

GUSTAV'S NEWSLETTER

From

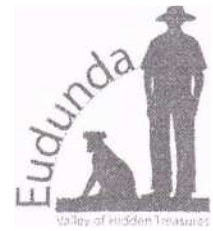
THE EUDUNDA FAMILY HERITAGE GALLERY
BRUCE STREET, EUDUNDA

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NUMBER 12 July 2004

HELLO and welcome to another Gustav newsletter. The last 1/2 year has flown by and the time is drawing near for our Annual General Meeting, 7:00pm, Thursday the 22nd of July 2004, at the Eudunda Club, hope to see you all there.

President Jim's ^{1/2} Yearly Report

Vicki has been on my back for this report; my first reaction was "is it six months since the last one?" Yes six months have sped by and so much has happened in the gallery. Cataloguing is SLOWLY progressing. It is a BIG job, but a must do job.

Colin is back in the gardens fully repaired and now waiting to be bronzed. We have a tin in the gallery for donations toward the project, so don't be shy - slip a donation or two into the receptacle.

We spent one day late in June screen printing 100 calico bags with the Gustav print - the back shed looked like a laundry.

We have again played host to a number of tourist buses, the income from which we use to pay of our council debt, which I am pleased to announce will be payed off by September 15 this year (that's \$40,000 in 5 years). My thanks go to all those who played such a big part in raising the funds to achieve that result, (poor old Yvonne's even wore out a hip in the process.)

I mentioned in my last report that we had been presented with two daily sales books covering 1877 & 1878. I have been having a bit of a look through them and have found some interesting information. In 1877 it is recorded that on a regular basis large amounts of tea, milk and sugar were being purchased by one person, a Mr. Williams.

By late 1878 these sales had stopped, could the purchaser have been the caterer for the gangs working on the railway line to Morgan?

They would have been here in 1877 but by 1878 the line was finished.

Also Christmas time of 137 years ago were little different to today. Items like tops, dolls, books and sweets were items purchased as the festive season drew near.

Well that's it folks - thank you for being a friend of the Gallery and if you ain't, a small \$10 fee will soon make you one.

Jim Reese President

Donald Ducks and Archies by Margaret Doecke-1950's

We all used to come into church on Sunday
And after church we were allowed to come in
to the main street
And buy a comic from Reg Nicholls
newsagent shop.

One week our cousins would buy the comic
And the next week we'd buy it
We'd go home and have our lunch
And whoever had the comic - usually Donald
Ducks or Archies -
Would read it, hop on their bike and ride
through the paddocks - two ramps
and two gates - about a mile and a half-
to whoever didn't have the comic that week
Then we'd stay and play for the rest of the
day.

I know Colin Thiele

I have known and respected Colin Thiele, the educator, since January 1964 when I entered Wattle Park Teacher's College for my first day's tuition to become a teacher. Memories of College years include assemblies with stories and poems written, read or told by Colin. His invitation to Alan Marshall (*Can Jump Puddles*) to join us on one such occasion will never leave me. Alan is a fine writer and an inspiration for every one of us, one of the pioneers of the *You CAN do it approach* to education.

I know Colin through his many published works. There are books of facts about education and areas of South Australia - well researched and written in a very accessible style. There are delightful fiction stories, for young and old, full of realism, good humour and solid values. Some 68 titles for children alone in the over 100 books published. This does not count the articles and entries in collections and magazines, both educational and literary publications. Nor does it acknowledge the translations of favourite titles and the journey into the medium of film with the South Australian Film Corporation. I know Colin through many books and articles about his life and achievements that include entries in all published works on Children's authors and reputable world encyclopedias. In 2004 we welcomed Stephany Evans Staggall's *Can I Call You Colin?*, launched at SA Writer's Week. Some 1,500 people attended this occasion - a fitting tribute to a comprehensive, well researched biography of a much-loved and respected Australian. The list goes on.

Ask the French if they know Colin Thiele. Or the German, Swedes, or Italians. They are sure to because *Blue Fin*, *Coorong Captive*, *Chadwick's Chimney* and *Danny's Egg* are some of his titles translated into these languages. The Dutch, Danes, Austrians and Chinese know Colin from translations of *Storm Boy*. The list goes on. In January 2000 I was astounded to see Colin in the Eudunda Centennial Gardens. Chris Radford's statue of Colin with Mr. Percival, erected in 1995, is a superb likeness and quality artwork. I now know Colin even better, due to the magnificent collection of memorabilia housed in the Heritage Gallery.

This year, ECBaT is going to have the statue cast in bronze. We are doing this to preserve a fine artwork and to honour one of Australia, South Australia and Eudunda's favourite 'sons'. Cast in bronze, we will ensure that the statue can remain in the magnificent setting we are creating for it and be enjoyed by all visitors and our future generations.

Please join me in honouring Colin Thiele by making a donation towards the bronzing project. There are donation tins in several locations (including the Heritage Gallery) or donations can be posted to Treasurer, ECBaT, PO Box 296, Eudunda, SA, 5374.

Ms Pat Matthews Teacher-Librarian
Eudunda and Robertstown Districts School
Community Library

Eudunda From Mona Reflects Mona Fiedler

If ever you're tired and feeling down
You'll find in a valley lies a sleepy little town
This town is untouched by any great catastrophe.

The place down under, is named EUDUNDA,
you see.

Where the sun beats down without a care,
Winds howl through the valley, yet no-one dare

To cry out asking, "why all the wind?"
'Cause we know without the howling wind
No rain would come from the Heaven's sent
To replenish to dry, harsh ground, heavy with scent.

From the sweet, sweet earthy smells
Now coming up, to meet from hill to deli.

This town also boasts a footy team
The Reds and Whites, whose bodies gleam
From sweat brought on, with determined faces,
Or else from the rain, but no-one erases
The proud look, as the crowds roar
When yet another goal is kicked to score.
As Betty keeps time, keeping her eyes peeled
To the watch in her hand, sometimes on the field
Ever watching as 'Ming', 'Azza', 'Posty' too
Run with the team to score twenty plus two
She's a grand team this Red and White
Defying all those watching this sight.

The Station Master has gone - by Dean Herriman
The Station Master has gone,
And the rails are pulled up,
The sleepers stacked for the trucks.
The old Station building stands derelict,
forlorn,
Time and weathering have taken their toll.
The woodwork is suspect and paint crumbling
off,
It's now just a home for the birds.
But no-one seems to notice or care,
It's many years since a train's come to town,
Sadly, the Station building is dying alone.

The signs with the schedules and fees for the
trains,
Have long ago gone to the dump.
As have fading billboards for PETER'S ICE
CREAM,
'Its a food, not a fad', and COCA COLA and
BEX.
Gone too, the wooden bench where you could
sit for a spell,
And take in the hustle and bustle.
All that is left, is an air of lonely despair,
'Neath the rust reddened iron verandah
From the weeds growing rampant round the
rainwater tank,
To the front door hanging ajar,
'Tis a picture of total neglect.

It wasn't always so.
I recall as a child, a cold April morning, pre
Dawn.
Waiting with Dad, and the Vets of three wars,
All heading for Adelaide and the ANZAC
parade.
Some wearing khaki but most in their suits,
Medals and ribbons on display.
There was rubbing of hands and stamping of
feet,
Trying to ward off the cold.
Perhaps a sly nip of brandy or rum,
But I was too young, to know of such things.

With a howl of its whistle, the steam train
pulled in,
And screeching of wheels on the tracks,
Crash went the couplings, as it came to a stop,
With boisterous excitement we all climbed
abroad.
Soon as we're settled the doors are pulled
shut,

Then with a shrill of its whistle, and much
steam and smoke,
And clacking of wheels on the tracks,
Slowly we're leaving the platform behind,
The station is left silent once more,
Save the shuffle of the Station Master's feet.

Gladys Doecke nee **Schiller written in 2000**
LIVING IN SUTHERLANDS

I remember the drought years when we had
frequent duststorms. They were so thick at times
during the day that we lit our kerosene lamps.
Then there was the cleaning up afterwards. The
windowsills were thick with dust.

Swaggies called in from time to time, begging for a
sandwich to keep them going and so they moved
from place to place, but I don't remember them
ever stealing anything.

During the war years at school we collected paper
and bones for the SPF (School Patriotic Fund) and
were given badges for amounts collected.

We walked to school the 1 1/2 miles and often had
chilblains from cold frosty mornings. There was
also the Polio Epidemic and I remember we were
always made to go to bed early.

When I first learnt to knit the wool came in skeins
and had to be wound into balls. This was done by
someone holding the skeins in outstretched hands
or by putting it across the backs of two chairs.

Market days in Eudunda were always a day out, to
stock up on supplies that weren't available at the
store cum Post Office at Sutherlands. Luxuries
were few in those days and going to Wagner's Cafe
at the northern end of Bruce Street for our usual
treat of a Banana Split was essential.

When bread was no longer made at home we
bought bread several times a week which came to
Sutherlands by train, not to forget the yummy fresh
fritz.

Pig killing was always a big job. From the time the
pig was killed, scraped to remove the

hair, to cutting, sawing up, mincing the meat for patties, mettwurst and black and white puddings, salting the meat and smoking the schincken, cutting up the fat and rendering it down for lard, took all of three days. Runners or casings for the black and white puddings and mettwurst were kept from the runners of sheep killings. The runners were cleaned, turned inside out and salted down.

Jam making was done in the copper. The copper first had to be cleaned out with salt and vinegar. The jam was stirred from a distance with a paddle because of the heat. The jam was kept in the cellar in big earthenware jars.

Childhood Memories from Elaine Leditschke 1950's

Cream, fresh and thick from the separator with cats looking on lovingly
Hay in stooks and stacks – itchinness
In my big cot, aching head, having spent the day in the sun at the Murray
Long hot summers
Dill cucumbers
Having a party for my 10th birthday
Orders not to go near the underground tank for that was where the feared Boogy Man lived
Ovenfresh trays of cakes and sugary brown Berlin buns
Dressing up for May night

Mum sewing lovely dresses for me
Enticing a chook to perch on a broom to retrieve it from the depths having fallen in after laying an egg in the box of newspaper wipes
My Grandpa taking me to the Club for a glass of raspberry
On a cushion peering through the steering wheel while driving Dad's Bedford ute
Riding around the verandah in my red pedal car which I still have
I could knit well before I started school
Enjoying visits to Tante Chrissy's garden
Seeing the tubby border collie Dad brought home for me in a shoe box - I named it Taxi after the black and white cars I'd noticed on a trip to Ad

MELON MOUSSE WITH DUMPLINGS (Pompenbrie) - **TO BE EATEN WITH PORK RISSOLES**

Cut up melon fairly thin. Cook with a little water, stirring often. When cooked to a puree, add sugar, vinegar, cinnamon and a few currants to taste. Then cook dumplings on top for approximately 10 minutes.

Dumplings:- 1 cup SR Flour, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 cup milk. Rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with the milk. Make into small balls and cook on top of the simmering melon puree 10-15 minutes.

**Don't forget
Eudunda Heritage
Annual General
Meeting at the
Eudunda Club
07:00pm
Thursday 22nd of
July 2004
All welcome.**

I hope you enjoy our little Newsletter and find it interesting and informative. If you have any local yarns or family history you think might interest fellow Friends of the Gallery please send or drop them into the Gallery.

Editor - Vicki Matthews