

THE HENLEY AND GRANGE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
JOURNAL

NUMBER 5

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THE HENLEY AND GRANGE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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# C O N T E N T S

	Page
Committee 1984	2
List of members	3
'Since the 1983 Journal'	4
Memories	
Gordon Johns	5
Ernest Jones	12
From the records of Henley Beach Primary School, 1925 - 1940	
Dorothy Triggs	13
Some aspects of historical research	
Dulcie Perry	16
Notes on illustrations	19
I remember . .	
Carrol Reynolds	20
Some details of Carrol Reynolds' sporting career	
George Willoughby	25
Lectures and concerts (two programmes)	26
Henley and Grange 50 years ago (from the Advertiser, 1934)	28
Two items from 1933	35
A native hero	36
The Lady Hore-Ruthven Junior Red Cross Home	
Sylvia Kendall	37
A correction	39
A presentation	40
Garden competitions in schools	41
'It's me again	
Edna Dunning'	42
Acknowledgements	45

## Illustrations -

The former fountain, Henley Square		Cover
A river red gum cut down on the banks of the Torrens	)	
Residence built for Charles White	)	
At the Lady Hore-Ruthven Junior Red Cross Home	)	
Agriculture plots, Grange School	)	
	)	

After  
page  
19

COMMITTEE, 1984

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Mr. E. Hasenohr, Mr. A. Leonard,  
Mrs. N. Leonard, Mrs. D. Triggs,  
Mrs. A. Willoughby

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING -

Friday, 16th November



## MEMBERS

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Mr. G. Willoughby  
Mrs. A. Willoughby  
Mr. J. Worrall  
Mr. P. Wylde

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In last year's Journal I wrote of the Society's intention to publish a chronicle of historical activities and events associated with Henley and Grange, which would be released during the celebration of the South Australian Sesqui-centenary in 1986.

In August 1983, the Henley and Grange Council invited organisations, clubs and societies of the City to lodge applications for grants being made available by the Commonwealth Government under the Community Employment Programme.

Following serious consideration by the Society's committee, it was decided to apply for financial assistance to employ an historian to enable the compilation of comprehensive historical data and information about our region. And in mid-June we were advised that a grant had been made to employ an historian for 30 weeks.

A sub-committee of the Society has appointed Carmela Luscri, of Seaton, to undertake this work. Carmela has an Honours Degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Adelaide, and is currently studying for her Masters degree. Her research will contribute greatly towards the Chronicle project.

During the year, Helen Hanrahan and her small band of helpers have continued the cataloguing of historical items held by the Society. On behalf of all members of the Society, I have to congratulate Helen on being awarded, for outstanding and wide-ranging community service, the Order of Australia (OAM) in the Queen's Birthday Honours List.

In November, the Henley Beach Rotary Club generously donated a portable tape-recorder, for interviews. We are extremely grateful to the Rotary Club for its support.

Members of the Society again mounted several minor historical exhibitions, to assist community groups.

The Society records its appreciation to the many people who handed on historical items and artefacts during the past year. And special appreciation is recorded to the guest speakers at our general meetings.

Before closing, I have to note that the position of Honorary Secretary has been vacant for most of the year. We thank Cynthia Dobson for her work last year, and Colin Chant for helping out until other commitments caused his resignation.

It is essential for the welfare of this Society that it has members who are willing to undertake all the tasks involved in conducting its business. I trust that in the coming year the Society will be fortunate enough to benefit from the generosity of its members, and that all the committee positions will be filled.

David McCarthy  
President

## MEMORIES

From the transcript of a talk given by Mr. Gordon Johns.

Thanks for the opportunity to talk to you tonight. I've been looking forward to this since Noel Newcombe first contacted me.

The purpose, of course, is to talk about memories which will, I hope, stir the more mature members of the audience - I hesitate to use the terms elderly or old - memories as far back as the 30's. And I'll bring forward stories about my own family, who have been living in the district for nearly 100 years.

I've reason, incidentally, to be grateful to the Historical Society for introducing my four sons to their great-grandfather. Some three or four Rotafests ago, the Society had a display in a tent on the Henley Oval. I wandered in, opened up a scrap book dated 1929, and thought: 'There's a familiar face.' The caption confirmed that it was my grandfather, featured with Bill Kelsey. I remember giving old Bill Kelsey a mouthful of cheek one time in the 30's. I didn't get my ear clipped, though I should have.

My grandfather, James Henry Johns, was born in Cornwall. He had a brother who went to the United States. I think they tossed: my grandfather won Australia, his brother won the States.

James Henry Johns arrived in Port Adelaide in 1876, with - so the story goes - 2/- in his pocket. He was an industrious young fellow in those days - of course, I only remember him as an old man, who used to tell us stories at family Christmas dinners, held in the old family home which was on Military Road, number 333 until the Council changed the numbers. I was 8 or 9 at the time, and used to listen to the old chap with absolutely avid interest.

He told us that he started butchering in the Woodville district, but did deliveries down to Henley in the early 1880's. 'By popular demand' (as I read in a newspaper clipping), he transferred his activities down to Henley, and set up a shop in the Square. For years I remember seeing on top of the shop 'ESTABLISHED 1888'.

In the meantime, he'd met and married my grandmother, Sarah Jane Underwood, who was born in South Australia. I suppose that makes me a fourth generation South Australian, and my family fifth generation.

My paternal grandparents were married in 1884. They had seven children who grew to maturity - a virtual tribe of sons, and two daughters.

Grandfather owned the building next door also, and it had the nomenclature JOHNS BUILDING on it for years. We didn't know of this, until we took a hoarding down, and there the name was for all to see.

In later years, we did the community a favour, in conjunction with Percy and Harold Johns, by agreeing to sell those premises for further development. The building was next to Badenoch's Bakery, and opposite the Ramsgate Hotel. It was willed to my father at my grandfather's death, and he ran a paper shop there from about 1927 to 1955, when he relinquished business in Henley as a newsagent - though he delivered papers in the Grange end of the district until his death in 1971.

Perce Johns senior took over grandfather's butcher's shop. He had worked in the business, as had the rest of the lads at various times. Being the eldest, he was the one who succeeded to it, when grandfather retired early, at about the age of 50. This must have been just before the First World War.

The family had the business and shop there until 1973. Cousin Ernie Cluse ran it for a while, and there was a hiatus during the war, when it was leased to a butcher from the Grange named Jack Cheek. But when Perce and Harold came back from the war, they took over the butcher's shop again.

In the area behind the two premises there was a lane that went into an old garage, or undercover area, which in the 20's had been used by Henry Hicks as a repair shop. Previous to that, before the abattoirs were organised, the area had been used for slaughtering cattle and sheep.

I can remember the petrol pumps in Main Street, which were there until about 1930, when Henry Hicks moved round the corner. Garage-owner Dean Hicks was born when the Hicks family were living in the dwelling there. And I can remember Councillor Nancy Fischer (nee Hicks) as perhaps a 9-year-old when I was about six.

Before dad took over his shop, in 1927, I can remember Harry Lucas running a shoe-shop there, until he, too, moved round the corner.

The Lucas family had three daughters, and the Lucy family, a little further down Main Street, had three sons, and they were all of a compatible age with each other. My mother said they really should have swapped one and broken up the families - with the similarity of names perhaps it wouldn't have made much difference.

Valda Lucas, and Eric Lucy - both, sadly, now dead - were my actual contemporaries.

In the old undercover area there were a bone-pit, a chaff-house, butcher's stables and carts, and my father's paper carts. And cars were garaged there also.

My cousin Graham and I were among the boys who played hide-and-seek there. One day we hid in the bone-pits. We weren't found: but, brother, did we stink when we came out!

Our own horses were kept in stables behind grandmother's house - I say grandmother's as grandfather had died. I was in charge of organising the horses.

We as a family came to live in that area in about 1928, when my brother Lionel was six months old. For me, this brings back a very early memory. I can remember quite clearly events surrounding his birth, in January 1928 - an early trip to town, to take Mum to hospital, and to collect the papers! My father was nothing if not dedicated to his work.

Mother was taken to the Zoo Hospital - that name was used for the Memorial Hospital, because from there you could allegedly hear the lions roaring.

At that time there were plantations the whole length of Main Street, including one between dad's shop and the Ramsgate Hotel. That was subsequently moved, as was the one on the other side of the railway line.

There for many years, the local lads used to play kick-for-kick football, and cricket. We were occasionally ordered off by the local gendarmerie, and would then go and play behind the bowling green. But the old plantation area was, in the early 30's, virtually the playing area for Graham Johns and myself. (Perce Johns and his family lived just a few doors from the butcher's shop, on the other side of the train-line.)

I remember one incident involving an old chap who had played cricket for Australia in the 1890's - an express bowler by the name of Ernie Jones. (At one time he was alleged to have put a bouncer through W.G. Grace's beard. The story goes that Grace said: 'What are you doing, Jonah?' And Jones replied: 'Sorry, Doc, it slipped!')

Anyway, Ernie Jones was an old man by this time (1933-34.) I knew who he was because, even that far back, I was quite interested in cricket. He came by as we were playing cricket, and I called out, 'Roll me one over, Mr. Jones!' He got the ball, and I can still see it in my mind's eye - a champion Australian fast bowler bowling me a ball. Needless to say, it was zephyr pace.

I think the poor old fellow died shortly afterwards. He had lived in a weatherboard cottage which has long since been demolished.

I'd like to make comments on some of the previous generation of Johns offspring - grandmother's and grandfather's children.

Arthur Alfred died in 1918 of illness, in Palestine. He was only a name to us.

Ruby - Ruby Cluse - a great lady and a great personality in the district, fat and jolly. I remember her with great affection. She mothered a large family of cousins - four boys, two girls. Three went to the war, and Arthur (Daphne Northey's husband) and Bill were P.O.W's of the Japanese. Arthur's privations as a prisoner didn't give him, unfortunately, a long life - he died in 1950.

Lynn Johns went to the First World War, and came back a psychological wreck. He never worked again, and was always asking dad or Uncle Perce for money to buy 'fourpenny darks' at the pub. My mother says he saw the worst of the fighting in the trenches, but he could never be induced to talk about it.



Uncle Kitty (Cliff) was very different - hail-fellow-well-met in the pub and at the bowling green. And he delighted in talking of his war experiences.

My father (Stan) took over the job of delivering papers here in Henley from about 1914 or so - I could never pin him down to the exact date - and continued delivering papers in the district for about 56 years, which must be some sort of a record.

He was known as 'Whacksy'. Apparently when he was playing kick-to-kick football, he would say: 'Go you whacks, go you whacks' - and so the name arose.

I inherited this name, and I hated it. So I've always been careful about addressing people by their nicknames unless I'm sure they're happy about them.

Later on, my Life Saving friends used to call me 'Flash Gordon', after the comic strip character. I didn't mind this, or my third nickname - 'Gentleman Jim', from my initials, and after James C. Corbett, the boxer.

Dad went 45 years without a holiday - which could be another record. He delivered papers in the district, rain or shine - first, with the old horse and cart and, latterly, in Volkswagens which, in dad's hands, became beat-up Volkswagens.

In the late 1920's, he used to have to meet the train at 20 to 6 in the morning, and imagined he was hard done by.

But, as he got older, the papers got bigger, and, as he had to go into town to get them, his pick-up time became earlier and earlier. By the time I was helping him, in about 1940, this pick-up time was 3.15 a.m., and in the 1950's it was 2.50.

I started working with dad round about Pearl Harbour time.

I didn't have to get up till 4 a.m. To go and get the horses, I walked through the dark, blacked-out streets of Henley - completely without fear, which is a darn sight more than anybody, of any age, can do these days. It's a sad reflection on the development of our society.

At first, I used to walk the horses up. But I soon realised that it was very much quicker to put a bridle on them - no reins - and then hop on the back of one of them, and hope the other one would follow, which they always did.

By the time Dad got back from town, at about 20 past 4, I'd make very sure they were harnessed and into the carts.

Delivery preparation took about half an hour. 'Two-ers' and 'three-ers' had to be done up with string, sub-agents' copies had to be prepared, and, on the appropriate mornings, there were copies of the Women's Weekly and the old Express and Journal to be sorted out.

War-time papers were not very thick, and were of two qualities. Dad couldn't tell the qualities, but I could, and would put my hands on the good ones. Papers in those days were of 8, 10, or 12 pages and you rolled, bent and threw them. Imagine an 8 page paper floating in the wind! And, if you screwed them too hard, they'd break.

We did a hand delivery round the Square, still in virtually pitch darkness, and dad would cycle up towards the Town Hall to deliver others. Then, before going out with the horse and cart, at about 10 past 5, on a

cold winter's morning, there was a cup of tea and something to eat. I learned to drink tea in a hurry!

There's much to be said for a horse and cart. The reins could be tied to the back of the seat. You didn't have to drive the horse, unless you were breaking in a new one, as the horse knew the round after a while.

One of the horses, a little horse called Peter was - well, a guts. If you dropped the paper on the wrong side of the fence, and had to get out and pick it up, Peter would invariably pull over to the side of the road and start eating. Council streets are so good these days, there'd be nothing for Peter.

Being young, I had as my main aim, to get home and get into bed. Even on rainy mornings, I'd get the round done as quickly as possible and I'd come home, morning after morning, as wet as a shag.

Dad would arrive home, an hour later, perfectly dry.

I'd ask him: 'Where were you at 20 past 6, when the heavens opened?' And he'd reply: 'I slipped in under so and so's shop verandah, down at the Grange, horse and cart and all.' While it rained, he would roll papers.

With Peter, I used to finish the round down near the Outlet Canal. Although Peter had bludged for the rest of the round, he'd come home at a pretty fast clip. I'd use a tamarisk wand, pulled out from the trees that used to grow on Seaview Road.

Our current newsagents - Ted Watkins, Ron Kneebone, Alf Roberts - would find it strange to deliver under those conditions. The papers are brought to them, and they have rolling machines.

About the middle 50's, brother Lionel graduated to an Austin A40, and we found it was quite possible to deliver papers from a car. Dad finally gave the horse and cart away, and the Volkswagen took over.

As far as collecting payments for papers was concerned, dad's arithmetic - and memory - often let him down, with results favourable to the customer. He didn't have the educational advantages that he accorded to his children. Grandma Johns, and grandfather, would be very proud of the three University degrees amongst us.

Money lost on paper-accounts made dad careful at home. We weren't lavished; though, in those Depression days, we had it better than most. Being in business, we had a phone, a radio and a car - and, with these, we were regarded as rich.

Newspaper delivery, and selling papers on a street corner, constitute quite an honourable profession. Many self-made millionaires tell how they began by selling papers!

Once - this was after I'd graduated - I was doing dad's News delivery, with an ancient chaff-bag over my shoulder (that was the best way to carry them on a bike).

In a ward of the Community Hospital, a woman said to me: 'Don't you work in the Royal Adelaide Hospital? I saw you up there last year.'

I replied: 'That's right. I was a student then. I've graduated now.'

She looked me up and down, and asked: 'What is a graduate physiotherapist doing, hawking newspapers?'

At the age of 22, I was better able to cope than when, years before, a College girl had turned up her nose as I was selling papers. (I had tended to be a shy youth, but University, and, later on, work in Japan with the occupation forces, helped me overcome this. To return to the women in the ward -)

I said: 'Madam, my father is the newsagent. I'm not being paid for doing this. He is at the football - one of his few pleasures. It's the least I can do to repay him in some way for all the money and time he's put into my education.'

I joined the Lifesaving Club in 1938, and had many fun years on the beach as well as rendering a useful service.

Some war-time memories - of the black-out, and I've mentioned walking about the streets of Henley without fear. There were barb-wire entanglements on the beach in 1942, and a pill-box on the jetty, manned by soldiers, subsequent to Pearl Harbour - goodness knows why.

And I especially remember Comfort Fund dances, where Bob and Mal Badenoch were the musicians.

Further back, in the 30's, I remember Henley's three miniature-golf courses, and the skating rink.

Now I'd like to make a comment on some of the people who lived and worked in Henley in the 30's and early 40's.

There was old Bill Badenoch - not really old bones, unfortunately, as he died in 1946 at the age of 56. He was a 'white man' - during the Depression, as some of you know, he ran a four-day week to keep in jobs those people he had employed. I spent many a happy hour in his home with him, his wife Betsy - a very strong-minded lady - and their children Bob and Mal and Mavis; and I profited on many occasions from his wise counsel.

I appreciated, too, the advice of Uncle Perce Johns, who was 10 years or so older than my father, had made his way in life, and was retired.

Who remembers John Pappas, the Greek fish-man in the Square? At a Carnival mock-court, he was fined for not selling live fish.

Leo Gellert and his family ran the Kiosk on the other side of the road. I remember the first ice-cream of the season - not like these days, when you can get it all the year. And we went in there to be measured for khaki uniforms, for a display on the Adelaide Oval - we were khaki boys from the Henley School in First World War uniform.

And the late Bill Excell - 'Squeaker'.

In his younger days, 'Squeaker' was a bit of a wowser, and from the shop in Main Street, he could always tell you who was going to the pub. But Bill mellowed with the years, and once asked: 'When are the Johns boys going to buy me a bottle of brandy?'

My brother Lionel, quick as a flash, said: 'The day you turn 100, Mr. Excell.'

And, as you know, that happened, a short time back, and just three days before he turned 100, I visited him with his bottle of brandy.

Old Charley Stevenson, the hard-ware merchant, had a slogan in his shop: 'Don't go to town to be robbed, come in here.'

Old Billy Nelson was the plumber in the Square for years. His son John died during the War - that was a great blow to him.

And there was George Watkins, the greengrocer.

And A.E. Newcombe - Noel's dad, and the girls' dad - was in business down the south end for about 45 years: well remembered.

Mrs. Plunkett ran the Book Lovers Nook Club.

Tom Cassidy had the 'Touch'em' side-show; and Len Griggs the deck-chairs concession.

Laurie Smith and Wally Thredgold were the barbers. I used to like having my hair cut by Wally Thredgold, because he talked cricket to me all the time.

Among the people connected with the Ramsgate Hotel, I remember best of all George and Pearl Lonsdale. Pearl ran the place most efficiently - George was rather too fond of the whiskey.

And the Johns clan now.

To mention some of them -

Ron, the wood and ice man, is in poor health, is about 75 years of age, and lives in Tennyson.

Percy lives near the site of the old Kirkcaldy station.

Harold ('Porky') died a couple of years ago.

Graham (my contemporary) was in the Air Force during the war, and afterwards pursued a career in banking. He represented the Asian Development Bank in New Guinea, Fiji, and Western Samoa, and in Tonga, where he now lives in semi-retirement.

Garth Johns has earned life membership of the local football club.

My wife and I have produced a tribe of sons - this tendency to produce sons seems to run in the Johns family, as witness my grandfather and father before me.

Our boys have been active locally in football and life-saving.

Our town has that magic something. It gets a hold on people. So many of us have stayed close by.

The Johns family have played their part in the history of Henley and Grange - perhaps there ought to be a Johns Street somewhere in the town.

### ERNEST JONES

It was a very famous cricketer of the old days who lived in Henley in the 1930's, and who bowled to young Gordon Johns in the middle of Main Street.

Ernest Jones died on November 23, 1943, aged 74. His obituary in Wisden's Almanack of the following year stated that he was considered at that time to have been the best fast bowler ever produced by Australia.

'Rather below medium height and of very powerful build, Jones put all his bodily strength behind the delivery, after a comparatively short run for a fast bowler, and the intense force often made the ball rise unpleasantly for the batsman, especially if pitched at all short.

Besides his right-arm deadliness with the ball, Jones fielded splendidly at mid-off. Some judges thought there never was a superior in that position, and as a hard-hitting batsman he sometimes did good service late in an innings, but it is as a bowler that Jones remains in one's memory.'

During three visits to England, in 1896, 1899 and 1902, he took 121, 135 and 71 wickets respectively. One of his greatest performances was in the Second Test in 1899, when he helped to rout England in the first innings, taking seven for 88.

In Sheffield Shield and Test matches in Australia, he took a total of 248 wickets (best performance, six wickets for 15 against Victoria.)

The story about W.G. Grace's beard reminds us of how history can be foreshortened. Our speaker had faced up to Ernest Jones, who had several times bowled Dr. William Gilbert Grace, whose career reached back to the very earliest days of organized cricket.



✓  
FROM THE RECORDS OF HENLEY BEACH PRIMARY SCHOOL,

1925 - 1940

As part of a research project, Mrs. Dorothy Triggs has made a selection from the Henley Beach School Journals from 1925 to 1983 - with the exception of the years 1945 - 1950, for which Journals cannot be found - and from News Letters of recent years.

The notes in this article have been selected from the comprehensive list of extracts transcribed for the years 1925 - 1940.

Many events, such as Empire Day, Arbor Day, School Inspection, Visiting Day - and the Q.C! - were annual happenings and, as a rule, have been mentioned only once in the notes below.

May, 1925. Empire Day was celebrated. School Committee and Welfare Club members, and the Mayor (Mr. H. Gaetjens), attended. A flag pole was erected for the occasion by the School Committee.

August, 1925. Arbor Day. There was an excellent attendance. Speeches were given by Captain White, Dr. Burden (Chairman, School Committee) and Mr. J. McInnes, M.P.\* A flag was donated by Dr. Burden, and trees by Captain White. Half holiday

January, 1926. School Enrolment, 492.

July, 1927. A Temperance Exam was held at the school. All Grade VII students sat. The Head Teacher (Mr. Butler) had given 10 minutes instruction each week. (30 certificates were later awarded.)

June, 1928. Empire Day. Official Opening of new classrooms by Minister of Education (Malcolm McIntosh).

July, 1928. Mr. Edquist (Inspector of Agriculture) visited the school and spoke to the children. School gardens and home projects were praised.

August, 1928. ~~2nd~~ Cow judging instruction was started, in preparation for a competition at the Royal Show. Three instructors gave 20 minutes of instruction at Mr. Atkins' dairy farm.

October, 1928. The whole school marched, at the request of the Corporation, to see the Trackless Train.

\* Member for West Torrens, 1918 - 1938 and for Hindmarsh, 1938 - 1950.

November, 1928. Miss Olive Carter (from Adelaide Teachers College) visited the school, and gave lessons in Elocution. (Sometimes the lessons were called Voice Production.)

April, 1929. A Penny Concert was given by Grade VII pupils, for the School Fund - £1-7-4 raised.

April, 1929. The annual S.A.P.S.A.S.A. Sports and Carnival was held on the Jubilee Oval.

'Henley Beach the Champion Primary School' was a heading in the Register - students from the school won many events.

October, 1929. Detailed Inspection by Inspector of Schools - 3 days.

November, 1929. Pupils sat at Grange centre for Q.C. (Qualifying Certificate exam).

March, 1930. Captain White spoke to Grades IV - VII re the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals.

May, 1931. Pet Show. Half Holiday.

September, 1931. Results of Temperance Exam showed that E. Mitchell was top of the state, and J. Atkins fourth.

October, 1932. Trafalgar Day Celebrated. Hollow square in quadrangle. Addresses by Dr. Burden and Rev. Drummond.

May, 1933. A Penny Concert was given by the children, for Red Cross - takings, 19/6.

April, 1934. 160 children and 3 teachers went by train to Albert Park, to line the Port Road to farewell Governor Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven and Lady Hore-Ruthven.

July, 1934. Arbor Day. Remarkable Pines were planted along the southern boundary of the school property.

October, 1934. 34 girls and 32 boys took part in the Schools Demonstration at the Adelaide Oval, during the visit of the Duke of Gloucester.

May, 1935. A school concert was held in the Henley Town Hall.

June, 1936. Mr. C.J. Johns delivered one ton of wood. (Another ton was delivered later in the month.)

June, 1936. Inspector Edquist visited the school. In the evening, he addressed 50 children and 6 adults on 'The growing of potatoes'. (In the following year, his address was 'Poultry for profit'.)

September, 1936. Children's Centenary Day. Mr. Yeomans addressed the children. Sports programme. Oranges and sweets were distributed. Half holiday.

December, 1936. Visiting Day. About 70 parents attended, and the Mayor (Mr. Mitton), Dr. Swan, Alderman Northey and Inspector Edquist. Mrs. Mitton unveiled rockery tablets. Parents saw classes at work. Half holiday.

December, 1937. All schools closed early for the holidays, because of the polio epidemic.

February, 1938. Teachers returned, but children did not attend school, because of the polio epidemic. (Schools did not re-open until 15th March.)

July, 1938. The School Committee and the Welfare Club presented the school with a Bell and Howell projector.

August, 1938. The projector is being used regularly. Two films are screened each week, and most classes see them.

February, 1939. School enrolment, 275.

March, 1939. Henley boys won the Kenwick and Fidler Shield at the Baths - John Wise, Vernon Dineen and Carol Reynolds. (The school won this shield on a number of occasions.)

May, 1939. The Director of Education and the Superintendent of Technical Education inspected the school yard and discussed a site for a Woodwork Centre.

September, 1939. An Air Raid Precaution Circular has been issued, re practice twice per week.

October, 1939. Two cases of Whooping-cough. Classrooms were disinfected. (Mrs. Triggs remembers that the children used to call the man who disinfected the class-rooms 'The Squirter Man.')

November, 1939. The Welfare Club Birthday Party was held in the Infant Room. (Problem: Where to put the infant class - of 48!)

July, 1940. £ 21-8-9 forwarded to the Schools Patriotic Fund.

July, 1940. Arbor Day. 8 Norfolk Island pines were planted in the school yard.

July, 1940. A concert given by the Henley Beach and Grange schools raised 34 for S.P.F.

August, 1940. A combined Sports Day was held at Grange, for Henley Beach, Grange and Seaton schools. Children went from Henley Beach by train. 16 was forwarded to the Schools Patriotic Fund.

## SOME ASPECTS OF HISTORICAL RESEARCH

From a talk given by Miss Dulcie Perry,

at the Annual General Meeting,

November 18, 1983.

(Miss Perry, former Deputy Principal of Brighton High School, is an active member of the Glenelg Branch of the National Trust. She is preparing a study, which she hopes to publish in book form, on early days in Glenelg.)

A starting point for research is to identify the original Land Sections which form the Municipality (City) of Henley and Grange - possibly numbers 230 - 233; 433 - 435; 445 - 451. These are numbered on the Arrowsmith Map of 1839, of which a copy is obtainable in the Map Room of the State Library.

To trace the original land owners, it will be necessary to work backwards from the first Assessment Books of the Henley and Grange Council, and then back through those of the parent councils (Woodville and West Torrens.) Some councils have deposited these early records with the State Archives, who also hold the Minutes.

Records of land transactions, prior to the Torrens System of about 1860, are held in volumes at Torrens Building, Victoria Square. An attendant will show you how to use them.

Before going there to make a search, list the earliest owners of land from Assessment Books, and start with a name. With patience, you will get back to the person who had the original Land Grant for the section.

Sometimes maps appear, or plans which indicate the original subdivision.

Tracing an old house or building to its beginnings can be done through Council records or the Lands Titles Office. I prefer the former.

You should start with the current house number and street, and note details about the house, the approximate number of rooms, and details that give a clue to its age. Then I suggest that you look up the house in an Assessment Book of about 1925, to discover if the description, street name and house number agree.

It is important to find out both the lot number and section. I have found that both occur about 1915 in Glenelg books.

With this information, you are equipped to proceed into the last century. I guess at the date of the house - say 1885 - and pull out that Assessment Book as well as 1880 and 1890. Then, once I find just the vacant allotment, I move year by year to the first building.

I draw up a card on the house, and keep a file of houses researched, indexed according to streets. If the house is interesting, I record names of owners and occupants.

Information about people is built up from early South Australian Directories, from which you also derive an occupation.

Council Minute Books record the step by step progress of the community.

Three of us set to work with volumes of Minutes covering the period from 1855 to 1886. We have compiled an index in alphabetic folders. Some of the subjects are: Assessment, Bathing, Bridges, By-Laws, Cattle, Drainage, Police, Post Office, Pounds, Public Works, Railways, Sea-wall, Welfare. And we have made brief comments on the Minute, the date and number. This enables any particular subject to be written up.

If there is a petition to the Governor, from the date I can proceed to the correspondence of the Colonial Secretary (held at the Archives), and even have photo-copies made of documents.

It is amazing how revealing Minutes are of local personalities. And they impress on the researcher the nature of the problems with which our forebears were contending. There were floods that washed away bridges. Sanitation was non-existent. There was a pre-occupation with drainage and cess-pits. Pigs were accommodated very near to the neighbours house. Slaughtering of animals by butchers right near the main street and the disposal of offal brought their attendant problems.

Glenelg lacked a residential doctor in 1865.

Nuisances were prevalent even in those times.

Council's own records can include other valuable material.

An interested member of Glenelg Council staff was responsible for compiling a list of photos held by Council.



West Torrens Council has had an energetic, even if small group of historians who have placed in envelopes a photo and report about places of interest. These are meticulously indexed and filed, and form a valuable social record.

At Glenelg, we intend to make a selection of the photographic material and treat such as Local Archives. We still have to identify a number of buildings and people in these records.

The South Australian Collection (in the State Library) holds early newspapers on micro-film. Catalogues in both the South Australian Collection and the Archives give leads to the newspaper references.

Look up Henley and Grange separately and collectively on every file you can find. The staff, too, are very helpful.

Crowley: 'South Australian History' should be consulted for reference material.

Opie: 'South Australian Records prior to 1841' lists the earliest pioneers and the vessels on which they arrived.

The index to 'Parliamentary Papers' has given me some useful leads, and maps of value have also appeared therein.

Interviews with old residents can be quite valuable. Some interviews are certainly worth taping. And I am extremely indebted to a few elderly gentlemen to whom I go when I desire to identify an old building in a photo.

One should keep one's own records as fully as possible. I have a card index of buildings and another of persons and institutions. I keep all correspondence, and have an address book of people with whom I have made contact, and a larger list of people with whom I have said I shall make contact!

Historical research is a very stimulating hobby, particularly if you can spread the load and structure yourselves for group work.

The horizon extends, our environment becomes a field of interest with a new dimension. We interpret features round about us, and carry this new experience into each township we visit.

22-4-

ILLUSTRATIONS ON NEXT TWO PAGES

A river red gum cut down on the banks of the Torrens,  
at Fulham, early 1920's.

The residence built for Charles White, near the  
corner of Henley Beach and Tapleys Hill Roads.  
The Fulham Retirement Village is at present being  
developed in the grounds.

Sylvia Kendall with a group of children at the  
Lady Hore-Ruthven Junior Red Cross Home.

Some of the agriculture plots, Grange School, 1940.

[Cover photo:

The former fountain, Henley Square.]

## I REMEMBER

(From the transcript of a talk by Carol Reynolds)

The first thing that I remember about living at Henley Beach is that the whole district seemed to revolve around the churches. And the first thing I remember about the churches is the 'birthday chair' (in the Congregational Sunday School).

Sunday School anniversaries were very big affairs. Piano, violin, clarinet and trumpet players provided the music.

The Sunday School picnics were great events. We used to go to Long Gully, in the Belair National Park, and have races, and drinks - and a great deal of fun. Trucks equipped with charabanc seating took us there and back.

I remember going to school - Henley Primary - for the first time. You seemed to know everyone in the district - your next door neighbour and the people further down the street. Particular school friends were Vernon Dineen, Alan Roberts, Bob Lawrie and Graham Johns.

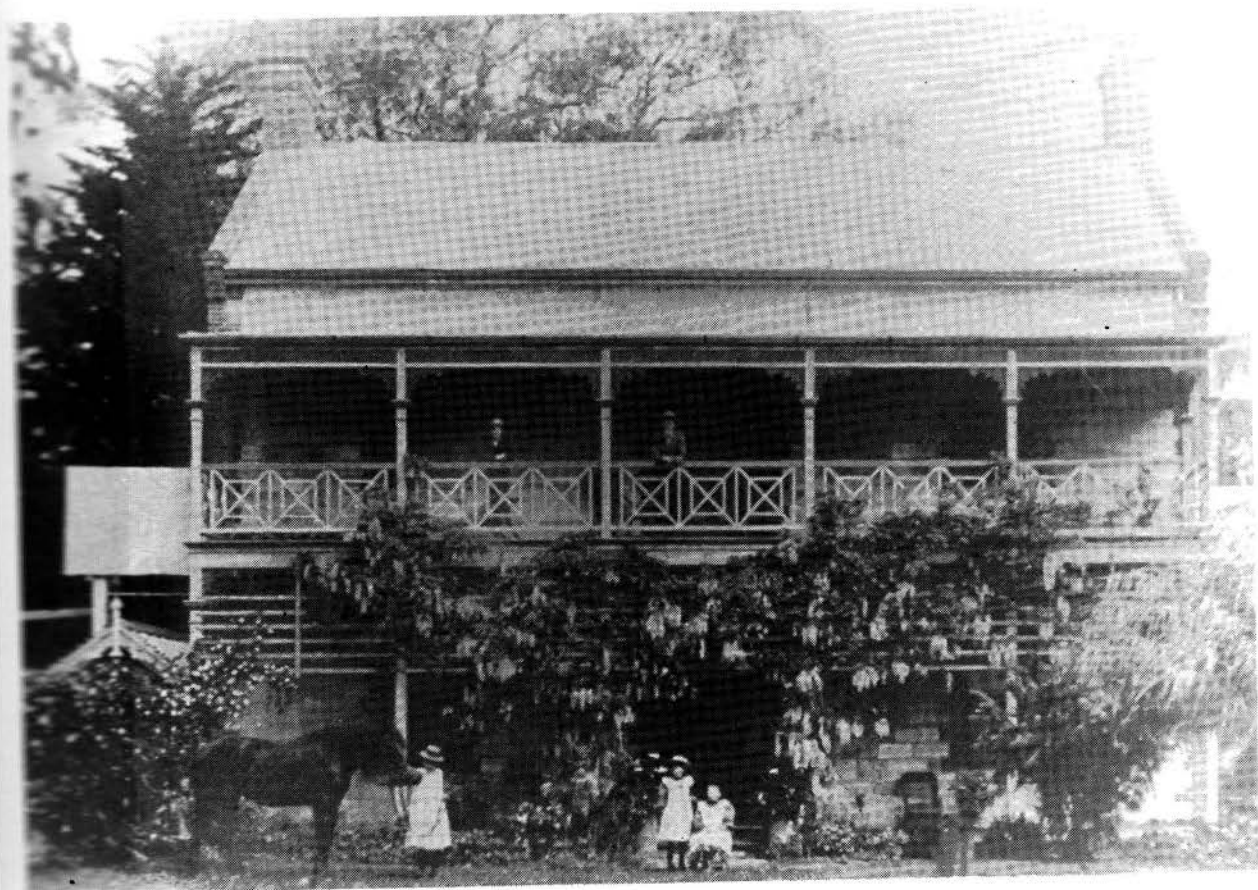
We had a very happy childhood, although things were difficult at the time. My father was not working for a number of years during the Great Depression. He often used to take me to school.

Diphtheria and other epidemics could occur, and strike young people whom we knew well. Bill Reed, a member of our class, died from infantile paralysis, and Lois Taylor lost the use of her lower limbs. (Lois' aunt, Mrs. Taylor, was a teacher at the school.)

Among the good things about Henley Primary were the sporting activities, and the tuck-shop adjoining the school, with its lollies and pies and pasties.

The cricket, and football teams used to play other schools in the West Parklands.

Instead of going home in the tram, we used to walk down to the Daisy Dell milk-bar at the corner of Henley Beach and South Roads. It was a wonderful shop. And further down the road at Torrensville was a very famous lolly shop with big jars full of sweets. If you got past the milk-bar, you wouldn't get past this shop.









In the winter months, when the flood-waters came down the Torrens and flooded the surrounding countryside, there were always water-holes near Lawrie's dairy. We would visit them during lunch-time, and get caned when we came back late for school.

And when we walked home, in winter, along the beach, we would always try to race the waves past the Henley Swimming Pool. Of course, you usually ended up being caught half-way, and got thoroughly wet. As soon as you arrived home, you would have to face your mother, who wanted to know why you were wet. When you told her you were caught in the floodwaters, she would want to know how you had salt all over your clothes.

When the Torrens came down in flood - the Outlet had not been built at Henley South at that time - we used to get a couple of bamboo-poles and push off into the stream in anything that floated, from a tub to a bath. Depending on which way the stream was flowing, you would end up either in the Port Adelaide river reaches, or down the Pat at Glenelg, and get home goodness knows when.

(During the building of the Torrens Outlet, much of the work was done with horses and sledges. There were little railway tracks along which sand buckets were pulled by horses. At week-ends, children used to ride down the slopes on some of the equipment.)

Two other memories - While the deep-drainage was being put down along East Terrace, the 12 foot deep trench seemed very deep indeed to one who was then only three or four feet tall.

And Guy Fawkes nights, held in Lawries's paddock, were always to be looked forward to. We used to make up Guys, and take them round the streets, singing songs.

For everyday supplies, the town seemed to revolve around family groups - the Lawrie family the milkmen, the Johns family the butchers, the Excell family the greengrocers, the Badenoch family the bakers.

It was every boy's ambition to work in the bakery. If you managed to achieve this ambition, they would, on the first night, always encourage you to eat as much as you could of pies and pasties and cream buns, and by the time you had worked there three or four times, you didn't want to look at another one.

Most of the boys in the town used to swim, and belonged either to the Henley Life Saving Club or the Henley and Grange Swimming Club. I became a junior member of the Life Savers at about 8 or 9 years of age, and stayed a member until I was 21.

The annual swim from Henley to Grange was always a great event. I had the privilege of being the youngest person to compete in it at that stage. The weekly swim round the Henley jetty by the members of the Life Saving Club was another event which caused a lot of interest.

I remember when the Sunny South tragedy occurred. The life-savers took off for their weekly swim around the jetty in flat, calm seas. Then up came a sudden thunderstorm, which brought disaster.

My father and I were sheltering under the Henley jetty as the sand whistled around. The life-savers had just turned, at the end of the jetty, to swim towards the shore when we heard a tremendous crash. We turned round and saw the roof of the kiosk on the Esplanade take off - it finally landed out in the paddocks behind East Terrace. At the same time, four lives were lost on the Sunny South, which was about a mile from shore in a yacht race.

We used to have a lot of fun as children down at the beach and during the holiday period from New Year's Eve up to the January long week-end. On New Year's Eve, we always wanted to stay up until midnight, because then the lights were turned out in the Square and people formed long chains, holding hands. Someone in front would have a torch, and we would wind in and out, down onto the beach, and up onto the jetty.

Henry Hicks of the Magnet Motor Garage was a main organiser of the Annual Procession, which started at Grange and went along Seaview Road. All the sporting clubs used to take part, as did just about every other organisation in the district.

Over Christmas and New Year, the Square used to be lit up, with a pole in the middle of the Square, and fairy lights going to the various corners, then down Seaview Road in both directions.

Tom Cassidy was a great personality among the sideshow men on the foreshore. We used to think it really funny when he shouted: 'That's it! Hit them a little lower up!', as we tried to knock the skittles over.

The merry-go-round on the foreshore was later taken to Glenelg.

The kiosk at the sea-end of the jetty had three levels - ground floor at jetty height, then you went upstairs to the tea-rooms, and the owners used to live in the floor above. I sometimes wonder how they managed this, with all the big storms.

We children used to have a lot of fun there. At high tide, we would climb out onto the balcony, and make a noise so that the owners would come out to see what was going on. When they saw us, we would dive into the water. I think they enjoyed it as much as we did.

The M.T.T. Band used to play in the band-stand in the Square. It was a very famous band, the fore-runner of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra. My father played the clarinet in it. \*

The tram viaduct used to stand high above the ground. Lawrie the milkman had his horses and cows in the nearby paddocks. We used to hop on their backs and ride them under the viaduct, waiting for a tram to come along. When it went over, the animals would run away like mad. It's a wonder the cows ever gave any milk.

My uncle Jack Reynolds was a greaser. He maintained the points and cleaned the tram-tracks. While doing so, he would walk from the city to the terminus at Marlborough Street.

The train in my schooldays used to go as far as the Henley Beach Road. I remember once seeing the train-engine, after it had unhooked the carriages to go and fill up with water at the overhead tank, overshoot the line and finish up in the front lawn of a nearby house.

When the Royal Show was on, my father used to take me there by tram, and we would come<sup>2</sup> back by train.

We went to Woodville High School by train. The rules were that the girls sat in the front carriages and the boys in the rear carriages.

Later on, we started to ride our bikes to High School - along Military Road, up through the Henley and Grange Golf Course, across behind Royal Adelaide, then follow the train-line through Royal Adelaide up to Albert Park and cut through that way past Holdens. The Henley and Grange Golf Course used to straddle Kirkcaldy (Grange) Road about where Frederick Road now comes out. It was built in the sand-hill area, and was distinct from the Grange Golf Course, which was further north-west.

\* A typical programme is printed in the Journal.

During the war, there was a lot of hostile feeling towards non-English-speaking migrants; but there were never any real problems with migrants who lived in Henley and the surrounding areas. I remember the Bergamin family. Vic was an Italian who had married an Australian girl, and they had two sons. The children of families like the Bergamins went to school with us, and they were very much Australianised.

People I can remember from the years after World War II include Shirley Lawrie, who lived on Military Road, Henley Beach South, and married Jack Weinert. Jack, now a well-known Adelaide business man, built his first block of shops on the corner of East Terrace and Henley Beach Road. And I can recall Don Fleetwood, a very brave air-gunner, returning from the war. He married local girl Florence Olson. We all went to the wedding and reception. The mayor, councillors and aldermen were there - Don's father, who had a grocer's shop on Seaview Road, was a prominent member of Council.

For 4 or 5 years, I worked for Harold Lightburn, whose lovely home is on the Esplanade at Grange.

I'm absolutely delighted tonight to have been able to see so many people I haven't seen for many years. Noel Newcombe, an old class-mate of mine, and fellow life-saver Gordon Johns. To see Marj Mitton again after all this time, and other people here who knew my parents so well, is great. Alan and Nell Leonard were particularly good friends of my parents and me, and I can well remember when Alan used to run the gymnasium in the Congregational Church. We used to see him as a very active young man swinging on the trapeze and rings, and vaulting over the horses, and teaching us kids how to do these things.

And this reminds me of the Congregational Church Girls' Physical Culture Club, run by Mrs. Presgrave and the instructress, Eileen Hogarth. It was an active and successful club, and provided, in the Ballarat Competitions, many most graceful girl winners.

And I must not forget the Henley Cub Pack, run by the Misses Fitch. Our most memorable outing was probably to Torrens Island, on Henry Rymill's yacht.

Soon after the war, a very good friend of mine, Murray Olson, introduced me to playing hockey at the Grange Club. It was a turning point in my life, because I met a wonderful family - the Mittons. Kip Mitton and his wife Marjorie were very wise in the ways of the world, and they were able to help me get through the administration side of the Grange Hockey Club whilst I was learning the skills of the game from coaches such as Hartleigh Kelly, Marj's brother, and Russell Bowden, to name two. I was able to achieve one of my sporting ambitions when I wore, in 1952, the Australian blazer.

The Grange Hockey Club during this period was one of the greatest sporting teams anywhere in the world. It achieved ten A grade premierships in a row, and had played in 33 first grade Grand finals. Both of these records had never been bettered anywhere in the world.

The friends I made at the club, I still have today. My association with the club also enabled me to become associated with people from both parts of Henley and Grange, something which many people in the district did not have a chance to do.

There have been a lot of geographical changes to the area over the years, and I was fortunate, whilst President of the Hockey Club, to be able to work with the Council to get the area of land where the grounds now are, to the stage where we could eventually have five playing fields. The West Lakes Scheme, as we now know it, was envisaged many years before under the Greater Port Adelaide Scheme, when Sir Thomas Playford was Premier of South Australia. We knew that, sooner or later, the scheme would come into operation, and it was during this period we had our last chance to do something with the Grange Recreation Reserve before it was going to be completely built around.

I feel that the Council of Henley and Grange, and the Town Clerk and staff, were very enthusiastic about any activity in the town that was going to be of a permanent nature, and that would benefit the residents and their children.

A lot of development seemed to take place in those exciting years when I was playing hockey, and much of it was due to the efforts of Council and the dynamic Mayor of those days, Don Newlands. One of the things I feel about the Grange Recreation reserve is that it never really became a recognised area until such time as the trotting track was put down and a fence put around the track. I know there was a lot of dissension locally at the time, but it seemed to progress rapidly from then on. The hockey area became established, the baseball area became established, the cricket area became more established. Things seemed to have the necessary impetus to get along.

I remember when we had our last chance to decide how much area we should get for the Hockey Club. We suggested to Council that perhaps if they stayed away from the Grange Recreation Area for the rest of the next week, we might be able to have a little bit more land. The boundary between Woodville and Henley and Grange was the centre of the creek, and we intended to shift that creek!

Many happy memories come as I look back over the years. . . .



## SOME DETAILS OF CARROL REYNOLD'S SPORTING CAREER

(From George Willoughby, author of 'The Grange Hockey Club -  
A Fifty Year History')

Carrol began playing for Grange Hockey Club in 1947. (He had served in the R.A.N. during the war.) Prior to taking up hockey, he had played for West Torrens Colts in football.

In 1947, he was a member of the Grange 4th team, in C2 grade. By 1950, he was in the first team, in A grade, and remained in that team and grade until the end of the 1966 season.

In 1951, he was selected in the South Australian team, and represented South Australia for several years thereafter, the last occasion being in 1959.

In 1952, he was selected in the Australian team, and toured New Zealand with the team.

He continued playing until the end of the 1977 season. In the years between 1966 and 1977, he gradually dropped down through the grades, helping younger players.

During his playing career, he was also one of the Club's greatest administrators, as Secretary for three years, Treasurer for one, President for ten years, and coach for three years. During his time as President, there was tremendous activity and progress in the club and its area. As he mentioned in his talk, he worked in close co-operation with the Council, in having changes made to the Reserve. Many years later, in recognition of his services to the district, mostly through hockey, a street near the hockey grounds - Reynolds Place - was named after him.

He was made a life member of the Hockey Club in 1969.

In addition to his work for the club, he was active in the South Australian Hockey Association, being Assistant Secretary for one year, and a State selector for several years.

He was also a surf life saver, and won several State titles in life saving, as well as many swimming races.

Carrol now lives at Glenelg North and from time to time is a visitor to the Grange Hockey Club. On several occasions, he has been asked by the club coach at the start of a season, to address members of the top teams, telling them what is required of them in top grade hockey.

He now plays golf as a member at Westward Ho.



Before the days of mass broadcast and telecast material, 'live' concerts and lectures were popular forms of entertainment. The programmes reproduced on this and the next page give examples from sixty years ago.

## **Henley & Grange Town Hall**

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**EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1923**  
**at 8 p.m.**

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# **Illustrated Lecture**

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**A WORLD'S RECORD MOTOR TRIP**

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**Captain White, C.M.B.O.U.**

will deliver his popular Lecture—

**"Australia Traversed and  
Retraversed by Motor Car"**

**ILLUSTRATED BY OVER 200 LANTERN VIEWS**

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**ADMISSION - ONE SHILLING**

Reserved Seats, 6d. extra

Plan at Town Hall

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**MUSICAL ITEMS**

**SWEETS AND COOL DRINKS ON SALE**

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**Proceeds for Congregational Church Building Fund**

To Mr. *W. Reynolds*

*Sole Conductor* B<sup>6</sup>

# Souvenir Programme

... OF ...

## The Tramways Symphonic Band

Final Performance, Henley Beach, Saturday, 28th. March, 1925

### PROGRAMME

(6.45.0)

Overture	-	"Masaniello"	-	-	<i>Auber</i>
Waltz	-	"Triste"	-	-	<i>Sibelius</i>
Opera Ballet Music	-	"Faust"	-	-	<i>Gounod</i>
Xylophone Solo	-	"The Mocking Bird"	-	-	<i>Stobbe</i>

(Soloist: Mr. H. Sparbier.)

English Opera - "Reminiscences of Sullivan" - *Arr. Godfrey*

Consisting of Gems from the famous Operas by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, selected and arranged by Dan Godfrey:-- "The Mikado," "The Gondoliers," "Patience," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "Iolanthe," "The Pirates of Penzance."

Ballet Music	-	"Hiawatha"	-	-	<i>Coleridge-Taylor</i>
French Opera	-	"Carmen"	-	-	<i>Bizet</i>
Potpourri	-	"Melodious Memories"	-	-	<i>Finck</i>

Containing about 100 popular airs and melodies.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

*L. H. Poole M.B.M.*

Director of Music.

HENLEY AND GRANGE

50 YEARS AGO

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADVERTISER, 1934

January 5 (20a)

Beach patrol at Henley

The Henley Life Saving Club maintained a patrol on the beach near the Henley jetty during the Christmas holidays. Eight rescues were made from the jetty and one from a canoe which had overturned 50 yards out.

January 8 (13h)

Henley Baths opened

'Asset to state's swimming facilities'

The new open-air swimming baths at Henley Beach were officially opened by the Mayor of Henley and Grange (Mr. C. Chambers) on Saturday afternoon. Despite the inclement weather, a large crowd attended.

'The baths are an asset to the state's swimming facilities, and should give a fillip to swimming in this state', said the Mayor. He also stressed the value of baths in South Australia which conformed to Olympic measurements.

'South Australia has had few champion swimmers, because it has lacked satisfactory swimming accommodation, complying with championship regulations, and the Henley Baths have supplied a long-felt want', he said. 'The Olympic Games, elimination contests are due to be held in this state in 1935-6, and there is every indication they will be held at Henley.'

In 20 years, the baths will become the property of the Henley and Grange Corporation.

After the opening, 15 bathing girls paraded. A prize was awarded to Miss Barbara Saunders, who was presented with a silver cup and sealed parcel by the Mayor.

Exhibitions of diving were given by the State low-board champion, J. Combe, the State high-board champion, H. Page, and T. Herriman.

In a demonstration swim, H. Smitherham swam the length of the baths (50 metres) in 28 1/5 seconds. A teams race was won by the Henley team (B. Sutherland, N. Jacobs and F. Starrs), and a handicap race by B. Sutherland.

The management of the baths entertained 150 guests at afternoon tea in the Henley Kiosk.

### January 11 (10a)

#### Beach picnic for poor children

About 700 people, mostly children from unemployed families in the Woodville and Semaphore Park districts, were taken to the Grange yesterday by special train and motor bus, where they were entertained at a picnic on the beach. In addition to the ice cream and cool drinks for the children, two meals were provided. The Woodville Unemployed Children's Picnic Trust Fund, of which Mr. C. McCartney is chairman, and Mr. C. Boyle and Mrs. D. Thomas joint secretaries, arranges this annual treat, which is the second to be held. During the afternoon, a programme of sports for the children was conducted.

### January 13 (18g)

#### 24 children from Outback

#### Some travel 1,000 miles for first sight of City

#### Seaside camp

Stepping off the East-West express into what was virtually a strange new world, 24 children from the Outback last night came to Adelaide to spend three weeks in the Australian Inland Mission Camp at Henley Beach. Three more, who missed the train connections, will arrive later.

Much too excited to show the effects of their long journey, they were bubbling over with wonder at the unusual sights of the busy station. A motor-bus took them to the beach. For many this camp will be the biggest adventure of their young lives. Some of the children - there are 12 girls and 12 boys - have travelled nearly 1,000 miles; many have never been in the city before, and quite a few live so far outback that they get their schooling by correspondence once a week.

The Mayor of Henley and Grange (Mr. C. Chambers) met the party, which was under the supervision of the Minister of the southern patrol of the Mission (Rev. F.H. Patterson). Three young women had charge of them on the journey to the city, Miss M. Mc Eacharn, on the east-west route, Miss J. Short, on the north-south, and Miss E. Sharman on the Yunta train.

Soon after their arrival at the camp, the children were sitting down to a light tea. They had been feted all along the railway line with cakes, fruits, and sweets, and it was all some of them could do to swallow a piece of bread and butter. They were taken for a short walk before bed-time, and within a few minutes of the 'lights out' order, silence had settled on the canvas tents.

The camp is in the grounds of the Junior Red Cross Hostel, and five tents, equipped with electric light, have been erected to house the boys. The girls sleep in the hostel. The children will remain at Henley Beach until February 2.

January 16 (10g)

Sand castles at Henley tomorrow

Fifth of 'The Advertiser' contests

The sand castle building competitions conducted by 'The Advertiser' on the principal beaches have never attracted such attention as they have this year. Already four contests have been held - at Brighton, Victor Harbour, Grange, and Glenelg - and the next of the series will be at Henley Beach at 10.30 a.m. tomorrow.

January 16 (10h)

Tramways' Employees at Henley

The first division of the annual picnic of tramwaymen and their families was held at Henley Beach yesterday (Monday). About 3,000 picnickers were conveyed direct from the various suburban routes by special cars to Henley Beach. The swimming races were conducted in the baths, and free admission was granted to the picnickers for an hour.

January 25 (10g)

Viennese Fair at Henley

King Carnival cheered by crowd

The thirtieth Henley and Grange Carnival was opened by the Mayor (Mr. C. Chambers) before a crowd of more than 2,000 people in the Square, Henley Beach, last night.

King Carnival, with his court of jesters, attendants, bathing beauties, and huge grotesque carnival figures, landed at the Henley jetty with a fanfare of trumpets, and was escorted amid cheers to the Mayor on the balcony of the Henley Kiosk. Here he was welcomed by the Mayor, and introduced to the throng below.

Mr. Chambers said that the Carnival had been organised to raise funds to provide shelter sheds along the foreshore, for Henley residents and visitors. The amount required for a shelter was between 350 pounds and 400 pounds.

'I feel that we have turned the corner', said the Mayor. 'We must forget the word 'depression' and look forward to an era of prosperity. I appeal to you to spend freely and make the Carnival a success.'

The Square was gaily decorated with electric lights and the stalls represented a Viennese fair. Dancing to music provided by an orchestra was indulged in at the open-air palais, and at 9.30 the Flying Martinos gave spectacular aerial trapeze acts. These will be continued each night until the Carnival ends on Monday.

The most important event in connection with the Carnival will be the Gretna Green wedding on Saturday night. This will not be a mock wedding. . .



January 29 (11d)

Crowds see Gretna Green wedding

Anvil ceremony at Henley bandstand

A crowd of more than 10,000 persons saw the first Gretna Green wedding to be solemnised in South Australia, at the Henley bandstand on Saturday night. On the bandstand was built a real blacksmith's shop, in which W. Berry of Henley Beach, and his assistant, G. Corney, in a blazing forge, heated the tips of picks, from which sparks flew as they hammered the glowing metal. The wedding was part of the Carnival to raise funds for beach shelters. \*

Sacred concert on Sunday

Yesterday the Magill Vice-Regal Band gave a sacred concert from the bandstand, and community singing was led by Mr. Sable Grivell, Misses Elsie Woolley and Ada Wordle.

Today a procession and pageant will leave Jetty Street, Grange, at 11 a.m., for Henley, and in the afternoon there will be the Carnival yacht race, swimming and shore sports. The Carnival will end tonight with a broadcast concert by the 5CL Boys Club. There will be side-shows, stalls, and a trapeze act by the Flying Minervas.

January 30 (17c)

Henley Carnival closed

Procession and sports

The largest procession and pageant in the history of the town was witnessed yesterday, the closing day of the Henley and Grange Carnival. Many local activities were represented, including the two local Life-saving teams, and Mr. D.F. Dineen's Whippets - children he has taught to swim since December 12. Mr. J. Tomlinson was chairman of the Pageant Committee, and Mr. H.E. Harris was chief marshall.

The Mayor (Mr. C. Chambers) led the procession in his car, and he was accompanied by the judges - the Mayoress (Mrs. Frank Chambers), Miss Edith Aird, and Miss Gwen Connell. They were followed by a band of merry-makers, which included clowns, jesters and huge carnival figures. The outstanding vehicle in the procession was a motor car decorated by Mrs. Stan Scrymgeour in lemon and blue, with orange and blue rosettes, and a lemon and blue crown on top. It held the King of Children (Mr. C.M. Yeomans) and easily won the first prize. There were many tradesmen's turnouts and fancy costumes.

In the evening the 5CL Boys Club gave a concert from the grandstand and other attractions in the Square were 'Bob', the wonder dog, a mock court, and the Flying Minervas.

\* More details concerning this ceremony are given in 'Reminiscences', by Alan and Nell Leonard (Journal, 1983)

February 13 (10a)

Camping in shacks at Henley

Councillor Harvey, at a meeting of the Henley and Grange Council last night, said he did not approve of people camping on the beach at Henley and Grange, or sleeping in shacks, specially if the campers were mixed.

The Mayor (Mr. C. Chambers) said he had no objection to people sleeping in bathing boxes, if they did not cause any disturbance or trouble to residents along the sea wall. If special constables or police were sent to inspect the shacks, the people would become frightened and leave the beach, thus lessening the popularity of Henley.

Alderman Gurner said the storekeepers in Henley South had stated that a large amount of their business came from campers along the beach.

March 7 (13b)

Grange Oval improvements

With the object of improving the Grange Oval, a committee representative of all sporting bodies in Henley and Grange was formed at a meeting called by the Mayor (Mr. C. Chambers) in the Henley Town Hall last night. It was decided to endeavour to wipe off a mortgage of 120 pounds on the oval. A working bee was organised for March 17 or 18, to grade and level the oval and grub boxthorn. About 100 men promised to give their services. The Mayor is chairman of the committee.

March 19 (10a)

Working bee to improve oval

A working bee consisting of 68 men representing all the sporting bodies of Henley and Grange, two horse-drawn ploughs, a motor lorry, a two horse lorry and another horse with a chain attached for pulling out boxthorn bushes, did splendid work at the Grange Oval yesterday (Sunday) morning. The working bee was organised by the Mayor of Henley and Grange (Mr. C. Chambers) to clear the Grange Oval of boxthorn bushes, and to level and generally improve the playing area. About 40 loads of soil were loaded up and spread over the uneven portions of the ground. The Town Clerk (Mr. W. W. Winwood) ran levels and supervised the work. The working bee will be continued next Sunday.

May 15 (16a)

Shelter shed for Henley

The Henley and Grange Council last night approved plans for a commodious shelter shed to be erected on the beach, in front of the new car park, at an estimated cost of 103 pounds. The Henley Carnival Committee donated 75 pounds towards the cost, the (?) proceeds of the 1934 Carnival. The shed is to be constructed of rough wood with concrete foundations.

May 22 (16a)

Henley sea wall and car park

The re-inforced concrete sea wall to form the western boundary of the Henley car park, between the Henley Sailing Club shed and South Street was completed yesterday.

This work was undertaken by Fricker and Sons, contractors for the Henley Swimming Pool, and the filling and sheeting will be done by the Henley and Grange Council. There will be more than 1,000 tons of filling, some of which has been scooped from the beach, and when this has settled, the roadway will be sheeted by the Council. Norfolk Island pines have been planted to form the boundary between the Esplanade and the car park. The work will cost about 1,000 pounds.

September 18 (15h)

Rules for bathing costumes at Henley and Grange

(As was fore-shadowed in the Advertiser of July 10, a new set of by-laws with regard to bathing costumes of persons 'bathing in public waters or being upon any portion of the foreshore' at Henley Beach and Grange was adopted by the Council at its September 17 meeting.)

The by-laws provide that any person over 10 years must wear a bathing costume which covers the breast and reaches three inches below the crutch; and that every child between three and ten years shall wear a costume reaching at least two inches below the crutch. No person shall be clad in a costume of silk, artificial silk, or one that is not considered decent by a constable or a beach patrol officer.

But 'the council may at any time for the purpose of a swimming or other carnival, or for such other purpose as it shall think fit, grant permission for special bathing costumes to be worn.'

October 30 (9d)

Henley and Grange Foreshore

The roadway for the Henley motor park between the Henley Sailing Club shed and South Street is almost completed, and the area will be available for the parking of cars in about a fortnight.

The work of widening the foreshore north of the Grange jetty is proceeding. Unemployed men, who have been given work from a grant of 90 pounds by the Unemployment Relief Council, which the council subsidised with 50 pounds for materials, have removed about 1,000 tons of filling. The area will be extended to 55 ft. in width, the same as the present roadway, and will be fenced on the western side. Both works are being carried out under the direction of the Town Clerk of Henley and Grange (Mr. W. W. Winwood).

November 13 (16b)

Control of Grange Oval

An application by the Henley and Grange Council for the Grange Oval, which is in the Woodville Council area, to be handed over to the former council, was refused by the Woodville Council last night. It was suggested, however, that the Woodville Council might make a donation to the oval trustees to assist them financially if the Henley and Grange Council did the same.

November 14 (20g)

Horses on beach

The Henley and Grange Council has decided to enforce its by-law which prohibits horses being taken on to the beach after 9 a.m. within 200 yards of a jetty, or from being driven or ridden on the beach to the danger of the public at any time.

November 14 (20h)

Captain Sturt's home

With a view to preserving Grange House, at Grange, the historic home of Captain Sturt, the Henley and Grange Council has resolved to suggest to the State Centenary Committee that the Government should purchase the home and open it for public inspection during the State Centenary celebrations in 1936. It was pointed out that the Government had purchased Dingley Dell, the home of the poet Adam Lindsay Gordon.

December 1 (20h)

New bridge on Henley Beach Road

Preliminary work for the building of a new bridge over Breakout Creek, Fulham, on the Henley Beach Road, by the Highways and Local Government Department is well advanced, and the construction work will begin in about two weeks. The new bridge will be a two span structure, 75 ft. wide, the full width of the roadway. It will carry two tramway tracks on each side of which there will be space of 22 ft. for vehicular traffic and an 8 ft. footpath.

The present divided bridge has always been a source of danger, because motorists not knowing the locality when going towards Henley have been inclined to follow the tram track, which crosses the bridge without a roadway, and the narrow roadway on the north side is always dangerous when traffic meets a tram on it. A temporary bridge on the north side to carry traffic while the new bridge is under construction is almost completed. The new bridge should be ready in about six months.

December 8 (13d)

Three school picnics at Henley

The annual picnics of the Burnside School, Mount Barker Primary and High Schools, and the Torrens Valley Schools Association were attended at Henley yesterday by nearly 1,000 scholars and adults. The picnickers were welcomed by Alderman Gurner and Mr. F. Clode on behalf of the Mayor of Henley and Grange (Mr. C. Chambers) and the Mayor entertained the committees controlling the picnics at luncheon at the Henley Town Hall.

AND TWO ITEMS FROM 1933

A DILEMMA

In 1933, the Council sought legal advice concerning a problem that had arisen.

Two Carnivals had raised 400 pounds towards the establishment of a local Fire Brigade, but the Great Depression came, and the town was unable to raise sufficient funds to complete the project. . .

IMPROVING THE TRAM SERVICE

In May, 1933, it was announced that an extra tram would run between the city and Henley Beach, leaving Currie Street at 11.15 p.m. There had been no tram between 11.03 p.m. and 11.30 p.m., the last tram for the night.

This longish interval between late trams had presumably proved frustrating, particularly for film-goers if the programme had continued on till 11 o'clock or therabouts.



## A NATIVE HERO

Ten years before Sturt built the house which has given its name to half of our city, he and his party were saved, at the Murray-Darling junction, by the heroic action of a friendly native. Extracts from Sturt's expedition journal outline the remarkable events of January 23, 1830.

'The natives held their spears quivering in their grasp ready to hurl. They were painted in various ways. Some who had marked their ribs, and thighs, and faces with a white pigment, looked like skeletons, others were daubed over with red and yellow ochre, and their bodies shone with the grease with which they had besmeared themselves. . . '

It was with considerable apprehension that I observed the river to be shoaling fast, more especially as a huge sand-bank, a little below us, and on the same side on which the natives had gathered, projected nearly a third-way across the channel. To this sand-bank they ran with tumultuous uproar, and covered it over with a dense mass. Some of the chiefs advanced to the water to be nearer their victims, and turned from time to time to direct their followers. . . '

Sturt was prepared to fire, if absolutely necessary, but he continues:

'My purpose was checked by McLeay, who called to me that another party of blacks had made their appearance upon the left bank of the river. Turning round, I observed four men at the top of their speed. The foremost of them, as soon as he got ahead of the boat, threw himself from a considerable height into the water. He struggled across the channel to the sand-bank, and in an incredibly short space of time stood in front of the savage, against whom my aim had been directed. Seizing him by the throat, he pushed him backwards, and forcing all who were in the water upon the bank, he trod its margin with a vehemence and an agitation that were exceedingly striking. At one moment pointing to the boat, at another shaking his clenched fist in the faces of the most forward, and stamping with passion on the sand. . . '

## THE LADY HORE-RUTHVEN JUNIOR RED CROSS HOME

From a talk given by Sylvia Kendall

I joined the staff of the Junior Red Cross Home in 1946. It was a lovely home, on the Esplanade at Henley South, near Gilmore Road, with the nurses' quarters situated opposite.

38 children were in residence - though, in school holiday times, we somehow managed to accommodate up to 48.

The boys and girls were there for various reasons and could stay, if necessary, for many months. There were asthmatic, epileptic and spastic children, and polio victims - all referred to us by the Children's Hospital. Some children were waiting for, or recovering from, operations at the Hospital. Others were mentally retarded, and were awaiting admission to Minda Home. And there were little blind children.

The home also catered for country boys and girls whose parents were sick, and for some who had parents in gaol.

In charge during the years from 1946 to 1959 (when the home was closed and a new home set up on a less suitable site, in Robert Street, Glenelg) were Matrons Kerr, Waterhouse and Randall. Miss Ramsay-Smith was Secretary, and Miss Lorna Watts was Director of Junior Red Cross.

There were eight nurses, three domestics, a very fine cook and an efficient gardener.

Miss Bagshaw drove the bus which took some of the children to Ashford. Others were driven to the Spastic Centre, and some attended Henley School. Before my time, the school-room was used, with Dulcie White as Education Department teacher in charge.

Dr. Moody and Dr. Odlum came, whenever required, and as a voluntary service. The beach was a splendid playground for the children, but shells in the nose would often mean a visit from one or other of the doctors. Dr. Moody, who led a Christian group in the town, became a missionary.

At the Childrens Hospital I remember, in particular, Dr. Piper and Dr. Sims.

Miss Howard, one of the teachers at Henley School, was particularly helpful to the Home. Her 'egg days' were always well supported by pupils and parents.

The Home did not depend on government funding. Junior Red Cross raised funds in all sorts of ways. And all branches sent clothes.

Local churches helped. Produce brought to Harvest Thanksgiving Services was most welcome. A group of ladies - among them Nell Leonard of the Congregational Church - would regularly assist with sewing and mending.

With all this voluntary help, contributions from parents could be kept to a minimum. Although it cost 7 pound per week to maintain a child at the home, parents were asked for no more than 2 pounds per week.

A very happy atmosphere prevailed. Out of doors, there were lawns, a playground, and, as we have said, the splendid beach. These gave plenty of scope for activities of many kinds during the day.

Evenings, too, were looked forward to. The evening meal was enjoyed - I've mentioned what an excellent cook we had. And then there would be singing around the piano.

The children liked to have supper in bed - then a prayer, and a goodnight kiss. They appreciated all these things.

There were special occasions - at Christmas time, a tree, and presents for each child. And John Martin's party in the Town Hall, on Pageant day. Excursions were arranged to the Zoo, and to 'the pictures'. And, on Sundays, there were Church and Sunday School.

Many children didn't want to go home when the time came to do so.

Of course, the children varied, and there were problems.

I remember a little aboriginal boy, who came to us suffering from malnutrition. He was very worried about being brown, until I told him that God had so many little white boys that He was very pleased to be able to make some brown ones.

Some of the aboriginal boys didn't fully appreciate having a bath each day.

The polio children who had to be tied in at night would often untie themselves from the frames; but everyone was very patient with them.

An event which caused great fear and consternation was the terrible storm of the 18th May, 1953. \* The asbestos-clad buildings shook violently, and it was difficult to re-assure the children. We took them into our beds - each single bed had five or so children in it.

22

At one time, the Fisher family residence at the Grange \*\* was set up as a Junior Red Cross boys' home, with Matron O'Donnell in charge. But the project was abandoned after a couple of years.

\* See Journal No. 3, August 1982, pp 24 - 25.

\*\* Now part of St. Laurence's Home. As a Boys' Home it was known as Brigg House.

It was a sad day when the Lady Hore-Ruthven Home had to close, with the increase in the wages bill and the decrease in the funds available.

The new Home set up at Glenelg was never a real success.

I look back most fondly on my years as second-in-command at the Home in Henley South. We loved our work, and certainly did not insist on an 8-hour day. 6.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. was normal. And how deeply we appreciated Matron Kerr, who never failed to have a cup of tea ready for us when the day's work was over!

It was a good place, the Junior Red Cross Home on the Esplanade.

We got through to the children with love, and were amply rewarded for what we were able to do.

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#### A CORRECTION

In the list of Town Clerks, Henley and Grange (page 13, 1983 Journal), Ronald E. Nash is shown as retiring in June 1980. His official retirement began in August 1980, and thus he completed 30 years service (August 1950 - August 1980).

## A PRESENTATION

At the beginning of the August 1983 meeting, our President introduced Mr. Geoff Shaw, President of the Rotary Club of Henley Beach, who said:

'I come to you tonight to represent the Rotary Club in the final stages of a project which we undertook last year. This project has given all members of our club a great deal of pleasure, and we hope it will bring pleasure to all of you in months and years to come.

The strength of a society such as yours lies in taking particular and close interest in times past.

I have a young family of three children who have grown up in an era where they have accepted, as matter-of-fact routine, things which are of bewildering excitement to me. In turn, when I was a little boy, I grew up and took for granted things which to my parents were matters of tremendous importance, and novel and exciting.

For me, it was aeroplanes, which I looked on as just another form of travel. For my children, it's space flight, which to them is quite automatic and of no particular interest. I sit with my eyes sticking out like organ-stops, when men go up in shuttles into space for several days. But I cannot persuade my children to sit and watch it. It is of no interest to them - they've seen it before, and they don't care about those things.

It seems to me that the world is moving so quickly these days that we spend too much time looking forward, and really not enough time looking back.

There are things in this world which are, perhaps, better today than they used to be. It is also true, and I'm sure you would agree, that there are many things in today's world which are not as good as they used to be; and I do not really want to live in a world which spends all its time looking forward.

There is a need and a desire in all of us to look back.

That's what we believed in our Rotary Club might be a suitable project to get behind. And I would like to compliment the members of the particular committee which, in consultation with yourselves, chose to make a presentation to you of something which will help you look backwards.



The tape-recorder comes to your society with the warmest good wishes of everybody in our club and with the hope, too, that you will be able to record, to the extent that you wish, personal recollections and memories of Henley and Grange as it used to be in what we're justified in calling the good old days.

### GARDEN COMPETITIONS IN SCHOOLS

Under the enthusiastic guidance of Mr. Inspector Edquist, agricultural competitions were very popular in Public (Primary) Schools in the 1930's.

A portion of the school ground was set aside, and garden beds, often neatly outlined with jarrah edging, were allotted to individual senior students.

In a community like Henley and Grange, still largely rural, such a project flourished.

In the extracts from the records of Henley Primary School, printed elsewhere in the Journal, can be read Mr. Edquist's praise of the pupils' agricultural efforts.

Grange Primary School pupils must have done even better.

The inscription on a cup held at the school reads:

The Wallaroo Mt Lyell Cup  
Presented for  
Agricultural Competition  
in Public Schools.  
North District.

Won outright by Grange School.

(1934	Farrel's Flat.	1935	Ascot Park.	1936	Grange.
1937	Challa Gardens.	1938	Grange.	1939	Grange.)

## 'IT'S ME AGAIN'

### Further notes from Miss Edna Dunning

A walk along the Esplanade in the early hours of the morning is very rewarding. You see the gulf waters in all their varying moods. And, on a calm day, the porpoises swimming close inshore make a beautiful sight.

But the 'blue line' which we knew in younger days has disappeared from our South Henley waters now, since the Breakout Creek was built and the flood waters from the hills can run out into the gulf. The blue line was where the deep water started, and as kids we were never allowed to go beyond it. It was a part of nature we took for granted and now, alas, it's gone.

Today we have paved roads and footpaths - years ago we climbed over sandhills. The sandhills were right along the beaches, as far as you could see: Glenelg - West Beach - Henley - Grange - Semaphore.

Along the beaches we used to have swings and see-saws and slippery-dips for the pleasure of the children. But the storms over the years have washed them away, and nowadays they're not replaced.

The Henley Hotel and Del Monte Private Hotel (Guest House) are two of the beach front premises built to stand up to wear and weather. I used to play up and down the stairs in the Henley Hotel when I was a child - and it was an old building then. Del Monte - formerly called Del Monte Palace - was built in 1911, with major extensions added in 1946. There were once two dining rooms - one for adults, one for the children.

One of the most rewarding sights a returning resident gets when he comes back to his home town is the twin jetties of Henley and Grange. These jetties have stood the ravages of time and weather. The lovely pavilion at the end of the Henley jetty has gone - but the ramp we used to dive and jump off, sixty odd years ago, is still there, as is the life-saving tower.

In the square near the Henley jetty, the rotunda and sound shell have both gone. There were once deck chairs to hire, and the Tramways Band to listen to. I remember Big Bill Symonds, with his leopard skin covering, twisting his long baton as he marched - Dick Smith on the xylophone - Peter Dawson and Gladys Moncrieff to sing. It was a very good band, and a popular one. Dad used to despatch the last trams home on band nights, and Mum and I would wait for him - it was a late night out.

Back south along the foreshore for a moment. Who remembers the pretty kiosk - the round one, two stories, opposite Newcombe's, where the Henley Hotel Bottle Department is now? And Holden's two bathing boxes on the beach nearby, and the diving board out in the sea? Our dog used to swim out to us and climb on to the board.

The poor old swimming baths look battered and worn - but they gave fifty years good service.

A drive I greatly miss is from the Outlet, along the Esplanade, through Henley to Marlborough Street. Nowadays that's cut off by the re-constructed modern square. It was always delightfully relaxing to drive along the sea-front away from the busy traffic of Seaview Road.

Horses and carts were used to deliver goods around in the olden days - and they did a good job, too. The butchers drove horses. Mr. Newcombe (Albert) went to market with old Dobby. The milkies used horse and float, on their twice daily rounds. The milk was dished out of steel cans, with a steel measure - my little foxie dog used to greet the milkman (Mr. Lawrie) with his enamel bowl in his mouth for a free drop. The old rabbities used to go down the street with their horse and cart, crying out: 'Rabbie - Rabbie - oh. Ninepence a pair.' Green grocers used to call house to house, in every street. Ice-cream vans would ply the streets on week-ends, playing a tune or ringing a bell. And the old Afghans would come, with their cases of silks, cottons, towels, pins and needles, ribbons - all good quality, and cheap.

Septic tanks for the disposal of human waste were not used till the early thirties. And there was no fancy toilet paper in rolls, like we have today. Old newspaper torn into squares was the order of the day, in the most respectable homes - or newspaper that you tore up as required. One could more often than not find an interesting article to read, to keep you in the lavatory at the bottom of the yard, especially when you knew it was time to do the dishes. One day I found a most important looking item: 'How to make money'. All excited, I took it to Dad to read.

The new school year started on the Tuesday right after the Australia Day Monday holiday. We all knew it was time to put our bathers aside, and into our school uniform. We would clean and polish our shoes till they shone, and be up early for school the next morning. The school bell would ring twice - the first, to hurry us up; the second, for us to line up and sing the national anthem, while the flag was being raised, then to march into the school rooms.

Another aspect of life that is slowly fading away is the naming of houses. When the family home was built years ago, it was often given a name - a fond name to remember, such as 'Sea Tang', or, 'Mon Repos', or one given for some sentimental reason, such as 'Moorilim', named after a school my mother attended. Now house-numbers are demanded, and names are forgotten. Blocks of flats or units are named, but not the family home.

And nowadays we don't see the long funeral processions from private homes. It's all done from the funeral parlours.

Prickly pear bushes (especially along Military Road) and boxthorns (especially in the sandhills) once grew in profusion. Now they seem to have disappeared - but we still have a few patches of three corner jacks!

The open swamp land surrounding the town of Henley and Grange has also largely disappeared. Some of it was incorporated in the Adelaide Airport, which now has its new International Terminal.

Only last week (early May) we had three Jumbo jets from overseas on the ground at one time.

In the early days of the airport it was a very relaxed place to work in. People were friendly and eager to help one another.

I remember travelling to work there along a narrow bitumen track - now the dual highway of Burbridge Road - and being paced by a kangaroo inside the airport grounds. Sometimes it would jump the fence, and graze happily on the Kooyonga golf links. Hares were numerous, and there were mushrooms galore.

'Old Bill', a big dog of the Heinz variety, attached himself to the airport ground staff, and would follow the men around all day on their various duties.

Then there was the man-size Koala Bear in the terminal building, with a voice box, and we could use the voice to entertain the children by asking them their names and ages, and so on. They firmly believed it was the bear talking.

Airports are the places to meet the famous, as well as the everyday traveller. I've sold a cricket book for two shillings to the late Sir Robert Menzies, a copy of Playboy to Ernie Sigley, a musical koala bear to Lew Hoad for his little daughter, and made tea and toast for our late friend Chips Rafferty, to name but a few. Of course, when Royalty was in town, a pass would be needed, even by staff to gain admittance to the airport.

Over the years, security has had to be tightened up, air travel has become so popular, and air traffic so busy, that there is no longer any time for frivolities, or light heartedness, as we knew it.

Progress once again?

I would like to finish with a quote:

'People who forget their past have no future.'

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

As editor of the Society's first five Journals, I wish to thank people and organisations who have helped in their production.

Among these are: the contributors, including - very importantly - speakers at general meetings; Henley High School; the Advertiser; Mrs. Audrey Willoughby (typing and general assistance); Mr. Jim Fowles; and my wife Nell.

Ted Hasenohr