

# Mount Lawley Matters

## Mount Lawley Society

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WEBPAGE : [www.mountlawleysociety.org.au](http://www.mountlawleysociety.org.au)

### MLS PRESIDENT'S REPORT: Paul Hurst



#### Secretary/ Newsletter

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**New members/ committee**

***The MLS would like to hear from members who would be interested in contributing to the newsletter.***

**Views expressed by members are not necessarily those of others or of the committee.**

Dear Members,

I hope that this newsletter finds you well and not too frazzled by the business of December.

The Society has enjoyed a great year. There were many highlights. The "Mount Lawley Memories" historical photographic exhibition held during the last weekend in May was a huge success and the launch night at the Mount Lawley Bowling club was a sell out. There are too many people to thank again for the success of this event, it was truly a team effort. However, special mention must go to Society Patron Barrie Baker who spent about 3 months researching all 1200 of our photographs and developed a database for our records. Also, local businessman Bruno Zimmerman arranged the printing and mounting of our entire exhibition and kindly allowed the Society to hold the exhibition in the Astor Arcade. The Society is grateful for Bruno's efforts in helping us to make the exhibition a real success. A selection of the best photographs is available for viewing and purchase on our website.

The photographic exhibition was largely funded by a grant received in 2009 from the WA History Council and has left the Society with a wonderful resource that has been used several times during the year as a display at various community events:

The Perth College Fete was held on the 24<sup>th</sup> October and Bursar Tony Gooley offered the Society a stall for our exhibition which the Society gratefully accepted. The Fete was truly wonderful – well organised and well attended by the community – the school should be proud!

I was the invited guest speaker at the City of Stirling Heritage Awards Ceremony on the 10<sup>th</sup> November where I spoke about the success of our photographic collection and the importance of building relationships between the community and local government. Our photographic collection was on display at the City of Stirling during the awards ceremony and for the month of November. Other similar opportunities to share our display with the wider community are currently being sought for 2011.

The inaugural Beaufort Street Festival held in November was enormous! The single-day festival was visited by more than 50,000 people and the Society was granted space to display our exhibition. Bruno Zimmerman kindly donated two framed prints of selected historical photos to be raffled at the Festival – thanks again Bruno! We received good feedback from the Festival organisers who would like us back next year.



***Local member Michael Sutherland MLA addresses guests at the launch of the "Mount Lawley Memories" exhibition in May 2010***

*Continued page 2*

Special thanks must go to our volunteers who helped with manning the stalls throughout the year: Michael Sutherland, Barrie Baker, Beth McKechnie, Brendon Atkinson, Rebecca Atkinson, Mary Basley, Lindsay Smith, Lynette Chester, Paula Huston, Marcia Barclay, Daina Bruers and Charlotte Christo.

The year was capped off in style at the Society's annual sundowner and AGM kindly hosted at Charlotte and John Christo's residence on Friday 3<sup>rd</sup> December. Charlotte did a wonderful job in organising the entire event and even found the time to order a fantastic cake for my birthday on that day!

Finally, I would like to thank the Committee for their support and commitment during 2010. I would especially like to thank our tireless Secretary, Beth McKechnie, who really does so much for the community on several different fronts and is really the bolts in our meccano set. Thanks Beth! Our very capable Treasurer, Brendon Atkinson, will be leaving the Committee at the end of 2010 to be replaced by strategy guru John Wreford. Thanks Brendon for your excellent work and thanks John for stepping up.

Thankyou for your membership and support of the Society over the past 12 months. If you would like to become more involved in helping with future events, please email our Secretary, Beth McKechnie at [bmckechnie@bigpond.com](mailto:bmckechnie@bigpond.com).

I hope you had a great Christmas and a Happy New Year and we do hope you enjoy the newsletter  
Cheers  
Paul Hurst

*Wed 24 November, 2010*

### **Heftier penalties for illegal works**

Portfolio: Heritage

Legislation to increase penalties to up to \$1million for illegally demolishing or damaging State-registered heritage properties has been approved in the Legislative Assembly.

Heritage Minister John Castrilli said these were the first major amendments to the Heritage Act since it was introduced in 1990.

"This is also the first milestone in a major review of the Heritage Act in Western Australia," Mr Castrilli said.

The Minister said legislation to increase penalties for destruction of State-registered heritage properties was long overdue as current penalties for illegal works were too low and offered little deterrence to deliberate destruction.

"Next year, I intend to release a discussion paper which will invite community input on other changes to the Act and the operations of the Heritage Council," he said

The previous maximum penalty under the Heritage of Western Australia Act 1990 for unauthorised demolition or other works on a State-registered place was \$5,000. The Planning and Development Act 2005 imposed an additional penalty of \$50,000 for failure to obtain a permit for works.

The increased penalties under the Heritage Act would apply to damaging or despoiling a State-registered place without a valid approval under sections 11 and 78 of the Heritage Act.

New penalties for persons convicted of this offence will be:

- monetary penalty of up to \$1million with a daily penalty for continuing offences of \$50,000
- a development moratorium placed on a property for up to 10 years
- restoration orders (where the officer is obliged to make good the unauthorised works).

Mr Castrilli said the amendments would ensure meaningful protection for heritage properties ensuring their retention for current and future generations of West Australians.

Minister's office - 9213 6800

## **TRIPPING DOWN MEMORY LANE or TIPS FOR RESEARCHING THE PAST**

Ed - From time to time, the MLS receives requests from folks researching early Mt Lawley residents. Here are some tips.

**By Andy Ross, MLS member, Heritage Advisory Panel member, Geologist and Amateur Family Historian**

Following Family History Week I was asked to contribute an article for this newsletter. This is a nice compliment, however what on earth has family history research got to do with Mount Lawley Heritage? Well actually there's lots of similarities on how one might research both of these aspects – let me share some of the ways to research the history of your old Mount Lawley home and the changing suburb by reference to my experience in Clotilde Street, and chasing down vital aspects of those who have gone before.

In 1987 we purchased no 54; the term "renovator's delight" comes to mind when we found that the bones of the house were OK, and the place had a stunning leadlight front door (more on that later). There were many original features still intact, though tired and worn. The shag pile carpet throughout the old part of the house clearly partnered the green suede wallpaper in the 70's extension and had to go. The trendy Edwardian lacework beneath the gutters was found to have been an afterthought and had replaced an earlier era of wooden vertical frets. Their dimensions and spacing were revealed when layers of paint were removed from the verandah beams and turned posts. One of the original fireplaces that we restored was found to have a ship's name and date recorded in chalk on the rear side.

Another "find" was the name "Mary Pendlebury" written in pencil on a line of white tuck-pointing. The title deeds indicated the surname Pendlebury, but this find provided a first name. Incidentally the house is now named Pendlebury after the first occupants.

**Tip No 1:** Note and record (photograph) original features that might bracket the date of construction and add to knowledge.

One of our first interests was to determine the age of the house since we believed we had one of the original homes in our part of the street, judging by the style (brick & iron, bullnose verandah, gunbarrel hallway, wide jarrah boards, lime mortar, tuck pointing, lath and plaster ceilings etc). The title documents indicated the names of previous owners and dates of transfer, but it was not obvious when the house was constructed. A search of plans at the City of Stirling was fruitless as the original plans that were held by Perth Roads Board had perished, as we were told. A search of post office directories and suburb plans held at the Battye library, and the Water Corporation added to the documentation however.

**TIP No 2:** Start your house history by obtaining names from the title documents held at Landgate. Approach the City of Stirling for copies of plans if you don't already have them. The Water Corporation and Battye Library may have other useful documents eg sewerage "flimsies", Post Office directories, photos. Of course the MLS may have photos of interest.

In the early 90's we were fortunate to have veterans Mrs Thompson and Mrs Bond living in the street. Mrs Thompson was a daughter of Philip Collier, a former Premier, and she had been born, raised and lived all her life at no 50. Both ladies commented on the early inhabitants of the street, including Mrs Pendlebury who was the first owner of no 54. The lot next door was vacant for some time and provided a suitable hitching rail for service providers such as the baker; much to the interest of our veteran neighbours who commented that "the baker was often there far too long!" I don't believe they were referring to buns in the cart going stale.

**TIP No 3:** Speak to your neighbours and consider interviewing folks with lots of history in the area.

A chance knock-on-the-door in the 90's by a former owner Mrs Rigby provided a wealth of information on the 70's renovation that she and her late husband had undertaken. The stunning leadlights which we had thought were original, were actually saved from a deli renovation in West Leederville by her!

**TIP No 4:** Don't assume anything!

Given that we know many of the names of former owners and occupants from title deeds and post office directories, we might wish to research their lives by accessing publically available records. These days there is a substantial amount of information available at a click of the mouse, on the internet, either searching from home or by using your local library facilities. Also the WA Genealogical Society has much to offer.

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**TIP No 5 :** For the internet literate....

For summaries of birth, marriage and death records - check out "www.bdm.dotag.wa.gov.au/"

For electoral records – search "www.ancestry.com.au". If we consider that elections are held either for state or federal polls every two or so years, then there may be much useful information on owners and tenants, such as age and occupation. There are searchable records up to 1953.

Note that there is a cost to download records from Ancestry.com if you access this from home. It is entirely free if you can visit the State Library of WA (SLWA). Also some local libraries have free access to the library version of ancestry.com.

For our heroes with military service – search the National Archives where an individual's service records may be downloaded. (www.naa.gov.au/)

**TIP No 6:** For those who are challenged by the internet, then the folks at the Batty Library, the Genealogy Centre at the SLWA, and the WA Genealogical Society can help you search the archives.

Note that past newspapers are archived at SLWA and are an obvious source for local history.

My best tip will appear in the next edition of the MLS newsletter

## Crossing the line: early policing around Mt Lawley #7

*By Peter Conole, Police Historian*

The 1980s was a most interesting era in WA history, for negative reasons on quite a few counts if one considers implications of the term 'WA Inc'. For the Western Australia Police, the era proved to be one of transition, starting from the top. John Henry Porter took office as Commissioner of Police in February 1981 and pushed forcefully for organisational change, showing a new willingness to seek external advice and ideas in planning and implementing reforms. His attitude was a sign of the times, but had to be combined with firm resistance to direct and inappropriate political interference in law enforcement management.

Mr Porter's background is of interest, as like many senior police officers who rose to power in 1970s, he was a World War II veteran with service in the RAAF in New Guinea to his credit. A couple of men who had an impact on policing around Mount Lawley had that in common with him and the shared experience of war service will have helped with their working relations. Superintendent Peter McGrath, in charge of Perth Regional Office 1979-1983, was also a RAAF veteran and (like John Porter) a distinguished detective of earlier times.

Officer McGrath had in 1968 been tasked with the difficult job of establishing a Drug Squad. It may be of interest to note the WA Police had resisted that move for decades and preferred to treat narcotics abuse as an issue for medical people, not a law enforcement problem. A combination of international and national pressure led to a change of policy in our State. Peter McGrath's important subordinate Superintendent Desmond Jones, in charge of what was known as the Inglewood Police Division or District (centered on the Morley police complex) from 1980 until 1984, had served in the Australian Navy and had proved to be a capable police regional administrator at Geraldton.



*John Porter, Police Commissioner 1981-1985*



These officers and their subordinates had to cope with various stresses and strains in the early 1980s. As divisional officer, Superintendent Jones was responsible for Morley, Inglewood, North Perth, Maylands and Bayswater police stations. He highlighted a problem in February 1983: *"it is undesirable to have a constable working alone whilst on patrol during the latter part of the evening...a possible solution would be to increase the strength of Inglewood Station by one man"*.

*Commissioner Porter (foreground) at an Anzac Day event in the Terrace*

In addition, arrangements were put in place whereby North Perth and Maylands officers combined forces when organising afternoon and evening patrols. North Perth and Inglewood were already doing the same. Superintendent McGrath took note of these arrangements, but pointed out the obvious: they were only a temporary solution. Additional resources and new administrative arrangements were desirable.

There are indications that undercurrents of discontent and/or uncertainty among the people of the Mount Lawley electorate were having some impact. Perhaps rapid economic and social changes in certain suburbs were sparking anxiety; such issues often generate calls for a stronger police presence and more resources for law enforcement.

The Guardian Express newspaper opened fire on December 10, 1985, with rather strong calls for action and improvements by George Cash, Member of the Legislative Assembly for Mount Lawley. Morley Police Station was a general duties and CIB police centre, but also a divisional capital and *"is now the supervising station for other stations serving Mt Lawley electorate, it is totally inadequate in respect to size to cope with the job and responsibility it has"*.

Mr Cash went on to say he wanted the station to be relocated more closely to Morley regional shopping centre. Also that a traffic office should be added, with licensing and vehicle inspection facilities, while in broader terms, *"money is urgently needed for general improvements and maintenance"*. Quite a broadside from the local Member of Parliament, an indication that various members of the community were checking things out for themselves and picking up on pointed comments made by commercial people or those discontented motor vehicle owners who had to go into Perth for licensing matters.

Senior police administrators took a while to examine and digest the points raised, which came at a time when a different police commissioner was in the process of ploughing resources into a range of new initiatives. Brian Bull Was appointed Commissioner of Police in March 1985: within a year he established a Police Air Wing, a Tactical Response Group, an Emergency Operations Unit, a Breaking and Entering Squad and more besides, not to mention presiding over a massive recruiting drive that netted over 400 extra police officers.

In responding to the problems raised by George Cash, Commissioner Bull noted in February 1986 that *"contrary to the newspaper report which suggests that the CIB operate from the Police Station, they and the Divisional Officer are in fact accommodated in the former police quarters adjacent to the Police Station. This arrangement is most satisfactory and has allowed uniform staff to utilise the full extent of the Police Station buildings"*. In regard to other problems with Morley Station, he stressed the context and the process of gradual upgrading which had always been a fact of life in WA policing:

*"All police facilities throughout the State are kept under constant review, and upgrading or relocating programmes are implemented where appropriate; Morley is included in these reviews"*.

As for vehicle licensing and related service at Morley, an internal review was in process and the police would *"implement improvements where necessary"*. A very interesting aspect of this rather public series of exchanges lay in the information Commissioner Bull supplied to the Minister for Police. The process of periodic *"repairs and renovations of a basically cyclic nature"* for police facilities had always been in place and still was.



*Recent front view of Morley Police Station*

Interior and exterior repairs and renovations for Morley, 1982, more planned for the early 1990s. The same for Maylands in 1983, more coming up in the 1990s. Exterior maintenance for Inglewood in 1980, interior work in 1982 with more of everything scheduled for the late 1980s. Interior and exterior work on North Perth in 1984, with large-scale upgrading to be undertaken in the next decade.

Just one year after these exchanges of 1986, recognition of the massive impact of suburban sprawl by the highest levels of Government rendered most of this careful prior planning obsolete - and sounded the death knell of Morley Station as the capital of a police division.

*An old pantry window replaced the much weathered bathroom window and old hearth tiles and a pressed tin segment are wonderful reminders of original details. The once poorly repaired front gable gained stucco and batons, finials and the verandah balustrade were renewed; missing leadlights were replaced. Restoration of this area is yet to be completed. Front fencing was necessary and is a continuation of a courtyard screen wall; low, brick piers with steel infill give a sense of "boundary" and are in keeping with the original characteristics of a small home.*



Whilst the renovated house is somewhat larger than the existing, the street appearance is hardly altered. Rear alterations and extensions are in the same style as the original house and seem original structures.

This was considered important so that both streets remain expressive of their true origins, and so that new work does not dominate original design. As was always the case, "Moorabool" remains a small family home; we use the original four rooms much as they have always been used and are very comfortable in this space. The dilapidated "wash-house" is now a useful "shed".

In 2002, Kevin, working at the front, was greeted by a passer-by, previous owner Sidney Grace's granddaughter, pointing out the old family home to a visiting English cousin; a friendship began. Visiting again, after the renovation, Shirley Dee remembered a front awning and the large, jarrah thresholds to the back verandah, now the new kitchen; we learned of the extensive garden and family Christmas's, and obtained early photographs showing prominent date palms that preceded our rightly placed Bradford Pear trees. Uncle Jack lived "up the track" at 13 Rookwood Street and Shirley recalled Christmas turkey where our table now sits. The name "Moorabool" is reminiscent of Geelong, Victoria, Grace's birthplace.

Living "rough" in the dining room, the back extension "isolated" by plastic sheeting to meet safety requirements, we smiled when Ian Dewar sought our agreeance to entry in the 2003 Awards of the W.A. Chapter of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects. "Moorabool" won the Archicentre Award in this competition "in recognition of a noteworthy achievement of high overall architectural standard". It was a very good moment as Ian Dewar accepted this and I quote from the jury's comments:

"Extensions to this property include a kitchen and dining area under a two-storey height raking ceiling at the back of the house. The voluminous space granted to this part of the new works is kept in proportion to existing rooms thanks to the inclusion of a modest timber mezzanine above the dining area. This is used as a small reading area that leads into the roof used as a storage space. This attractive feature with its turned timber staircase transforms what might have been an overwhelming space into a comfortable functional area.

New work adheres to solar passive principals including the outdoor living space which faces north west. Roof forms create an interesting asymmetry with the existing building including the parapet wall section over the new living room. The architect has managed to retain the existing chimneybreast and fireplace in this room which continues its original function. There has been a deft continuation of old to new by the architect, a harmony appreciated externally and internally. Indoor/outdoor connection has been enhanced, natural light is good and the function of new spaces excellent. Detail of planning, fulfilment of client's brief and the value given this house – not just in dollar terms but also in human comfort – decided the judges that this renovation is deserving of the award." This was a happy time and we very much enjoy the ability of "Moorabool" to function as a small, comfortable family home. The repetition of the style of the original house, in alterations and extensions, express themselves to passers-by as original structures, and are respectful of existing buildings and the streetscape.

We have read that the original garden at No. 6 Clifton Crescent contained some eighty rosebushes, chooks and a big shed!! Our plans are not quite as "heady", but we do hope that over time garden and trees will complement work undertaken. A "Special Recognition Award" came in June 2006 after an invitation to contribute to City of Stirling Heritage Awards Event; it attaches at the entry. In 2008 we added a small shower and parapet to the south side of "Moorabool" – but that's another story!!

In April Sandra Stead came from Sydney on her own "Memory Lane" trip and we spent a very worthwhile Saturday afternoon in and about "Moorabool" as she recalled teenage years from 1960. She knew much of the house and garden as it was then, and agreed with us - one fireplace has indeed been replaced; and she approved our recycled jarrah bookcase – its top the original kitchen threshold! The stuff of Heritage!

## DEMOLITIONS



Nos **570,572,574 William St** , Mount Lawley are before T o V council with a request for demolition of all 3 houses. These houses are in a row along with 568 which has been restored. These colonial era houses together with 568 William Street comprise a conspicuous and attractive streetscape in this important showcase street in the Town of Vincent. This is despite the fact that the current (and possibly previous) owner/s have degraded and neglected these properties. MLS have put a submission in opposing the demolition of these 3 houses and has put in a MHI nomination”.

## STREETSCAPE POLICY

Last newsletter we reported that the MLS had put in a submission supporting this.

At the recent T o V Council meeting the Council rejected the proposal which would have allowed residents to preserve the character of streets where 75% of the house owners agreed. The vote was 5-4 with Sally Lake, Warren McGrath Dudley Maier and Matt Buckels agreeing with the proposal.

At around the same time a 1937 bungalow on Matlock St was approved for demolition although a majority of neighbours opposed saying “it would destroy the streetscape and historical significance of the place”.

## Folklore, Cow & Convicts

### – A storytelling event.

Storyteller extraordinaire Glenn Swift will entertain adults and children of all ages.

Hear about the convict settler in Scarborough of the 1850's, and of the night time adventure at Herdsman Lake of Gertie the family cow.

These and other stories from City of Stirling of a bygone era are bound to make you ponder, reminisce and laugh.

**When:** Sunday 6th February 2011

**Time:** 2.00pm – 3.00 p.m.

**Venue:** Mount Flora Museum  
Meeting Room, Elvire Street,  
Watermans Bay

**Tickets:** \$5.00

**Bookings Essential:** 9345 8946

Or at your local Stirling Library

**Payment at time of booking essential.**

**No refunds.**

## The Archiving of the Mount Lawley Society Photographs by Ian Merker

*MLS has received a grant from the Lotteries Commission to assist us with archiving our photographic collection. We are very grateful to the Lotteries Commission for their support.*

The WA Royal Historical Society in Nedlands was visited to obtain advice on photo archiving.

They kindly showed me what they have done with their photos, but I've decided to spend just a bit more on ours so that the photos can be viewed IN their archives without the need to remove them from their (acid free) paper folders.

We have purchased all our archiving materials from the Historical Society; it's very convenient that they keep stocks there so that we can see them and discuss alternatives with experts.

We plan to start the big job in the new year.

We are lucky to be well advanced in digitising and indexing our collection ( thanks to Barrie / Paul)

It may ultimately be available online via our website.

Others members of the MLS are helping with the project.

New website for the Guildford Hotel [www.savetheguildfordhotel.com](http://www.savetheguildfordhotel.com) Keeping up to date with the situation

The City of Stirling's Summerset Arts Festival is on its way. Now in its third year, the festival is set to be bigger and better than ever! Get your summer sizzling with dancing, theatre, story-telling, outdoor movies, a walk to support the Centre for Cerebral Palsy, Dorothy the Dinosaur, art exhibitions, comedy, Lisa Mitchell and more!  
Visit our [Summerset website](#) to find out all the details.

# HERITAGE of Mount Lawley by Barrie Baker

## THE LESSHEIM FAMILY AND 30 QUEENS CRESCENT

No **30 Queens Crescent** was a Federation-styled single storeyed brick and tile home built on a large block in 1914 for Herbert W Hope.

Early owners were:

1914 -1923     Hope family  
1924 -1930     Morris Breckler  
1931 -1944     Mrs Bella Masel  
1945 -1970     Kurt Lessheim and family



*Back L-R: Erna Lessheim; Kurt Lessheim; Ilse Herzog;  
Hans Gerald; Emma Lessheim  
Front L-R: Suzanne Gerald; Sylvia Gerald*



*Back L -R: Eva Gerald;  
Kurt Lessheim; Ilse Herzog; Erna  
Lessheim .Front L -R: Suzanne  
Gerald; Sylvia Gerald*

These photographs were taken in 1953 on the occasion of the visit of Erna Lessheim's sister, Ilse Herzog from Israel. No 30

Queens Crescent is in the background

### LESSHEIM FAMILY TREE

**Julius** Lessheim (1862– 1932) = Emma (1874-1953)

**Kurt** Lessheim (1898 -1969) = Erna (1903 -1998)

**Eva** (1925 -1982) = Hans Robert **Gerald** (1910 -1982)     **Lore** (1926 -) = Solomon **Zusman** (1923 – 2004)

**Sylvia** (1946 -) **Suzanne** (1948 -)

**Michael**(1948 -)**Yvonne**(1951 -)

Kurt Lessheim was a brick manufacturer in Königsberg. With the increasing persecution of Jews during the National Socialist government of Germany it was decided in February 1939 that the daughters should leave East Prussia under the Children's Transport programme. Eva and Lore were sent to Belgium and from there to England. In August, the rest of the family joined them in England. From there they made their way to Western Australia.

In 1940, Kurt bought a clothing factory called the Renown Manufacturing Company in the in King Street.

In 1942, he acquired Arthur Gibney's Dry Cleaning business in 66 Adelaide Street, Fremantle. He later became prominent in Rotary and in the Chamber of Commerce in Fremantle. He was a Life Governor of the Perth Opportunity Shop.

On arrival in Perth, Erna and Eva worked making artificial flowers from felt and later made brassieres.

Prior to buying the home at 30 Queens Crescent, the Lessheims rented, firstly at 16 Woodroyd Street, and then at 3 Norfolk Street.

Lore's husband, Solomon Zusman, continued to run Gibney's Dry Cleaning business until his retirement.

**The Society is grateful for Lore Zusman providing the material for this article**



***DO YOU REMEMBER ? if so please contact us and tell us more or tell us your story.***

**EARLY DAYS in 42 Chatsworth Rd Highgate Hill by Erica Biermann (1910-2002)**

In memory recall, one is transported back in time, and somehow each year further on, brings earlier year "cameos" of thoughts, nearer the surface.

For example, I well remember playing hopscotch or such in Chatsworth Rd, round about 1915-16 or thereabouts, and watching the Lamplighter arrive on his bicycle, at dusk, with a ladder held on his shoulder with one hand, and the other steering the wheel, dismounting, adjusting the ladder to the Lamppost, and lighting the Gas lamps. Electricity had not yet reached the outposts of the City as far as Highgate Hill, and our home lightings were lamps of various sizes and shapes, fuelled by Kerosene. The glass tube containing the wick, ALWAYS got smoked-blackened each night, consequently the Lamps had to be cleaned daily.

Sometimes on a Sunday afternoon the Ice Cream Cart would herald his approach in the distance, by ringing a handbell. Oh, those lovely 1d and 3d Ice creams. Some families even sent their children out with a Billycan and bought half-a-can. Capitalists!!!!

Of course everyone knew the Chinaman who, with his horse-drawn Cart came a couple of times a week, to sell the produce of the Market Gardens which were on the corner of Brisbane and Beaufort Sts. (opp the Brisbane Hotel). Every Christmas, all the customers received some sort of small gift, either a jar of ginger, or a Cup and Saucer. My mother always contended he was the most honest tradesperson she knew, as he was so meticulous in his monetary dealings.

Guy Fawkes Night was just something. In Mary St was a vacant paddock, and here the neighbours would help to build a huge bonfire, where on the due night all would bring their Crackers, Catherine-wheels, Skyrockets (quite a lot of duds here) Tom Thumbs Big-Bombs, and etceteras. Yes, there were a few minor casualties.

After the War (1914-18) a terrible form of Influenza raged (I think this was called the "Spanish Flu"- but I have not verified this.) Many people died with this disease which almost reached plaque proportions. The inmates of two homes in Mary St. were marked with a yellow cross on the Gates, indicating deaths from the aforesaid Influenza.

The Lyceum Theatre was built in 1920, and all the week we would look forward to Friday night, which was Children's night (6d) and oh my, the Serials we watched with breathless absorption. Later on, was added next door, an outside Picture Gardens, where on a hot night, one could lay back in a deck chair, the gentlemen could smoke, and the children could crunch and chew their lollies, and as was the general practice in those days before Ecology, the papers etc were idly thrown on the grass. If it rained, then the pictures were continued inside.

I am adding the names of folk who lived in the same area, as some are well known founders of Business Firms and the like in Perth. Stonemans (cr Vincent and Williams St. (N. West cnr) Aspinalls (East cnr) Steffanoni's (Rita Steffanoni was married to Sir Charles Court, our Premier) Milner (of Milner & Co – Land Agents) Alex Cameron (Architect) of Cameron Chisholm, Inkpens, Phillips (larger home next door to the Sacred Heart church) Arthur Hill (Builder) Westlunds MaCallum (Member of Parliament) cnr Lincoln and Cavendish St. Mrs. Ryder the music Teacher (Chatworth Rd) Caro (Albert the son, had a distinguished War Record (W.War 2) Father Crowley (the Padre of the Sacred Heart Church) and our good neighbour and friend, W.T. Edwards who was a Master Builder with the firm of Hobbs & Forbes (Architects).

Mr Edwards was a great one for the latest form of Transport. On one occasion, he acquired a Motor Bike, invited all the neighbours to see it, then for a demonstration he took it for a drive. It was a bit unfortunate that his tuition in the art of motor-cycling was limited as three times he circled the block before he mastered the art of stopping.

Another time he bought a horse and sulky- which was a Trap or rather, another name for a Trap. I read recently the reason it was called a Sulky, was that it was really only built for two people. However, once again we were invited to view this marvel, and this was outside our back gate, which lead into the laneway between William St. and Beaufort St. (Access for Woodo's, Rubbisho's and the like.) Well we all congregated, and the horse and sulky were at the ready, with Mr. Edwards seater, holding the reins, when for some reason, the horse sat down on its haunches, and refused to budge. My Father, trying to help, went forward to adjust the surcingles. Apparently this had some effect, because with a bound the horse leapt to its feet and galloped off down the lane, with a frantic Mr. E. doing a Ben Hur (and losing his hat in the wind). That horse just HAD to GO because whatever route was taken, it would always stop outside the Queen's Hotel in Beaufort St. It is assumed that the previous owner obviously was not a member of the Temperance Society!!!!

**ITEMS OF INTEREST**

**The Northbridge History Project Report 2005-2010** is available from the website for download. The Project has received several awards and high praise nationally and internationally and its model has been adopted as best practice for community and heritage consultation [www.northbridgehistory.wa.gov.au](http://www.northbridgehistory.wa.gov.au)

**The Town of Vincent** has recently released **Early Businesses of Vincent** a local history by Julie Davidson and Maxine Laurie. This is available at the T o V Local History Centre and library

## **BRICKS & MORTARS Renovation of 98 First Ave by Marcus Liley**

When I first agreed to write an article for the Society newsletter, I had intended to write the story of our renovations which are nearing completion.

I would have started by telling you how we had been looking to relocate from our 1940's Californian Bungalow in Seventh Ave (Inglewood). When we walked into our Inglewood property we were seduced by the huge Jacaranda tree, the garden full of tree ferns and the 10-year-old "full height" renovation. The previous owners were good enough to hand over a full set of plans for the extension. Unfortunately this came with a sketch of Plan B - an open-plan design suggested by the builder, together with a Pro/Con exercise comparing the 2 alternatives. Over the years we dreamed of the house that could have been. Add to that the bees that congregated outside our back door when the Jacaranda flowered, the mosquitoes that bred under the tree ferns and the need to remove a beautiful tree if we were ever to accommodate a swimming pool, it was time to sell.

We searched high and low for a new home for over 12 months. Initially we were hoping to walk into a fully renovated home. However, it became obvious that houses (especially renovated ones) are very personal things and no-one ever seems to get it quite right – at least not the way you would have done it. So we made the decision to search for a doer-upper!

Thence we came upon our ugly duckling. It was the height of the pre-GFC boom and he who hesitated was lost. After a 30-minute inspection of the house, we made an appointment to sign on the dotted line and our offer was presented that evening. We soon learned that there was a second offer on the property. However, after confirming to the sellers (who had owned the house since the 1972) that we intended to renovate rather than detonate (which was the other couple's intention) sentiment won the day.



We then set about sketching out a rough design for the required renovations. This essentially involved attaching a 3 bed/2 bath home to the existing 4 rooms which were to become an office, theatre and guest bedroom. We spoke to a couple of draftsmen, but never got the right vibe, so set about designing the extensions ourselves.

We chose a building contractor on the overwhelmingly positive feedback we received from previous clients - knocking on doors and speaking to previous/current clients is very informative and highly recommended. When we first met with the builder, he seemed to understand the design and was as enthusiastic as we were.

The renovations were approx 9 months in the design/drafting/approval stage and 14 months in construction. Although we got a couple of things wrong, we got a lot right and are happy with the outcome.

However, the work had only just begun. Unless you are prepared to write the builder a blank cheque there are inevitably going to be a few jobs left to do:

- Stage 2 (verandah and carport to the front elevation) was yet to commence
- Our backyard put us in mind of the vision that must have confronted Neil Armstrong upon the first landing.
- What had once been the kitchen in the original home now needed gutting and converting to a bedroom

Fast forward 12 months and there is light appearing at the end of the tunnel.



Being of limited means and a keen DIY enthusiast, some of the work in the last 12 months we have tackled ourselves and some with the assistance of tradesman. I had intended at this juncture in our story to recommend the services of those that have helped us along the way. However, I would prefer to suggest that the Society develop a register of recommended artisans (if it has not already done so). Failing that, in my experience, if the tradesman who knocks on your door has an English or Italian accent and a few grey hairs, you stand a better than average chance of getting a good job done.

I had also intended to pass on a few DIY tips, such as:

- Perlite (\$20 a bag from Bunnings) works a lot better than kitty litter or gravel when added to a bag of render and thrown at the wall to create a stucco affect.
- Two coats of undercoat + one topcoat is better than 1+2.
- Subiaco Restoration is a great place to lose half a day and has a great range of mouldings, architraves, light fitting, doors/windows and free advice.

But all the above is just about bricks, mortar and money and recent discoveries about our little house are so much more interesting..... *To be continued next newsletter*



*Almost completed; tuckpointing still needs to be finished*

## RENOVATION 18 Almondbury Rd by Darryl Ryan Pt 3

### Episode 3 – Home Coming

It was agreed with the real estate agent that we should get quotes to replace what had been taken – 9 internal doors, the French doors, a pair of lead light doors, 2 leadlight windows and 2 fireplaces. I made telephone calls to cabinet-makers, lead light businesses, Subiaco Restorations, hardware stores. It was a task I performed without relish. For Ali and I, the joy of settling on the house had been spoilt and the gathering of the quotes a burden. We both felt very low.

On the Saturday morning before settlement was to take place, I got up early and said to Ali I was going out. I had thought long about the burglary. What would someone do with all that stuff. They might use it in their own house – but that was unlikely, as the doors and leadlights would probably not be the right size. You could sell them in the paper or Quokka, however, that would be dangerous, as the seller would have to provide his contact details. I decided that the only realistic option was to sell to a salvage yard. I got on the internet and printed out a list of all the salvage yards in the Perth metropolitan area. I reasoned that even if I didn't find the stolen items, I could look around to see if I could find something similar that we could use as replacements.

I went to Victoria Park, Welshpool and Bayswater. I saw doors of all shapes and sizes, some from the 70's, some from the 50's, mission brown ones, one with sailing ships carved out in frosted glass. One had once hung on an outside dunny, the toilet roll holder still attached. Nothing suitable for our house.

Time was running out. Most of these places shut at 1.00pm and by now it was already coming up to 12.00pm. I had time for one more in Bassendean. This salvage yard consisted of a massive shed. Like a cathedral made of tin, it towered above the surrounding factory units.



I was starting to get hot and thirsty and I was ready to go home. I walked listlessly through the barbed wired gates and made my way to the gaping entry way which had been created by the opening of an enormous sliding door.

Rounding the corner, directly in front of me, erect like the two stone tablets presented to Moses, unmistakably, undeniably, in glorious and prominent view, stood the French doors, which had, until less than a week ago, adorned the architraves of our new house.

Despite the adrenalin that was now coursing through my body, I remained surprisingly calm. At the back of the shed, some distance behind the French doors, I could see a small office and through the glass windows, the silhouette of a large man. I didn't want to attract attention to myself or arouse suspicion. As nonchalantly as I could, I pretended to peruse the other bits and pieces which crammed the dusty salvage shed. Within seconds, just to my left, I spotted two of our lead lights, which had been removed from above each end of the hallway. The proprietor had wasted no time putting prices on them, the black text markings indicated you could have one for \$350 and the other, slightly larger one, for \$450 – an absolute steal - literally. After the initial exhilaration of seeing the French doors, I could feel myself getting angry. How dare he write on our fixtures with his dirty black texta.

I was ready to have a confrontation and show this salvage guy what he could do with his writing implement. It then occurred to me that if there were prices on our things, then possibly some of them could have already sold. What about the fireplaces, the leadlight doors from the hall and the 9 internal doors?

I continued to meander around the piles of house parts. As I moved past a clump of weathered windows, I saw our internal doors – unmistakable due to their construction and excellent condition, making them stand out from the myriad of other doors with tatty, grubby paintwork, cracked panels and broken handles.

All 9 were present and correct. I noticed that the knobs had been removed and placed in a green plastic bucket nearby. As I turned to my right, I saw our hallway leadlight doors. Again, the salvage man had been busy with his texta. \$1,450 for the pair. I was outraged. Those doors were irreplaceable! I started to wonder what the thief got paid – not much, gauging by what our things were selling for. Maybe the salvage yard knew the deal was dodgy and just wanted a quick sale. Maybe the salvage yard was in on the job ... I kept moving around, forcing myself to dither over rusty old machinery and architectural bric-a-brac. Finally, to the right of where I came in, within a metre of each other, were the 2 fireplaces. Miraculously, every single item that had been stolen was currently present in the salvage yard shed.



So now what to do? The options hurtled around my head. Confront the man? Although that may be gratifying, there was one big problem. Ali and I hadn't settled on the house as yet, so technically, we didn't "own" any of the fixtures that had been so dastardly removed. Frustratingly, we had no proprietary rights.

Buy the lot? That seemed like a reasonable idea, as it would prevent anyone else coming in and making a purchase. I could be messy, however, trying to get our money back once we had established the goods were stolen. Moreover, I didn't want to be in a situation where I was involved in buying goods I knew had been stolen. The most sensible course, I decided, was to contact the real estate agent and inform the vendor. I casually strolled out through the cavernous shed doors, but as soon as I was around the corner and out of sight of the salvage yard man, I bolted to my car across the road.

My first task was to call Ali. She couldn't believe it. "Noooooooooooo!" she gasped, "You didn't!!!!!" I reassured her I had indeed found the doors and all the other bits and pieces and was about to call the real estate agent and the police. Having given Ali the good news, I called the real estate agent. In a slighter higher and more piercing pitch, she said, "Nooooooooo – you didn't!!!!!" This was becoming a bit repetitive. "Yes, I did!" I explained that she needed to tell the vendor and get him to call me. I then called the police. Predictably, if not annoyingly, the duty officer took down my details and the details of the salvage yard, but said the owner would have to be the one to make the complaint regarding the stolen fixtures. I took down the officer's direct number to facilitate future contact.

As I hadn't heard back from the vendor or the real estate agent, I decided, to call her again. Yes, she had spoken to the vendor, he would be calling me any minute.

I got off the mobile in case he tried to call. Crikey – what was wrong with this vendor lawyer? I was in the middle of a major crime bust and he was taking his time finishing his latte. I slid myself lower into the car seat and peered over the driver's side window. The heat shimmered in the deserted car park of the salvage yard. Suddenly my mobile rang. It was the vendor, the lawyer. "I'm in

Claremont," he said, after giving him the address of the salvage yard. "Where else would you be?" I thought. "I'll be over as soon as I can." I arranged to meet him in the car park directly opposite the yard. Despite my contempt for the lawyer and what he had done to our house, oddly, the present situation created a sense of comradeship – uniting us, unbelievably, in a fight of good against evil, right against wrong, justice against injustice and so on. Hopefully he's got a Porsche, I thought, and knows how to drive it.

The seconds dragged, grinding slowly and interminably into minutes. Without warning, a white transit van pulled into the salvage yard car park. That couldn't be the lawyer, surely ... The driver's door opened and two hairy legs swung out. From the beer gut and tattoos, I made a calculated guess it wasn't. A wave of alarm passed over me – what if this guy buys our stuff? Where was this damned lawyer? I checked my watch – it was now over 40 minutes since I had spoken to him. How long does it take?!! The heat was making my back and buttocks clammy. A bead of sweat precariously dangled from the end of my nose, before catapulting itself onto the sticky upholstery. It was getting unbearable in the car. Maybe I should go in and confront the salvage man now, before Hairy Legs takes off with our lead lights. And where was this bloody lawyer?

Before that question could be answered, the beer gut with the hairy legs made his way back to the van - to my relief, empty handed. As he slowly drove out of the car park, I could see the door of the shed being pulled shut from inside. "S..." I thought to myself, "they're closing."

I grabbed my mobile and called the lawyer. "Umm – I'm about 5 minutes away," he said apologetically. 15 minutes later (you really can't trust anything lawyers say) a very new, shiny black Mercedes 4WD, which had clearly never been so far North or East of the river, let alone off-road, crawled into the salvage yard car park. This time a pair of office-white legs emerged encased in Rockport loafers and Gant shorts. It was, of course, the lawyer.

I made my way over. I was hot, tired and dirty from spending the morning rummaging around salvage yards. The lawyer too, was clearly very uncomfortable, primarily because it was his first time in an industrial area.

"I didn't know that these places existed!" he blurted out, as if he had just discovered some hideous lost nether-world. Assuming this was a rhetorical statement, I told him the doors and other things were inside the shed.

Fortunately, despite the shed door being closed, a small door, contained within the sliding door, was not. As we made our way through, my eyes took a few seconds to adjust to the shed's now gloomy interior. "Yes," said the lawyer, "they are my French doors." Your French doors? I bit my tongue.

As we made our way over to the office, the salvage yard man looked up in surprise. "Hello, and what can I do for you?" he said.

Before I could reply, the lawyer introduced himself and without further ado, informed the man that he was the owner of a number of items that had been stolen from him, and which were, as a matter of fact, present in this very shed.

Damn that lawyer – not only was he 55 minutes late, but he had, to add insult to injury, stolen my thunder!

“.....” said the salvage yard man, (who turned out to be the manager).

“....., ....., .....!” said the salvage yard manager when the lawyer gave him his business card.

The manager didn't even put up a fight. “I should have known the whole thing was dodgy,” he remorsefully sighed. “But the guy came in with his 5 year old daughter and told me he was renovating his house and didn't want the stuff.” “We never usually buy from the public,” he added, as if this remark made it all better.

I handed him my mobile and told him to speak to the police officer I had spoken with earlier. True to form, the police told him they would not be coming out today, but “not to sell the goods” and to keep them safe until Monday, when they would reward him with a visit

It transpired that the thief was a tradesperson. The police were able to catch him, because the salvage yard had refused to pay him in cash, due to of the large quantity of material he had brought in. As a result, the thief had given the salvage yard manager his bank details and the money was paid into his personal account by electronic transfer. When the police traced the account back to the thief, apparently, he told them that he had “bought the gear off somebody else”.

We never found out what actually happened to the thief. The police refused to advise us, as we were not the owners at the relevant time in question, and therefore did not have the right to be informed.

Happily, the house settled without delay or mishap and the doors, lead lights and fireplaces were returned a few days later – incredibly with out damage.

It was a tremendous home-coming



## MLS Committee 2011

**Paul Hurst : President**

**Beth McKechnie : Secretary**

**John Wreford ; Treasurer**

**Jan Wilkie**

**Ian Merker**

**Charlotte Christo**

**Barrie Baker : Historian/ reports on City of Stirling/ Town of Vincent matters**

**John Baas :Represents Ratepayers Assoc**

**Rebecca Atkinson**

**Neil Hogkinson and Jenny Hewitt: Inglewood representatives**

Committee meetings are held 1st Monday of the month at the Mount Lawley Bowling Club at 8.00pm.

All members are welcome to attend.

## WELCOME TO MLS NEW MEMBERS

Carol Sharp

Rob Zakar