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# LOCAL HISTORY
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Nobby, Jimmy Miller & Horseshoe Bay, 2004

# NOBBY CLARK

**Forebears of Nobby Clark**

**1.** Great-uncle Arthur **2.** Great-Uncle Henry **3.** Great-uncle Frederick

**4.** Grand-mother AMELIA CHARLOTTE CHANTRILL married Joe KNIGHT

**5.** Great-grandmother CHARLOTTE CHANTRILL (nee PIERCE)

**6.** Mary, married Mr. Goode

**7.** HAROLD KNIGHT (DARBY) son of AMELIA CHARLOTTE

**8.** EMILY MARY KNIGHT (always called DOLLY) mother of Nobby, married George CLARK

Nobby at 17, in 18th Light Horse

Michael Smerd, Nobby & Nobby

# Port Elliot and Goolwa District History Book Project

*Interview with Nobby and Aileen Clark of Port Elliot*

**Interview, edited transcription, book design/production by G.W. (Frodo) Krochmal**

## Tape 1, recorded 15/9/1999

*Side A*

FRODO: Before we go anywhere, what is your real name?

NOBBY: Kenneth Roy Clark

FRODO: Now you, to my knowledge, are the only person in this entire area, the old Pt. Elliot and Goolwa Council district area, that has a public statue erected of them, because your bust has just been put on Horseshoe Bay, beautifully made into a bronze by Michael Smerd. To start our interview, I saw in the paper about how this [the unveiling of said bust] was done on your 80th birthday, which was the 6th of August, 1999, such that you were born on the 6th of August, 1919, and I started to calculate backwards, and you were born almost nine months to the day after the Armistice was signed. I've got to ask you, first and foremost, did your dad come home from the War on Armistice Day?

N: No, he didn't. He wasn't at the war.

F: But he might have been very very happy when the Armistice was signed, perhaps? Or is it just a total coincidence?

N: I think it was a coincidence, yeah.

F: A nice coincidence, but.

N: Yeah, would have been, yeah.

F: Were you born in Pt. Elliot?

N: I was born in the second-hand store up here by the fruit shop [currently TUALLY'S ANTIQUES, North Terrace], in a room there. Midwife's name was Mrs. Needham. She was the local laundress-woman in that building at that time. [Having read this later, Mrs. AILEEN CLARK adds that - "Mrs. Needham was our first land-lady after we married, on January 5th, 1942."]

F: That is the same building that is still there, next to what is today still a fruit shop, the one on the corner?

N: No, not the one on the corner, the one next door, where The Professionals were - on the Western room, on the corner of that building, next to the little plant shop.

F: I'm just digesting that, because I was born half way around the world, and I haven't spent most of my life being able to look at the building I was born in - that's an extraordinary thing in itself. Do you have any particular memory of Pt. Elliot when you were very young that sticks out, that you always think of?

N: Yes, when I was about - what - six or seven years of age, my grandfather used to take me down onto Knights Beach, which they call Boomer now, I think, but that's where the rocks are, and the rock formations there when the sand comes off them, on the shore - used to go down there and get a feed of mullet when the tide went out because the fish got trapped in the rock-holes, and the tide went out and we would go down, and he showed me how to catch them. We used to do that quite regularly when I was very young.

F: And you've been a fisher-person all your life, haven't you.?

N: That's right.

F: Was your dad one?

N: No. No. He was more of a shearer, that was his main occupation. Later on, he become a motor-mechanic, when he got too old for that.

F: And he sheared around here?

N: He sheared all around these farms here. He came from Victoria, actually - from Horsham.

F: And your mother? [DOLLY KNIGHT (Edith Mary)]

N: She was a local girl, born in Port Elliot. She was born in The Nook, the little house next to The Registry Cafe, the Registry Office Cafe - she was born in there, and I was born just around the corner.

F: The one you're speaking of, next to The Registry - is that still there?

N: Yeah, Gladys Attrill lives in it - she's 83 or 4 or 5.

F: So you not only get to see the house you were born in every day, or virtually every day, of your life, you get to see where your mother was born?

N: That's right

F: Very briefly, going back a couple of generations, how far back does that go? Like your mother's mother? [Amelia Charlotte Chantrill, born Port Elliot, married Joe [JOSIAH] Knight, adds AILEEN]

N: They came here from England and Ireland, they were a mixture. They must have

met here, I think, I don't know, my grand, great --- my great grand-father - no, my great-grandfather come from England, and he married an Irish girl, that's how it all started. They owned land, 80 acres there where the effluent ponds are, and all the industrial sheds are, plus where the football ground is, they owned that, too.

F: Is this your grand-parents?

N: Yes. They had the house, and their dairy and blacksmith shop and everything else up near the railway crossing at the end of Rosetta Terrace. Then my great-uncle John [KNIGHT}, who never married - he was from that marriage - he built the next two houses - he built the old one with the little attic on the top on the corner - that's where my mother was - my grand-mother lived in there, and she was a local girl named Chantrill. Her family were fishermen. And then they built the next one ["RIDGEMONT"], which is where Mrs. Rex Jones now lives. That's in Barbara St., down the end, towards the railway crossing again.

F: Next to the new one that's had the attic put on it?

N: Yeah. On the corner, little limestone thing like mine here.

F: So, your predecessors, we're talking in the 1880s or 1890s or something—

N: Oh easily, yeah. They come here about 1850. They come from Port Adelaide, they landed at Port Adelaide, or somewhere around that area, when the boat come from England.

F: And they came to Port Elliot?

N: They come to Port Elliot.

F: So they'd be the very first people in Port Elliot?

N: There was one or two before them, apparently.

F: 'Cause officially Port Elliot is 1854, isn't it?

N: That's right. But there were people before that -

F: Let alone lots of genuine Aboriginal people, I would think.

N: They landed in Holdfast Bay in 1836 from England.

F: Which is only a little after - I'm sorry, I've forgotten the first boat that came from England to Adelaide, the famous one - cause that's 1834, or 1835, a year or two before your ancestors. [Buffalo, 1836(?)] Now, how did your ancestors, if it's not a rude question, come to be wealthy enough to build and own half of Port Elliot?

N: I don't think they had a lot of money, but of course you could live cheap in those days, and they could have bought that land - they probably could have had it given to them before they left England, because that happened in those days. I remember, as they died the family - my mother and her two brothers - they were the beneficiaries from that great-uncle; a great-uncle of mine, who never married, ended up with all the properties - he was a farmer - he also owned the five acres opposite the football ground which is all covered in houses now, on the main road to Victor, he owned that. It was his night-paddock, for his cows, what they called the night-paddock. He used to drive the cows, same as the people from Cliff House did - Triggs - up to the milking sheds, and then bring them back after dark and put them in that little paddock for the night.

F: The very house that I live in, in Charteris Street, [No.32], was the Triggs' cow paddock as well, because they lived in the Lane's house, [No.30].

N: That's right.

F: So, getting back to you, we were up to you at the age of 5 or 6 at what we now think of as Boomer or, I always get them mixed up anyway, looking for fish amongst the rocks ---that's a potent enough picture - I've still got another one - I'm still remembering what you told me when I first asked you about this, because it was a lovely little story, and said a lot about Port Elliot in what I imagine must be the early 1930s, with the prank with the piece of string and the minister's house?

N: There was a row of trees down the main street. They were Moreton Bay Fig trees, you see, and us lads got up in the tree one night and tied a string on the door-knocker first, on the opposite side - this is right opposite the tree and across the road, at the gate, where the rectory gate is - where the Minister takes his car in there, that's where the tree was, and we'd pull the string, and the knock-knock-knock'd bring the old man out. Anyhow he must have woke up to what was going on, and he must have rung the local policeman, 'cause there was only about four phones in Port Elliot then, and he rang the policeman we found out afterwards, and the policeman arrived at the bottom of the tree unbeknownst to us and we was in a bit of a pickle, and he told us to come down, which we did - two of us, there was - Bill Brittain, his name was, the lad - same age as me to the day, we were both born on the same day - he's dead now, of course.

F: Same day in the same year?

N: Yes.

F: That's interesting in itself. Was he a fisherperson?

N: No, he was a mechanic. He worked for Barton's for years and years, and then he went to Mount Barker after that - worked for Gilbert Motors.

F: Back to the prank - how old would you have been then?

N: We was about, maybe 10. So the policeman got us down, and he said - "If you ever do that again - I ought to give you a whipping now", he said, "But I won't." 'cause they couldn't give you a smack, a crack, those days - he said " I'll be, you know, pretty hard on you in the future", so we didn't do it any more.

F: What I find amazing about that story is this - nowadays there's just enough traffic up and down the Strand that I can't imagine anyone doing that.

N: The string'd be higher - I think we were - Wally Dodd had a motor car, old Jack Trigg had one - he had a Vauxhall, Wally had a Rover; Les Brittain had a Rugby, no an Overland. A lot of Rugbys around in those days. That was three cars. Bill Woods had one - he was the manager of the brickyard. Les Brittain had a T-Model Ford. George Parish had a Packard, an eight-seater, he used to take tours. He owned Arnella.

But the string to this door was way above the cars, anyway. We were up the tree as high as that chimney - the string went down to the door-knocker. Even if they walked along the footpath, it was above their heads.

F: I've only seen one photograph, taken from the Institute or the R.S.L., looking downward, which has got the trees in it.

N: That's right, Moreton Bay Figs they were. There was another row up here, along North Terrace. We cut them down, my cousin [ERN] and me, in what, 1948, I suppose.

F: About the time roads got paved?

N: Oh no, they were paved before then. We dragged them down to the old swamp which is now Lake Lakala, and the Council burnt them there.

F: Why did you remove them, if the roads were already paved?

N: People didn't want them there any more - they were encroaching out in the road, and they were continually chopping limbs off . We only had one man working in the Council then with a horse and dray, in 1947, Sam Eatts. He had an impossible job really, because he had to do everything.

F: You mean the same thing that the maintenance crew, with trucks and everything, do now?

N: Well, he only had a horse and dray - there was no trucks. He only had a horse and dray here, they had a truck at Goolwa, I think. So that's what they took them [the trees] out for, cause they were getting out into the road, and there were a lot of cars getting around then, by '47.

F: When you listed those people who had cars, I'm presuming that was when you were a kid, in the 1930s?

N: That's right.

[At this point, MRS. AILEEN CLARK appears, Nobby and I sitting, after all, in their backyard, where, incidentally, the tape-recorder is perched on a wheelie-rubbish-bin].

AILEEN: I'm usually the historian around here, he doesn't say too much, But I thought I'd show you those - [brandishes various photographs] - there's not many in Port Elliot can produce that - that's Nobby's mother - that's Mr. Darby [Harold] Knight, the brother to Ken's [Nobby's] mother - that's Ken's grandmother - she married a Knight, and that's how these come Knights. That's Mary, she married a bloke called Goode, and they, the old man [Chantrill] built the shop and the residence where [Laurie] Rosser's Fruit Shop used to be, which later become Fonzie's, and now

is a private residence, next to the Hotel [Elliot], between the hotel and the Post Office.

F: Which is where I thought he was up the tree, with the string.

A: That's where he was.

N: That's where I was - that's the old house.

A: Old Mr. Chantrill, the original that came here, he owned the first brickyard in Port Elliot, he built that residence there and several others, he put the leadlight into the English church, [St. Jude's], behind the altar - that came out from France[1] - and he was a very clever old man. But he married this woman [in photo] and she came from Currency Creek, and her name was Pierce. This was the family - there was John, (and his grand-daughter was here yesterday). He was twenty years older than Fred, and he [Fred] was the one we had most to do with, because he was the youngest .He died here. But there was John - you listen to the street names [2]- John's not there, but there's Frederick, Henry, Arthur, Charlotte - up by the railway station, that's Charlotte, Amelia Charlotte she was, and the old girl herself was Charlotte-something, her first name was Charlotte; this was Amelia Charlotte, Ken's grandmother, and that was Mrs. Good [MARY CHARLOTTE GOOD] - they went to town eventually, but they did have the shop up here.

F: But they're no relation to Thomas B. Goode of Goolwa?

N: No

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[1] However, L.POMERY, from the Church's archives, makes clear that the stained glass came from Munich, Germany.

[2] There is some dispute, as mentioned at the beginning of Tape 1 Side B, about the street names. I am again indebted to L. POMERY for her homework through Church archives etc. on this, which is given, with a KNIGHT and CHANTRILL genealogy, as the ADDENDUM, following Tape 3 Side B, after p.80.

A: No, no.

F: But you're telling me I've got half the streets of Port Elliot in my hands in this picture?[2]

A: Well, there's five - there's Frederick, William, next to the church - he was William, the father - Frederick, William, Henry, Arthur, Charlotte.

F: These folks, then, are some of your [Nobby's] grandparents?

A: That's his mother, and his grandmother, his great grandmother, his great-uncles, his great aunt, and his mom's brother.

N: She lived to 93.

A: Yes, she's only been dead four years, Ken's mom. They went back to Victoria just after we were married, in 1942, to live.

N: And I stopped here.

A: And Nobby stopped here. All his brothers and sisters are starting to go off now, but they were the only ones went over there. But I thought that might interest you.

F: Yes, indeed. We might have to do some tapes with you, also.

F: [To Nobby} I want you to keep talking about your childhood and about Port Elliot at that time - did you go to school here?

N: I went to the local school here, of course, and I left school at 14 - I got my qualifying certificate - just scratched it in. Didn't go to high school, cause I was on my own then, and I lived with my Grandmother for a while, cause they'd all gone to Victoria.

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[2] See above

F: By the time you're 14, it's 1943.

N: Yeah—yeah—no, wait a while, that's wrong

F: You were 14 in 1933.

N: I must have been 16 when they went over there ----they went down to Kingston first.

F: They left you here by yourself at the age of 14?

N: Yeah, well I didn't want to go. I was wanting to get out to work, and I had work in the hills, cutting firewood.

F: Did you have an apprenticeship or something?

N: No, I earned me own money, from 14 onwards.

F: And you also looked after your own house and home?

N: No. I had a tent. In the hills. I bought a tent, a new tent.

F: And you lived all by yourself in the hills?

A: I met him when he lived in a tent, more or less.

F: In the hills?

A: No, no,no, up on the main road,

N: [with photo] That's the Council man. That's Sam Eatts with his dray at Port Elliot.

A: He was an identity of great respect. He was a dear old man. He had a big family. They got burnt out in the '59 fire.

N: He had about 8 or 9 kids, easy.

A: We see some of them still, but they were a very big family.

N: Blossom was the name of his horse.

F: And he was the maintenance person for the Council?

A: Yes, he was the Council man. There was another identity that worked for the Council, you could have said - that was Tom Allender. He was a real identity, more so than this one. Everybody knew him, and he was an old rascal in lots of ways. He used to get on the pots, didn't he Dad? We had a terrible time-

F: 'On the Pots'. I like that!

A: - terrible time with him toward the end. We got him into a home in Adelaide - Sacred Heart, Catholic home - but he didn't stop there, and he came back, and he got to the stage where he was non-compos to a degree, you know, but he was a dear. He used to own that little cottage - what was it called, 'Angel's Rest'?

N: No, 'Angel's Rest' was his other house.

A: 'Angel's Rest' was opposite the Church, wasn't it?

N: Opposite the North-West corner of the school-ground, directly opposite to the West. [corner Blackfriars Road and Regent Street, the low house]

A: Yeah, What's-her-name's on the corner, Ralph and Elaine Croucher, and then on the other corner's this quaint little cottage that's almost---

F: Two of them, very tiny and -

N: Low doors. Real English, old English house. That was the same type of house our grandparents had up here.

A: Well, he lived there, and he was Catholic

N: They built it. The one up here is -

A: They probably built that one too, but they did build a lot - up in Barbara Street they built a lot.

N: There was plenty of stone - it was all laying on the ground up there

A: But that was the Knights. The ones we were looking at, with the street-names, they was all Chantrills, but the Chantrills married into the Knights, and the Knights were a more prominent family than the Chantrills, to a degree.

F: I still know one of the younger Knights, Mandy.

N: She's my cousin's daughter. [ ? ] used to be the milkman around here for years. They live in Victor Harbor.

A: But the Knights, they were a very prominent family. Four boys or five? And only one married - that was Ken's grandfather.

N: Matt [MATTHEW] never married either - he got drunk and somebody hit him over the head behind the railway station, going home one night from the top pub there. They found him dead next morning.

F: You mean Port Elliot's got an unsolved murder?

N: I don't know what happened. Some reckon he had a heart attack, and somebody else reckoned somebody hit him on the head, so nobody knows. Before I was born.

F: This is the brother of John that didn't marry, that bought half of Port Elliot, or that had the large farm?

N: That's right.

A: John Knight, as far as I gather, he donated the ground of the oval to the community. I stand to be corrected on that. I've heard it, and I've had it disputed.

N: I doubt whether that is true.

A: Well, it's feasible, because he owned the 80 acres from the corner of the oval to the drive-in, right down to Waterport Road. He had the 80 acres there, so it is logic that he did donate that land. I thought I heard it on good authority years ago, but then somebody else that wasn't very favourably disposed to the Knights said it was all tommy-rot.

F: And Nobby's a bit dubious, also?

A: Well, that's what he said, but he's no more proof than I have.

F: And this was Nobby's grandparents?

A: No, no, no, no - he was Nobby's great-uncle [John], and his brother Joe married Nobby's grandmother. That was the only marriage. Matt Knight, he was another brother.

N: He was the blacksmith on the farm. He used to shoe a lot of local horses. They'd take them up there to the old blacksmiths shop.

A: There'd be no motorcars. Hearses - you've heard all about the old horse hearse, have you? That used to go, with the horses and the plumes.

N: That was Lorraine Pomery's grandfather that ran that. He owned Cliff House, you see.

F: Was that the Globe Hotel?

N: Used to be, yes.

A: Yes it was originally a hotel.

F: Did they actually build that, Pomery's grandparents?

N: I don't think they did.

F: That is Triggs, isn't it?

A: Triggs were the family. Lorraine's father come from Port Adelaide and married a Miss Trigg.

N: He was a Smith. Carnegie Smith.

F: I'm tempted to interview Lorraine actually, particularly about the time her parrot ended up at the bottom of Lakala - the parrot statue, of course. That's of course why they've been extra careful to make sure you don't end up at the bottom of Lakala - your statue has sleepers and concrete poured down the middle of the sleeper, doesn't it?

N: That's right.

F: I hope it stays on Horseshoe Bay for many many years. I forgot to say in the introduction that what's astounding about you being the only person in this area that's got a statue put up to them is the fact that you weren't, as far as I know, a Councillor or Mayor. You're a fisherperson, but obviously your connections with Port Elliot go right back to almost before there was Port Elliot.

N: I played a lot of sport here when I was young, football and cricket and that. But I lived in the hills for about six years, in the tent.

[NOBBY and AILEEN later amended this to - "lived 6 years in total, in tent in hills. Then shifted (tent + all) to Beans Corner (site of Swimming Centre) {i.e. - Adelaide Rd. corner, pre-roundabout}, with occasional spells with relatives."]

N: I was cutting a lot of firewood, and cleared quite a few acres of land up there. Trapped rabbits and sell the skins - in other words, I was an outdoor man proper, do

me own cooking and everything - get water out of the creek and boil it - had the tent just on the edge of the little creek up there, up here about five mile up.

F: Which is pretty amazing to me, the idea of somebody actually living like that, I mean it's not that long ago, and yet it's so long ago, if you see what I mean.

N: I used to cut a lot of wood up there, for the brickyards, the Barrages. There was a lot of wood burnt when they built the Goolwa Barrages in 1930 - they started them in '34 - they didn't finish till '41, I think it was. Five of them, as you know.

## Tape 1, recorded 15/9/99

*Side B*

FRODO: You were talking about the tripod you used [when you worked] in the quarry ---

NOBBY: We used to do that with these three poles - 'shear-legs', we used to call them - but tripods's the same thing - they had a winding drum, and two handles, one each side for one man there and one the other side. We'd a wire-cable with a hook, and we'd take that up to the face of the quarry and hook her into one of these big rocks and bring it out onto the floor of the quarry and then the truck would back in, and we'd wind the stone up above the tray of the truck so he could get it right through to the cabin, and we'd let that quietly down onto the floor of the truck, unhook the stone - it was always put on two pieces of timber so we could get our hand in to hook the hook undone and take it out simply and go back and get the next stone and repeat

the performance until we got five ton on the truck and it was usually three to four stones, that was the load. We'd go to Goolwa. The driver would unload them himself, with a crowbar, a big pinchbar into the heaps, off the trucks - tiptrucks with a steel bottom, steel tray, and they slide quite easily, and that was what we done, and that was it, and that used to go on day after day after day - 28 of us working in Lincoln Park quarry at that time, about 1935, into '36 and so on and so on. I done it for quite a while. They crushed a little bit of stone there, but not a lot. An old Hart-Parr tractor-driver crusher, single cylinder.

FRODO: And you said it was a tip-truck?

N: No, that was done with a horse and dray, tons at a time, same as the dray I showed you with old Sam.

F: So the horse had to go backwards and forwards?

N: Yeah - the driver'd lead him down and back the dray into the crusher - this stone was loaded with forks, hand-forks - two men each side of the dray. You had to be left-handed to get a job from one side of the dray, and right-handed for the other, so you wouldn't hit each other with the forks, and that was pretty quick loading. That was for making roads, that was, that they sold a bit around here, that quarry. But this quarry up here was for The Barrage, and The Barrage only, the big [Port Elliot] one in Doug Lines's up there, with his father, that was Pat England's father, her father owned that quarry, owned the land. That was all crushed metal, contract was let to H. King and Company from Hindmarsh who were brickmakers, big brickmakers and that went on for many years as crushed metal for all the concrete work at the barrages. Again, about 28 or 30 men worked in there. There was a big crusher, used to crush 300 ton a

day then. Now they crush 30,000 ton a day! Things were different.

F: I have a friend in a quarry, and he just has to push buttons to get minute bits of stone ---

N: Whereas we'd be all day shovelling that 300 ton, there'd be a heap of us. Today a lad with a normal-sized bucket'd do the same work in an hour, on his own, one man.

It was good pay - we worked forty-four hours a week - four pounds three and fourpence a week it was. Very good money. I could save money out of it, no trouble at all.

F: I was going to say, a lad like you, living in a town like this, what could you spend money on?

N: I had to pay a bit of board, cause I'd come down from the hills then, from the tent, I'd moved my occupation up there down and I lived with my Grandmother, back up here, and then I lived with my Aunty, this fellow's wife [points to picture], Sid Knight's father, [HAROLD (DARBY)][3] Mandy Knight's Grandfather. Then, I went to war after that and I was away well over four years, then I come back and started a woodyard - I went rabbit-trapping first. We had a hundred pounds, trapping rabbit-skins, rabbit-skins were a pound a pound after the war. There'd been a terrible shortage of fur to make felt hats due to the Army having all the stuff for their hats and all that caper, and I made about a hundred pound in about six weeks, very quick money. I bought a woodyard which I operated for a while, at the back of Fonzie's shop, where Mrs. Hider now lives - that was the woodyard there. It was owned by Don Green, and I leased it off him for a while, and then I bought land over where the little cottage was, opposite the fire station, that little wooden cottage, which this old uncle

[3] See also KNIGHT genealogy, ADDENDUM

left to me when he died, this one here [in picture] the old single one, the fisherman. Fred Chantrill, his name was. Then we bought that block there, I had a woodyard there for about 37 years, me and my cousin, Ernie.

F: Now, where is this again? This is near the fire station, where the C.F.S. is now? [But, at time of writing, 1999, due to be moved soon]

N: You know where young Pomery lives? Lorraine Pomery's son? Allan? Well, the little wooden one next to him [on the edge of Lakala,], I owned that cottage, after my uncle died, we had that for 25 years - we used to let that. Then we bought the block of land next door, which was a pretty swampy old block, with the new house, and the shed on it. I had that shed built, that was our shed.

[AILEEN adds - " Ken bought block next to Uncle Fred in 1947. He put the shed (still standing) next to what until recently belonged to BOB McKENZIE. Large shed corner Young St. and Mason St.

Our block was purchased by McALLISTER, and since the block has been divided and our shed is still standing (plus other side of block built on.)]

F: [I'm getting that confused with] another shed, the carpenter's -

N: Brittain's, around the corner. Les Brittain's shed. That was taken down and another house put there. George Brittain's father, old Les built this house [15 Sturt St.] he did. He was a builder. All his carpentering work there. [Back to] the wood business - we were post-cutting, there was a lot of post-cutting; that was the type of post we used to saw -

F: The big things, on either side of the gate?

N: Yes, and over this fence over here.

F: Now we're not talking chain-saws, not in those days?

N: First, we only had cross-cut saws and axes and mauls and wedges. A maul was a big wooden hammer you bashed the wedge in with. The old-fashioned men used to say you can't use steel hammers on wedges, because you'd damage your wedges, but after the War you got more modern, and we decided that the steel hammer was the way to go and damn the damage to the wedges -we'd buy another set! That was your tools then - a bit of blasting powder for tough logs, augur, inch-and-a-quarter augur and bore a hole in, say, a three-foot log, you go less than half-way down in the center of the log, or the end, whichever you choose - usually the end, the small end, pour your blasting powder in, go down to the dam and get a bucket of mud, clay mud, tamp that in with a plug, plug it up, bit of fuse and light it and you blow them into halves and that get you down to a manageable size where you could then hand-split posts. Then come chain-saws and swing-saws. Swing-saw was a circle saw, a moveable saw on two rubber tyres, like a wheelbarrow, two handles on it, and a long pole, with v-belts and the blade on the end. The log's laying on the ground, level piece of ground, level as you can, bring all your logs to one point where it's level; you'll soon get it more level by the saw-dust - rake it all out level, and then stand one end with this machine and go through - they could cut six foot, longways. [This was for] fencing, mainly farm fencing, we cut thousands up here - one order we had was ten thousand - took you quite a while, with other work. We used to employ cutters, we had several cutters for years on firewood, cutting in the scrub, getting the timber down to manageable eight-foot lengths so you could bring it home and sort it with your saw-beds in the wood-yard.

F: That's after the War, with chain-saws already?

N: Yes. Chain-saws come in about 1950. It was much different then. It was easier. You could do five or six times the amount of work.

F: But they'd be heavy petrol things in those days?

N: Still are, most of them in the scrub. Talking about the firewood-cutting for the Barrages up in these hills and Currency Creek, the best cutters I ever saw were two brothers called Bergens that come from the MacLaren Flat. They used to work 14 hours a day, 7 days a week up at Southcote up here. John Roche's now, used to be Buxton Forbes Laurie's you know, he built that home. They cut most of the timber that was cut on that place, cause you couldn't see that place for trees in those days. And they'd worked 14 hours a day, every day, 7 days a week - they'd cut 12 cordons [?] between them and make a lot of money. They own a beautiful big vineyard now at McLaren Flat. They might be dead now. The sons've got it.

F: What did you say you made after the war? Four pounds a week?

N: Four pounds three and fourpence we were getting, before the war.

F: What was the average wage then, a pound?

N: You'd get two pounds on the farm, or a pound, if they kept you. You had food. If you got up to a farm to work and live at home, two pound a week was the average pay. Actually, they'd pay what they could. There was no union or anything, they'd just pay you what they thought was a fair thing.

F: Luckily for you, four pound worked out well. You could almost buy a house for ten pound, or at least lay a deposit?

N: Oh yes, easy. This one here, what did it cost us, 1,600?

AILEEN: (re-appearing) - 1,500 pound. 1951 - we shifted in in November, but it was in construction a bit longer than it should have been because of wet weather. Mr. Brittain had the contract, George's father, and George worked on it, and Freddy Green. Freddy Green's father was the stonemason, did the stonework.

N: That'd be this Green girl's grandfather. Is her name Green?

A: Well, it was - she was Jack and Iris's[4] daughter.

N: Yes, I know - Jack Bain [married Iris Green[5] - A ]

A: There was two, after the war there was two Bains'. [Jack's brother Alec built on corner Nth. Terrace and Charteris St. - A ]

N: I don't know if she's been married.

F: Who's this?

A: Rosemary Mc'Connell} of the bookshop [Books on the Strand]. Her maiden name was Bain[6].

F: I know she's related to George [Brittain]. [Nancy Brittain (George's wife) - A ]

[various small-talkings]

A: We went for a drive, down Mentone Rd., and you come to the quarry. Did you tell him about that?

N: Yeah, we talked about that.

A: Not long ago, when we went along, I think he said he was the only survivor, that

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[4] Records, however, show that JACK BAIN married AILEEN GREEN, (known as LYN), while JACK'S brother ALEC, alluded to a few lines on, married IRIS GREEN, sister of AILEEN.

[5] But see previous footnote.

[6] Daughter of afore-mentioned JACK and LYN (occasionally AILEEN)

worked out there, Nobby is, that worked in Watson's quarry.

N: No, there was two of us - Don Blakely, he worked for a while in there.

A: He's still alive. But he didn't work very long. But that was an integral part of the Barrage.

N: He used to have the butcher shop where Marlene's got her paper-shop now.

F: The butcher shop was gone by the time I came here [1982]. It was a hairdresser by then.[Or possibly the second-hand shop next to the hairdresser].

[various small-talkings]

F: Is Don [Blakely] still around?

A: He's in Western Australia at the moment. He'll be back I should imagine, though he's well into his eighties.

[various small- talkings]

N: When we first got married, we rented the house here, --- next door, where Glenn Minnards lives;

A: Took nine years; I lived there on my own while Ken was away at the War.

N: There was no houses out here at all—

A: There was only five houses from Murray Terrace to the sea.

N: Full of box-thorns and rabbits. And she'd say some mornings - "What're we gonna have to eat tonight?" "Aw, dunno, we haven't got much." "Well, y'better get a rabbit.", so I'd have to go and get my rifle, in kitchen, standing in the corner - you couldn't do that today, you gotta have them all locked up in special cupboards. I open the bedroom window and shoot a rabbit, just across the track there.

F: Without even leaving the house?

N: No, from inside the house. There was hundreds and hundreds of them, rabbits.

[various small-talkings, regarding Nobby's career in rabbit-hunting, (for which, see above), coming back to the 'a pound for a pound' equation]

F: How much does a rabbit weigh, an average rabbit?

N: About bit under a kilo. A pound and three-quarter.

A: They're only little ones now, compared to what we used to have naturally.

F: In other words, one rabbit would get you two pounds, almost?

N: Oh, a couple of pound of meat, nearly.

A: They were big, but they were feral. Most of what you get now are um -

F: Introduced? Well, they're all introduced, but we've got lots of bunnys around the joint. But the idea that you could kill one rabbit and you've got enough to live on for a week..

N: Now you're not allowed to set rabbit traps.

F: I presume that's not to protect the rabbits - that'd be to protect people, wouldn't it?

A: No, I don't think - you're not allowed to kill rabbits.

N: You're not allowed to kill them that way.

F: But you are allowed to kill them, aren't you?

N: You can shoot them.

A: Well, yes. but I think that again is not feral, I think that's like rabbit farm.

F: I imagine we're supposed to kill the feral ones, cause they've put that calci-virus

thing around to try and kill them.

A: Rhonda Harding, she lives out towards Currency Creek, she's got a lot of rabbits still.

F: You only have to walk down The Strand at midnight and you see lots of rabbits. They do love it here.

[We now conduct roving interview, walking into shed where Nobby shows off his large saw-blade and rabbit-traps, etc.]

F: That's a rabbit-trap, all right - like a bear-trap, but smaller. I imagine part of it [the modern prohibition on these items] a) it's cruel to the animal, but b) just the danger of a person or a child accidentally walking into it, nasty looking thing.

A: Yeah, but it's still a very bad comparison with the things that they get up to now. They've got bombs and [?]. I'd hate to be bringing little ones up now.

N: [from elsewhere in depths of shed] Here's the auger I used for drilling the holes to put blasting powder in the logs - stick in here, same as the railway lines had them, hundreds of them.

F: That's why I've seen one exactly the same at the [Pt. Elliot] railway station - in fact a bigger one, above the door.

N: Stick through here - [demonstrates]

A: I tell you what, if you hang around long enough, there's a wealth of information in that shed - there's old , like that, augers and this 'n' that 'n' the other - I can't get rid of them, he won't let me touch them.

F: I wonder if it'd be worth videoing?

A: It's funny - we got a few photos of it we've just taken down off the wall. Just taken down. Last week. This week.

N: Here's a small cross-cut saw. The ones we used to have were six and eight foot long.

F: What, with the wooden handles on either side and the big teeth? You'd sharpen them all the time?

N: Oh, yeah. There's a gulleting machine, we used to gullet all the circles for the circular saws with.

A: Those circular saws there must be worth a treasure.

N: Can't even get money for 'em today for barbecue plates. Here's one there, cost six hundred pounds.

F: This thing's a huge saw, that's about four foot high.

N: That's exactly four foot round. You measure them diameter. And there's smaller, about three and a half, another one smaller - -

F: They certainly have nasty big teeth.

N: That's what we used to run the rabbit-traps with, of a night-time. Kero lanterns.

A: The memories that come back. I hadn't seen that really for a long time. [pointing to large round cooking pot, sitting on rafters] That's a stew pan. We had some natives come to work for us, cutting wood. They were local. [To Nobby] But you can tell him, because I've got to go wash my hair, but tell him about getting them up there with the photo - he took them up on a wet night, and there was a wife, and a husband, and a couple of cousins or something - we put up big tent - our tent, never used it

since - and we put it up there for them, and before we knew it, they had about sixteen or seventeen up there living, all natives - chopping wood, and they used to say to him on Monday morning - "You get some grocery for us, Boss", up to the top shop, and he'd have to buy skim milk, (and she was as skinny as a crow), and stores, and then, when it come Friday, they'd have to tally up how much wood they'd cut - they were on piece-work But by the time it was tallied up, they owed Nobby money for the groceries! [general laughter]

F: Even though there were that many of them?

N: They wouldn't work. They were drinking wine all the time.

A: They used to come down here, on the rare occasion on the weekend, and the police'd be out. But that there, I've never used it for cooking since. Or the tent either, we didn't use.

N: I burnt that, in the end.

A: [pointing to ledge] He grows his mushrooms along there, but he hasn't grown any this year. He's just had four beds of barley, out there, and we've just been 'bugging'. Yesterday he put the last of his irrigation down, and he'll have tomatoes in those four beds, at the end of this month. That bath over there is full of worms, too - worm droppings. They're buried in there.

A: These are just ordinary worms.

N: Not garden worms. They're only compost worms. You put them in the garden, they're not long and they're dead.

A: They provide manure.

## Tape 2, recorded 29/9/1999

*Side A*

FRODO: To start today's tape, it seems there's a little bit of debate about the picture, and the identity of the people in the picture, that we talked about on the other tape, where the picture has half the street names of Port Elliot in it, being William and Henry and Arthur and apparently there's some debate because some people think they [the people for whom the streets were named] might be Dodds rather than, is it Chantrills?

NOBBY: Chantrills, yes.

F: But you're saying you don't know for sure? [about the streetnames]

N: Not sure - it's only hearsay - we heard this, that that's what they were. Then I hear some people say that wasn't so.

F: And you couldn't remember if there was an Arthur Dodd, or a Henry Dodd?

N: No, I couldn't remember that, no. There was a Harry Dodd.

F: Harry Dodd? But we don't have a Harry Street. We've got a Henry Street, but not a Harry Street. So that's a mystery all it's own, for all that those folks, your forebears, were very interesting, as we discussed to some extent in Tape One.[7]

Now, we were just going back into your childhood before we turned the tape on, when we were talking about the shipwreck whose bits were sticking up in Horseshoe Bay just to the -

[7] And further, with evidence, in the ADDENDUM.

N: Right of the boat-ramp, towards Commodore Point. It was quite a high, a big piece of timber, four or five feet high in low tide, and we used to walk around when we were kids swimmin' and that, and we'd see all the bolts, copper bolts sticking out of it. The military blew it out, at the start of the Second World War. Got rid of it as well as it were a bit of a dangerous sort of a turn-out, and they blew it out, and I don't think there's anything much of it left there now.

F: What kind of training exercises did they have?

N: I think it was blasting, to see how they went at their demolition work.

F: You weren't there to see it?

N: No, I was away - I'd gone off to the war. When I got home, it was all gone. I was only told this, that it happened.

F: Spectacular sight, then, for the folks here, quite a few of whom did go to the war, didn't they? We've got the obelisk that lists all the ones that didn't come back. At some point, I must talk perhaps to Aileen as someone who stayed here during the war, and get an idea of what Port Elliot was like without three-quarters of the men in it.

I was going to take you back, before we went to the war however, to the Depression, and get some idea of what Port Elliot was like, if you can remember, because of course you were what we now call a teenager at the time.

N: It wasn't too good. There was no work much. You could get a bit of wood-cutting now and again, or the Council'd give them a day now and again on the roads, but you'd have to go to the police station, and the policeman'd come and see you cause they were on the, they called it the Ration - there was no money, like there is today. Food coupons. You got your coupons for your butter and your bread and your potatoes

and your wood and that sort of stuff, and you had to go to the shops - meat - and you just handed the coupon in, and the Government paid the bills. A different sort of a system to today, people get the money, and they can go and buy their own. But no, that was not too good.

F: And did you swap coupons or something? If you had coupons for something you didn't want, and you wanted coupons for something ---

N: I don't think you were allowed to. They might have done it, but I don't think you were supposed to.

F: So how did you get something that wasn't covered by coupons?

N: I don't know what happened there, but we seemed to manage anyway. Plenty of rabbits around, and fish, in those days. You could always get food, if you'd the energy to go and do it . 'Cause you could catch rabbits, y'could catch them in the town here - there was thousands of them here.

F: And you had your own vegies that you grew?

N: Oh, you could grow your own vegetables, eat your own fowls, all that type of thing.

F: I guess there weren't as many consumer goods that you wanted as we have nowadays -

N: Oh no, no

F: There wouldn't have been coupons for a couch, would there?

N: No, no. You just didn't spend much, 'cause you didn't have it to spend. Unless you got work. Wages was, I think, eight shillings a day then. If the Council wanted

four men, or five men, on the roads for a day or a week, you had to go to the police-station, and the police-station took coupons and names and a piece of paper in his cap, and he'd draw it out. There'd be twenty waiting and there were five wanted -

F: Literally picked out of a hat?

N: Yes. That's how they did it. Fairest way, I suppose.

F: We still have more 'stuff' we think we need today.

N: Oh yeah, got more stuff now.

F: No telly in the Depression

N: Nope

F: Radio?

N: Radio come in a little bit about that time, there were only a few people had it . I think there was about five telephones in Port Elliot when I was going to school. I think Cliff House was number 1 - Triggs - they were number 1.[8]

F: There was a shed, since pulled down, that had, I think, 07 on it.

N: Yep. Round here?

F: I'm just trying to remember the name. It's the continuation of Charteris St. that I live in, across the road. You'd think you'd remember, but you live somewhere, you forget the names all the time. Where the church is on the corner, the other corner from the church, away from North Terrace. [Actually the South-West corner of William Street and Regent Street]

[8] In fact, courtesy again of L.POMERY, (descendant of TRIGGS), CLIFF HOUSE was 3, (and no 0s in front).

N: That was Ted Rosser's carpenter's shop.

F: It was a big shed. And from memory, it was something like 07 [the phone number painted on the shed] before the Loprestos or whoever pulled it down. That'd be mid-eighties.

N: They built that new flat there, where Ian Beatty is. That was where Ted Rosser, E.W. Rosser, - I've got a board in there, with his name on it, when he had something sent down by the rail. Here it is, behind the door here.

F: He's grandfather of the current Ted?

N: He's father of Laurie Rosser.

F: Which is uncle to Ted who runs the post office?

N: Uncle to Ted, Laurie is.

[Nature rudely interrupts by raining, the preceding having been experienced in garden. We move to shed.]

F: Ted Rosser, and the carpenter's shed—

N: He was a carpenter, and a tank-maker as well.

F: We started because of the phone number, he had 07 or some really low number.

N: He would be low, his would be low, yeah.

F: And you remembered that 01 was the -

N: Just 1 - didn't have an 0 in front of it - Port Elliot 1, and I think Les Brittain was Port Elliot 2. I forget what Wally Dodd was - might have been 3, I think.[9] There

[9] In fact, 1 and 2 were both A.H.ABBOTT, and 3 (Cliff House) was in the name of J.W.TRIGG. Les BRITTAIN was 49, and Wally DODD was 29.

wasn't many - 4 or 5.

F: Would they ring direct to each other?

N: No, a girl worked in Post Office, on exchange. She'd have to put you through. Used to work day and night. Yeah, day and night. All night, for four or five phones. I don't think it'd be a paying proposition.

F: I know someone who did that in Ceduna or somewhere some years ago, and she got the house to live in, and I think a small stipend or something. To think, today even Port Elliot - what's the phone number, when we've got to ring somebody, eight numbers?

N: Eight numbers, now. When you rang up before, you just said - Port Elliot Two or Mr. whatever you wanted, and she'd put you through.

F: And there was three or four cars, and the washing machines presumably were all lined up?

N: Yeah, nearly all copper and boil the clothes in the copper. Every house had a copper. This house of mine's got a copper hand in there, and a copper - hand-wringer, drier, get the water out, and then you hung them out on the line.

F: Not even electricity at that point, or was there?

N: No, no electricity then, until we got the Victor Harbor Electricity Company started up - guessing back, ' 30 I suppose, '28. They went through to Goolwa. They all had scrub-poles, from out of the hills up here. Not bad poles, for them to string the wires on. Blue-gum poles, nearly as high as those Stobie poles there - thirty feet.

F: And specifically blue gum 'cause it grows so high.

N: Nearly all blue gum poles they were, because they were the straightest.

F: Last time, you were talking about when you were cutting posts like the ones we've got around here, about that high, were they blue gum?

N: Pink gum, mainly they were. Some blue gum, but mainly pink gum.

F: Why would they be pink gum rather than blue? Just availability?

N: That was the best keeping, the best resistance to white ants. Blue gum was more white-ant prone. White ant didn't touch it so badly, put it that way.

F: But pink gum doesn't grow as straight as blue gum?

N: Some of them do. Normally, blue gum is smaller and straighter, very much like this Tasmanian blue gum they're planting all over the country now - it grows very quick. No, but they used mainly pink gum poles if they could get them, but then they couldn't get that many, and they had a lot of blue gum ones.

F: When there were only 6 or 7 telephones.

N: This is for electric light. Telephone people, they always had steel poles in my time. You'll notice the old ones along the railway line. That was the railway telephone. You see, the railways had their own telephones, right the way through, all the railways.

F: Land-line type. We still had that at the, (as you know, I work on the railway) [Port Elliot Station] until a few years ago, but kids kept cutting them, [being] just this single line, low enough that a kid could cut it. Which was a nuisance, as we've still got a beautiful old telephone on the railway station.

N: That's what they had then, they had their own, all overhead stuff, no underground.

F: Did you have streetlights in those days, in the '30s?

N: Yeah, when Mr. Brittain used to run the power down there in the shed where his workshop was, where the 'Chicken Run' is now, where you buy your cooked fowls and stuff, he had his shed there, big carpenter's shed -

F: On the main road?

N: Right where the shop is. Adjoining Dodd's.

F: Over my back fence.

N: First power was for the top shop up here on the hill, feller named Ellis had it. He run it with a very small engine- he had a couple of lights in the street. His own house and one or two others on, but not many - maybe two or three. Then Mr. Brittain started up, with his big 20 horse-power Blackstone engine - generator, and they got some more street-lights then, a few more. Just in the town. When the town was a Corporation, not a Council then, just a Corporation.

F: Was that the early '30s?

N: Yes, it would be. And then, we got more on as the houses were built. It was pretty poor power, fluctuating all the time, and engine troubles - it was only a kerosene engine, big old thing, but -

F: Noisy?

N: When he was going - he used to switch it off twelve o'clock at night. There was nothing on after twelve. And he wouldn't start it up till just before dark at night. So it wasn't full-time turn-out.

F: So after midnight, this whole area would have been pitch-black?

N: Pitch-black, yeah. The petrol-station and the bakery shop, they had gas. Acetylene gas. They had a big old tank affair, looked something like the modern water-heaters they stand alongside the house. Carbide it was, carbide.—through water somehow,

and it used to fizz and boil and fiddle around.

F: Acetylene gas's what you do welding with?

N: Yeah, well that's --- I supposed you'd have to call it carbide. Matter of fact, they had carbide lights for their push-bikes, too. Little lamp. You could light it with a match.

F: Is that a very bright white light?

N: Pretty white, yes. And the station had 'em right along the platform, and when the night trains come in, the Stationmaster would walk down with his - we had a name for it - long stick affair, used to reach up and just light the light with it - Jeffery Hawkes' [long-time Postmaster at P.E., till mid-1980s] father used to do that.

[At this point, AILEEN appears. There is some discussion around her proofreading of Tape 1]

N: Tapers, wasn't it? When old Hawkesy used to light the lights with the gas, taper, wasn't it called?

A: Yes. [to F] I can tell you the exact dates. We were married on the 5th of January, 1942, in Adelaide, and we stayed down there, and came back to Port Elliot on the Tuesday night, and Nobby and an old chap called Bullwick [?] , whose son started to build, he built the house across the road, but he started off building then, and he become one of the best builders on the south coast . But on the Thursday, we'd left a parcel behind, down at the Grosvenor, so I had rang up and asked would they mind putting it on the train, which they did. Then on the Thursday afternoon, I knocked off work and I went up to the Post Office. It was a dreadful day - it was a North wind blowing and it was as hot as the Devil, and, as I went up, I called into Rosser's shop

and got a bottle of squash to take up to two workers, who were knocking the original Post Office down, in the Strand.

F: At the back of what we now call the R.S.L.? Opposite where the Cliff Hotel [GLOBE Hotel, CLIFF House] used to be?

A: Yes, but it's also opposite the Guide Hall.

F: Right next door to it.

A: Anyway, I called into Rosser's and got this bottle of drink, and I rounded the corner to go to the railway station, of which Mr. Hawkes was the stationmaster, to get my parcel, only to be greeted with the paling fence coming down, and the lights. And that's exactly when the tapers, as Nobby called it, come out of fashion, and we got electricity on the station. Yes, they were tapers. There was about six or eight lights [on the railway station], and it was much shorter than it [ ] afterwards become. When the troops were down, at Mount Breckan, they enlarged our station up here by - went right up past Ern Clark's - probably sixty, eighty feet -

N: More than that.

A: More than that?

N: More than that.

F: I think I've seen a photo of that, and I've been really confused by how come at some point it was this long -

N: You see, it couldn't take [?] troops were going to Mt. Breckan to be trained - Air Force.

A: I'd come on that train, and there'd be 17 carriages when the Air Force were up

there, and that's why they [lengthened the station] It was full. It was full!

F: And we never get more than 5, now.

N: Used to be the back of it, used to be down here, and the front was nearly up to Rosetta Terrace!

A: And that's when they built the additions, and that then made it the longest railway station, apparently, in South Australia. It was a little larger than Adelaide. Then they eventually took that away, many years afterwards. But that was a focus of history. I can remember that being built. And I can remember helping all the old girls down. They'd take them way out by Ernest's [?] and the steps came out like that. We used to lift them down.

N: Very unsatisfactory - or they had to try and walk right back, through the train. And sometimes they had carriages you couldn't do that - there was no doors on the end of them. Very awkward.

A: When I'd come home it'd be night-time, and usually a week-end, as I'd been down to stay with my mother, and I can remember more than once I used to sit on my case in the aisle, because the Air Force had every seat going back on a Sunday night.

F: I don't think there were that many carriages when Charles and Di came here. There weren't 17 cars on that train.

N: About eight or nine.

A: Probably wasn't even that. There was the upper crust, and her, but then, the Mayoress at that time comes here twice a week - Rhonda Harding, you know her?

F: Yes, Colin's widow.

A: They're great friends of ours, or both were, but of course he's gone now. But no, that was only a little train as compared to what used to be. There used to be freight trains - Clarrie Green and his truck. I won't say any more.

N: Yes, they were freight trains. That was all it was . No trucks, much.

F: I'm still getting used to the idea of what this was like before there was any electricity - how still it would have been at night, once the generator went off. For somebody city-born like me, you really have to think about what that was like. Well, for most people now.

A: Except for the War, when we used to have Wardens. One was a rector, and another was something else.

F: And what did the Wardens do, make sure no-one had lights on?

N: You couldn't have lights burning. Everything had to be blacked out. All the windows blacked out.

A: Up at Arcadia one night, they had inadvertently left one on, and, before you could say Jack Robinson, they'd phoned from The Bluff to report it

N: On top of the Bluff, Victor Harbor, they'd twigged it. Didn't want submarines coming in here.

F: For most of my life, that would have sounded bizarre and alarmist, but we know now that the Japanese actually got closer to Australia than we thought - there were quite a few subs in Sydney Harbour, for one thing. Getting back to the idea of no lights and no electricity, the only time you appreciate that, (and I have to admit I love it when it happens), you know how we have a complete black-out sometimes? I love going for a walk, and it's just totally peaceful. You look over at Victor Harbor, and

the lights aren't even on. The nearly-twenty years I've lived here, I've seen, looking at Victor Harbor, how the lights have doubled - you must really have noticed that.

N: My word. I reckon they've more than doubled. I reckon they're eight to ten times more here in this place, when you come in from Goolwa of a night-time. [I] often think of the difference - way out to Waterport, all the farms've got electric lights - they'd never had any of that, oh they had wind-lights, some of them, you know, windmill. There were several makes of them. One was called 'Wind-Lights', like a wind-mill, they had a big fan.

F: Did you make your own?

N: No, they were all bought. There were several brands of them - 'Dunlop' was another one they used to make. They used to work fairly well.

F: We're back in the '30s and '40s? They were more popular than the petrol ones?

N: There's quite a few of them still around now, you'd be amused to know, here and there.

F: I suppose they're cheaper to run than petrol generators?

N: Well, not much to wear out on them, wind's the power, a bit of moving part -

F: Nothing like petrol though. And I guess in the '30s. people didn't have the petrol-driven ones.

N: No, no I never saw one. They were all wind. Four-bladed fan, like an aeroplane propeller and it'd whistle around there, you know.

F: And now we're trying to bring all that back again.

N: All coming back, too.

[There is some discussion around the tape-recorder, this side being nearly finished, as F checks same. We then speak of television and its introduction into Australia in the late 1950s, when N and A got one.]

F: Mind you, when I came to Port Elliot in 1982, the television reception was appalling. You were lucky if you got Channel 2. So, if you bought a television in 1958, say, what did you see?

N: You could get a reception, but if was sort of flicky and blurry, you know, all that type of thing.

F: As it was in '82.

N: They slowly improved it.

F: I think they improved it quickly about ten years ago, when we got the extra transponder-things -

N: Over here, Waitpinga Hill.

F: This brings me back to the radio, and the 1930s. What was the reception like with that?

N: Oh, not too bad. We could hear the Test Cricket from England, quite clearly.

F: Are we talking crystal sets?

N: Fair-sized ones. Family thing, on a table. I forget what they cost. We thought they were dear then, but they wasn't by today's prices.

F: I've seen catalogues of those. They were a couple of pounds, and you payed on the never-never of two shillings -

N: Whatever terms you could get.

F: So do you remember much of what was on radio, apart from the cricket?

N: Oh, local football, from Adelaide, a lot of music, more music than anything else,

F: You don't remember Mo?

N: Yeah, remember him - Roy Rene, Mo MacCackie.

F: You wouldn't have had a lot of other entertainment, compared to today -

N: Oh no, plenty of sport, football and cricket . Anyone that was interested in shooting, there was always tons of shooting. Rabbits. Great thing, Saturday afternoons was most of us young fellers, ten or twelve of us, we were up in the hills, shooting. Like today, a lot younger than we were supposed to be, too, you had to be fourteen or fifteen to have a rifle, something like that, but we got them when we was ten and eleven or twelve. Little .22 bullets, usually short bullets, because they were cheaper, eight pence for fifty.

F: But you could damage a rabbit quite well with one?

N: Oh, yes, quite easily. We used to sell the skins, as I said, I think, the other day.

F: Get the pound a pound -

N: We weren't getting that then. They were pretty cheap then, when we were lads. Long before the War, in the Depression.

## Tape 2, recorded 29/9/99

*Side B*

FRODO: And 'B' is the letter, 'cause we were talking about Bunnies, and you were talking about rabbits being, (and rabbits are obviously one of the main features of your life), cheaper in the Depression, when you kids were hunting them with the pellet guns.

NOBBY: That's right, and we did a lot of trapping too - you know, rabbit traps. They were very thick. Matter of fact. a lot of people, that's where they got their money from, wasn't a lot they got, but you could get three pounds a week if you worked pretty hard at it, and wages was only two pound four.

F: Are we still in the Depression?

N: Yes.

F: 'Cause on the other tape you said you were making four pounds a week when people made two, but that's after the War?

N: After the War, yes, when the rabbits were a pound a pound. I remember one week, I made a hundred pound. That was unheard of! Y'only had to have a hundred pound of skins, a pound for a pound. This only went for a week or two. Everybody was getting them then, and it got too many, and it end up back to threepence a pound again then, and then fourpence.

F: But in the meantime, you'd made a year's salary in one week.

N: That's right. That's when I bought my woodyard, and started off business on my own.

F: 'Cause you only needed two or three pound, or ten, to put down a deposit. It's a bit like winning Lotto.

N: That was a good run, that was. It was only short.

F: It's what you do with it that counts.

N: I was always taught if you earned a pound and spent nineteen and elevenpence, you didn't have any trouble, but if you earned a pound and spent twenty-one shillings, you were continuously in trouble.

F: Mr. Micawber, 'David Copperfield'. W.C. Fields played him in the movie.

N: That's right. Another one was - spend it, enjoy yourself, because shrouds don't have pockets.

[AILEEN, who had wandered off earlier to read the transcript of Tape 1, reappears. There is some whispered discussion of editing.]

N: Ah, there were some good people up in these hills in those days. They're still there, too. Good families, you know, they welcomed you on their property and asked you in to have a cup of tea - Englands, Higgins', they were lovely people. Englands are still up there. Jack England, very involved in the English Church here, he and his wife, Pat. Lovely people. Welcome you on the property, get your firewood, bring it home, you didn't have to buy any firewood if I didn't have the energy to cut it, bring it home - welcome as much as you want. 'Course it was helping to clear the property. I'm talking about the early days, when you wanted wood for your own fire.

F: Before you had the woodyard?

N: Yeah. The Government, in the Depression, they gave you coupons for firewood. It was alright in Adelaide, but I could never see why you needed it down here because you could go and get firewood over here at the football ground, it was laying on the

ground. Still trees, dead trees laying round it. I suppose they had to set a pattern [with the ration cards].

F: Which is why I wondered earlier on what would happen if you wanted something that wasn't in the pattern, and what you did with the things you were given that were no good to you?

N: I don't think you could exchange them. If I remember rightly, the two shillings for wood, I think it had "wood" on it, sixpence for butter had "butter", sugar, milk, bread,

F: It was a certain amount, not money, wasn't it, like a quarter pound of butter?

N: Yes, certain amount, according to how many was in the family, and that sort of thing. I don't think you could change them for other. But in the War they had coupons, and they used to change them then. Second World War, you had coupons - people had money then, but still, that was 'cause there was a shortage of all that stuff. Petrol rationing, that was another thing. I got old tickets in there somewhere, petrol ration for a 44-gallon drums of petrol, for trucks and that.

F: That lasted, correct me if I'm wrong, till '49, didn't it? If I remember correctly, that's how Menzies got in power.

N: That's right. It was a long time. It went on and on and on.

F: Funny to think of a place like Port Elliot that one minute has four telephones and, how many cars? You counted them - about five cars - and before you know it, you're worrying about petrol rationing, never mind now.

N: There's lots of things we got now - there was no bitumen. Main street had no bitumen until 1936. That was just a pot-holed old road. The road to Goolwa was shocking.

F: This is when you did the horse and dray?

N: That's right. Most people had a horse and carts, gigs and buggies,

F: No bicycles?

N: A few, a few bicycles. One or two old motorbikes around.

[There is some discussion of the morality, and expense, of owning cars.]

F: A Model-T Ford cost you something like a year's wages, didn't it?

N: I bought a '36 Dodge, cost me 450 pound.

F: That's five year's wages.

N: That's what you had to do. You had to buy on time payment.

F: You bought that new?

N: Second-hand one. Wasn't very old. It was about a year old when I bought it. I bought it in 1937.

F: You were only 18 years of age.

N: No that's wrong - I bought it in 1948, it was a few years old. I had the money then, I don't know how I had it. [Actually, AILEEN adds, it was Easter 1954].

F: That was after the expensive rabbits.

N: It was a big old car. Still going. I sold it to a fellow, he's over at Aldinga. He restored it.

F: That's an enormous tank. I know what a 1936 Dodge looks like.

N: They were big old heavy things.

F: You're talking about an Arabic country-full of petrol every five minutes.

N: My word, they were heavy on petrol. They weighed a ton in the water, I think. I got a photo of it in there somewhere.

F: This is a sedan, not a truck?

N: Sedan, that was.

F: You were obviously doing quite well by then. I might have thought you'd have a truck for your lumber-yard.

N: At one stage, we had three trucks. All bar one, they were second-hand ones, but still we had them. You could register the things for about three quid a year or something, not like today. Firewood was eighteen shillings a ton, and now it's a hundred and forty dollars, so there's the difference.

F: That price has virtually doubled in the ten years since I can remember buying wood. I am sure I paid seventy. And once upon a time, as you say, you went down to the footy ground and helped yourself.

N: There was wood everywhere.

F: and dirt roads, and no television, and not very much electricity,

N: No footpaths, nobody delivered the mail, you had to go to the Post Office to get your mail, which was interesting - you used to meet everybody.

F: No poker machines.

N: No. There were betting shops.

F: What, in Port Elliot?

N: One where the Registry cafe is - that was a betting shop. Saturday afternoon. all the old punters'd be round, out the front, with their pipes going, making out they were

rich. Worked between the pubs and the betting shop, pub to the betting shop, betting shop to the pub, pub to the betting shop, and so on - I've forgotten what they called it - we used to call them betting shops. One at Victor, one at Goolwa.

F: And they've all died?

N: They went out years ago, when the Government took them over. They were run by private people. The Government got a cut, somehow, out of it, a percentage. Government decided they'd have the lot.

F: So where do you go if you want to buy a T.A.B. ticket? You go to the pub, don't you?

N: You go to the pub now.

F: So was that a betting-shop all week long?

N: When the races were on. Usually only Saturday. Saturday, Wednesday afternoons, I think it was. Matter of fact, Colin Sibly's great-uncle used to run it - Roy Faulkner was his name. He had one leg. [However, AILEEN disputes this.] He had crutches he used to walk on. In other words, Colin Sibly's grandmother's brother used to run it. Roy Faulkner. Mrs. Sibly Senior, her name was Faulkner too. They come from, used to be the big railway terminal, Terowie, Mid-North.

F: Betting shop. I think it [The Registry, The Strand] was a wool shop for a long time.

N: It's been everything - fish shop, vegetable shop, cafe, in my time, it's been everything.

F: It was the original, what do you call it, Government centre in Port Elliot. That's why Town and Foreshore still has the A.G.M. there. That's why it's called The Registry, because it was the first -

N: I've seen an old photo of that main street with a lot of shops there that I can never remember - look like two-story buildings, one or two of them. Down here in North Terrace, photo there of shops I never saw in my lifetime. They must've been knocked down.

F: I'm still amazed that there were Moreton Bay Figs along North Terrace. I've seen them in The Strand - I've seen that photo. But not North Terrace. And you chopped them down?

N: Yeah. Some big ones. There were some huge ones, three or four of them. Right opposite the 'Chicken Run', by that second-hand shop.

F: The old pottery.

N: I was born there, the end room. Still there. I had a look at it the other day. Only, it's twice as big. They must have knocked a wall out of it, I reckon.

F: When it was a pottery, because they brought in the wheels, and the pottery stuff. But there would have been a Moreton Bay Fig out the door when you were born.

N: Yes, huge. I remember Mr. Jaffray, his people lived here, down on the corner of Murray Terrace, and he was the foreman of a rubber plantation in Malaysia, and he used to come home for holidays from time to time, and I'd come to school, and they said that we're going to have an exhibition of [?] latex from a tree, same as they do with the rubber trees, and Moreton Bay Fig tree, if you pricked it, it would bleed. So he arrived, and we all marched down to this big tree, and he give us the talk and then

he had his little cup with a spike on it, and he had the tool to cut the 'v' in the tree, and he pushed this cup in up against the bark, and into the bark, cut the 'v'', and all this white stuff come out of the tree and filled the cup in no time. And he said - " that's how it's done today", and that was the modern way of getting the rubber out of the rubber tree. 'Course it was a Moreton Bay, and it bled just the same. Sap come out, run out like milk out of a cow, it did.

F: And so did you chop that same tree down?

N: We knocked him down, Ernie and I, chainsaw.

F: Did that feel like anything at the time?

N: No, we were used to it.

F: You see, I'm still astounded by the fact that you've seen where you were born nearly every day of eighty years of your life, you cut down the tree out side the window you were born in - and remember, I was born half-way across the world, and I wouldn't know the building I was born in - wouldn't have the first clue - that's an extraordinary connection with where you were born that Aboriginal persons might understand more than I could, because it's about Your Land in a way, that little bit of North Terrace, even if you don't own it, is Your Land. You must think about that tree quite often, walking past.

N: Oh yeah, I remember it, of course I do. It was a big tree. There used to be an old paint shop there, too - old fellow, a painter, and he had a paint shop. Lot of little shops, there was in that building, and they were very old when I went to school, and they looked all derelict, and this one you could walk past, and all you could see was gallon paint tins all over the whole floor, where he had all his paints. Bert Moyle, his

name was - good painter. No relation to the Moyles that's here now, another family altogether. They've all gone away now, and died and whatnot. There's one or two relatives still in Victor Harbor. Old paint shop, and then there was a cafe - Mrs. Needham had her laundry, she used to do people's washing and ironing. People'd bring the washing to her, and she'd wash it and iron it, and they'd come and collect it, and pay her a shilling for the big basket-full.

F: This is still the pottery building?

N: All in that one building, a series of little shops it was in the front, and people lived in all the back - it was like a rabbit warren, really. So was that old fruit shop where the Loprestos was [still, at time of writing, a fruit-and-veg], that was a funny old place. I reckon they were all built by one family, when they came out from England. The design was all the same. Verandahs, they had a verandah right along the whole footpath, right from there down to the surf-shop.

F: Of course, the fruit shop's been changed.

N: Like that verandah they're putting on the bookshop, [Books on the Strand being re-verandahed at time of interview], curved iron verandah, they've got a name for them.

F: When I lived at Trafalgar House [no. 25, The Strand], that had a curvature like that, and I remember the landlord having some difficulty, even though he was an architect, finding that same iron.

N: You may have to have them made specially, I think.

F: [I think the pattern of corrugated iron referred to is 'bull-nose'] It's nice to see those chaps [replacing said verandah]. You see them up and down The Strand continually, working on the - Reminded me of, (not that I've ever lived there), but if

you lived in Sydney, I believe you'd see the Paul Hogans on the bridge continually, they get to one end and they go back - these guys are our version, doers of balconies and the like. I've just thought of one amongst a lot of things I wanted to ask you. I remember this wonderful gag that I was told from various directions, and I believe George Brittain was the gangleader, and Joe Barton was involved, and the two stories that I liked best, (and you might have something to add to these), apparently, you had the guns in the gun shed, overlooking Horseshoe Bay? The mounted guns?

N: Yeah, they did. We call that the Gun-House.

F: And they took the guns, and pointed them into the police-station, which then was a police-station?

N: That's right.

F: You were involved there, were you?

N: No, I wasn't in that lot. They were older than me. Just an old gun, it was harmless. The barrel was filled up with lead. Come from the First World War. I don't know where it went.

F: Apparently, when they removed it, it was hanging from the rafters or something, in the Gun-house?

N: It had wheels on it when it first was there.[10]

F: Ah, that's how! I've often wondered how did they move it?

N: It had two wooden wheels on it, like a dray.

F: In other words, they could push it, between two boys.

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[10]Lorraine Pomery corrects this, as it was a hand-held machine-gun.

N: They used to pull it through the fields in France.

F: Although that's men, and this is boys, as I'm gathering the boys would have been 15, or 14. Same age as the trick with the (ahem) minister's doorbell. The other trick I recall that apparently Mr. Brittain was responsible for, was getting the bicycle of the police-person and putting it up the flag-pole.

N: Yeah, he did that one night, too - one New Year's Eve. I remember that - I wasn't in that, either. They pulled it up the flag. Used to pull lots of things up the flag-pole, they did.

F: This is the flag-pole next to the Council Chambers?

N: The one that was by the Institute, opposite the Council Chambers. The big long one. It's gone now. They shifted it over, a new one, to the other side.

F: What else did they put up it?

N: They used to put anything up there - old boots, all sorts of tricks they used to do. It was easy to do because the rope was down the bottom, you just tie it on and undo the - pull it up and then tie it, and there it was. You could do it in a couple of minutes.

F: When I was a kid, we did underwear once, just for a gag. [Not in P.E., but]. The bicycle, I thought, was a good trick.

N: I tell you one prank that happened in my fishing-boat. This is one told against myself. I used to leave it on Lady's Beach, and I come home one afternoon, and somebody says - "Your fishing boat's out at Seagull Island. I went down, and sure enough, it was. So I went straight up to the Police Station and reported that my boat had been taken from its mooring and there was two fellows in it out at the island, and the policeman said "I'll be down", so he went down, and they were on their way back,

so he walked around, and waited for them to come ashore, and he come over to me and said - " I got a bit of a problem for you - one of them's your son and the other one's his mate. " That was the end of that one.

F: I take it Son got a bit of a talking-to?

N: He's now 53, next week.

## Tape 3, recorded 17/11/1999

*Side A*

FRODO: As I said to you before, I've been doing some transcribing of a talk George Brittain gave on the Centenary, in 1936, of South Australia being officially founded; we had the 1986 with the ridiculous name, the Sesqui-quad-qui, whatever, Centenary, and you just said you remember building the Centenary Steps?

NOBBY: I remember them being built, yes. L.L. Brittain did all the concrete work on them. Took quite a while. They were very nice, too, when they were first done - been there for 63 years, now, so - deteriorated a little bit, but they've been repaired from time to time and they look quite nice, yeah.

F: They've always seemed to me to be rather big, like you could walk several elephants down them. Why did they make them that huge?

N: I don't know. They're very big, very wide, aren't they?

F: And then down the bottom you've got this tiny little space, about from here to the kitchen door, [as we are sitting in N and A's kitchen, which is not enormous], and it sort of seems much ado about nothing.

N: Perhaps they were running out of money, I don't know why they made that small.

F: They didn't have much choice with their ending - the big bits end on this very small plateau. But I believe there used to be celebrations on that plateau.

N: They used to have a bit of functions there. I forget what they really were now, some special occasions they used to have things down there. But on the croquet lawn, they used to have a lot of functions down there, what we call the croquet lawn there, on the left, down the main street by the steps [Continental Park]

F: Do you remember seeing anyone playing croquet there?

N: Oh yes - Mrs. Roberts and her daughter; Mrs. Burnett and various other ladies. They had a pretty good club there.

F: I have seen pictures of them. The pictures I've seen would be from about the time you were born - they were more Edwardian. But they were still going in the '20s or so?

N: They were. They were going in the '30s.

AILEEN: They were going in the '40s. I didn't come here till the '40s.

F: You didn't play croquet yourself, though?

A: No, I wasn't old enough! (laughs).

F: Have you seen, just to sidetrack, the furniture that's on the croquet lawn now? There's some very cleverly-designed stuff.

N: If you mean the building they had done up, no I haven't.

F: Oh, it's beautiful. And they've actually got little tables with croquet mallets as one of the legs. Very clever design [by Richard Woods, Heritage adviser to Council], just done recently. But back to the Centenary and the Steps and the like, George [Brittain] said in his talk that most of the labour was voluntary, but that the voluntary labour died down after a while, and you only had a few hard-core that worked weekends. One person got paid for the steps, I think was what George said.[11]

N: Yeah, that'd be L.L. Brittain, the concrete worker.

A: But wasn't it..... they were, like people on the dole today?

N: No, I don't think. I don't know, I can't remember a lot about it. I remember more about when they paved the path right around with the bluestones, because my uncle and Jack Atrill did that. My uncle was Harold Knight, my mother's brother. Most of the paving's from the jetty, right around to Green Bay they did that. And they were both paid to do that, so much wages a day.

F: Yes, that's what George said, as well. Now, why did I think the very first part of that paving was done just after World War I? But it wasn't actually started until 1936?

A: Which part?

F: The part near the Gun House...

N: You're talking about the Gun House lot now? I thought you were talking about the Centenary Steps? I think they were all built by paid labour.

F: The Centenary Steps?

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[11]Lorraine Pomery notes: The Centenary steps were built by Leslie L. Brittain. On the side of the bottom step, L.L. BRITTAIN is printed in the concrete. There was no voluntary labour.

N: Professionally built The other steps, in front of Arcadia, the other pathway with the concrete wall, that was done under the guidance of Harry Handby, I believe, who was the builder and owner of Arcadia. He had that built in 1913.

F: But at that point the path didn't exist?

N: That was did in 1936 as well, as far as I know.

F: So I've got mixed up all these years between the wall and the path.

N: I think it was voluntary labour on a good bit of that.

F: On which?

N: The one in front of Arcadia which goes down to the gun-house.

F: The actual walls, the 1913 walls?

N: No, it wasn't 1913 - Arcadia was built in 1913, and Harry Handby, and other helpers - I think he was boss-man of it, you know what I mean? He instigated to have it built, and I think there was quite a lot of voluntary labour in that.

F: And that was done when, those walls?

N: About '36, as far as I can remember,

F: 'Cause they match the Centenary Steps anyway.

N: Same time, I think - you'd have to check that out with Lorraine [Pomery].

F: So I presume maybe they did the wall first, and then a crew started to the path?

N: Yeah, bitumen path.

F: Not just the bitumen now, I'm thinking more about the slate path.

N: Down there, yeah. I told you that my uncle and Jack Atrill started building the main section, the big section straight up from the jetty right around to Green Bay..

F: From the front of the Gun House?

N: No, they started at the back of the jetty. Bert Dent and several other volunteers - Bert was the boss - they volunteered to do the first part of it, from the Gun House round to the jetty, but when they got there, they sort of had enough of it...

F: And that was when?

N: That was just before 1936.

F: But well after 1918?

N: Oh yes, yes.

F: My impression was that that section was done by people coming back from World War I.

N: No, no it was done in my time. The stone come out of the quarry up here - up where a house is in it now, at the foot of the hill up here, going along the Crows Nest Road. Stone for that little section come out of there, and the other stone, most of it comes from up at Mosquito Hill Road, up the back of the hills here.

F: Because, as you go further along, just after the break-water, there's quite a change...

N: In colour?

F: In colour, in style, in the way it's laid and everything.

N: That's right. That was the stone that come from Mosquito Hill Road, and the other stone again come from this quarry here.

F: The earlier stones from here?

N: Yes. That's why you had the two colours.

F: As I say, that's noticeable, the change. And then you get the rock where they put their names and the date.

N: That's right - my uncle's name's on it, and Jack Atrill's.

F: And that amuses me for another reason, because they've signed that - "Xmas, 1948". I have a friend that lives in Port Elliot, a woman, and, like myself she's come from half-way around the world, because we're both born in Germany, but she was born on Christmas Day, 1948! So she's come half-way around the world, and loves that path and goes for walks to see this carving of these people that did this beautiful work, where they signed their initials the day she was born!

N: Well, that's about when they built it.....

F: No, that must be when they finished, 1948, if they started in 1936?

N: Which sign are you talking about? There's two, isn't there?

F: Right up the front.

N: Just around from the breakwater?

F: That's right, but around the front. There, in a rock, they've etched their names, "H. Knight", I think it might say, and "J. Atrill, Xmas, 1948". 'Cause we, Town and Foreshore, put a plaque next to that, you might recall, about ten years ago, I think. And, as I say, my friend who also lives in Port Elliot was born on Christmas, 1948.

And I myself have helped with the path, later on, when we finished off the last section around Green Bay, ten or twelve years ago. We did the last bit up to Knight's beach, Merrilli Place.

N: Where did you get the stone for that?

F: Willunga, as I recall.

N: Willunga, that's the real proper slate. That'd be expensive, too.

F: Town and Foreshore would have those records. I don't think it's as good slate as the second lot we were just talking about, the lot from the breakwater is the best lot, I think.

N: That's right. Pretty strong slate, that.

F: And it's the best laid, because it's joined perfectly. None of the other sections join perfectly.

N: No, the stone was more irregular, from up in our quarry here.

F: George mentions doing a chain at a time that he and other voluntary workers on weekend would prepare the ground, and then, during the week, Darby and John would actually lay the slate. Which is different to how we did it when we did the last section, where we did it once a month, and twelve people all-in. Do you remember much about the actual Centenary celebrations, the Grand Prix, any of that?

N: Yeah. I remember the Grand Prix going through the town. That started up at Bean's corner, that's the Victor corner....

A: Used to be McNally's.

N: Well, it started there, and went clockwise, down Nangawooka corner, which is Urimbirra, where the park is, in to the right onto Waterport Road, right along Waterport Road and round the corner, up North Terrace right through to Basham's corner and round and round like that.

F: 250 miles they did, apparently.

N: Yes. Stanley Woods won the motorbike race. He was an Englishman. He had a Norton motorbike. Wasn't a young man. He won that, easily. I can't think who won the main car race.

A: Didn't Basham let people park in his, he owned all this - Basham property started, right through to Waterport Road, just there, where this new housing's going to be? [a new estate mooted for between Montpellier Terrace, and the Water Lane area, as at Nov. 1999]

N: Mister Basham? They opened up the fence and charged a small fee for parking the cars - there was a lot of cars, you see - and then they could watch it. 'Cause there was nowhere to park on the road, really. Waterport Road wasn't bitumen then, it was only gravel, but they had it done in good trim, y'know.

F: They smoothed it.

N: Pretty well. Late at night.

F: I believe every shed in the area was used. George tells some funny stories about the crews coming to check out all the sheds so they've got places to work.

N: It was a big day, that. Might have been two days.

F: They usually are two or three days, because they have various trials and things, and, as you say, motorbikes.

N: They didn't come back any more. Must've found better places, I suppose.

F: Do you remember the man sitting on the chimney during the race, by the way? That became quite a controversy here, apparently. It was George's father who apparently sat on his roof.

N: By the chicken shop, there. Two-storey place, up on top where the boys used to sleep.

A: That's Bill Brittain, used to get up to all his escapades...

N: He was brother to George. Les was the father, and Bill was one of the sons. There were 5 sons.

F: And they all got up to mischief, or just Bill and George?

A: The only thing I remember the youngest one doing was at cricket, breaking his arm.

N: That was Ray, he's still alive, down in Victor. But I told you Mr. Brittain used to run the power plant for the town..

F: This is the one on the concrete plate, that was next to where the shop used to be until recently, just opposite the railway station?

N: No, that was the first one. That was Ellis that run the power then - he had a smaller outfit. He had the shop. Bloke named Ellis. Then he disappeared somehow and then Mr. Brittain put his in. The block for the engine and the generator was about where they cook the chickens now, the chicken shop [Nth. Terrace], right in the centre of there, that's where the engine was. That's where Bill had his electric shock. [A burst of laughter from AILEEN in the background]. Nearly killed him. He got up on the shed one day, Saturday morning, and was doing some capers - I think he was sliding down the steep gable of the shed, and the wires went out to the street, you see, and the

old fellow had the generator going, and he thought he was going too fast, he reached up and he grabbed it - he had terrible scars up his neck; one of his hands was burnt like that for all his life, and he was only a boy really.

F: This is George's brother, obviously.

N: George's fourth brother. George, Sid, Bert, Bill and Ray - 5 boys.

A: Bill and Nobby were born the same day. Then there was Bert, 82, the one at Mount Barker; Sid, he's 84, and George is 86. There's four years between them. And then Ray, the one that's down there, the afterthought, perhaps eight or nine years...

F: The afterthought! I was one of those. So, did that generator in the middle of town shut down in the middle of town as well?

N: Yeah, he used to shut it down, about tennish - nine or ten he used to shut it off. Then he'd start it up again in the morning. Then of course Victor Harbor Lights started up, and they were much bigger, 'cause they supplied the whole South Coast right through. Not in the country at all, but Victor, Encounter Bay, you know.

F: And when was that? Before 1936?

N: You'd have to check that out, I think it'd be about 1933 or 4?

F: Because Lorraine mentions in that Centenary talk, something about the Victor Harbor Electricity Company, and how the State Government wanted to put some money into them, or wanted the Council to put some money in with the Victor Harbor company for the Centenary stuff, but the Council didn't want to, so obviously it existed by 1936, in other words.

A: Nobby, didn't I remember them taking the - whatever they run the electricity with at Victor Harbor, they took over to -

N: They went to Streaky Bay.

A: Streaky Bay. That was when I lived here. What're you talking about 1936?

N: We're talking about them running the Victor Harbor -

A: That was the same one, that shifted over and then the State Electricity came in -

N: They bought them out then, the State Government did, and put ETSA right through then, their own big plants then.

F: So you can remember back to when all we had was a small generator and a couple of lights, and all these developments to today. There was much discussion at this same meeting [the National Trust talk] about finding the original generator, and the original concrete, but George was quite sure somebody had long ripped it up, the actual concrete it sat on, the very first one. There was much talk about whether the lights and all the stuff that was on for the Centenary would have been enough to cause it to self-destruct, but it didn't - you didn't have a blackout or anything during the Centenary?

N: There wasn't that many that had the power on, y'see. Most of it was this [points to beautiful old oil lamp, still brightly polished and in the kitchen, if now as ornament]. There was only a few houses had it. The plant wasn't big enough to get the power out. These things, everybody had them.

F: These oil lights? You still had them in 1936?

N&A: Oh, yeah.

F: It's funny - nowadays they make bedside lamps that're imitations of them. Silly, really. Moving on from the Centenary, at the other tape, we've got you to World War II, where you went to New Guinea. At some point, I'd like to talk to Aileen about what everybody did when the men were gone. This is really a history of Port Elliot rather than a history of the war, and I gather you don't particularly want to talk about New Guinea, as such. We had you coming back, and on the other tape you've told us how you made money out of the rabbits and bought your wood-lot. Which brings us to after the war, and, (as we said just before we turned on the tape), how lucky you were not to be in rabbits in 1951 or so when myxamotosis, because that would've ruined your life.

N: A lot of trappers went out of business then, shooters and everything. 'Bout then I took up fishing, about '54, wasn't it, Mum?

A: When you started fishing? You started fishing 1954, your boat was finished at Christmas, and you started fishing in February, and your first daughter was born in February. We had a photo taken at Goolwa - I was 9 3/4 months pregnant with Ingrid, and I went down and the Sunday after we launched the boat at Goolwa.

F: And what date is your daughter's birthday?

A: 1954, February the 12th

F: If she were born at the end of February, she would've been a Pisces, which would be quite amusing with fish and fishing -

A: I got one of them, too.

F: Seriously, what made you take up fishing, if it wasn't myxamatosis?

N: I don't know - I just thought I'd like to, and I'd been in the family all these years, the Knights were doing it, and I'd been with them when I was a kid. I thought it wouldn't be a bad sort of a show, if there's any money in it, so I started it off and went along from there.

F: Little knowing that in the end you'd be famous for it.

A: There was a lot of fish around.

F: There were a lot of fish around?

N: A lot more than there is now.

A: We had one catch I remember, up on the playground it was, or still is a bit; we were up on the wall one night in July, and we got a great horde of salmon. My mother was with me. Remember that, Nobby?

F: Horseshoe Bay?

N: Yeah, in front of the kiosk. We pulled them up on the lawn there, on the grass, because the tide was right up to the rocks, up to the sea-wall.

A: And there was hundreds of 'em. We were there nearly all night, I think.

F: Can you still get salmon there?

N: Oh yeah. Plenty of salmon still there.

F: So what do we not get that we used to get?

N: You still get the same fish, you just don't get as many of them.

F: And there was more fisherpersons then, and more fish - now we've got less of both?

N: Less of both, now. When the fish got less, so did the catchers get less.

F: So you should still be getting on average the same amount, if that's so.

N: Ah, it's not that good, now.

F: So you kept on fishing till you were the last one left. 'Cause you're the last -

N: Last net fisherman here, but others can come if they want to. I can't stop them. But there's not enough fish for them. It's not worth their effort. They prefer to be over the West Coast, or Kangaroo Island, for a bit more fish, or in the Coorong. And it's not so rough. Rough as Hell here at times, as you know.

F: I only know that from watching it on land. I'm a land-lubber, to tell you the truth.

Are you still doing the netting?

N: A little bit more in a week or two.

A: Start off again, usually November. Ernie and him went for 40 years. We started in '54, until - when did Ernie give up, only about five years ago?

N: Four years, I think.

A: Four years ago, so from '54 to '95, say - that's 40 years.

F: So how come we haven't got a statue to Ernie? And which Ernie is this?

N: I don't know. Clark, a cousin of mine.

A: And he lives over next to the railway line.

N: In Mason Street, where you can't go any further, old house on the right, in the corner there.

A: But he was never an out-going person, that's why nobody really knows much about him to this day.

F: Whereas you were with the cricket club to start with, obviously.

N: Oh yeah, I was everywhere. Be in the pub or anywhere.

F: You'd better tell us a bit about the cricket, and your cricket career.

N: I played cricket a good many years here.

A: Tell him about resurrecting the pitch after the war - it hadn't been played on for six or eight years.

N: Brittains were in that - Mr. Brittain did that, he did it free, the concrete pitch we built, and I had the truck, and carted along the gear, the gravel and sand and that.

A: They'd leave here about seven at night, Friday nights, and they'd go to Macclesfield, or Meadows or somewhere -

N: To get a bulldozer. They started the voluntary levelling of the football ground. So we're all voluntary labour.

F: The current football ground?

N: Yes, which was a very slopey affair, and they cut it out, as you can see, eventually, but in the end, they had to get a contractor to finish it. We did the first half. [?] was a good man with the bulldozers, and he was able to borrow it, and we had to supply the fuel, and we did half of it, then we run out of money and enthusiasm. Council got a contractor then, and they finished it.

F: And you took a bulldozer on the back of a cart, a horse-driven cart?

N: No, a truck.

A: Big Blitz, by that time.

N: Military, old Army Blitz, Ford. Made in Canada.

A: It was going around here until recent years.

N: We made a bit of a start-up there. The Brittains were very good at voluntary work, very very good. They were always good like that.

F: The cricket pitch was the same one we've still got?

N: I don't know, they may have altered it now. It used to be an old brick one - brick paved, you know. And that got all broken - they used to let cattle in there to graze, and they walked on it; and the sea and the wet weather, and it was all higgledy-piggledy, so we put a concrete one down -

A: I think it's still there.

N: They may have pulled it up, and put another one down, I'm talking of 50 years ago, nearly.

F: And how long did you play cricket?

N: About 25 years, I suppose. I was Captain for 11 years.

A: And he also - not officially - the first match after the war, they played a composite team at Second Valley, out that way - where was it, Nobby?

N: Second Valley.

A: Yankalilla.

N: Second Valley.

A: And he got six wickets for one run in one over. You'd never beat that. Well, it was beaten only in the recent past, perhaps ten years, at Renmark, or on the river, a bloke got six wickets for one run in one over, but he got -

N: Beaten in India since then.

A: Well, I hope so -don't want you to be exclusive.

F: Is that a double hat-trick?

A: No, he didn't get the hat-trick, because there was eight bowls in the over in those days. He got two and missed, two and missed, and two and missed.

F: Oh, a hat-trick isn't just when they don't score, a hat-trick is consecutive.

A: One-two-three, you've got to get three out, in succession.

## Tape 3, recorded 17/11/99

*Side B*

F: And we were just talking about how you and your father were one of the few, if not only, father and son football players in the Port Elliot team in the early '30s, was it?

N: I think I was 15, so it'd be '34.

F: But you won in those days?

N: Five premierships in a row. '34. it was, I was playing.

F: How the mighty have fallen! Well, you know how long they played without ever winning? [i.e. recently]

N: Get beat by 40 goals now.

A: But they never ever saw one another from when they finished this Saturday until they togged up the next Saturday. None of this 'training'.

F: You didn't train?

N: No

F: Well, maybe that ruins it, too, 'cause they get sick of it and bored with it.

A: Certainly no pay (chuckles)

N: There was no pay, of course.

F: Does this team get paid nowadays? [slightly aghast, due perhaps to a total lack of interest in football]

A: Oh, my word.

N: Yeah, they get paid.

F: The local team at Port Elliot gets paid?

A: Not all of them

N: But for some that come from Adelaide

A: The imports. In the last twenty years there's been money changed hands, and very substantial, too.

F: Oh, dear! Well, I come from Melbourne, so I grew up with all this stuff, to some extent, but I'm sorry to hear that in a way - I thought it was still innocent out here.

N: No, no - there's certain ones we pay.

F: So, just before I let you go, and to bring it all the way around again, how did you feel when somebody said to you - "We want to put a statue of you up?"

N: I wasn't very keen on it.

A: Very reluctant

F: So how did they say it to you?

N: Michael Smerd started it off. I really don't know the full story.

A: Michael started it off, and he approached the Council. He was the instigator of it, same as now he wants to, for the Centenary -

F: Well, we had that meeting - [a public meeting, hosted by Town and Foreshore at the time of this taping, to discuss ideas for public projects to celebrate the centenary of Federation, 2001] - and Michael's idea with the statues wasn't actually very popular. He does do beautiful work. It's just that a lot of people, and you're obviously one of them, feel like we don't want too many statues of people because then you leave out people as well as putting them in.

N: You create a precedent.

A: Historical things are better. More interest to everybody, the outsiders and everything.

F: We've got a list of projects [from said meeting], and most of them are more abstract, or not involving individuals. For all that, you're now in history as the first person in this area to have your personal bust in a public place, and I think it's a wonderful work.

A: I tell you what - I'm very proud of it.

F: I think you should be.

A: And I'm sure he is too, now. We go down and have a look at it, on occasions. But at the time, it was a different thing. You'd never please everyone in a small town. It was contentious, I suppose. No, I'm pleased it's there. His family's pleased it's there. He's pleased it's there.

F: You probably never thought, when you took up fishing 40 years ago - you were probably thinking what we said in the first tape, about how you remembered being a little kid and going out fishing - I'm sure you never thought - "One day I'm going to have a statue up to me for doing this, and be the longest lasting fisher-person." You're in history for that, and you're in this book for that.

A: I've got the giggles.

F: Thank you, Nobby, and we'll come and tape you, [Aileen] next year.

# ADDENDUM

**Concerning street names, and also some KNIGHT and CHANTRILL genealogy**

**(researched and organised by LORRAINE POMERY)**

Port Elliot was surveyed in 1852 and named by the Governer of S.A., Sir HENRY EDWARD FOX YOUNG.

Freeling and Arthur Streets named after the Colonial Surveyor - General Sir ARTHUR FREELING.

Charlotte Street named after CHARLOTTE nee RIVERS, wife of ARTHUR FREELING.

Henry and Young Streets named after the Governor Sir HENRY E.F. YOUNG.

Torrens Street, now Barbara Street, named after the wife of ROBERT RICHARD TORRENS, Colonial Treasurer.

Augusta Square named after the wife of the Governor, AUGUSTA nee MARRYAT.

Dodd's Extension surveyed for THOMAS DODD in 1856.

Frederick and William Streets named after the son of THOMAS DODD Snr., FREDERICK WILLIAM DODD, who became a licensee of the Port Elliot Inn.

All other streets in Dodd's extension named after places in England which were meaningful to THOMAS DODD.

FREDERICK CHANTRILL born 1881. (and see further below.)

## KNIGHT

JOHN KNIGHT, b. Ridgemont, Bedfordshire, England, son of JOHN KNIGHT (1803 - 1891, buried Ridgemont churchyard) and SARAH (nee CARR)

Married MARGARET O'CALLAGHAN at Willunga Catholic Church, 19/8/1863

Children of JOHN and MARGARET:

JOHN WILLIAM b.1864 d.1937 did not marry

MARY ANN b.1866 d.1914 did not marry

JOSIAH b.20/5/1868 d.1925 married AMELIA CHARLOTTE CHANTRILL

MATTHEW b.21/5/1871 d.1904 did not marry

THOMAS JAMES b.1876 d.1946 did not marry.

## CHANTRILL

WILLIAM CHANTRILL, son of ELIZABETH CHANTRILL

Christened 10/5/1823 at Calverston, Buckinghamshire, England

NOTE: Age of WILLIAM uncertain.

WILLIAM, about 26 years, and his brother JAMES, 19, arrived Port Adelaide S.A. on 25/3/1850 aboard *Sea Queen* (Both listed as Agricultural laborers).

WILLIAM, 26, bachelor, painter of Bowden S.A.

Married MARIA BIDWELL, spinster, 22 years, of North Adelaide

on 9/2/1851 at Christ Church, North Adelaide.

While at Bowden, WILLIAM was a brickmaker.

A son, WILLIAM HENRY, born 1853.

Sons CHARLES GEORGE born 1855, ALFRED JAMES born 1857 and THOMAS born 1860 died 1860 were born in the Encounter Bay District where the births, and the death of THOMAS were registered.

WILLIAM and MARIA came to Hindmarsh Valley between 1853 and 1855 where WILLIAM became a partner with Mr. ARCHER in brickworks. Their bricks were branded *Archer & Chantrill* in the frog.

WILLIAM gave up brickmaking (when?) and returned to painting

(EDWARD & GERARD WOODS (WOODS Bros) made bricks on Section 89 in 1854.)

WILLIAM CHANTRILL was paid eight pounds for staining the ceiling in St. Jude's Church in 1863.

MARIA died on 25/4/1862 at Port Elliot. She left two sons.

WILLIAM then married CHARLOTTE PIERCE/PEARCE (?) on 9/4/1863.

They had 9 children:

JOHN, who married SARAH SHIPWAY

HENRY JAMES

AMELIA CHARLOTTE, who married JOSIAH KNIGHT.

Their children were:

HAROLD JOSIAH (DARBY) b.19/7/1899, married LYDIA CLARK

EDITH MARY (DOLLY), married GEORGE CLARK

ERIC ROY (FRIDAY) b.28/8/1906, m. FLORENCE ELLEN COOTE

SARAH born 1872, died 1879

ARTHUR born 1875

GEORGE JAMES born 1877, died 1877

ALBERT BENJAMIN born 1879, died 1879

MARY CHARLOTTE born 1880 married ARTHUR GOOD

FREDERICK born 1881.

NEWS Times 10/1/02

# Milestone for Nobby and Aileen

PORT ELLIOT – Kenneth "Nobby" and Aileen Clark of Port Elliot celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on January 5.

The couple marked the occasion with a lunch with their three children and five grandchildren at the Middleton Tavern on Sunday.

As they reflect upon their marriage, they said that they have enjoyed each other's company throughout the years.

"We have had a good relationship and are quite happy with the result. We are happy about it (the milestone), of course, and it is something we have been looking forward to for a while," said "Nobby".

"Nobby", who celebrates his 83rd birthday this year, was born and bred in Port Elliot and has been a keen net fisherman at Horseshoe Bay and Lady's Bay for more than 50 years.

He was also a noteworthy sportsman having played football and cricket for Port Elliot. He recalls bowling 7/6 in a match against Second Valley at Port Elliot during the 1946/47 season.

Aileen has been involved in many local community groups and committees over the years including the Heritage Club of Goolwa and Port Elliot RSL sub-branch auxiliary.

As a separate milestone, the couple has lived in the same street in the town, Sturt Street, since they were married.

These days, "Nobby" enjoys a spot of recreational shooting and regular visits to the Port Elliot RSL sub-branch to mix with friends.

A bust of "Nobby" was erected in Horseshoe Bay in 1999 to mark his 80th birthday as designed by sculptor Michael Smerd.

Mr Smerd was able to attract significant interest in the project including support from Alexandrina Council, and donations from Scott Hicks of "Shine" fame and Nigel Catt of Middleton Winery.

**60 YEARS OF WEDDED BLISS:** Port Elliot identities "Nobby" and Aileen Clark celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on the weekend with family at the Middleton Tavern. They were pictured in front of "Nobby's" bust in Horseshoe Bay erected in 1999 to mark his 80th birthday and his long-standing local fishing legacy.


Nobby, Joe Barton & Widgeon, 2000

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[mailto:manager.victortimes@ruralpress.com]

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