

**MOUNT GAMBIER  
HISTORY GROUP  
NEWSLETTER**

**SUMMER 2014/15**

*If undeliverable please return to:*

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**Happy reading from the editing team Elaine,  
Norma and Stephanie**

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**Page 7 & 8** Part 2 of the trip to Adelaide by mail coach in 1871. Kingston to Adelaide

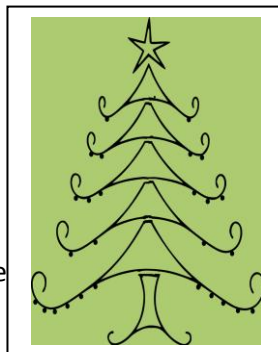
**Page 8** Mount Gambier AGM photos

**Page 9 & 10** Images of Christmas in the 1900's

**JUST A THOUGHT**

Another year gone and more memories gathered!

We often regret not asking questions of our parents and grandparents or if we did, wish we had listened more closely. What are the special memories you would like passed on????




**HAVE A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS and see you in the New Year 2015!**

***PROPOSED DAY TRIP***

*A day trip has been proposed for early next year. It has been suggested that we do a 'Small Museum' Trail possibly Dartmoor, Heywood & Portland, with a picnic lunch.*

*Stay tuned to this spot as more details unfold.*



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**A BIG THANK YOU TO ALL OUR SPONSORS**

**MEETING DATES AND TIMES FOR 2014/2015**

Held on the 3rd Tuesday of the month on alternate months at 11 am at the Club rooms

**17 February 2015 11 am**

**21 April 11 am                      16 June 11 am**

**18 August 11 am                    20 October 11 am**



**Website:**

<http://mountgambierhistorygroup.weebly.com>

**Email:** mountgambierhistorygroup@gmail.com

**Annual Membership**

Single: \$16.50

Family: \$25.00

Concession: \$11.00

**YOUR COMMITTEE 2014**

President: Phil McInnes  
Vice President/Librarian: Jeanette Aslin  
Secretary: Lynn Lowe  
Treasurer: Maxine McInnes

Committee members:

Aileen Clarke  
Elaine Lightbody  
Jim Lightbody  
Tony Bott  
Stephanie Edgeworth  
Margaret Brown

**Everyone welcome**

**The History Room is open for research  
Tuesdays 1.30 - 4.30pm  
Also open by appointment**

**Disclaimer**

The information in this publication is presented in good faith as a service to members of Mount Gambier History Group Inc. While the information is believed to be correct the society takes no responsibility for its accuracy.

No liability is accepted for any statements of opinion, or any error or omissions. Although advertising material is accepted for this newsletter, such acceptance does not imply endorsement by the Mount Gambier History Group



## DATES TO REMEMBER

**9<sup>th</sup> December 2014** Christmas lunch and wind-up. 12 noon at the RSL.. RSVP – 2<sup>nd</sup> December contact Elaine on 87252273. **All welcome**

**3<sup>rd</sup> February 2015** - History group starts back for 2015  
– All welcome

**17<sup>th</sup> February 2015** Committee Meeting - 11am

### **May History Month**

**30<sup>th</sup> May 2015** Mount Gambier History Group are celebrating their **30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary** and the end of History Month by having an open afternoon at our rooms, with various displays and conclude with Dinner at Jen's Hotel 6pm by invitation.  
*Further details to come.*

## MEMBER NEWS

### New members

Welcome aboard to new members: Sharon Porter, Tricia & Tony Bott, Karen Bracken, Christine Davids & Stephen Cooper!

**VALE** It is with regret that we acknowledge the passing of some of our members – Margaret Kilsby, Nancy Bowd, Jim Davidson & John Mayell.

### Quiz Questions

1. In the early 1860's, how many days did the mail take to arrive in Mount Gambier from Adelaide on horseback?
2. Once the roads were put down how long did it take the coach to do the same trip?
3. In 1863, where did Her Majesty's Mail get held up and robbed?
4. Tragedy struck Nelson in 1852. The punt, heavily loaded, capsized in the deepest part of the river taking people, supplies and a team of bullocks with it. Mr John MacDonald survived by clinging to a bag of flour and swimming to the shore. What building in Mount Gambier was John MacDonald known for?
5. In 1854, Christopher G Smith (aged 29 yrs) lived in a mud hut on Wireless Road, where the Drive-in Theatre used to be. He became a successful farmer and eventually owned land bordered by Wireless, Gladigau, Bishops and Penola Road. He also had many other farms and in 1879 the Border Watch wrote his farm 'to be the best managed and most successful farm in the district'. What was its name?

## THE FIRST ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS



### CAN YOU HELP?

We have **several albums containing photos of people with no names**. Some old, some more recent. We believe **most of them to be local**. If you are a local and think you may be able to help recognise some other photos in our collection, please come along on Tuesday afternoon and have a look through our photos. Below are two pictures taken from this photographic collection. Do you recognise either of them?





## Answers

1. Six days, via Wellington, Coorong, Robe and Penola.
2. Two days.
3. Between Naracoorte and Kingston. (refer to article dated 3/4/1863)
4. He built Mac's Hotel. (Refer to article dated 21/9/1887)
5. Woodlands

Information for Quiz taken from "Second To None" by P & B O'Connor

### **HER MAJESTY'S MAIL HELD UP AND ROBBED** -

(refer to quiz #3) **Border Watch 3 April 1863**



" I regret to report the stoppage and robbery of the mails from Adelaide to Mount Gambier this evening (March 17) at five o'clock, midway between Mr John Stewart's and Naracoorte. The following particulars I have just received

from Robert Arthur, the mailman :-

"I was stopped to-night by two men near Stewart's fence. They jumped up, one on each side of the road, one presenting at me a short barrel gun, and the other a pistol, the first caught hold of my horse and fired his piece off in the air close to my horse's neck, at the same time telling me to get off, which I did. They marched me in front of them a distance of about 80 yards into the bush. They then tied my hands behind my back, and told me to lie down with my face to the ground. They took the mails from the horse, went beside a tree, cut the bags open, and were about half an hour engaged in rifling their contents, which I did not see them do from the position I was in. One of the men was short, the other about 5 feet 10 inches. Both wore moleskin trousers one had on a blue shirt, the other a regatta. Their faces I never saw, being covered all the time with brown handkerchiefs and holes cut for them to see through. They took the horse I was riding, and rode him away, leaving the other. As soon as it got dark, I got up and walked to the township, with my hands still tied behind me, and reported the matter to Mr. Carter, who unloosed me, and gave information to the police." Arthur it appears was sorely frightened at the threatening language used towards him, but he suffered no personal violence at the hands of these bushrangers. The police here will at once be on their trail, and from their known efficiency, we hope speedily to hear they have been successful in the capture of these marauders.

*John Welsh, alias Mountford, aged about 40, was later arrested and taken to court in August 1863 for the robbery. After hearing submissions the jury returned a verdict of not guilty of feloniously taking articles of mail.*

### **DEATH OF MR JOHN MAC DONALD.** Border Watch Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> September 1887 (refer to quiz #4)

A pioneer who well performed the part in the building up of Mount Gambier, and who was till the last a resident, highly respected and esteemed, passed away on Saturday night. We refer to Mr. John MacDonald. The deceased gentleman was a native of Iona, Argyleshire, Scotland, and with his wife came to Australia in December of the year 1852, by the ship Marmion to Portland, Viotoria. They were then young, Mr. MacDonald being only 28 years of age, and just the sort of people that a new country required for its development. A few weeks after they landed they started overland for Glencoe, a journey of nearly 100 miles that was in those days a tedious and perilous one. They were accompanied by a brother-in-law of Mr. MacDonald's and in crossing the punt at the River Glenelg had a sad experience. The punt then, as now, was managed by Mr. A. Brown. Mrs. MacDonald and some others had been taken over, and were standing on the opposite bank. Mr. MacDonald, his brother-in-law, two other Europeans, and a black fellow then got on to cross, and a team of bullocks and a dray with provisions, &c., were put on at the same time. These latter rather over balanced the punt, and someone on the shore said there was danger. But Mr. Brown, did not apprehend any. About mid- stream, however, the punt capsized, and its contents toppled over into the water. Every man that was on it was drowned but Mr. MacDonald, who being able to swim a little got ashore with a bag of flour that he found floating near him. This sad event was a very dispiriting commencement of Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald's residence in the new land, but it was only one of the perils that pioneers had to risk. Mr. MacDonald remained for a short time at Glencoe, and then came to the young township of Mount Gambier, where he started in business. His energy and carefulness served him well, and he prospered in business. About 1863 or 1864 he opened Mac's Hotel, then a small one-story building. This he kept till 1871, when, having gained a respectable competency he resolved to visit the land of his birth, his chief object being to educate his children. To this end he let his business premises to Mr. A, MacKenzie, who subsequently purchased them. (The continuation of this story can be found on "Trove")

#### **Interesting websites to check out for FAMILY HISTORY RESEARCH:**

**Billion Graves website:** [billiongraves.com](http://billiongraves.com) is claiming that it is the world's largest collection of GPS headstones, thanks to over 125,000 volunteers from every corner of the globe. There are nearly 500 headstones from Lake Terrace Cemetery in Mt Gambier from our region so far. There are millions in other parts of the world that are not so easily accessible to us, so check out those overseas cemeteries and see what you can find. The site and app has recently had some enhancements also including virtual cemetery walkthroughs which could be very interesting to experience.

**OBITUARIES** are often a good source of information about a person and to track the married names of females etc.

#### **Possible sources are:**

Obit.com: <http://www.obits.com.au/>  
Obituaries Australia: <http://oa.anu.edu.au/>  
Trove: <http://trove.nla.gov.au/>  
The Ryerson index to death notices and obituaries in Aust newspapers: <http://www.ryersonindex.org/>

**THE STORY BEHIND THE HEADLINES on page 1 of 'The Border Watch' 17<sup>th</sup> June 1969 as told by *someone who was involved* (well sort of)! - KEVIN DAVIS**

A robbery had taken place in the early hours of Monday June 16<sup>th</sup> 1969 at the Odeon Service Station on Commercial Street West.

I went to work about 7.00am at the Odeon Service Station on that Monday; (a public holiday) and found police already at the there.

A safe, quite large and heavy, had been squeezed into the back seat of an Avis Rent A Car which had been parked in the Garage overnight and driven away. The safe contained \$1,200 (Valued at about \$7,300 in 2014).

I worked at the service station until about 1.00pm and then Perria, myself and two others went for a drive to Melbourne for tea (about 430km). At this time there was no dual highway between Ballarat and Melbourne so the road went from Ballarat through Bacchus Marsh on to Melbourne. The traffic was very slow and it took us about 3 hours to travel 100km, mainly because many cars were returning to Melbourne after the long weekend.

We had tea in Melbourne and then drove back via Geelong and Warrnambool. It was after midnight when we went through Heywood on the Monday night and we were heading to Dartmoor when we saw Police flashing lights and were pulled over.

The Police Officer looked into our car with his torch. Perria was driving and I was in the back seat on the driver's side. They shone the torch in my face and then said "Weren't you at the Service Station this morning that was robbed?" I answered "Yes."

He then went onto say "We have found your safe. Would you like to see it?"

We went to near the old bridge at Dartmoor where the

police had a little fire burning as it was quite cold in the middle of winter and they were waiting for their boss to come from Mount Gambier.

The police told us the story of how they caught one of the thieves (the other one had got away).

The story goes

"We found the car at the bottom of the gully just off the main road at Dartmoor. The safe was out of the car and on the ground. We hid on the slope waiting for the robbers to return."

One policeman had a shotgun and the others had hand guns.

After a while the robbers returned from Heywood having 'pinched' an Oxy Acetylene Cutter and started to cut the back off the safe.

The police ran down and yelled "Stop or we will fire.", but the police officer with the shotgun fell into a hole and the shotgun went off. One of the thieves immediately stopped and raised his hands. The other man kept running and got away."

The police were told by the man they arrested that the other man had done all the lifting and he just helped a bit. It took six people to lift the safe onto the back of a tow truck, 300mm above the ground.

The Police didn't seem all that concerned they did not get the other fellow. I believe he was arrested about 2 weeks later.

**Kevin Davis**

**See Border Watch article on next page**



This area is the current site of the FACT fish and chip shop, before that Stark's bakery, before that Wesfarmers Rural Supplies.....!



# POLICE FIRE SHOT: MAN SURRENDERS

A MAN, whom Police allege surrendered to them after a warning shot had been fired in bush near Dartmoor late last night, appeared in the Mount Gambier Court of Summary Jurisdiction this morning, charged with garage breaking and the theft of a safe containing \$1,200.

Nikola Glogovac, 27, of Delphin Court, Tullamarine, Victoria, was charged with that at Mount Gambier yesterday he broke and entered the garage of O. G. Roberts, trading as the Odeon Service Station, and stole one safe of the value of about \$150 and \$1205.42 in money, the property of O. G. Roberts.

He was remanded in custody to appear before the Court on Thursday afternoon.

## BREAKING

APP R. G. G. Newman told Mr. A. J. T. Parsons, JP, who was on the Bench, that Police would allege that early on Monday morning the Odeon Service Station in Commercial Street West was broken into and a car stolen from it, and that the office of the garage was broken into and a safe containing the money was stolen.

It would be alleged that Glogovac and another man committed the offence and

drove the stolen car containing the safe into scrub country near Dartmoor and hid the car under branches, and that they dumped the safe in the bush some distance from the car.

## WATCHED CAR

Detective W. H. Squire, of the Mount Gambier CIB, Constable M. G. Wright, of Mount Gambier, and Detective Gleeson, of Portland CIB, kept watch on the car throughout yesterday and last night.

It would be alleged that

at 11.30 p.m. they saw Glogovac and another man drive up to where the safe was hidden and roll it down an incline to near the hidden car. They took oxy-acetylene cutting equipment from the car which they drove to the scene and began cutting open the safe.

## FIRED SHOT

The Police challenged them and the two men ran off. The Police then fired a warning shot and Glogovac stopped and surrendered. The other man escaped.

## IMPORTANT COMING EVENT



Article: Border Watch 17 June 1969 page 1

**BLADES OF GLENCOE** event organised by the Mount Gambier Branch of National Trust of SA on 8<sup>th</sup> March 2015 - 9 am to 4 pm

Website: <http://www.ntsamountgambier.com.au/blades-of-glencoe>

"This is a rare chance to see blade shearing, as it happened, where it happened. It will come to life in front of you as blade shearing enthusiasts demonstrate their skill. Over 40 international blade shearers from across Australia in action will be shearing as they did at the Glencoe Woolshed in the 1880s. See the sheep run into pens then shorn by the blade shearers, followed by wool handling with wool baling techniques as it was done in days gone by.

Throughout the day enjoy the food, take a workshop or buy wool products – a great opportunity for the whole family to experience, smell, taste and touch something that is iconic and part of our history – a part of our economic wealth when we "rode on the sheep's back". All in all an experience not to be missed!

Our sincere thanks go to Tom Ellis of Coola Station for providing the 600 sheep and to Richie Foster who coordinated the shearers."

Entry by printed ticket and gate sales on the day also available. Family \$20 Adults \$10

**Just to recap Part 1–**

***Left Mount Gambier Post Office at midnight by horse drawn coach,***

***Arrive Penola 5 am,***

***Arrive Naracoorte 9 am,***

***Arrive Kingston 6 pm***

Part 2- “All aboard, Gentlemen.” This time by a new **driver**: we leave behind the one who has driven carefully and well for **eighteen consecutive hours**. And now we have a large coach, with three great goggle-eyed lamps shining out in the dark night, like some of the monstrous dragons in which our forefathers most devoutly believed. The driver pilots us out of the city of Kingston through vast heaps of drift-sand, which seem to threaten to swallow the whole coach and its team of four staunch little horses. As we go the fine sand flies up thick and misty, so as to prevent our seeing the leaders, and we marvel at the wondrous instinct of horses and driver in finding the way, without relaxing the pace, and yet avoiding obstructions, any one of which is sufficient to bring us all to grief.

So we drive further into the blackness of the night, the most wearied of the travellers beginning to doze now that the road is smoother, until we reach the **White Hut changing station**, and without delay we get a fresh set of bones, flesh and muscle, bound up in horse hide, and on to **Coolatoo** – formerly a refreshing and stopping place, but now only serving to supply a quota of the mail, and the thirsty with a drink. On we plunge without incident or variation: the sand hummocks on our left and the Coorong Flats on our right. The road creeps round the foot of the sandhills, which every year, nay every week, encroach more and more inland, and having a aforetime buried the old telegraph line, seem insatiably disposed towards the new one. Now we begin to follow the edges of partly-dry beds of salt lagoons, which in winter become united in a chain of lakes leading into the main bed of the Coorong. In the dry seasons sometimes a short cut is ventured across the pipe clay to save a long detour. Our driver attempts one now in a place where previous tracks promise safety; but, alas! suddenly we come upon a soft spot, and snorting and plunging our team breaks through the crust, and down they go, the coach bedding itself on the axle. Whew! What is to be done? Every fresh attempt at extrication makes the matter worse: the horses have no foot-hold. All the passengers dismount, including two ladies – one a Sister belonging to the Order of St Joseph, and the other a young lady apparently about to enter upon her novitiate. We all tremble in the **midnight** air, and the poor frightened horses smoke and pant whilst they are being unharnessed, and carefully brought to

sound land. . At last it is decided to upset the coach, and “wriggle” it out of the bog as it lies on its side. “Steady boys,” “Over it goes.” “Now, altogether?” “That’s her.” “Again – when I say – *now*.” With many a puff and many a blow the coach gets to firm land: but now comes to righting it. With harder work we raise it to its normal position, carefully gather all fragments, and crawl into our places well be-draggled with the pipeclay stains. We reach **Chinamen’s Wells** (so named in honour of the Celestials who visited this place *en route* to the Victorian diggings) **two hours late**, having just crossed what is known as the **head of the Coorong**, at present dry, but in winter covered with a couple of feet of water. Whilst the **horses are changed, we enter the thatched cottage** to find a cheerful fire and preparations for a most welcome meal. Once more to our places; a short journey of exceeding roughness; then we enter upon a long stretch of level driving on the margin of the bed of the Coorong. Now for a good snooze. By general consent we lapse into silence, and like “wearied wretches sink to sleep.” This state of affairs is too good to last. We get on to rough ground again. Now we reach **Policeman’s Point** – a jutting promontory upon which formerly a solitary policeman was kept as a kind of sentinel, to restrain the murderous and plundering propensities of the Coorong blacks. Here is a fresh team. Warily we bump and thump along; we have these sounds only to break the miserable dreariness of that ride, to wit – the wash, wash, wash of the Coorong wavelets, the distant boom of the breakers on the coast, the broken breathing of the panting horses, the rumble of the coach, and the “Ugh, ugh, horses,” of the driver. Ah, here’s **Woods Well**, where we have to receive and deliver mail bags. We drive up to the door. Business over, off we go, still encountering trying tracks. Near breakfast time we hail **McCallum’s hostelry at McGrath’s Flat**. The kind and attentive hostess has ready a smoking hot dish of mullet and teal, those being flanked with cups of coffee. Whilst some mail sorting goes on (there is a compound telegraph and post office here) the charge of which is, we suppose, usually given to young gentlemen who need some means of expiating former misdoings! Then we stroll outside to observe two immense sacks of teal destined for Adelaide. They have been brought in by the natives who usually encamp by this spot, and some of whom cluster round us praying “You gib me tixpennce?” The wurlies are filled with sable beauties and chocolate coloured cherubs; and clamorous are the cries for more “tixpences.” But we must be off once more; and encountering but **one more changing place** we then **come to the lakes**. During this last stage we have a new driver, whose exertions to get his team along are most praiseworthy. I only wish the horses had appreciated him better.



By and bye we sight **Lake Victoria**, and see the little **steamer** waiting for the mails and the passengers. Scrambling down, every passenger collects his luggage, staggers along the rough unfinished little jetty, and walks on to the deck of the steamer – a vessel having thirty horse power engines, yet drawing only twenty three inches. We hastily plunge in to the passenger saloon, in parts only of which we can stand erect, and the general arrangements of which exhibit little regard to comfort or cleanliness. A general dilatoriness seems to mark the crew, from whom it is difficult to pick out captain, steward, engineer, or cabin boy: all seem to have equal authority, and access to the saloon, and to find it necessary to “liquor up” tolerably frequently from a sort of cupboard, of which a grimy individual keeps the key. For **the passage across the extravagant fare of ten shillings** is charged, and two shillings for any meal taken. There is not much provocation to appetite however; but should an individual be so misguided as to sit down at one, the grimy individual aforesaid mounts guard upon him until he has finished, interjecting occasionally, if he is in a good humor, sundry observations, in a tone of delightful equality and freedom of hauteur! At times these little vessels got lost in the fogs, and run aground, the Lake being in parts exceedingly shallow, and as I learn, silting up year by year from the muddy deposits brought down by the waters of the Murray. **Four hours is**

**the usual length of the passage from Meningie** (represented by one public house and a store post office, together with a goodly number of vacant allotments) **to Milang**. Here we are received by the inhabitants, consisting of three or four ladies, two gentlemen (one extremely short and one extremely long), and sundry juveniles. A truck receives mails and luggage, and a **shabby looking omnibus** takes charge of these and the passengers, starting for town after several mild delays.

The remainder of the journey is of an extraordinary character, nothing being worth noting save that it occurs to every passenger that very little has been sacrificed to appearances or comfort in this vehicle; and on the whole we are glad it is night when the shabby turnout reaches the **magnificent metropolitan post office**.

I said the remainder of the journey was of an ordinary character. This needs some qualification, since our near “wheeler” suddenly dropped down, as if shot, on the steep descent below Mountain Hut on the Mount Lofty Road, and came in for a cruel scraping on the metal. The driver behaved with courage and skill; the mischief was remedied by casting the poor waif adrift, and committing the coach to the remaining two horses.

The last line of this descriptive sketch is that we arrive two hours after time, and speedily lose our individuality in the crowds of the city of Adelaide.



A gathering of 26 people assembled for the **Mount Gambier History Group AGM** on 2<sup>nd</sup> November to elect the committee members for 2015. There were 2 changes to the committee – Norma Werner and Brian Cooper retired from the committee with Tony Bott and Aileen Clarke accepting positions. (see page 2 for Committee and office bearers)

***The next hour was a delight as we listened to Joan Aikmann's detailed story of her life in Mount Gambier and the businesses, events and people she remembers from the last 90 plus years.***

A few very random snippets:

- during war years there was a **Cheer Up Hut**, for **Airforce personnel** stationed at the Airport who came into Mount Gambier town for a break, where women cooked meals and sold them for 2/- (2 shillings). One meal they made was meat puddings in cloths. There would often be a sing song around the piano. The meals were served in the upstairs area of the Town Hall.
- **SSE** was originally in Arthur Street. They had a Kangaroo Club for children, Mrs Billing ran a session for women with interesting talks, recipes household hints etc, Mrs Bows used to walk from North Terrace to Arthur Street to play requested songs on the piano – live of course!
- there used to be a big **cellar** under the grocery store in Fidlers for storage. There were no pre packaged goods – everything (including flour and sugar) had to be **weighed** and put in paper bags, to be taken home.
- Hirths had a bakery that made the best crumpets! A W Carr's bakery sold lovely cakes.
- meat was **home delivered** on horse and cart with the meat stacked on shelves, bakers also home delivered bread for 4 ½ pence / loaf, the Chinese market gardeners would deliver their green groceries, an Afghan man with a horse and covered wagon sold wares like kettles, saucepans. He always wore a turban and long coat.



## Aspects of Christmas during the 1900's



Christmas card 1915 style

Christmas from the Border Watch archives

### FATHERS' ASSOCIATION XMAS APPEAL

It was stated in the **Border Watch, Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup> August 1949** "Donations to the Mount Gambier Fathers' Association appeal are to provide parcels for ex-servicemen and women in hospitals and other institutions at Christmas time. Eleven pounds and eight shillings had been acknowledged to date."

*What*  
**TO GIVE**  
**Dad and the Boy Friend.**

Often remarked as being a difficult problem. .  
Not so difficult as you might imagine if you consult

---

**Angus McDonald**

---

HE WILL NATURALLY SUGGEST

- A SMART BLAZER from 18/6 to 29/6.
- DRESSING GOWNS, 22/6 to 55/.
- SILK PYJAMAS, 10/6 to 25/.
- SILK SHIRT (Attached or Detached Collars), 6/11 to 19/6.
- SCARF TIES, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6 each.
- FANCY ½ HOSE, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6 pair.
- PLAIN, WHITE, BORDERED, or INITIALLED HANDFS, 6d., 9d., 1/, 1/3, 1/6, 2/6 each.

## FESTIVE OCCASIONS

**This—the 150th anniversary—is not the first time in its history that Mount Gambier has "gone gay."**

On two occasions within the last 25 years, the town has given way to the carnival spirit—the "Back to Mount Gambier" celebrations in 1926, and the State Centenary celebrations in 1937.

During both, citizens entered into the spirit of the celebrations, and the decorative efforts were really outstanding.

But even before the days of elaborate decorations and illuminations, the people were always ready to celebrate the important events of their time, and there are records of processions and carnivals dating back almost to the inception of the town.

**HERE THEY ARE.**

**Guaranteed Specials For Christmas.**

HEVROLET 1935 MASTER SEDAN — Genuine mileage 13,000. Condition as new. Luggage Trunk at rear.

ODGE STANDARD SEDAN—Very nice appearance. Duct new, first-class mechanical condition. A Real Bargain at £165.

LDSMOBILE TOURER—Late Model, in wonderful condition. One of the best Tourers we have had to sell.

936 COMMER-PANEL VAN—This Light Delivery is just year old and can be bought at a big reduction. Condition as new.

**LANGE & Co.**  
DEALERS BUICK, PONTIAC, VAUXHALL, and BEDFORD

Border Watch 1930's ads with gift suggestions for the man in your life

'The Border Watch' 2nd Dec 1950 p1

**ASW**  
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PTY LTD

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# Carols By Candlelight

Programmes for Mount Gambier's Carols By Candlelight programme on Sunday next, December 23, are on hand and are available through authorised newsagents. They will be sold on Commercial Street on Friday and Saturday next.

Unfortunately the application for a badge day did not reach the hands of the Corporation in time, and no badge day could be held this year, reports the Secretary of the Organising Committee (Mr. Bruce Forgan).

The Mount Gambier programme will commence at 8.15 next Sunday with a street parade led by the Blue Lake Highland Pipe Band and the Carols at Vansittart Park will commence at 8.30 with Alec MacAskill as compere. During the evening, a Christmas message will be given by the Mayor (Mr. J. H. Marks).

For the first year, there will be a guest artist on the programme for 1951. He will be baritone Ian McMutrie. Mrs. A. L. Parish, a recent Ballarat competition winner will be the local soloist.

## COMBINED CHOIRS

The Combined Mount Gambier Choirs, conducted by Mr. John Holland, will give items; they have been practising for some time.

Assistance in the sale of programmes next Friday and Saturday has been offered by the Rangers, Boy Scouts, Apex Club, R.S.L. and R.S.L. Auxillary, Legion, M.B.H.A., D.B.N.S., Legacy and the men of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

A working bee will be held at Vansittart Park on Sunday morning, December 23, to erect the platform which will be used.

Proceeds this year are in aid of the Adelaide Children's Hospital, the Somerton Crippled Children's Home, the S.A. Oral School, and the Mount Gambier M.B.H.A., Legacy and D.B.N.S.

Mount Gambier M.B.H.A., Legacy, and D.B.N.S.



This year was the 55<sup>th</sup> year of the Mount Gambier Christmas Parade. Here's some photos from the 1960's.

