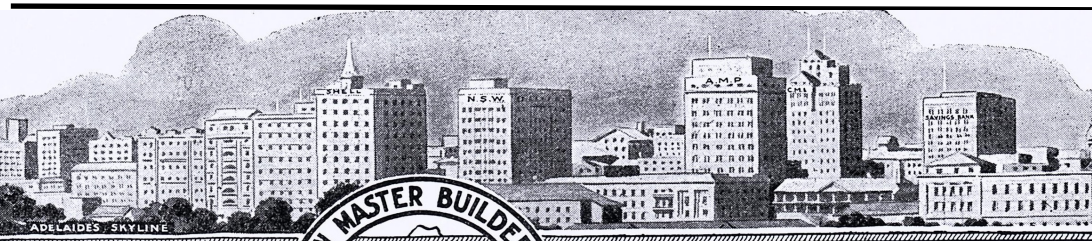


EAST TORRENS HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC

Newsletter

Issue 163 Volume 44 No 3
AUGUST 2021

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THE

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OFFICE BEARERS 2021—2022

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Vice-President	Jon Richards	8390 3390
Secretary	Lesley Richards	8390 3390
Treasurer	Mary Fletcher	8390 3484

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EAST TORRENS HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETINGS

The committee is able to manage the Covid Safe Plan - Step 3. You will be required to comply with the guidelines.

Committee meetings are held 1st and 3rd Mondays of the month when required , All welcome to attend.

Deadline for Newsletter articles — 3rd week in January, March, May, July and September. Newsletter Committee:- Dr G Bishop, L Richards, J Kerwood.

Privacy Act

A member's personal information collected by the East Torrens Historical Society Inc., that is, name, address and contact details, will only be used for the forwarding of the Society's newsletter and other relevant information concerning the Society. The information will not be shared, sold or given to any third party without the member's written consent. Any emails received will be similarly treated, however, any information sent by email will be at the sender's risk and the Society will not be held responsible for any unintended use or disclosure of this information.

Disclaimer

The views and opinions expressed in articles in this newsletter do not necessarily reflect the views of the East Torrens Historical Society Inc. While every effort to ensure accuracy of the material printed, responsibility is not accepted for any errors that articles may contain that are beyond our control.



2021

Investigating our history

August 11 **11.30 am Morning meeting** at the Summit Centre with a light lunch to start. Our guest will be **Jan Shepherd** speaking about and showing us her wire collection, 'Kitchenalia'.

Please let Lesley Richards know, for catering purposes, if you are coming to this meeting. Email :- rondar@adam.com.au or 83903390 or 0428105164

October 13 **11.30 am Morning meeting** at the Summit Centre with a light lunch to start. Speaker - **Geoffrey Bishop**. Uraidla – unravelling the story of the township of Uraidla.

November 26 **Friday evening End of Year Celebration** at the Summertown Uniting Church



Recipe from a Collection by Vermont Methodist Women's Fellowship.
2nd Edition Price 4/-

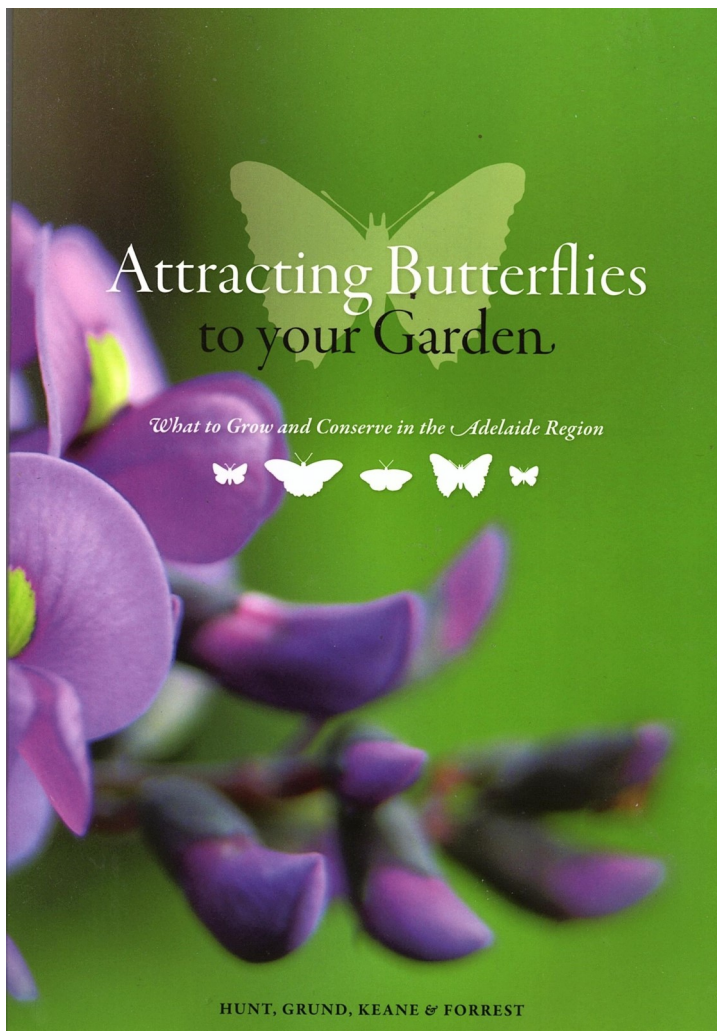
CHEESE AND BACON SAVOURY

(Mrs S. Smyth Mrs. G. Farrows)

Cut required number of slices or fingers of bread. Butter it, add cheese and tomato sauce and top with bacon. Place on oven slide and bake in moderate oven until bacon is cooked and bread is crisp. Serve hot.

APRIL 2021 GENERAL MEETING

Our April meeting guest speaker was Jan Forrest OAM who joined us for a light tea and then spoke of the butterfly collections of yesteryear before showing us what to grow in the garden to attract particular butterflies. The title of the presentation was 'History of Lepidoptera Research in South Australia'. Jan had books on butterflies and moths of South Australia available for sale and if you would like one I'm sure arrangements can be made to forward one to you.



SOCIETY UPDATE

Your Committee has negotiated with the A H C customer service officers at the Summit Centre to have our collating and archiving days returned to Monday mornings starting at 9.00am. We will welcome you with 'elbow bumps', if you have a few spare hours.

Our AGM was held as part of our April Meeting and our new and slightly different committee was elected for the next 12 months.

Positions 2021 - 2022

President Geoffrey Bishop

Vice-President Jon Richards

Secretary Lesley Richards

Treasurer Mary Fletcher

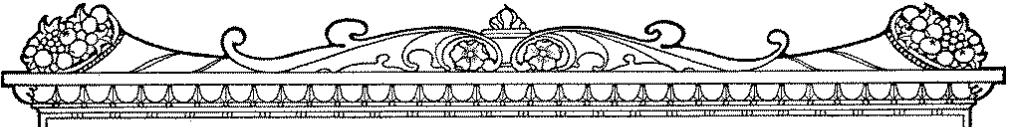
Auditor To be appointed by the Committee

Committee Members Ray & Joyce Kerwood, Ron & Ray Blackwell, Russell & Kay Abbott, Pam Green and Michael Collins

Our thanks were expressed to Life Member, Jon Richards for his 20 years of volunteering as President of the East Torrens Historical Society.

Your committee deals with a number of queries throughout the year. This year, as we are home, looking for 'things to do' the questions have increased. A query from Jocelyn Tischer, led us to Nancy Horsnell, one of our members. The family is trying to find a book produced by the Bonython family. This has led to a query to Eileen Frost and to members of the Brooks family. Interesting connections, that all take time.





Our June meeting, this interesting year, was an outing to a local private collection featuring railway memorabilia. The collector's first interest had always been trains but, over the years, he seems to have collected an amazing amount of 'other items'. He was supported by members of the National Trust who helped guide our members around the collection. We shared Morning Tea and after a very interesting time we adjourned to a local Hotel for lunch.



It was cold!





From an extensive range of 'old Telephones' to a collection of potato bags, beautifully bag-stitched.

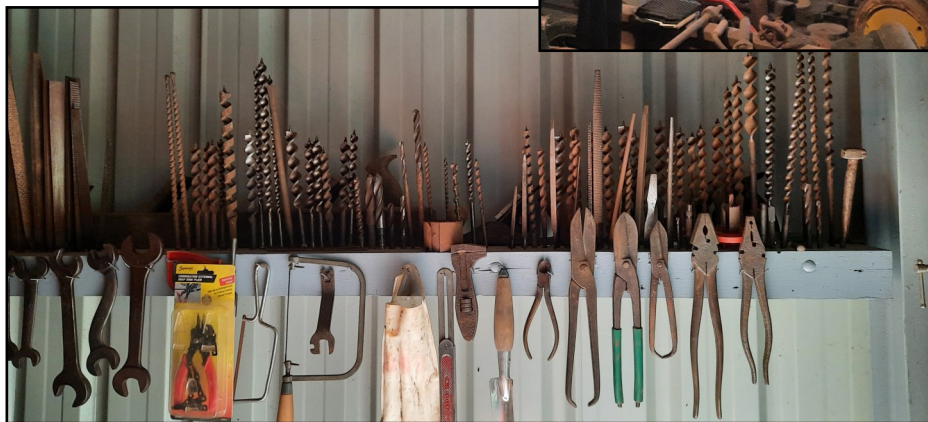


The Railway Section





Some of the 'other collection'.



***Research by Geoffrey Bishop has uncovered a remarkable story
of a cycling tour of the Adelaide Hills in 1889.***
WHEELMARKS [by HANDLEBARS]

Cycling has long been a favorite sport and recreation in South Australia. Each successive year sees additions to the cycling ranks, and during the present season a very large number of entirely new riders have been introduced to this most enjoyable means of travelling. "Every new thing has a silver tale," is an old proverb, and appropriately applies to a person who starts cycling for the first time in his life. As a rule then goes "at it" with a spirit of enthusiasm, and if he keeps "well at it" he soon masters the machine and has cycling on the brain for a considerable time. After a while some grow tired of their new method of locomotion, while others—the more sensible—get to appreciate it so much that nothing can induce them to abandon their machines.

The account given below shows the extent to which an aspirant to literary fame entered into bicycling. On December 1 he ordered a Rover, which was to be ready in February. While waiting for the machine, the maker lent him an "Emu" which was getting the worse for wear. On this, the first cycle he ever mounted, he had a week's practice. He had three days' practice on the new machine, and then left Adelaide for a holiday, having decided to spend it in "touring" in our hills and around the South. A brief sketch of his trip, written at my request, is appended, and if the remarks do nothing else it is to be hoped that they will encourage others to find their way into the country.

He says :— I determined to spend my holiday in a bicycle tour, and in less than a fortnight after learning to steer a bicycle clear of horses and vehicles in the city streets I set off for three weeks on my Rover. I left Adelaide for Mount Barker on Wednesday, February 28. A slight accident to the machine prevented my starting out for Strathalbyn the next day; but it was right on Friday, and took its owner through Hahndorf, Grunthal, Ambleside, and Balhannah to Woodside and other places, covering 36 miles before returning to the Mount. There were several days on which I never went farther than 30 to 35 miles. One Tuesday was spent by running to Murray Bridge and back to Mount Barker—62 miles on a burning hot day—another morning I found myself at Milang on the shores of Lake Alexandrina—30 miles in three and a half hours—another scorching Friday the journey was to Echunga, through Macclesfield, thence over a rough track to the Meadows, and back on a splendid road to the Mount—over 40 miles— whilst another day the rider was introduced to country in a different direction away off to Langhorne's Creek. I was in hopes of making Mannum—50 miles—and Adelaide on the succeeding day, but rain interfered with my plans, as it did in other instances, consequently the total distance traversed was not so great as anticipated. In the three weeks — or rather a fortnight and four days—the Rover carried its owner over something like 380 miles of country. The fellows would not believe me when I returned.

Some of them laughed at my attempting a tour, saying that I would be knocked up, but it was done, and it was one of the most enjoyable holidays I ever had. Three hundred and eighty miles is no extraordinary feat, but it shows what an amateur bicyclist of the newest type, with a pretty sound constitution, can accomplish when he puts his soul (sole ?) into the business. This 380 miles of course comprises a good number of short trips, and a considerable part of the distance represents hill climbing—no easy task for a wheelman hardly initiated in the art of riding. Altogether, the Rover gave me a splendid opportunity of exploring a considerable area of country. There is not a road suitable for traffic in the Mount Barker District and for miles around that was not traversed.

There was no need for breaking road records, consequently I took my time, and only on a very few trips was pacing done at a rush. Pleased as I would be to enlarge this short and somewhat hurriedly written account by referring to the appearance of the country passed through, to the varied industries of the people, and to numerous incidents of the tour my experiences in some instances would be uninteresting to the cycling reader, whose chief concern is centred in the state of the roads. But it would be useless to write about the majority of these country roads, which will hardly be traversed by cyclists so late in the season. Some of the roads are in wretched condition, and as the winter sets in they will have to be remetalled. The New Year's Day flood [1889] considerably damaged the roads in several localities in the Mount Lofty Ranges, and particularly down the Valley of the Murray and the new metal has not yet settled.

The main road right through to Strathalbyn is in almost perfect state, and so were a large number of others over which we journeyed. From Strathalbyn to Milang there is a grand level stretch of thirteen miles all the way. The worst road selected was from Kanmantoo right on for a mile or two past Monarto, and if I knew the track was so rough I never would have attempted it. Before the flood washed away the metal and buried other portions with sand the road was a splendid one, but at present about twelve miles are altogether unsuited for cycling. Mount Barker was left at 8 o'clock.

A delightful run through Littlehampton and Nairne right on for a mile or two beyond Native Valley; then the journey was uncomfortable till three miles beyond Callington. Dismounting soon after leaving Native Valley I had to walk quite a mile and a half before reaching Kanmantoo, and about the same distance afterwards, then followed three rough miles to Callington through sand and rubble, half a mile further on seventeen chains of heavy sand, then to climb a steep hill almost as rugged in some places as the side of a mountain—and the greater part of the time out of the saddle! Callington is 15 miles from the Bridge, and the last 9 miles was in marked contrast to the preceding. Gently rising for about a mile the limestone road was such that the Rover went triumphantly spinning into Murray Bridge.

What a desolate, wretched, shall I add God forsaken country! Not quite so solitary as that, for a Church or two are to be seen in the townships passed through. Whatever possessed me to take such a route ? To see new country I suppose. The scrutinising way in which people watched the bicycle led me to the conclusion that these sort of steeds were not often seen along Callington way. This was, at any rate, the first Rover in the district, and the novelty attracted a host of admirers. Such was also the case in other parts of my route. Children invariably sang out— "There goes a kangaroo"— an insult which I gradually became accustomed to. A great many people imagine that all machines of the small type are " kangaroos."

Returning from the Bridge what a treat! Just fancy carrying a bicycle across the River Bremer. This at all events I had to do, for the bridge, which was washed away by the flood, has not been replaced, and traffic has to go through the township of Callington, crossing the stream, which is comparatively small just now, about a mile from the site of the old bridge. Travellers or drivers of vehicles proceeding along the main-road to the river find on approaching it that the journey is in vain. Turning back and going through Callington proper is the only alternative, there being nothing to indicate the stoppage except a few raised planks on either side the river, seen only just before the Bremer is reached. With this exception, the journey back was about the same as that to the Bridge, excepting that the atmosphere was more oppressive in the afternoon, and my thirst came more readily than desired. I shall not forget the treatment I received at one part of the journey. Having travelled a good many miles, over about the rough part of the route, and brought my thirst to a pitch that for the time being robbed me of all the pleasures of the day's outing, I was compelled to call at a farmhouse and ask for a drink of water. This was refused. The hospitable mistress would have me seat myself at the table, and await her arrival with a pot of tea fresh from the fountain. The tea-table was relaid with an assortment of eatables, and the stimulating tea made room for a hearty meal.

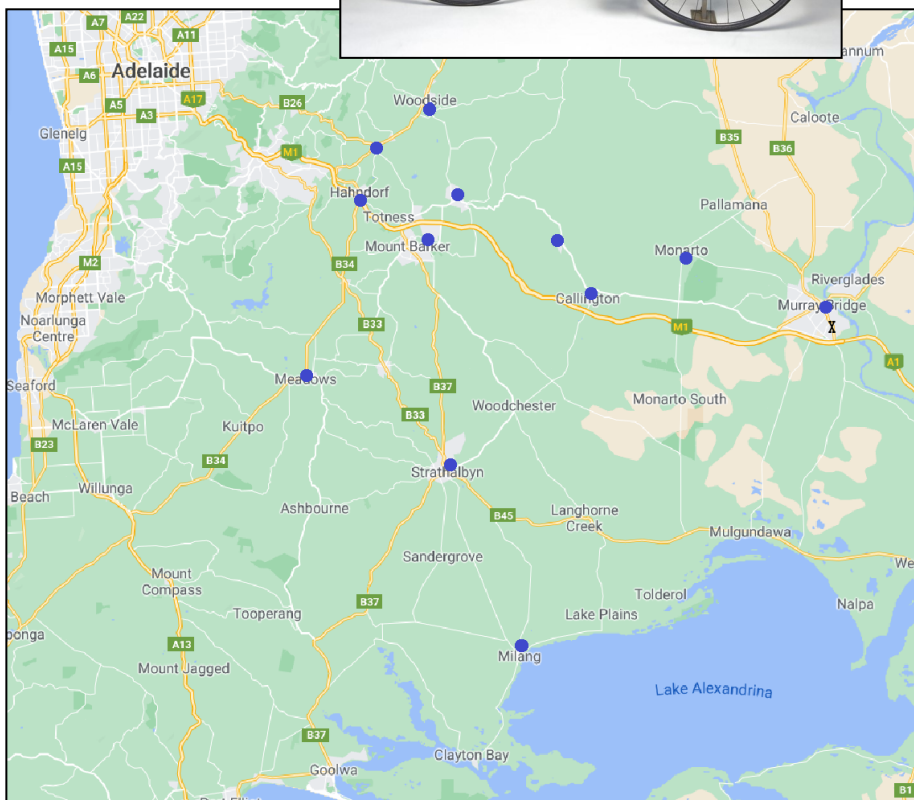
The sturdy old farmer, who sat at the table with members of his family around, detained me in a pleasant conversation for an hour or more relating his colonial experiences, and treating me to some of the pleasantest incidents I have ever heard in connection with "our pioneer settlers." So much for the trip to Murray Bridge, and so much for the tour altogether. I returned to the city without accident, all the better for roving, with face and hands tanned as brown as could be, limbs and muscles straightened out in their proper places, an overworked brain cleared of its dullness, and health completely renewed.

Copied from the Evening Journal (Adelaide SA) Saturday April 6 1889

The floods 'Handlebars' refers to occurred on 1st January 1889 and were widespread across southern S A. The damage caused was significant as the downpours followed a very dry summer.

GCB

Rover 'Safety' bicycle, 1885
MADE: 1885 in Coventry UK
MAKER:
Rover Company



The Blue dots denote some of the towns visited during the two weeks and four days cycling holiday. Probably one of the first Tours Down Under!



A test for you. These photographs were taken in earlier times when travel was easier. Do you know where you would need to have been to see these ? RLR.





EAST TORRENS HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.

XVTH EASTERN REGION HISTORY SEMINAR 2021 LOOKING BEHIND AND FORWARD

SATURDAY 23rd OCTOBER 2021

Marble Hill Stables, 314 Marble Hill Road, Marble Hill 5137

9.20 – 9.55 am	Registration
10.00 – 10.15 am	Welcome Dr Geoffrey Bishop, President, East Torrens Historical Society Dr Patricia Michell, Heritage Director, Marble Hill
10.15 – 11.00 am	Guest Speaker: Ian Hamilton, Arcuate Architects – <i>'Battle of the Styles'</i> : Exploring the conflict in the mid-1800s in Glasgow (then the second city of the British Empire) between neoclassical and neogothic, and drawing comparisons with what was happening in South Australia around the same time.
11.00 – 11.30 am	Morning Tea
11.30 am – 1.00 pm	Group reports – groups present a project by their organisation during the past year or a project being planned (5 minutes each plus question time at the end of the session)
1.00 -1.45 pm	Lunch
1.45 -3.15 pm	Site tours - Marble Hill – a restoration project in action. Guided tours of the Stables and grounds, including hilltop lookout. (No public access to main residence which is still a building site).
3.15 – 3.30 pm	Afternoon tea and closure of the seminar

Seminar hosted by East Torrens Historical Society Inc. and Marble Hill Heritage

Our thanks to the Michell family for hosting the seminar at Marble Hill



For more information or a registration form, please contact the Secretary on 8390 3390

Mt Lofty Districts Historical Society Inc.

THE FRANK HURREN MEMORIAL PRESENTATION

**WITH LOCAL HISTORIAN DR ANTHONY STIMSON
PRESENTING A STIRLING WHODUNIT**

MURDER AT CHRISTMAS

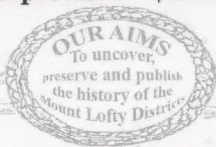


On January 2nd 1903 George Cullen, 82, was found dead in his house on 'Murder Hill', Milan Terrace, near Stirling in the Adelaide Hills. He had been hacked to death. Violent, uncouth and maudlin when drunk, he was alienated from his wife and children, boasted openly of his wealth and rewrote his will frequently. Suspicion immediately fell on his sons, a tramp called 'Fred' and a 'Syrian'. It was a sensational case causing much speculation.

**Coventry Library 63 Mt Barker Rd Stirling SA 5152
Friday 13th August 2021**

7:00 for 7:30pm to 9.30pm

Supper provided ~ \$10 donation



Bookings essential 0419 816 490