In 1934, a cement skating rink was set up where the new Post Office is, and ran for several years. People paid sixpence to go and watch, and a shilling to skate, including the skates.

After that went flat, midget golf took over. Midget golf was everywhere. We had three in the Beach - next to where the new Post Office is, almost next to the Ramsgate; on top of the Pier Cafe, which has been demolished; and at the back of the Pier Cafe. (The Pier Cafe was next to the old Billiard Saloon, which is itself a cafe now.)

Lots of us can remember the entertainment we had during the Carnival times.

Some of the pole-sitters would sit up on top of the poles for over a week, and have their food taken up to them.

And there were the Processions. Incidentally, I rode a penny farthing bike in the procession, for three years straight, with my grandfather's frock coat and a top hat made up out of cardboard. This penny farthing bike belonged to Mr. Pengelley, who had the wood-yard right down by the Henley Beach Road.

The sideshows were very good entertainment. A lot of the oldies can remember Tom Cassidy's Touch 'em. He had such a loud voice, you could hear him back on East Terrace - and that's a pretty good voice. And Monty Owens had a ball game called Roll 'em Down.

Where the Council now have their work-yard, on the corner of Military Road and Durham Street, was the paddock where all the circuses that came to Henley gave their performances. Ashton Brothers Circus and Perry Brothers Circus each visited there - sometimes twice a year. This was a real outing, and each circus would run for a week. I can well remember Mrs. Ashton falling off a rope and breaking her ankle.

An interesting character in Henley was Snake-charmer Joe - Joe Murray. He was short, limped a little, and was rather eccentric. He used to go to the sandhills, and catch death adders and red-bellied snakes, and bring them back in a bag. When he put them down by the jetty, people would throw him money, and he would go and pick the snakes up. And I've been told that many a time he took the bag of snakes into the hotel, and cleared the floor by bringing them out - he loved giving people a scare.

There were a lot of death adders in the South Henley sandhills, and we were always warned to be wary of these short but very deadly snakes.

About 1925, Harry Butler (of Harry Butler's Red Devils) would come down at Carnival times and during Tramway Picnics. He would fly very low over the sea and the jetty and the beach, and would scatter the crowd. He was known to be a dare-devil, and there were no flying regulations in those days.

There were also other planes - not Harry Butler's - taking trips off the beach down at South Henley, for 5/- a trip over Henley. One Carnival time, there was a mishap, when a child ran across the part that was roped off, and the plane went into the water. No-one was hurt, but the trips had to be cancelled.

My brother, Max Leonard, was captain of the Henley Motor Cycle Club, whose meetings were held, in 1928, above the watchmaker's shop (almost next to the present Post Office.) There was a small bike shop and garage there, with a petrol bowser on the footpath in front, run by a Mr. Coles. Petrol was marked 1/3 and 1/9 a gallon.

There was also a Henley Pushbike Club, in 1934 - 35. Regular races were conducted, on a road-circuit beginning where Fry's Butchers Shop is now, along Henley Beach Road, Tapleys Hill Road, Grange Road, and Seaview Road. Prominent among the 20 or 30 members were Cyril Newland, Don Leonard and Ernie (Chook) Fielder. I usually ran out of puff along Tapleys Hill Road.

I've got something here marked 'Not so entertaining.' As I was coming home from town one night on my 2½ round tank ('sausage tank') BSA, Sergeant Kromer stopped me. I had hit a bump, and with a carbide light, if you hit a bump, it just flicked out. I had to appear before Mr. May, J.P., in the Local Court (held in the Henley Town Hall), and was fined 5/- and one pound costs. I told the court it cost me a pair of shoes. This was mentioned in the Advertiser next day - that the defendant said he was sorry, but it cost him a pair of shoes.

There was a lock-up behind the veterinary surgeon's place, where they'd put people who didn't behave themselves - mainly those under the influence. My grand-father (George Hudd) was a J.P. and lived next to the Police Station. If there were two in the lock-up, they'd be very noisy at night-time, and many a time grand-father would pass them a cup of coffee, through the small square hole in the middle of the door. The lock-ups are still there, though not used for their original purpose.

Now I want to talk about - Jerusalem.

I went down to see the Headmaster of the Henley Primary School, told him who I was, and said that I'd like to go down to the back of the school-yard, where we had our vegetable gardens - years ago the boys used to have little plots where we grew vegetables, and when they were ready, we'd take them home.

I stood there, and I could still picture Jerusalem, straight across the road, surrounded by boxthorns, a square of about 25 acres.

When I was looking around there a week or so ago, I saw two chaps talking at the front gate of a house. I asked them had they ever heard of Jerusalem, and lo and behold, one of them said he had a photo of it.

It was a thousand to one chance. It turned out that an old tram conductor had passed away, and his wife had passed a number of photos on to the man I was speaking to. (The Society has now got access to them for copying.)

Jerusalem was planted by Captain White's uncle. It was surrounded by boxthorns and, to enter, you crossed a small bridge. Inside was a very large lagoon, with a man-made island in the middle of it, for reptiles.

On one side of the lagoon were bamboos, high and thick. One of the features was the bamboo track, which I estimate was about 150 feet long, made by people (not only boys) forcing their way through, and pushing down the bamboos, which became flattened and matted. At times, as you walked through this bamboo track, you couldn't even see the sky, and, if you didn't watch your step, you could put your foot through into water. There was only one way in which you were able to get out, and that was to turn back, because the track finished up in the lagoon.

Some of the boys used to swim in this lagoon, around which shrubs had been planted; and there were tall gums. I've had many a walk there with my grandparents before the 20's, to see the wild life - coots, water-hens, ducks, rabbits, possums, tortoises, huge yabbies, and red-bellied snakes.

Most small boys who I associated with had pet possums. You could put them in your pocket; they were quite clean, and they'd always stay still during the day. But in the night-time, you'd always have to button your pocket up, as they came to life like the koala bears.

A lot of the young lads had tortoises, too, for pets. I had a pet tortoise for years.

Before the bowling green was built in 1922, I've paddled, as a boy, during the flooding, a canoe over to Tapleys Hill Road. You'd have to paddle round some of the mounds, and brush through reeds, but you could actually get over there.

In flood time, the houses on the south side of the bowling green would be completely surrounded - the water would come right round the house to the front garden. As the houses were set back about 25 feet, the people would use planks to walk through onto their front verandah.

We built on the opposite side of East Terrace - numbers 63, 65 and 67 - and we used to wait up of a night-time to see if the water would ever come over the road. I can remember my grandfather putting a mark on the footpath to see if it was coming up or going down. But it never came over East Terrace.

At the South-east corner of the bowling green, at the bottom end of Raymond Street, was a dam, with a large gum-tree weather-blown over the top. It was only completely filled in about 1940. We were always warned to keep away from the dam, but boys always like water, and there were fish and yabbies to catch.

Further over in the creek, with a wire net and stick, you could fill a bucket with oranges that had floated down the Torrens after being knocked off the trees by hail, up in the Gorge. Provided they weren't bruised or broken, they were as good as gold. We had an old copper in the back yard, and I can remember that we - myself and two brothers - filled that one day with beautiful oranges.

An even better place for catching the oranges was on the bridge on the Henley Beach Road just this side of Tapleys Hill Road. Sometimes there'd be 4 or 5 people there (not only boys), with nets on long sticks. We'd see the oranges coming, bobbing up and down on top of the water, and dab to see who could get them. This was the natural outlet for the Torrens at that time.

Back to tortoises for a moment. I can remember small boys putting tortoises in the horse trough which was right alongside where the bottle department now is at the Ramsgate. Mr. Bill Excell's horse objected strongly one day, when a tortoise shot along as the horse went to have a drink. (Mr. Excell is now 101, and almost stone deaf, but his daughter still remembers the tortoises.)

My early schooling was at Lockleys. During the floods, we were let out early because the trams could be stopped. I can remember, before the golf links were made, it was always a short cut home across the paddocks. If no trams were running, we would take our shoes off and paddle some of the way home.

There was a house near the town end of the Viaduct where the Oxers (a dark-skinned, French-Canadian family) lived. I went to school with the three boys - Gerald, Felix and Alf - and many a time we'd walk home - the three Leonard boys and the three Oxer boys.

It was a brick house, not timber-framed, and why it was built there, no-one ever knew. It had to be vacated three or four months of the year because the water came three or four inches above the floor boards.

The Oxers always went back after the floods had gone. But even after they went back, they used a long plank walk (made of scaffold planks on boxes) to get to the house from the Henley Beach Road.

There were no houses at all on the southern side in 1919, coming down to Henley Beach on this side of Tapleys Hill Road. It was just boxthorns, and I well know that if you put your head out of the old Bib and Bub trams in those days, you'd get your face scratched. The trams actually brushed the boxthorns all the way down from Tapleys Hill Road to the Viaduct.

On the other side there were only five houses, and Oxers would have been one of them.

When the Henley School was opened in 1924, all the children living at Henley were transferred there, so that I spent the last 12 months of my schooling at Henley Primary, with Mr. Edwards as schoolmaster.

I can remember when they started re-modelling the foreshore - I might have been 14 or 15, just started work. All the work was done by horse-drawn vehicles in those days, and we'd follow the scoops with the horses backwards and forwards, just to see what we could find. There were lots of coins and bracelets, and I can remember someone found, to his great joy, an old rusty watch.

[Mrs. Nell Leonard continued the reminiscences.]

I came down here in 1928 with my parents, and we lived opposite where the Henley Hospital (the one on Seaview Road) is now. In front of our place were sandhills.

I had a very sick father at the time, and I didn't want to work in town; I wanted to get something that was near home. Mr. Gurner, who was our land-agent, suggested to me that Mrs. Gellert wanted a girl in their cake-shop. The Gellerts had recently taken over the Kiosk at Henley from the Belchers.

I went there, I was there for 8½ years, and I liked it very much. I didn't intend to stay very long, but I stayed all that time. Mr. and Mrs. Gellert were wonderful to me.

The Henley Kiosk has seen some wonderful times, and some excellent functions. The Gellerts had a large shop, with two big windows (its Moby Dick's now, and this part is mostly bricked in.)

We used to have queues out into the gutter, particularly during school holidays and at Carnival time. During these times, and in the summer generally, we had a big staff. I can remember being in the cake-shop, and huge planks of cake would come in - beautiful chocolate, Albert and ribbon cake.

The Gellerts had a shop and a bake-house in Gouger Street, and all their cakes were baked in the city. You don't see Albert cake as often these days, but, when I look at it, I think: There's no-one can ice Albert cake as Stan Gellert used to ice it - so beautiful, and with all the little scollops so even along it.

We also used to sell a very popular sponge-cake, which was almost as big as a small dinner-plate. We sold thousands of them, at sixpence each, with a penny extra for raspberry or apricot jam. And there'd be thousands of rock buns and little cakes.

In summer, particularly during the school holidays, people would come at about nine o'clock in the morning, and they'd go down to get underneath the jetty where it's coolest. They'd come into the shop and order large numbers of pies and pasties and rock buns, to have them ready for lunch-time.

I remember, when I first went to the Kiosk, the Hindmarsh band, whose conductor was, I think, Mr. Perce Hocking, used to come down and play on Sundays. And Sable Gribble and his wife Elsie Woolley used to conduct community singing from the band-stand. Ada Wordey, also from the Maughan Church Choir, would come with them.

Community singing would not begin until after evening church - about half past 8.

In later years, the Magill band used to play. Their conductor was Mr. Otto Lovell. He was an uncle of Mrs. Gellert's, and I met him many times. He was a very fine man. When he retired, he went to Victor Harbor, and conducted the Victor Harbor band until his death.

He conducted some lovely concerts. I can remember the band playing, on fine Sunday afternoons in autumn. Quite often, they would all come into the Kiosk for tea, and then play on the Sunday night.

We also used to have Walter Wood, a great singer and musician, and Harry Jarvis. I can remember Harry Jarvis, who had a beautiful and powerful voice, singing 'Tell me tonight' at least half a dozen times - he would be brought back again and again. And it was the same with Gwen Collett, the well-known singer, with her very fine contralto voice. The people would clap so enthusiastically that she would have to sing 'The Holy City' half a dozen times. We used to have some wonderful music from the band-stand.

Each year, on New Years Eve, the Mayor - I can recall Mr. Mitton and Mr. Chambers doing this - gave a supper, at the Kiosk, for the staff and the Councillors - everybody that was connected with the Council.

These were lovely occasions, and at about a quarter to 12, the Mayor would go out to the bandstand, to give his New Year's message. The square would be packed with people, and there'd be whistling, blowing of trumpets and singing - a sheer delight.

A number of dances were held in the Kiosk. Cliff Block, a great pianist, who had an orchestra, used to run a Saturday night dance - not every week, as Malcolm Badenoch, another great pianist, with his orchestra, used to run Saturday night dances also. Mr. Gellert was very particular; the dances were run on very strict lines, and they were always well-attended.

Now I would like to tell you about the Mardi Gras wedding. I remember the occasion very well indeed. We were up at the top of the Kiosk, and could see the thousands of people in the Square, and the coloured lights everywhere - down to Military Road, to South Street and to North Street - a beautiful sight.

I got a copy of the newspaper report from the Library, as I thought it would be of interest to read it to you, and to give the names of the young couple.

The Advertiser of Monday, January 30, 1933 (page 8) reported:

'A crowd of nearly 9000 saw a Mardi Gras wedding on a raised platform in the square, Henley, on Saturday night. Because the law in South Australia requires a wedding to take place in a permanent building, the legal part of the ceremony was solemnised in the Rev. A.W. Wellington's drawing-room at Underdale, but the religious ceremony took place in the square.

It was the biggest crowd ever seen in the square at Henley. Record loads were carried on the trams, motor cars were packed two deep back to East Terrace, every inch of standing space was occupied, and crowds watched the ceremony from the vantage points of surrounding balconies and the top of a tramway bus which stood in Seaview Road. The carnival committee sold 700 seats in the enclosed area. The loud speakers which had been installed for the occasion broke down, and the crowd on the outskirts could not hear the ceremony.

The Mayor (Mr. C. Chambers) appealed to the crowd to be quiet during the ceremony, and at the end of the wedding Mr. Wellington said that because of the orderly behaviour of the people the ceremony lost none of the solemnity usually associated with weddings in churches.

There was a buzz of excitement when the bride, Miss Elsie Eleanor Wood (20), of Barton Terrace, North Adelaide, alighted from a motor car, and was conducted to the dais by her father, who gave her away. The bridegroom was Harry Creft Huskinson, a member of the Grange Dinghy Club, and eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A.F. Huskinson, Military Road, Grange.

The dais, which was erected against the bandstand, was decorated with crimson and white streamers on a black background, and a silver horse-shoe was suspended in the centre. The bride was gowned in pink crepe-de-chine with a cape collar trimmed in fur, wore a pink felt hat, and carried a sheaf of pink gladioli. The bridesmaids, Misses Lila Huskinson and Alice Huskinson, wore frocks of pale blue sprigged voile.

As the bride left the dais, five-year-old Peggy Huskinson hung a lucky horse-shoe on her arm. The best man and groomsman were Messrs. Tom Huskinson and Fred Wood, a brother of the bride.

There was a riot of confetti throwing as the bridal party made its way through the crowd down a lane formed by police officers.

The Wedding March was played by the Magill Vice-regal Band. As the party drove off, rain which had been threatening began to fall, and the crowd ran for shelter.'

According to the News, Mr. Wellington said how dearly he would have loved to have preached to such a big crowd, and he very much would have loved to have taken up a collection! (The News estimated the crowd at 10,000.)

The couple were handed vouchers by Mr. Chambers for gifts - furniture, furnishings, china, etc.

The trams were right down to Marlborough Street, waiting in time to take some of the people back.

We had to shut the doors of the Kiosk, but after the ceremony, when the rain began, we opened the cafe section.

The following year was the Gretna Green wedding. The band-stand was transformed into a blacksmith's shop. Mr. Berry, of Henley Beach, was the blacksmith, and a Mr. Corney was his assistant. In a blazing forge they heated the tips of the picks, from which sparks flew as they were hammered.

The anvil became the altar, and the bride came in with her father in the same way as in the previous year.

This time, I thought, the atmosphere was more serious. They were married by Rev. Mr. Stanley, from the Seamen's Mission, who was dressed in a naval uniform. It was reported that he had made an enquiry in regards to being correct in marrying them down at the band-stand, and the Registrar of Marriages had said there was nothing wrong with it at all. The couple signed the register in front of 10,000 people.

'The voice that breathed o'er Eden' was sung - it really was lovely.

The bride was Daphne Matthews of Rozelle Avenue, Colonel Light Gardens, and the bridegroom was John William Hannaford, of Maple Avenue, Keswick. They also had orders for gifts.

Another night I remember well was the Venetian Night. Beautifully illuminated boats came from Grange to Henley, with King Neptune in the big boat at the front. At the jetty, he was met by the Mayor and a bevy of girls who were the Carnival Queens. There were speeches at the bandstand, and one of the girls had been chosen to be King Neptune's Queen. I remember the illuminated boats so well, and how splendid they looked coming in from the darkness.

Among the Carnival performers whom I remember were the 5CL Boys Club, the Weber Shorthose and Rice physical culture group; and Mrs. Presgrave and her gymnastic girls.

Mrs. Presgrave's girls would hold dances in the Kiosk to raise money to send members to the Ballarat South Street Competitions.

There was also a Combined Churches Gymnastics Club, and Rex Presgrave from Henley, and Alan, were interstate representatives in 1929.

Another group of Carnival performers were the Reid family - Jimmy and Nellie Reid and their family - who rang bells which were mounted on a large stand.

And there was the Mock Court. Local boys would act as policemen. Anyone could be taken and charged. I remember them grabbing Mr. Gellert, and charging him with having so many girls with him in the shop!

We had a big staff at the Kiosk. There were 5 girls in the cafe at busy times, 2 girls doing nothing but serve drinks and ice-creams out on the balcony. There were 2 girls in the servery, 3 in the kitchen, and 3 of us in the shop.

Many weddings were catered for at the Kiosk - and many 21st birthday parties. I can recall members of the Lawrie, Willoughby and Dobbie families celebrating 21st birthdays there.

Gellerts had a house at the back of the Kiosk, in which they set aside a room during Carnival Week, for lost children. Sgt. Kromer and Sgt. Chilman would bring in lost children - usually crying - and Mrs. Gellert would pacify them.

Once, I can remember, there was a Baby Show held on the first floor of the Kiosk, in 6 sections, with over 70 entries. The show was convened by Mrs. Walter Barry, and the judges were Dr. and Mrs. Burden, Matron Sinclair-Wood, and Miss Sinclair-Wood, Secretary of the Australian Nurses Association. Judging was reported to have been a difficult task. It took over 4 hours!

When we moved to Franklin Street, there were only 3 houses in the street.

Next to us lived Mr. Stobie, the inventor of the Stobie pole. He had something wrong with his spine, and had to lie supported on a board. He was a very clever man, and work was brought down to him from the Electricity Trust. And I believe he audited the Carnival books.

On the other side were people called Staggs. One morning Mr. Stagg rushed in to tell us that his back lobby was flooded, and water was in his kitchen. We thought that the floods would not reach our house, but next morning water was in our lobby - and Mr. Stagg's fowls were swimming in the water in our yard. And a small canoe had floated in from somewhere.

One or two other memories to finish with. . . .

I was a member of the Ladies Lyric Swimming Club, at Kirkcaldy, but cannot now find any information about the club.

During the war years, I helped at the Junior Red Cross Home, on Seaview Road, just past Lexington Road, and also at the Lady Galway Home for convalescent service-men.

And, to return to the Kiosk. I hope they never pull the Kiosk down. It holds very dear memories. We worked hard, but it was fun.

JERUSALEM -

and very ancient aboriginal remains discovered there.

In a paper read to the Royal Society of South Australia, on July 11, 1919, Captain S.A. White gave details of the excavation of the Jerusalem lake - though he avoided using the generally accepted name for the sanctuary.

He began his talk as follows:

'In 1893 Mr. William White, of the Reedbeds, conceived the idea of forming a small lake as a sanctuary for water-fowl and other birds. For this purpose he leased a piece of ground from his younger brother (now deceased) situated close to what was once a large swamp, and only a few hundreds of yards from the sand-dunes near Henley Beach South. This part of the country has been in the possession of the family from the first, my grandfather, the late John White, having settled there prior to the proclamation of the Colony in 1836.

The excavation required in the formation of the artificial lake was carried out entirely by hand labour and hand tools, and the excavated materials were carted to one side and tipped, making a considerable mound round the lake. The cost of labour alone amounted to over 1,500 pounds, in addition to the personal costs and years of hard work done by the owner.

The locality where the work was carried out was swampy, being in the channel of the flood-waters which sometimes came that way from the River Torrens, and yielded a swamp vegetation, especially the 'cutting grass' that was used in the olden days for thatching.'

With regard to the history of the sanctuary, he lamented that the objects for which it had been established were, in the end, nullified by the effects of 'the proximity of population.' But William White had achieved some success. 'The benevolent intentions of the owner of the ground were to some extent realized. The surroundings were planted with a variety of native shrubs and trees which afforded both shelter and food for the birds, and these soon took advantage of this sanctuary, where they nested and became exceedingly tame, as did also the land and water snakes, which made friends with their human protector, whom they came to recognise.'

Captain White evidently took a keen interest in the excavation, and described the various beds which were passed through. These were :

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| 1. Alluvial soil. | 1 ft. 6 ins. |
| 2. Blue clay, with pockets of seaweed in the lowest portions. | 1 ft. 6 ins. |
| 3. Hard, rusty-coloured sand, sometimes cemented together with sea-shells. | 3 ft. |
| 4. Hard black clay. | 10 - 16 ins. |
| 5. Yellow sand with limestone concretions | 3 ft. |
| 6. Pure white sand (not bottomed) | 10 ft. |

After the first 10 feet, that is, on the surface of the exposed white sand, aboriginal implements were found! Professor Howchin (Professor of Geology at the University of Adelaide) described them as five pounding stones, a hammer stone, and a fabricator.

In analysing the six beds exposed in the excavation, Professor Howchin noted, firstly, that there was evidence of sinking of the land, as the ancient sandhills where the aborigines had camped and left their implements (layer 6) were below the twentieth century sea-level. These sandhills gave place to a river course whose sediments have since developed the limestone concretions (layer 5.) The river stage passed into that of a swamp (sediments, layer 4.) Layer 3, with the mollusc shells, suggested that the sea (in the form of the tidal estuary of the Patawalonga) had once reached this far north. Layers 2 and 1 are the result of settlement of material from the Torrens, with some evidence of sea-water at the bottom of layer 2.

Professor Howchin's final comments were :

'These successive changes require a considerable length of time for their accomplishment and an undoubted antiquity for the human remains. At the same time it must be noted that the materials used by the aborigines of that day, as well as the types of implements and methods of manufacture, are identical with those adopted by the latest representatives of the race.'

References:

- White, S.A. - Notes on the occurrence of aboriginal remains below marine deposits at the Reedbeds, Fulham, near Adelaide. (Transactions of the Royal Society of South Australia. Vol. xliii, pp 77 - 80.)
- Howchin, W. - Supplementary notes on the occurrence of aboriginal remains discovered by Captain S.A. White at Fulham (described in the preceding paper), with remarks on the geological section. (Same journal, pp 81 - 84.)

100 LOCAL STREET NAMES

The following list, which gives the derivation of 100 of our street names, has been compiled from the researches of the President, David McCarthy. We would like to publish a supplementary list in next year's journal - there are numerous other streets apart from those mentioned below - and comments and information would be welcome.

Alexander Avenue, Grange. Charles Leonard Alexander, Licensed Surveyor and Councillor for Henley Ward, 1935-38.

Anderson Street, Henley Beach South. United States Destroyer Anderson. (Many streets in the 'Coral Sea area' are named after ships or persons who took part in World War II sea battles.)

Annells Court, Grange. Herbert George Annells, Councillor for Kirkcaldy Ward, 1924 - 27. Alderman 1927 - 29.

Atkin Street, Henley Beach. William Atkin. Former land-owner - 'dairyman, grazier and gardener'.

Aylwin Street, Henley Beach South. U.S. Destroyer Aylwin.

Badenoch Street, Henley Beach. William Robert Badenoch, J.P. Councillor for Henley Ward 1928 - 32, 1938 - 39.

Bagshaw Street, West Beach. Rosetta Bagshaw was the wife of William Henry Gray (see Gray Street).

Barry Street, Henley Beach. Probably named (in spite of the spelling) after Walter Barrey, J.P., 8th and 10th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1927 - 29, 1931 - 32.

Beach Street, Grange. Street leading to the beach: cf. Jetty Street.

Beck Street, Henley Beach. David Julius Beck, J.P., 4th Mayor of Henley and Grange. Councillor for Kirkcaldy Ward, 1916 - 20, 1922 - 24.

Borthwick Street, Henley Beach. John Henry Borthwick, Councillor for Henley South Ward, 1922 - 23. One of the first Aldermen of the Town, 1923 - 25.

Canberra Street and Place. H.M.A.S. Canberra, Cruiser of 10,000 tons. Sunk off Savo Island, 9/8/42.

Catalina Street, Henley Beach South. Amphibious aeroplane widely used for sea rescue and reconnaissance during World War II.

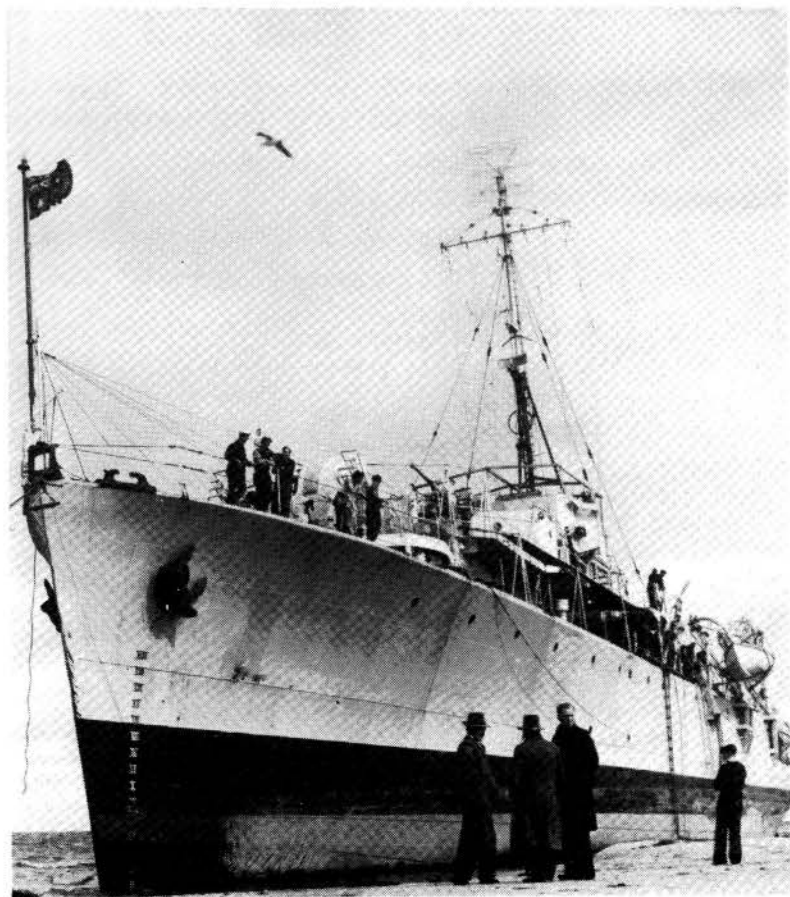
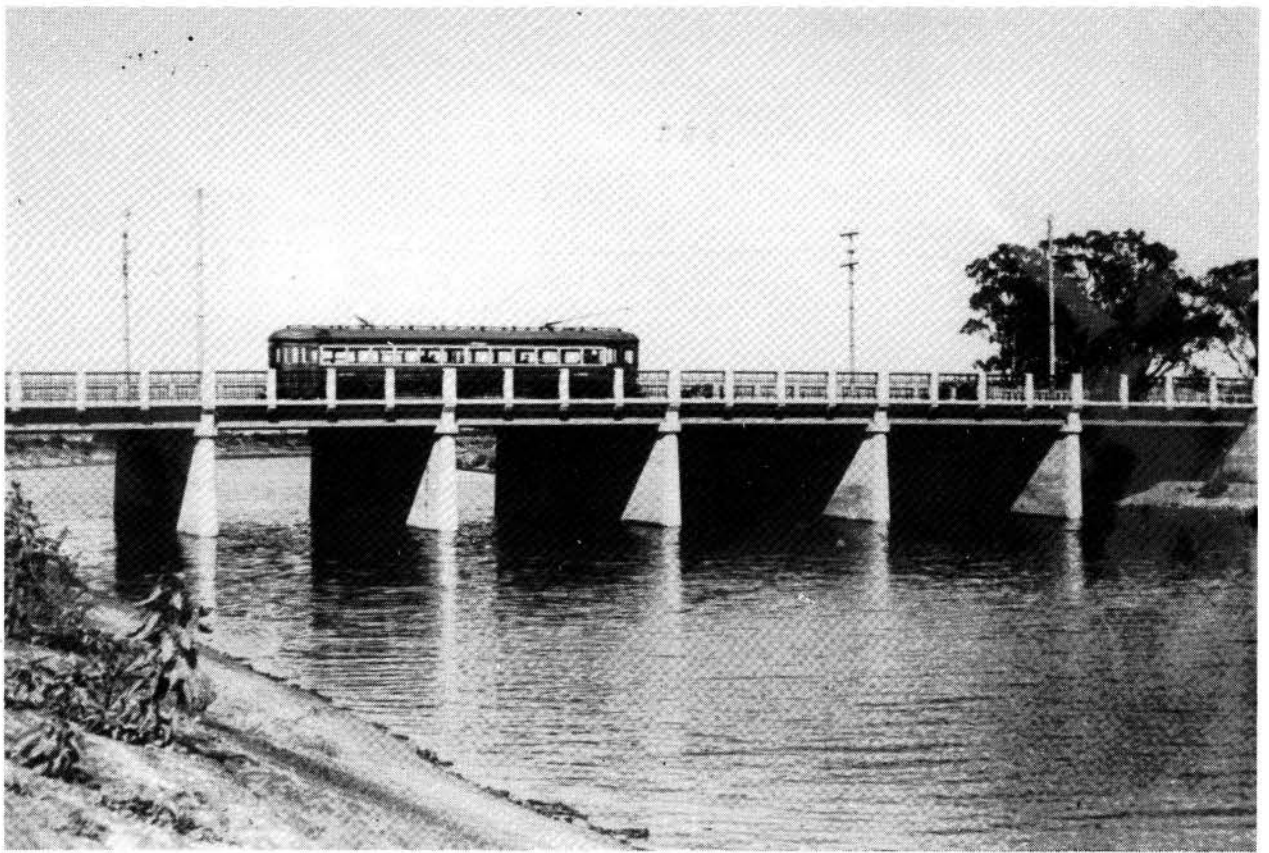
Chambers Street, Henley Beach. Cyril Chambers, J.P., 11th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1932 - 35. Councillor for Kirkcaldy Ward, 1923 - 24. Alderman, 1924 - 27.

Charles Sturt Avenue, Grange (formerly Sturt Street). Captain Charles Sturt, Australia's greatest explorer, who made his home in Grange (the name of his house gave rise to the name of the suburb). He was the first owner of the land upon which this street is now located.

PHOTOS ON NEXT PAGE

Tram on Kidman Bridge, Henley Beach Road.

The Barcoo aground at West Beach.



Charlotte Terrace, Grange. Daughter of Captain Sturt.

Cluse Street, Henley Beach. Named in recognition of the war service of Arthur Cluse, one of the first men to enlist from the town in World War II.

Dineen Place, West Beach. Daniel Frederick Percival Dineen, Councillor for Henley Ward, 1921 - 23. One of first Aldermen of the Town, 1923 - 24.

East Terrace, Henley Beach. Most easterly street in the original township of Henley Beach.

Eldridge Crescent, Grange. Clifton Charles Eldridge, Councillor for Henley Ward, 1937 - 44.

Flavel Place, Grange. John Flavel, Councillor for Kirkcaldy Ward, 1917 - 21.

Fleetwood Crescent, Henley Beach. E.G. Fleetwood, Councillor for Henley Ward, 1945 - 48. Alderman, 1949 - 50.

Fletcher Road, Henley Beach South. Rear Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, Commander of Task Force 17 in the Pacific, which was built around the American aircraft carrier Yorktown.

Fort Street, Grange. Leading to a site on which it was intended to build a fort. In the late 1800's, it was planned to establish a string of forts along the coast to protect Adelaide from attack by 'the Russians'. Fort Glanville and Fort Largs were the only ones built.

Fraser Street, Henley Beach South. Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, Commander of British Pacific Fleet.

Gaetjens Street, Henley Beach. Hermann Gaetjens, J.P., 6th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1923 - 25. Councillor, Kirkcaldy Ward, 1920 - 22.

Gale Street, Henley Beach. Wallace Oakey Gale, member of the first Henley and Grange Council - Councillor for Kirkcaldy Ward, 1915 - 17.

Gibson Street, West Beach. Norman Mitchell Gibson, Councillor for Grange Ward, 1947 - 50. Alderman, 1950 - 53.

Gluyas Avenue, Grange. Hon. Thomas Gluyas, M.L.C., Councillor for Henley South Ward, 1923 - 25. Alderman 1925 - 26.

Grange Road, Grange and Henley Beach (formerly Kirkcaldy Road and Leason's Road.) A 'destination name'. See Charles Sturt Avenue.

Gray Street, West Beach. William Henry Gray, who arrived in the colony in February 1837, was the principal landowner in the West Beach region.

Griffiths Street, Henley Beach. Alfred Ernest Griffiths, J.P., Councillor for Henley Ward, 1948 - 51. Alderman 1951 - 57.

Gurner Terrace, Grange. George Thomas Gurner, J.P., 15th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1948 - 52. Councillor for Henley Ward, 1926 - 28, 1932 - 33. Alderman, 1929 - 32, 1934 - 48.

Halsey Road, Henley Beach South. Admiral William Frederick Halsey (1882 - 1959), Commander of the U.S. 3rd Fleet operating in the Pacific Area during World War II.

Hannam Avenue, Grange. Horace Henry Hannam, Councillor for Henley Ward, 1924 - 27. Alderman, 1927 - 28.

Harrison Street, Henley Beach. William Frank Harrison, J.P., Councillor for Henley South in the first Henley and Grange Council. Councillor 1915 - 18, 3rd Mayor 1918 - 20.

Harvey Street, Henley Beach. Vernon Harvey, J.P., 13th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1937 - 45. Councillor for Grange Ward, 1927 - 34. Alderman, 1934 - 37.

Henderson Street, Henley Beach. William John Henderson, J.P., 18th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1964 - 67. Councillor for Henley Ward, 1961 - 64.

Henley Beach Road. A 'destination name'. Henley Beach itself was named after Henley-on-Thames, England.

Hill Street, Henley Beach. Harold Distin Hill, Councillor for Henley South Ward, 1937 - 43.

H.M.A.S. Australia Road, Henley Beach South. The Cruiser H.M.A.S. Australia, of 10,000 tons.

Hobart Road, Henley Beach South. The Cruiser Hobart, of 7,105 tons.

Hollard Street, Grange. Hollard's fuel and grain store was on the corner of Military Road and Terminus Street, Grange. The family owned land in the area.

Hoy Crescent, Henley Beach. Cuthbert Hoy, Parish Priest of the Henley Beach Catholic parish.

Hughes Avenue, Henley Beach. L. B. Hughes, a large land-owner in Henley Beach in the 1930's (land east of Cudmore Terrace).

Hurcombe Street, West Beach. Alfred Hurcombe was an early pioneer of the district.

Jeanes Street, Henley Beach. Watson Jeanes, Councillor for Grange Ward in the first Henley and Grange Council, 1915 - 16.

Jetty Street, Grange. Street leading to the Grange jetty.

Kerrison Street, Henley Beach. Michael Kerrison, J.P., 5th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1921 - 23. Councillor for Grange Ward, 1916 - 21.

Kincaid Road, Henley Beach South. Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid (note spelling), Commander of the U.S. 7th Fleet.

Kirkcaldy Crescent, Grange (formerly Kentdale Street). Kirkcaldy is a town in Fife, Scotland, from which John Reddie, an early settler in the region, came. Grange Road was formerly known as Kirkcaldy Road.

Laidlaw Street, Henley Beach. Allan Sutherland Laidlaw, Councillor for Grange Ward, 1952 - 54. Alderman 1954 - 55.

Lawrie Street, Henley Beach. Jephthah Robert Lawrie, Councillor for Henley South Ward, 1936 - 42. Alderman, 1945 - 51.

Leason's Road, Grange. The first of the three names given to Grange Road. John Leason was a Councillor of the first Woodville District Council (1875).

Lexington Road, Henley Beach South. U.S. Aircraft Carrier Lexington, sunk during the battle of the Coral Sea, 8/5/1984.

Main Street, Henley Beach. Planned to be the main street in the original township of Henley Beach.

Mason Street, West Beach. Robert Kirk Mason, Councillor for Henley South Ward, 1958 - 63.

May Street, Henley Beach. Harry May, J.P., 7th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1925 - 27. Councillor for Henley Ward, 1919 - 23.

McLean Avenue, Grange. William McLean, Councillor for Grange Ward, 1916 - 17.

Menkens Street, Henley Beach. Frank Herman Menkens, Councillor for Henley South in the first Henley and Grange Council. Councillor 1915 - 19.

Military Road, West Beach, Henley Beach South, Henley Beach, and Grange. This road was originally planned to assist the deployment of troops for coastal defence.

Mitchell Street, Henley Beach. John William Seymour Mitchell, B.E.M., J.P., 17th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1962 - 64. Councillor for Henley South Ward, 1951 - 53. Alderman, 1953 - 62.

Mitton Avenue, Henley Beach. Ewart Wilfred Mitton, J.P., 9th and 12th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1929 - 31, 1935 - 37. Councillor for Grange Ward, 1924 - 27. Alderman, 1927 - 29.

Murray Street, Henley Beach. Alan Murray, Councillor for Henley Ward, 1939 - 45.

Napier Drive, Grange. Son of Captain Sturt. Mrs. Napier Sturt wrote a biography of her father-in-law.

Nash Street, Grange. Ronald Edwin Nash, Town Clerk of Henley and Grange, 1950 - 1980.

Newcombe Lane. The lane runs beside the Seaview Road shop which was conducted for almost 50 years (1930 - 1978) by members of the Newcombe family (Albert Edward Newcombe and his son Noel).

Newlands Drive, West Beach. Donald James Newlands, C.B.E., O.B.E., J.P., 16th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1952 - 62. Councillor for Henley Ward, 1950 - 52, 1967 - 68. Alderman, 1962 - 65, 1968 - 70. Councillor for Henley South Ward, 1972 - 74.

Nimitz Street, Henley Beach South. Admiral Chester William Nimitz (1885 - 1966), Commander-in-chief of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, World War II.

North Street, Henley Beach. Compare East Terrace, South Street.

Northey Avenue and Northey Court, Henley Beach. Albert Edwin Northey, 14th Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1945 - 48. Councillor Kirkcaldy Ward, 1924 - 28. Alderman 1928 - 37, 1939 - 45.

Opie Street, West Beach. Norwood Wynne Opie, Councillor for Grange in the first Henley and Grange Council, 1915 - 16.

Ozone Street, Henley Beach South. Ozone has become synonymous for 'clear, invigorating, fresh air'. Ozone gas created by rotting seaweed?

Post Office Place, Grange. This street runs past the site of the original Grange Post Office.

Presgrave Court, Grange. Named for either or both of: John Ewan Presgrave, Councillor for Henley Ward, 1917 - 20; Walter Ellis Presgrave, Councillor for Henley Ward, 1927 - 29.

Prinse Street, West Beach. Peter Prinse subdivided the land on which this street is situated.

Rapson Street, Grange. Thomas Rapson, J.P., Councillor for Grange Ward, 1956 - 62.

Reedie Street, Henley Beach. John Reedie (or Reddie) migrated from Fife, Scotland, and named his farm Kirkcaldy after the main town in the area of Scotland from which he came. (See Kirkcaldy Crescent.)

Renwick Street, West Beach. William Henry Gray came to South Australia in the ship John Renwick (See Gray Street.)

Russell Street, Henley Beach South. U.S. Destroyer Russell.

Seabreeze Street, Grange. A descriptive name.

Seaview Road; West Beach, Henley Beach South, Henley Beach, Grange. A descriptive name.

Sims Street, Henley Beach South. U.S. Destroyer Sims, sunk 7/5/42, in the Battle of the Coral Sea.

Sincock Street, West Beach. Sydney Charles Sincock, Councillor for Henley South Ward, 1943 - 49. Alderman, 1951 - 54.

Sinclair Street, Grange. James Hugh Sinclair, S.M., first Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1915 - 16.

South Street, Henley Beach. The street in the original township of Henley Beach immediately south of Main Street.

Sturt Street, Grange. Now called Charles Sturt Avenue.

Swan Street, Grange. Named after the many black swans originally seen in the area, especially on the large lagoons once found immediately north of this street.

Terminus Street, Grange. The original Grange railway terminus was located in this street.

Thompson Street, Henley Beach. Councillor Thompson, Henley Ward, 1916 - 17.

Varcoe Street, Henley Beach. Ronald Varcoe, Councillor for Grange Ward, 1953 - 55. Alderman, 1958 - 61.

Viaduct Avenue, Henley Beach South. The street which ran along the north side of the tramway viaduct.

Vivian Street, Henley Beach. Joseph Theodore Vyvyan Vivian, J.P. Councillor for Grange Ward, 1921 - 23.

Webb Street, Henley Beach. Ralph William Webb, J.P., Councillor for Henley Ward, 1917 - 19.

West Beach Road. A 'destination name'. The road was interrupted when the land between Marion Road and Tapleys Hill Road was needed to establish the Adelaide Airport.

Whibley Street, Henley Beach. Lesley Norman Whibley, first Town Clerk of Henley and Grange, 1915 - 16. He later served as Councillor for the South Henley Ward, 1919 - 23.

White Street, Henley Beach. John White was the first settler in the district, and the White family were large landowners.

Wright Street, Henley Beach. George Speller Wright, J.P., 2nd Mayor of Henley and Grange, 1916 - 18. A member of the first Henley and Grange Council, representing the Henley Ward.

Yeomans Avenue, Henley Beach South. Charles Maddison Yeomans, J.P., Town Clerk of Henley and Grange, 1923 - 31.

Yorktown Crescent, Henley Beach South. U.S. Aircraft Carrier Yorktown, which took part in the Battle of the Coral Sea.

From a talk given by Miss Edna Dunning.

My name is Edna Dunning, but I am known by 99 per cent of the local population as just Edna. Hardly anyone seems to know my surname.

I will do my best to think back over the years.

I came to live in Henley Beach when I was three years of age, and I've seen Henley grow from a little sea-side village to the lovely city of Henley and Grange as we know it today.

The first thing I recall is going shopping in Henley on Friday nights. It was like a family night out. All the shops were lit up, and everyone was so friendly.

Some of the traders were : Burden the chemist, on the corner of the square; Watkins' fruit shop (everyone knew Bessie, a very popular and well-loved person in the community); Badenoch's grocery store, with the bakery at the back; 'Waxie' Johns' paper shop; Johns' butcher's shop; and Whibley and Ferriers drapery store.

Next to the Ramsgate Hotel was Naylor's Land Agency. The Ramsgate itself was and still is a beautiful building with its lovely old wrought iron lace on the verandahs. But as one walked past the pub on a Saturday down to the railway station, the pong from the lavs was most offensive. Fortunately, an improvement came in time.

The Henley Beach railway station and terminal was a long one, stretching from Main Street to Kent Street. There were two ramps, and two lots of steps, a ticket office and, right at the south end, rest rooms and shelter were provided.

The site of the railway station is now taken up by the police station, and the Housing Trust flats.

The steam train with its six or so carriages would pull in. After the engine was uncoupled, it would proceed to the end of the line, where two water tanks were provided, to fill up for the return journey to Adelaide. The engine would then go on a spur line, or loop, pass the standing carriages, and couple up at the front, ready to move off when the time came.

The train service was well patronised in those days, and the people got to know each other by travelling on public transport.

The Congregational Church has been in Military Road for as long as I can remember. Near it, was Miss Toombe's private school.

And who remembers the lovely convent school down near Marlborough Street? It was a private Catholic school for girls and boys.

The school lawns were well cut, and the lovely yellow coreopsis attracted the bees. One of the bees got on me one day, so I killed it - and had to stand in the corner of the class-room for the whole of that day, just for killing that one bee.

We had lovely little concerts each year, to break up for the Christmas holidays. One year I was a fairy, with full tulle skirt and wand. Next year, I was a brownie - dressed in brown with gold trim, with bells on each flute of the collar - and on my toes. A long pointed cap, with a bell, hung down my back.

We always went on our yearly picnic by train (special train) to Long Gully. The motor car was not in vogue in those days, and travelling by train to the hills was the thing. Parents, nuns and children attended the picnic.

Alas, the lovely convent is no longer there, and in its place are hard-surfaced playing fields. The big convent and church hall were built later.

There was no public school in Henley in those days, and a lot of the young people used to go by train to the Grange School (which is having its centenary this year). The train used to stop right opposite the convent gates, at the long wooden platform of the Marlborough Street station.

Of course, we kids used to line up to see the train full of school-going children, and have a few words to say. The boys on the train had a ditty, which they always sang to us - a harmless ditty that went:

Catholic dogs
Jump like frogs,
In and out the water.

I can't remember what our reply was, but I'm sure we had one.

After one more stop, at the Kirkcaldy Station, the train would unload its high-spirited youths at the Grange station.

In the other direction, the rail line continued along Military Road to Henley Beach Road and Thompson's wood-yard. We all used wood in those days - there were no gas mains then.

A Mr. Newland and his son had the general store on Seaview Road, later taken over by the Newcombe family.

Picture shows were important to us. The first open air picture show was on the sea front, where the Savings Bank is now, with the screen almost along the line of the esplanade. (Opposite, on Seaview Road - where Tom's is now - was the lovely old mansion of Dr. Hines, with its graded lawn and gardens - a beautifully appointed home, one of the grand old homes of Henley Beach. It is a great pity that it has gone.)

My late father, Instructor Dunning, was brought out from New Zealand by Sir William Goodman, in 1909, to train the motormen to drive the trams in and around Adelaide, which he did up to the time of his retirement.

We built our house in Hazel Terrace in 1923, and there was an unofficial stop at the end of the street, known as 'Dunning's Stop.' I think all the passengers for Hazel Terrace used to catch Dad's tram home, so that they wouldn't have so far to walk.

And do you remember old Mr. Judd, going along with his long-handled spike, clearing the sand out of the rails. That man must have walked countless miles on his job.

The Henley Primary School was built at the end of Hazel Terrace soon after we moved in, and I attended it the second year it was opened. The education was totally different from what it had been at the convent. There it was music, singing, social graces and religious instructions. But at the public school it was reading, writing and arithmetic.

When the floodwaters came down, as they used to do in those days, my first job on arriving home from school was to take off my shoes and socks, and go down to rescue the chooks off their perch. They would be put on the back verandah. Everyone had a few chooks in the back yard in those days.

If the floodwaters were half way up our back yard, then the Grange was under water, the trams would have to be stopped, and out would come the old drags, pulled by horses, to get the people home.

After the floodwaters had receded, and the sun came out, half the population would be out in the paddocks gathering mushrooms. They were very plentiful in those days. Now all that land is built on.

Do you recall the hunt, and the huntsmen in their vivid red coats, with the hounds at heel? That was a regular fixture in the early days.

They were good old days in Henley Beach, with the Tramways band - the lovely long processions - the sea bathing - the beautiful, clean, long beach, along which you could walk for miles - the crowds that used to hang on the trams on a hot night to get to the beach to get some relief from the hot days.

I love the place, and I never want to leave it, or live anywhere else.

Then, as Alan Leonard told us in his reminiscences, the next venue for the showing of films was upstairs in Belcher's Kiosk (now 'Moby Dick's'). Admission to the matinee was sixpence, and - with a second sixpence - we could buy, among other lollies, 'gob stoppers', kali suckers, ten-a-penny balls, or a selection from the halfpenny (!) tray.

There was usually a Tom Mix or other cowboy film, but the highlight of the programme was 'The Serial' - The Veiled Mystery was one of our favourites.

If we could wangle it, we would go back in the evening with our parents when, instead of the serial, we would see a newsreel and travel talk.

And then we were told that an opposition was starting up, to show films at the Henley Town Hall. We children were up in arms. How dare they? We wouldn't go. But, come opening night, we were the first to line up for our tickets. And, for a while, we had a matinee of silent films at the Kiosk on Saturday afternoon, followed by an evening of silent films at the Town Hall.

Dorothy Angus, the pianist for the Town Hall pictures, was like a queen, with her lovely long dark hair, as she walked down the aisle to the piano.

Over the years, at the Town Hall, many good 'talkies' were shown. To name a few: Waterloo Bridge, Ziegfeld Follies, Boys' Town, Bobby Breen with his lovely voice, and the first animated film ever made by Walt Disney - Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. And we mustn't forget the Fitzpatrick Travel Talks - off into the Sunset.

Time marched on, and the first job I ever had was Usherette and Ticket Seller for Times Theatres. We always had good crowds, and often had to put extra chairs in where possible. Many of the locals had regular bookings.

I used to be known by the children as the picture lady, a name I would hear if I got on a tram, or walked down the street.

During the war years, I even used to paste up the bill boards. I would get up before the first tram came down at 6 o'clock, to get the job done. As the boards were all so high up, I used to cart a box along on my bike, so that I could reach. If a strong wind was blowing, I was really in trouble.

The flour paste was always mixed the night before, so that I could get an early start. For this glamorous job, I got five shillings a session.

There were a lot of romances started from our local picture shows, and a lot of happy marriages resulted.

During the war years, there was a Red Cross Home at Henley Beach, known as the Lady Galway Home, where soldiers were sent to recuperate. The management of Times Theatres always granted a few tickets at the back of the theatre for these soldiers, with the one condition that Matron let us know how many men would be coming. I would be prepared for six, or maybe eight lads; but, boy, sometimes I lost count - they must have collected them on the way.