THE INGERSONS OF KESWICK.

The Ingerson family was prominent in the Keswick area for several decades from the early 1900s. At one point during this time there were 6 Ingerson family households in Keswick. The first and probably most prominent member of the family to live in the area was Frederick William Ingerson. He was born at Redhill, South Australia on 27 March 1878, a son of Philip Frederick Ingerson and his wife Charlotte Banks (nee Nieass). Educated at Sturt Street and Flinders Street Public Schools. Ingerson moved into the West Torrens area in the early 1900s. Later in life he was a member of the Freemasons and Oddfellow’s Lodges. A baker by trade, F.W. Ingerson married Emmeline Ann (nee Gale), on 19 March 1903. They had one child, William Alexander Ingerson (later known as ‘Bill’), who was born 16 August 1911 (he died on 29 August 1957). For many years F.W. Ingerson – who was known to close family and friends as ‘Will’ – owned and ran a bakery on Nottingham Avenue (later West Beach Road, now Richmond Road) Keswick. He had moved to the area in April 1908 when he bought an allotment of 27 perches (c. 0.17 acres) at the corner of Nottingham Avenue and Farnham Road (eastern side). Almost immediately he established a bakery on the site. (The Ingerson family also owned land further south in Farnham Road for over thirty years from 1904). Ingerson’s bakery offered the usual lines including bread, pies, pasties, cakes and buns. In September 1921 Ingerson sold his bakery to Arthur Henry Waters, baker of Broughton. Waters continued to operate a bakery and grocery on the site. Ingerson then opened a bakery just to the east of Waters, at the corner of Nottingham Avenue and Chatham Road (western side). Ingerson’s wife Emmeline had bought this land in May 1918. Will was assisted for many years in running the bakery by his son Bill, and also by Dan Toohey, brother of later Labor Party senator Jim Toohey. Will and his family lived in a home attached to the bakery, then from the mid-1930s Bill and his family occupied a property next door. Will Ingerson operated in competition with Waters until his (Ingerson’s) death on 17 November 1944. The bakery ceased operation soon after. (Bill Ingerson was by this time a captain in the A.I.F.) Emmeline Ingerson sold the former bakery land in sales of October 1946 and October 1953. In the late 1930s Will Ingerson had bought land on Nottingham Avenue on the western side of his bakery. This land remained in the hands of the Ingerson family until January 1969. In addition to his bakery work, F.W. Ingerson was prominent in West Torrens as a councillor. He represented Keswick Ward in 1915-20 and 1942-44 and was chairman of the West Torrens council in July 1919-June 1920. Bill Ingerson represented Keswick ward in 1938-41 and was a strong opponent of West Torrens district clerk Vernon Shephard. Indeed Ingerson resigned from the council in April 1941 in protest at a decision by the Clerks’ Appeal Board to reinstate Shephard as district clerk after his recent dismissal by council. Ingerson Street, part of a February 1966 subdivision at West Beach, was probably named in honour of F.W. Ingerson. F.W. Ingerson was the grandfather of former South Australian Liberal Party identity Graham Ingerson (Bill’s son – photo right.): Graham Ingerson was a member of the House of Assembly in 1983-2002 and deputy premier of South Australia in 1996-98. F.W. Ingerson was the great-grandfather of former AFL player An-
Herbert Henry Rofe was born at Belalie (district of Clare), South Australia, in November 1876, second of nine children (and eldest son) of the Reverend William H. Rofe (1846-1929) and his wife Emily Marion (nee Collins -1853-1940). Reverend Rofe was a very well-known and respected Methodist minister who served throughout South Australia. Herbert attended Prince Alfred College and then the University of Adelaide (B. A. 1901). He graduated from the University Training College and in August 1897 was appointed a provisional teacher at the Nangkita (near Mt Compass) Village School. In 1899 he was a provisional teacher at Woolyanna (in the far north) and in October 1899 an acting assistant teacher at Flinders Street School, City. Over the next forty years Rofe taught at a range of South Australian primary schools. Among them (with approximate dates of service) were Solomontown, where he was an assistant teacher in 1902-04; Glanville, assistant teacher 1905-09; Kingscote Public School, head teacher 1910-17; Reynella, head teacher 1917; Port Broughton, head teacher 1918-23; Strathalbyn, head teacher 1924-25; Wallaroo, head teacher 1925-26; Marryatville, head teacher 1928-1930; Woodville, head teacher 1931-33; Wellington Road (Maylands), headmaster 1934-36; Cowandilla, headmaster c.1937-39; Alberton, headmaster 1940. With a keen interest in sport, Rofe was for a time a member of the Public Schools’ Sports Association including a period as chair in the mid-1930s. Cowandilla School won the Gunn Cricket Trophy in 1939-40. Rofe married Marjorie Caroline (nee Slee 1888-1958) at the Methodist Church, Malvern in October 1911. The couple had three children, Marjorie Gloria (known as Gloria) Walter (nee Rofe 1912-2002), Bryan (1917-1971) and Rodney (b.1923). In February 1935 Rofe and his wife bought a home at 655 Esplanade, Grange (the first and only home they ever bought). Rofe died at Grange on 2 September 1947. He was survived by his wife and children. Apart from his family and his teaching career Rofe’s other passion was golf. Among several other clubs Rofe was also for a time a member of the Kooyonga Golf Club. In early adulthood he was a keen shooter and a member of the South Australian Cadet Battal-
A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Two primary schools in West Torrens will be celebrating their centenaries this year. Cowandilla had an open day on 31 May when they displayed photographs from the past and work of current scholars who have prepared material from early records. Lockleys school will mark their celebrations with a Gala Day on 5 November. The Society has been assisting with photographs and material for these events and we have been encouraged by the interest shown by the children and teachers in the resources we have been able to provide.

The West Torrens Historical Mapping project has now been made available on our web-site. This is an invaluable tool for researchers and school children to enable them to pinpoint the points of historical interest within our council area. To make things easier, each suburb can be selected and the various points of interest can be located by means of indicators. Each point has a brief story relating to the history of the site and in many cases a photograph has been provided. Further details can then be sourced from our general web-site where supplementary material is often provided. This is a work in progress and will continue to be developed as time and volunteers become available. The map above shows the suburb of Keswick with its points of

VALE ALAN CARNEGIE SMITH OAM.

It is with sadness that we announce the death on 21 February 2016, of Alan Carnegie Smith OAM, who was a member of our Society and showed interest in our activities. On several occasions he spoke to our group about some of his many community activities and in particular his involvement as a Convoy Platoon Officer (who made 56 return trips ‘Up the Track’ from Adelaide to Darwin). Alan with his late wife Joy served the West Torrens District well.

VALE DAVID FREDERICK (Fred) HUTCHINSON.

A sad loss to his family and to our community occurred on 22 May 2016 when WTHS member Fred Hutchinson passed away aged 89 years. He contributed a great deal to our Society with his wealth of knowledge and willingness to share his experiences. Fred led an active and varied life, giving much to his family, his friends and to the community. Well done Fred.
6. HIGH SCHOOL: John and Graham attended Adelaide High School from 1947 to 1950; they were at Currie Street (Intermediate) and Grote Street (Leaving) although they were in different grades and classrooms. They sat a test at Currie Street to determine which grade they would be in. John still remembers the Latin subjugation he learnt in 1A before transferring to 1E so he could take art. The Currie Street annexe is today the Adelaide Remand Centre and remembered because of the pervasive smell of malt from a brewery next door (long since demolished). The sports ground was the north-western corner of the Parklands, now covered with mature trees. John recalls the day the head boy hit a cricket ball out of the Parklands that broke the front windscreen of a passing motor car. The boy was caned for doing it by the Principal, Mr Moses. Art teachers Miss Murphy and Keith Michell come readily to mind. Miss Murphy was not impressed the morning a small terrier ran into her classroom. Even less so when show-off John kicked it, thinking that was the way to handle the matter. It earned a visit to Mr Moses’s office for a caning. Keith Michell, already on the threshold of a wonderful acting career, was an artist in his own right. “Come on boys, let’s do something different,” he announced one morning. “Let’s go outside and draw from real life.” While his class laboured away he did an ink drawing of Currie Street and presented it to Graham whose work he liked the most. When Graham asked him to sign it he refused, saying “I’m going to be famous one day and I don’t want you to make a lot of money selling it”. Other staff members who come to mind are “Titch” Mitchell, who is remembered for giving IIE his famous carefully couched lecture about the birds and the bees; English and geography teacher Mr East; maths and science teacher Mr Wooldridge; and physics teacher Mr Clapp. It was at Mr East’s suggestion that John became involved with the school magazine. The December 1949 issue is a treasured possession because it lists John as an editor and contains a story by him about a locust plague and a mythical town called Beerundella. One day in IIE stands out. Combined Sports Day was coming up and the school war cry had to be learned. During the lunch break a gramophone was played in the schoolyard so the boys could hear the war cries of competing schools. A teacher kept replaying the record so the words could be written down. It struck John that having shorthand would have saved a lot of time. It was a skill he acquired in later years. Looking back on school days, he concedes that Latin would have been more useful than art. Such as on the day a subeditor asked him to fetch a glass of aqua pura. It took a while before the penny dropped. Being a gofer was how newspapers trained copyboys when John was one. Graham became an insurance executive and in retirement is using the skills Keith Michell helped him develop in that he’s a successful artist with several paintings sold and the winner of the inaugural Sanctuary Lakes art competition. Several years after leaving school the twins walked into the foyer of a city theatre where they bumped into retired former Grote Street principal Reg West. “Ah, the Satterley brothers,” he said at once. “Let’s see if I can tell which is which.” He did, too; Mr West had a phenomenal memory. It was a moment that mightily impressed the young Satterleys. “Strawb” Dinning was headmaster when the boys attended. He did John a favour in a roundabout way. John went up to him at the start of the Leaving year and asked if he could change Art for Shorthand. “No, it is too late, Satterley,” he was told. “You have made your bed now lie on it.” Then Doug Jervis the Chief of Staff called in three cub reporters a couple of years later and gave an ultimatum – learn shorthand and have 100 wpm within a year or get out. Within weeks John was learning a system called Dacomb by correspondence with the Melbourne Dacomb College. It took 12 weeks to master the theory and another two years of practice to achieve what the boss had stipulated. One problem, though; hardly anyone he met during his career used Dacomb. Here’s his first-person recollection of those times: “My speed was adequate but it never hurt to be reminded.
As a young reporter I spent a year in my paper’s Melbourne office and while there decided that a refresher course at that college would be handy. On turning up I found I was the only male in a college of females. My teacher saw my nervous reaction when I walked into her class of 20 and put me at the back. After tests at 80 wpm and 100 wpm, I heard her say: “Now for Mr Satterley – he’s going to do a test at 120 wpm.” A loud scraping of chairs as everyone turned around to watch. I still shudder when I think about it. But I stuck it out and still have the note that says I attained 130 wpm. The college has closed but Jenny Bentley at Croydon, Victoria, kept the flame going. Until the late 1980s she was listed under D for Dacomb Shorthand in the Melbourne telephone directory and gave advice on the proper form of outlines. On an historical note, two Australian sisters, Misses Clare and Beatrice Dacomb, invented Dacomb shorthand in the early 1900s. Not long after the Melbourne stint I was sent to Whyalla. A huge buzz was reading aloud a CIB detective’s shorthand notes that were upside down from where I was standing. He was the only policeman I met who did Dacomb, a fact that helped cement our friendship. I recall that he made assistant commissioner rank.

7. PAT’S CAREER: Patricia May Nielsen (nee Satterley) attended AHS from 1941 to 1943 and, guided by Misses Bywaters, Wauchope, Liebing and Mitzenveldt, emerged from that often bleak wartime period with the Intermediate and two skills – Pitman shorthand and typing. Pat had been taught to knit by her mother at the age of four. She remembers being part of a knitting circle at school that knitted socks for servicemen. When Miss Prior left to have a baby, Pat and a classmate knitted babywear for her. Pat was 16 when she started work in the office of an engineering firm at Hilton in January 1944. “I had never spoken on the telephone before then,” she recalls. She was put in charge of the office when not quite 18 years old. In 1949 she enrolled at Remington Business College to get her shorthand and typing up to speed. Within a short time the headmaster found her a job, but it was in a place that kept laboratory rats and poor Pat was terrified of rodents. Then her luck turned. In the same year and 21 she got a position at Lawrence’s Tobacconists in the city as secretary to the general manager. She enjoyed her time there, especially as it was where she met Frank, her future husband. At 42, Pat decided to go back to work to help family finances. She used Pitman in place of longhand even for shopping lists but thought it wise to be certain she could still take dictation at 120 w.p.m. She went to a business college “and after a short time the college offered me a position as a shorthand teacher. I was so excited; I had always wanted to be a teacher”. Unfortunately the hours were too demanding for a mother of four sons. But, soon after, Pat saw an ad for Berger Paints for a secretary. She got the job and worked there from 1971 to 1987 as secretary to two successive general managers. Frank, who saw active service in the Second AIF, died in 1969. Pat spent her final years at the War Veterans Home at Myrtle Bank. She died in 2011 survived by sons David, Mark, Grant and Craig.

8. GETTING STARTED: Journalism, which became John’s profession, began in early 1951 but for a few months before then he worked in the import-licensing department of Customs at Port Adelaide. It was a job that seemed to offer a lifetime of shuffling papers and he hated it. Getting there was not much fun either. John cycled from Neill Road, Cowandilla, a round trip of about two hours. His legs were usually shaking by the time he arrived at work. Because of his Leaving Certificate he was inducted into Customs after a few weeks spent learning the ropes in Records. This section was run by a humourless stick who sat at a high desk writing with pen and ink. Thousands of files lined shelves from the floor to the ceiling. Every piece of paper received by Customs went through Records where it was given a folder, a number and a movements stamp. Juniors like John spent their time delivering dockets to departments or searching for lost files. The day John transferred to import licensing he learnt he was to replace the “temporary” who had been there nearly 20 years. More serious was the fact that the person was an SP bookmaker and popular with the staff. When the drawers of a filing cabinet spilt their contents on to John and everyone laughed, he knew that a life in Customs was not for him. He confided in Pat who spoke...
John took early retirement in 1989 after 38 years with The Advertiser. The staff paper *Advertiser* in September that year carries a report headed: Journalist of many offices calls it a day. The story quotes managing editor David Smith saying it took him an hour to read John’s file of achievements. In his retirement speech John said: “When I started at The Advertiser the present editor was a baby of about 10 months. While people were attending to his every need I was at the beck and call of a room full of sub-editors as a copy boy on $2 a week. There was no cadet counsellor in those days. The position had not even been thought of. You were thrown in at the deep end. Soon after I started making tea for sub-editors, Bill Henderson called me over one night and demanded a glass of aqua pura. I got the order right because I looked it up in a dictionary. My journalistic education had begun. I had the reputation for making the worst tea at the *Tiser*. Complaint followed complaint. I tried every brand of tea on the market. Then one night the electric urn blew a fuse. The electrician making the repairs fished out a badly corroded plastic spoon. God knows how many subs I had poisoned. I was all right. I wouldn’t touch the stuff. I can say that I have heard a confession and given absolution. I was chief of staff at the time and visiting staff representatives; the one at Whyalla begged me to hear the real reason he had not covered a flood there six months before. The office couldn’t reach him and had flown up a reporter who wrote a vivid story for the front page before returning to Adelaide the same night. You can imagine how the staff rep felt when he saw the paper the next morning. His own paper, possibly a first in journalism, had scooped him. The rep’s confession was about being in the wrong bed, which was why the office couldn’t find him. When he had finished he looked so agitated I said: ‘I forgive you my son.’ The look on his face was worth the trip. My first assignment away from the office was to Ceduna to cover the Redex Around Australia Trial. Because of airline schedules I flew in on the Friday. Not having anything to do the next day I went to a local football match. Aborigines were playing whites. Something upset someone and the game ended in a riot with the umpire beaten almost senseless. I got a year off my cadetship for that story. The first weekend I was in Mount Gambier I was driving out past the Blue Lake on my way to the local dance (with Graham who had come down to see me) when a police sergeant stopped us and said: ‘There’s a car down there with three people.’ That story helped me make C Grade. In Canberra, I went to a rugby match one Saturday. A little winger had an arm broken in the last few minutes of play. The Governor-General who was watching the match used his Rolls Royce and police escort to rush him to the Canberra Community Hospital. That story didn’t hurt my career either. The story that gave me the biggest buzz was about Truscott and Denholm who spent a week beside their crashed plane on the bed of Lake Eyre before being rescued. They were airlifted to the Leigh Creek Hospital, but we didn’t know that at the time. We thought they were coming straight to Ade-
Bingo. On my second call I found myself talking to Truscott. He just said: ‘I will tell you what I have told the Department of Civil Aviation and no more.’ He then started telling me how they had survived on a mixture of boot polish and toothpaste, how they had tried to make distilled water and so on, but at 180 words a minute. I lost only about 10 when I yelled for him to slow down. He wouldn’t so I took shorthand like my life depended on it. It was the most satisfying journalistic experience of my life: three columns on the front page the next morning. I would like to end by saying: Thankyou Advertiser. You have made my life more interesting than any other profession I can think of. In return I can say I never got a writ for anything I wrote.”

How the years were spent: 1956, Staff Representative, Mount Gambier; 1956, Staff Representative, Melbourne; 1959, Staff Representative, Canberra; 1959, Staff Representative, Whyalla; 1964, Staff Representative, Sydney; 1968, Journalist, Manchester Evening News, Manchester; 1968, Press Information Officer, UN Headquarters, New York; 1969, Deputy Chief, Office of Centre Services, UN HQ, New York; 1969, Press Liaison Officer, P&O Liner Canberra; May 73 - May 79, Chief of Staff; May 79 – Mar 81, Assistant Editorial Manager; Mar 81 - Aug 85, Senior Sub-editor; 1982, Press Information Officer, UN HQ, New York (on leave); Aug 85 - Sep 87, Advertising Features Manager; Sep 87 - Dec 88, Assistant Chief of

WATERY WEST BEACH.
The intriguing stories behind the naming of the streets of West Torrens continue to interest several of our members who are researching the subject. A group of eleven streets clustered at West Beach, just north of West Beach Road, is named for seas, oceans and other bodies of water. The streets named are Arabian Avenue, Arctic Avenue, Atlantic Avenue, Baltic Avenue, Formosa Avenue, Indian Avenue, Irish Avenue, Northern Avenue (named for the North Sea), Pacific Parade, Southern Avenue and Timor Court. All the streets were laid out in private developments of the mid and late 1960s. The streets’ nomenclature is appropriate given the site’s closeness to the sea.
HMAS Barcoo aground on the sands at West Beach in April 1948.

Members of St James’ Anglican Church 1946 with Father Charles J Whitfield centre.
An accident with a truck loaded with bottles from Way’s Thebarton bottle yard - at the intersection of George Street and Port Road Thebarton.

Lockleys Primary School senior students 1922. The school celebrates its centenary 2016.
Philip Andreas Read was born in Gladstone, South Australia in August 1904, fourth son of ten children of Frederick George Read, railway reservoir pumper and his wife Mary Ann nee Baker. He attended primary schools in Solomontown and Port Pirie and Port Pirie High School in 1917-21. At the latter he was head prefect and captain of the tennis team in his final year. Mr Read (known to family and friends as 'Phil') was a fine all round sportsman in his youth, excelling also at middle distance running and swimming. In the early 1920s P A Read undertook teacher training at the University of Adelaide. He rowed for the University in 1922-24, obtaining a blue, and competed for the Adelaide Rowing Club in 1926-27. Mr Read was a teacher for most of his working life, his longest appointments being at Adelaide High School (1929-39 and 1946-60) and at Birdwood High School (1940-46). At Birdwood and in his second stint at Adelaide High School he was a senior master. At Adelaide he was also the coach of the athletics and rowing teams. He was deputy headmaster at Woodville High School from 1961 until his retirement in May 1969. After studying part-time at university he had completed a B.A. (1930) and a Diploma of Education (1941). Mr Read lived in what is now West Torrens for most of his adult life. From 1925 until his marriage he lived with his parents at Roeckuck Street, Mile End. In May 1937 he married Marjorie (nee Wiese) at St James Church, Mile End. They went on to have children Kim and Jill. The Read family lived at North Parade Torrensville until the mid-1950s and from then until 1972 at Northcote Street Torrensville. From 1972 until Phil’s death in 1982 theReads lived at Rutland Avenue Lockleys. Phil played 119 games of league football for West Torrens from 1925-35 mainly as a ruckman or half-forward and kicked 24 goals. In his playing days he stood 6 feet (c. 1.83 metres) and weighed 14 stone (c. 89 kgs.) Mr Read played in West Torrens’s 1933 premiership team and state football at centre-half-back against Victoria in August 1934. He was a league football umpire in 1936-45 and the umpires’ coach in 1946-55. Founding the SA Umpires Association in 1947 he retained chairmanship of it until 1980. He was a member of the SA Umpires’ Board in 1957-74. Mr Read became a life member of the West Torrens Football Club, the S.A.N.F.L and the Football Umpires’ Association. Umpiring tennis for Phil began in 1925 and he soon established himself as a skilled and respected official. He was a foundation member of the Australian Lawn Tennis Umpires Association in 1947 and was president on four occasions. He was chairman or president of the South Australian branch of the Australian Lawn Tennis Umpires Association from its inception in 1947 until 1980. Mr Read umpired Davis Cup competitions, national championships and state championships in most states. In 1949 leading Australian tennis coach Harry Hopman described Phil as ‘the best lawn tennis umpire in Australia’. The highlight of Mr Read’s umpiring career was in December 1956 when he chaired the Davis Cup final between Australia and the United States at Memorial Drive, Adelaide. His favourite players to umpire were Evonne Cawley and John Newcombe. Despite heart attacks in 1967 and 1976 Mr Read continued to umpire South Australian state and district finals until shortly before his death. Although his excellence as an umpire was universally acknowledged Phil was humble enough to once ruefully admit that he had on occasion forgotten the score in big matches. His most prestigious recognition came in 1979 when upon the recommendation of Davis Cup captain Neil Fraser he received an M.B.E. in the New Year’s honours list for his services to tennis. Mr Read had clear views on umpiring and tennis in general. He believed for example that the umpire should have the right to override a linesperson’s call if he believed a mistake had been made – however, ‘this should be Phil Read (top right) with rowing eight team ABHS 1958.
COMING EVENTS FOR YOUR DIARY
WEST TORRENS HISTORICAL SOCIETY MONTHLY MEETINGS
held at “Kandahar” 327 Marion Road, North Plympton.
Commencing at 7:45pm

Monday 22 August: General Meeting. “A day at the beach from West Torrens” Early days along the beaches from Glenelg to Largs Bay.

Monday 26 September: Special Meeting. Speaker: John Lewis - “A Netley Gardener”.
   Please bring supper.

Monday 24 October: General Meeting: Reports and discussions.
   Programme planning for 2017.


Working Bees will be held at ‘Kandahar’ from 10.00am to Noon on Tuesdays prior to each monthly meeting (except Jan & Dec).

Website access to Local History through the West Torrens Library.
The West Torrens Historical Society web-site is users.chariot.net.au/~wths/

THE West Torrens Historical Society is currently digitising all its files in partnership with the West Torrens Hamra Centre Library. This is an ongoing project.
Hundreds of WTHS files – photographs, images, documents, transcribed interviews and newspaper articles are already accessible via the City of West Torrens website.

To help you access these files, follow these new instructions:

Go to the City of West Torrens website http://www.wtcc.sa.gov.au . At the top of the Home Page click on “Council” and then in the drop-down box “Local History” then “Local history collection”. This will take you to the Local History page. Scroll down to “Access the collection through the Library Catalogue” - this will open the West Torrens Library service page. Leave the first box as ‘Everything’ Then “All fields” in the second box. Type in the key search word/s in the third box. Photographs will be shown as thumbnails, click on ‘View’ to see text. Maps etc.

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SUBMISSIONS TO NEWSLETTER
Submissions to the newsletter are welcome but their publication is at the discretion of the Newsletter Committee and can be given to Members or sent to PO Box 43 Marleston SA. 5033.
Friends of the
West Torrens Historical Society Inc.

Application for Membership

Please post to:

The Secretary
West Torrens Historical Society Inc.
PO Box 43
Marleston  SA  5033

MEMBERSHIP FEE:  $20

I/we wish to become a (member/renew membership) of the Friends of the West Torrens Historical Society Inc. I enclose my membership for 2016.

Name(s):…………………………………………………………………………………………………..
Address:…………………………………………………………………………………………………...
........................................................................................................................................... Postcode:................

Contact Details: My own interests are:

Phone:............................... Signature(s):

Mobile:...............................

Email:................................ .................................................................

Please make cheques payable to “West Torrens Historical Society Inc.” Membership is renewable in March each year.

BOOKS NOW AVAILABLE:

While limited stocks last!

West Torrens Suburb Names $5.

A Pictorial History of West Torrens $10.

(postage extra)