



GUSTAV'S NEWSLETTER

Eudunda Family Heritage Gallery
17-19 Bruce Street, EUDUNDA SA 5374

Opened: Friday/Saturday 10am – 4pm Sunday 11am – 4pm
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Welcome to the December newsletter, our Christmas Issue. The whole Eudunda Family Heritage Committee would like to wish you all the most joyous and safe festive season with a happy and successful coming year in 2009.

Heritage Happenings

We are finishing the year as we began it...busily. We catered for the Eudunda Show with our usual Cold Serves. We sold out!! (Including 'reselling' the ones the committee members had bought, planning to take home for tea.) Having the horses back this year was fantastic, both from the increase in our sales, and also for the spectacle and atmosphere they provide on the oval. We all really enjoy our day catering at the show, always a great time to catch up with those long lost friends and relatives.

Marg Doecke had a group of quilters from Murray Bridge visit to spend a day in her wonderful shop. We provided lunch for them, and they enjoyed a visit to the Gallery.

On 12th December Eudunda will be having its annual Christmas street party, starting at 5.30pm. We will be selling Hot Spuds in the front of the Gallery. Be quick as these too have been known to sell out!! YUMMY!!

Around The Rooms

Sadly, Carol Reese has been unwell, and the Eudunda Observer office has closed. We all send our best wishes to Carol. It has been a wonderful asset to our town, having a local reporter with an office in the main street. We look forward to spending time with Carol at functions on a social standing rather than her being there reporting the event!!

As the new correspondent, Chantal Cox will be working from home, so the Observer office is now empty. We are going to make it into a Reference/Reading area. Watch this space for updates and progress!!

We now also have extra window space to decorate, which Dot probably thinks is a mixed blessing, as she spends hours, along with Delilah's help, making sure the window displays are updated and relevant. Thanks girls!!

Cheryl Stapleton has finished the signs for the Shed. They really look great and clearly define and identify each section. A big 'thank you' to Terry Carter for hanging the signs in the shed; and to Audrey Schulz for allowing us to use her scaffolding. Cheryl has also made signs for the main Gallery area; again, these

will make a huge difference, another step along the way, always improving!

Gallery Gossip

Our Treasurer Ora Jenke was kept very busy during the Eudunda Show with the launching of "The Blue Ribbon Cookbook". Ora's recipe for Honey Biscuits featured in this book, a collection of prize winning recipes, stories and tips from Country Show cookery entrants. Congratulations and well done Ora.

Past local identity and Friend of The Gallery, Geoff Davey drove up to Eudunda recently to attend the Masonic Lunch. He was on wonderful form and full of stories of his time at his "Julowie" What a shame there wasn't a tape running.

We would like to congratulate Rodney Pfitzner and Betty Pfitzner. Their contributions in this issue are the first ones we have ever received as a result of our request each newsletter. Thank you Rodney and Betty! Next Newsletter's topic will be 'Fun, Games and Mischief'. Please put pen to paper and write down your memories. Look at it as a wonderful gift to share with your family and friends; we really appreciate your contribution!

Recollections

by Rodney Pfitzner

1. In my early years the Sunday before Christmas was reserved for a trip to Grandfather Loffler's Peep Hill property where he had a native pine selected to be cut for our Christmas tree. (Environmental vandalism today!)
2. Tradition in our house was that Father Christmas visited while we attended Christmas Eve Service. When ready to leave, one parent always "forgot" something, going back inside to place Christmas presents under the tree, the kids being kept in the car. However, one evening upon returning from the Service one parent (mother) found her gift on the lawn. Mystery was solved when an account from McLeods duly arrived, Santa being Barry Houston.

Memories of Christmas at Hansborough Hall

by Betty Pfitzner

Father Christmas at Hansborough was a very special occasion for me.

Card and Dance Evenings and a Fancy Dress Ball were held during the year to raise funds for the purchase of gifts for the children on the Hansborough Bus Run. We were taken to school by the Elliott Family.

On the special night the children sat down the front on the floor and women sat on the forms. The men usually stood outside chatting; maybe having a 'Shlook' or two and Ken Jaeger played his button Accordion for the Carol singing.

Eventually Santa arrived to much excitement and with the help of the Committee Ladies a gift was given to all the children and when Santa left we all sang Jingle Bells. Afterwards we were all treated to a 'Dandy' which was icecream in a cardboard cup eaten with a wooden spoon, followed by a delicious supper.

After supper the adults danced and the kids played. Mr Jimmy Oliver was M.C.

The toilet was a long drop out among the 'Gum Trees' and if Mum didn't take a torch we were in a bit of trouble but we all survived.

As time moved along Rodney and I had the privilege to take our boys to the Christmas tree. What a lovely little Hall; with lots of memories.

Friends of the Gallery Morning Tea

We are looking forward to our next get together with everyone for a cuppa and a chat which will be held on the 11th February, 2009 and the way time flies by that is not very far away.

(Excerpts in this newsletter from conversations with Mary Hutchinson are marked with an asterisk *)

When I was young

You could never wait for Christmas or a birthday to come around

It was a great event

You got a little gift

No matter how tough times were

And we'd always get something special
to eat
Mother always baked a cake
I've still got building blocks I got for
Christmas when I was six or eight years
old
They were square blocks
With a picture on every side
You had to fit the pictures together
Those blocks I really valued

Other toys we had were the little tops-
hop hop hop
Hang they used to spin
The other ones you'd crank 'em up
They'd hum
Gee they were good

My brother made me a little horse stable
I'd put cotton reels in there for the horses
Playing with it under the pepper tree in
summer it was beautiful

Special thing about Christmas was
One room used to get locked about a
week before
That's where the Christmas tree went and
the gifts
Mother used to decorate it when we were
asleep
And you didn't go in til Christmas Eve
Helen Michalk *

My favourite place was at home
We had a park about 80 metres up from
the house
A bit of a rise there
These big slate rocks sticking up from the
ground
Full of these little native pines
Wildflowers
That's where we'd get our Christmas tree
We'd go up there for picnics
It was beautiful there
Clem Loffler *

Every Christmas holidays Mum would
sew us six new dresses (we had a little
sister by then). These six dresses had to
last us all year. They were pretty thin by
then.

We always had a pretty new dress for
Christmas Eve, pretty ribbons for our hair.
Our faces shone with excitement,
wondering what Father Christmas would

bring. We would go to church and Dad
would be one of the helpers to light the
sparklers on the tree and we gazed with
wonder at this beautiful tree as we sang
'O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree'.
Then we'd come home and strangely
Mum always had to go into the house
while us kids sat in the car with Dad.
Then in we'd go, and there by magic was
this tree all light up with a parcel for each
of us under the tree. I still have my little
pram, a bit rickety, but oh well.

Next day was just as special; we would
spend it with our beloved Fater and
Mutter (Grandfather and Grandmother).
Of course they had gifts for us. For dinner
would be the big turkey, home grown
veggies, a big plum pudding with lots of
custard and then for afternoon tea honey
biscuits and the Kuchen, sandwiches
made of home made bread and left over
turkey, and metwurst and lots of other
goodies.

Christmas time was a special time. We
didn't have much money, but we never
really went without either, as in those
days everything was home grown. Your
own cream, milk, butter, veggies,
preserves and dill cucumbers, you name
it, there was always plenty.

Helen Michalk *

Christmas was something very special.
We would get a new frock and wore it to
church Christmas Eve. When we got
home we had to stand at the dining room
door and sing in German, 'Alle Jahre
Wieder Kommt Das Christus Kind 'The
door was then unlocked and to our
surprise saw the decorated Christmas
tree and presents. Before bed Mum
would give us a cool drink and a piece of
Kuchen... Erna Handke*

We had another flood Christmas Eve,
24th December 1946, where Eudunda
had 110mm (4.40 inches or almost 4 1/2
inches of rain.

We had bags of wheat standing along the
flat, which was reaped with the harvester.
Some of them were washed away. Some
1/4 mile away. On Christmas Day we
picked up the three horses and the
German wagon, 6 bags at a time, as the

wheels were cutting in about 9 inches in the ground. The wheat was all brown and could be used only for feed.

Ben Heidrich*

Little Buchanan-

Every year we had a party there

A supper and a dance

I can remember the Dads standing around the boot of the cars...

And of course Father Christmas with his bag of gifts.

Marg Doecke*

We went to a Christmas Tree in Eudunda once

Mum and the kids

I was on my pushbike

I got a flat tyre about eight miles from home

Had to push my bike

Didn't get home til the small hours of the morning

Dad came out on the horse

"What's wrong with you?"....Harold Marschall *

When I was young I remember looking forward to Christmas. When Christmas was getting closer we practiced every Sunday at Sunday School for our Christmas Eve programme.

We would go to church on Christmas Eve and while we were at church Father Christmas visited us. We never had very big presents but we were always happy with what we received, Christmas Day we would go to church and then to Grandma and Grandpa Obst's home for dinner. Going visiting was very special as we seldom went out.

Helen Michalk *

She remembers clearly the Christmas when she received her first doll. The night before Christmas Peggy hung her Christmas pillowslip on the end of her bed and when she woke there was this beautiful celluloid doll, two feet tall, standing in the pillowslip looking along the length of the bed at Peggy. Also in the pillowslip were an orange, a peanut, a walnut and an almond.

Peggy Marschall *

I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT

by Michael Stapleton

I had a dream last night... Not the famous saying from Martin Luther King but an adaptation by a man who was born in your town and tells a true story through the eyes of small boy, growing up in Eudunda and why he wants to see the town prosper into the future....

I was asked to fill out a questionnaire giving my thoughts on the proposed new clubrooms and sporting facilities at the oval precinct in Eudunda — the dream turned into a movie marathon; a travelogue through time growing up in Eudunda in the fifties and sixties. I'm old 6 or 7 years of age when it starts and attending school at the Eudunda Area School, walking to and from school, a distance of about three kilometres and it portrays the people and businesses that I can remember as I wound my way home with friends....School wasn't my favourite place in the world as most of my teachers and fellow students would attest. -1 was pretty bored, probably a pain in the butt and seemed to be in trouble from the minute I got there until they were glad to see me go at the end of the day.... In my later years I do remember a certain Headmaster telling me "I run this School - not you" as he delivered six of the best on my rear end and it was only the first day of a new year and only I had only been at School for ten minutes - and I couldn't figure it out. I think I can leave my school days for another dream.

So the adventures on our marathon journey home became my early class room in the University of Life. I was Tom Sawyer with Huck Finn, Spanky and our Gang, or the Lone Ranger with Tonto another day. The walk home started at the oval and all those interesting old buildings that surrounded it, such as the old Grand Stand - hey it was Grand to us, because it was also the store room for the scouts and the cubs. There were many fascinating play things to be found, Indian tents, cooking equipment, ropes, poles and all sorts of good STUFF to light up a small boys imagination dreaming of the future when he would be big enough to join the Scouts but that was a long way off for us, as you had to be at least 12 years old. We crawled all over these fascinating treasures, covered in dust and webs. Up in the rickety old grand stand we would search

for hidden treasures such as coins, spilt from patron's pockets as they sat and watched the football or attended the annual Eudunda Show. We were small enough to crawl under the slatted seats and every so often we would strike pay dirt. If you found thruppence you were a millionaire and if my memory serves me well, I was a millionaire twice at the age of seven. At the rear of the change rooms, next to the basketball courts, were the exhibition sheds - really just a fancy name for chook sheds to us. They were full of tiny cages that held the poultry, birds and other small animals for show day. I recollect climbing into these cages and some would say I should have stayed there but I could escape just like Houdini.

When you're a small kid, adventure is always in your mind but another important factor was food - you never seemed to get enough, it used to be called hollow legs. My mate (he shall remain nameless as he still lives in Eudunda) and I knew where we could usually get a feed on the way - First stop, if we walked along the railway line, where there was an apricot tree and then there were the fettler cottages for the railway workers and some of these people really knew how to grow vegetables - there was nothing like fresh carrots that were grown in neat rows or fresh tomatoes and apple cucumbers. It always depended on the time of the season -- winter time there were poor pickings. Sometimes the people who lived in these cottages would tell us off, but others would even give up goodies if we were polite. That's something we learned very early in life - if you were polite you always got more. Also in this area was a little work shop from where the fettlers would set out each day to work on the railway line between Eudunda and Morgan or Kapunda. In this shed loosely called a work shop there was a fascinating machine that the workers sat on to "putt putt" their way to the work sites, plus an old hand pumped machine, that was used to jobs closer to the depot. Some times this cart was left out and we would pump it up and down the track until we could pump no more - it was great fun.

The railway track was always a great place to play on the way home and had plenty of interesting things to capture our imaginations. In those days of the old steam engines, the train filled up with water and coal at Eudunda and we loved to watch

these guys fill up and try and hitch a ride down the track a few hundred yards. We knew the names of most of the staff at the "railways". Mr Gerke the station master, Mr Bruno Gehling and Mr Les Pregley at the goods shed, as we would always poke our heads into station and say hello, just to let them know we were about. We knew every nook and cranny around the area and we played in the hundreds of wood stacks that were neatly lined up along the roadside ready fuel for the steam trains. We played in the huge wheat bag stacks: "pre silo days" as these were our fortresses in our games. We played cowboys and Indians or wars in these stacks on weekends as well or in the gardens adjoining the rail yards. At this early age I wasn't aware that some years I would spend a complete school day up the biggest Norfolk Pine tree in the centre of the gardens while playing "hooky" from school with some mates. I only ever did that little trick once because I got caught out - well dobbed in actually by my big sister and my mum was not impressed. It wasn't a good day at all because we couldn't go any where in town because everybody knew us and would tell our parents and then we would be "in for it", so we stayed up the tree - boring really, it would have been much more fun going to school and I wouldn't have ended up getting the dreaded "strap", but that's in another dream. If we walked down the main Morgan road, not taking the detour through the rail yards, we would pass Mr Rawady's orange orchard and those branches hung out invitingly over the footpath and so those big, beautiful Navel oranges were the go for us when in season. Mr Rawady use to stand strategically outside his home just as school finished, warding us away from his prized Navels but we must have over stepped the mark, as he put up a barbed wire top on the fence so we couldn't jump over anymore, to help ourselves to the booty. I see it's still there today.

Following the main road we would call in at "Nooky" Schulz's yard, where there was and old train turn table on which we played or he would give us a ride on around the yard on one his donkeys if we were very lucky. He would show us his parrots and colourful birds and was always a happy, fast talking old bloke but very kind to us.

Carrying on up the road the next stop, for feed would be the quince tree next to

Applets shop - massive quinces and if they were still green, massive tummy aches afterwards but who cared, they were free. Around the back there were also the peach trees and grape vines for more tucker. There was a little wine store next to Applets shop and we would love just to poke our heads in to see what was in there. We were too young to drink but it was a real big deal if you could tell your mates what was in there. At this age there was a lot of daring -- "I dare you to go in or I dare you to do this or that" and I was a sucker for a dare. The "top end" sale yards were across the road and once again we would spend hours playing there when nobody was around. Next place of call was the Eudunda Hotel where we knew there was an old pool table, a couple of balls and a broken pool cue ... fine for these budding Walter Lindrams. Out the back of the hotel was a great old hall that in the years to come would be used as the local youth club headquarters and the starting place of the Eudunda Basketball Club. Eudunda was split into the "Top end and the bottom end", which quite funny, because the top end was the southern end and the bottom end, the northern end, split by the railway line.

After leaving the hotel area up the top end, we would pass the House of Knights... a massive home where the Knight family lived. They were the only family we knew that had twelve kids and great kids they were because they were adventurous like us. We shared many hours playing together, fighting together and embarked on great adventures into the hills to the south of Eudunda which was their territory. OUR hills were down the other end of the town to the west and we knew the territory from the town to Hampden very well. After the House of Knights, the first shop at the Top End we came upon was the Bakery - the smell of bread cooking... hmmm I can still smell it today. Not many freebies there until I was about nine and I got to know the owners Bert Schultz and his boys better.

Eudunda was a thriving town and all the shops and houses were occupied and we knew everyone. Down the road a bit was a green grocer and he sold lollies but we never had any money so we would just drool and check out the girl working there because she had a funny name Stegmeyer. The older boys reckon she was pretty good

looking, but hey what did we know, we were on the food trail. The next place of interest for young boys was the Butter Factory where they made both butter and cheese and some times we would score some food there. Sometimes they needed food testers and we would volunteer; the post office was next and that was of no interest - no food but across the road again there was Schultz's butchers and these guys Willis and John where great, piece of fritz every time ha-ha. There were a couple of stock agencies along this section as well but not being off the land, we never went in there. Jansen & Leditschke's Garage was next where they sold and serviced trucks, cars and tractors. In Eudunda the people often had crazy names like Mr Leditschke was called "H.O" and one of the mechanics - Rowdy because he didn't say much. Opposite the garage was a shop where I some times got my hair cut by Vin "Snips" Geyer, who also did ladies hair. Leaving Snips' we could walk back through the rail yards or through the Memorial Gardens which where they were superbly kept by Mr Bert Ashe. In the summer time you could always get a feed of Satsuma Plums. If you stayed on the main road there was the Post Office residence where the Taylor family lived. Next was one place you didn't want to go to, the Police Station. Here, Sgt Knight lived and ruled the town but I never actually met him, so I couldn't have been too bad. The National Bank was next and then the Doctors residence and consulting rooms which I did visit on many occasions as being accident prone, I seemed to get lots of stitches. Next port of call was Laucke's Flour Mill - now this was an industrious place and was owned by a family friend Mr Vern Laucke. We would call in here often as the guys working there always liked to have fun with us, Lance Heinicke, Rudy Schupelius, Mr Don Maynard, Mr Stiller, Mr Stegmeyer and we used to love watching all the machinery working. It was a fascinating place for "young fellas", to see the flour being made. We used to love getting up on top of the silos when they were full of wheat and dive in or chasing rats and mice around. After leaving the Mill we could go down the main street or down Harwell Street - the first place in Harwell street was Jenke's garage and this became a popular place for the boys later in life when firstly we got push bikes because

here you got FREE air to pump up your tyres and all the odds and sods for bikes, then when you had a car, the mechanics there were good fun blokes, Bluey and Duffy, we thought these guys could fix just about anything. If we travelled down toward the Main Street we passed Weisner & Co, wood yards on the left and their main shop on the right. Here they sold everything like the Bunnings of today. There were a couple of strange little rooms on Weisner corner where the Lodge met but we didn't know who they were or what it was about and when your young, best not to ask too many questions but let your imagination work for you. The Savings Bank of South Australia was near the top end of Bruce Street. We didn't get to go in there much as they came to the school and collected our hard earned money and we watched it grow. Next to the Bank was the business of G.A. Krummel the local Holden dealership, work shop, crash repair shop and a really neat old black smith shop. These buildings interested us as kids because if there was a car accident in the district, the wrecks were brought here for repairs and as a young boy there was a great fascination with smashed cars and why -I don't know. On the corner was CFL store much like a supermarket of today and opposite to this were the town sale yards. We spent many hours playing in these yards and on market days there we people every where, with their utes, old trucks and trailers, even the odd old horse and cart. The smell was something else, for a boy who wasn't really into pigs. One time when I was about nine years old I found myself at the market after school and went into the cattle sale yards where there was a bull ring. The stock agents would walk the cattle around with sounds of furious bidding by farmers wanting the good stock. As usual trouble found me when I accidentally fell from the top tier of the wooden platform seating and landed Fair Square on a broken old beer bottle, that happened to have the jagged edge sitting up right and it buried itself in my left calf. Good old Clem Reimann came to the rescue and with a pair of fencing pliers, pulled the glass out, bandaged me up and took me to hospital to get it stitched. Apart from that slight accident, I still liked the markets and market days and so did the Light Hotel.... which was right opposite and the Commercial Bank of the other corner. Family

friends owned the Light and I enjoyed a raspberry drink or two there. I remember the day, with a little help from Wayne Burpee, the proprietors son, when we repainted Max's "brand new" red delivery truck "garden gate green" We thought it was a great improvement but unfortunately no else agreed. I believe after being scrubbed in a bath in turpentine, I was sent to bed that night with out my tea. I thought at the time it was a bit rough: that no one appreciated my artistic skill. In later years my mate and I had another reason to visit the Light. We may have only been 8, 9 or 10 but the Lange girls were a pretty good reason to go there. Thinking back they were probably our first love affairs.

But... no time for girls on this guided tour as they only ambush my dream.

The next building was the local fire station and I loved that polished up old red and gold fire engine, it was a Diamond T and it was beautiful. My Dad was a volunteer fireman and enjoyed going with him to "blow the siren "every night at 7.00pm or a ride around the block in that magnificent machine feeling like the king of the castle.

Along side the fire station was Elliott's green grocery (one of three green grocers in Eudunda at that time) and it was a favourite shop of mine because they sold lollies and comics. On special occasions Mr Spen Elliott made the best spider drinks or milk shakes with his specialty of putting nut Meg on top - wooww I loved them. Next door was Mrs Reese's shop which was like a mini mart nowadays. I knew all the people in the street and they were always happy and kind. Along side Mrs Reese was Duldigs Electrical and only I remember the Duldig family but mainly because they had a love daughter called Carol. Funny thing how young boys always remember the girls. Trev Leahy, the Barber was in the adjoining shop that had the red and white striped poles out front. He was always a happy chappie and had a little booster seat for small boys to sit on in the barber's chair. It was a big deal in your life when you no longer had to use the helper seat - you were now getting to be a big boy and Mr Leahy always made a fuss of kids when this happened, it was like Graduation day. The next shop was Handke's Butchers and once again food was foremost in our minds — free fritz! It was great to watch the butchers at work and I marvelled at the way

they cut the meat and used the ban saw but I did notice some of them often had a half finger missing, which put me off the idea of becoming a butcher in later life. The Hambour's store with Jimmy Reese up the front was next, Jimmy was an idol of mine as a kid, well he drove fast cars and raced TQ's and all little boys love cars. I used to call in and hang off every word, because he knew how to tell a story.... Then there were the clothes but as kid, clothes weren't a great priority, as long as you had shorts and shirt, shoes were optional - you were happy. The snappy dressing by Hambours didn't come for a few more years. Out the back of the store were the brains behind the Hambours' chain of stores. George an MP, his son and Eudunda's playboy Brian, and the ever reliable Hedley. One time Hambours got in a load of old army uniform, ex army I guess - well all the local boys made a bee line for the uniforms and when we put them on, we so proud ... chests pushed out ,shoulders back as we marched around the back yard - it must have been hilarious to see the kids in men's uniforms, legs rolled up - sleeves rolled up but my ... we were ever so proud — the only downer that I can remember was the George Lynke got the Sergeants uniform, while we were only Corporals and or just ordinary Soldiers. George got to lead us around, much to our displeasure - see George had come to Australia from another country after the war and we 7 year olds couldn't have a foreigner lead us -"this new heroic Australian Regiment".—I can laugh now but it was serious business back then, innocents of youth they say.

Next door to Hambours was the large Eudunda Farmers Store, which as boy was huge - in my mind, bigger than John Martins. It had every thing in it from home wares, furniture, clothing, sporting goods and of course the general supermarket style merchandise. You could buy biscuits and sugar by the pound in a brown paper bags or freshly cut cheese from a big cheese wheel. There was Mr Lloyd Mader, Donnie Rohde, Mr Grope and more, also Val Kite who used to work those marvellous over head cash machines. It was great to watch the little cylinders race across the shop, zinging and clanging from side to side. Then there was Mr Richardson who was the boss, he too was another local hero to me because he was the local Footy Coach. He was a giant

of a man to me and what little boy didn't love footy. He was the first man to show me a dead snake and tell me that it didn't die until midnight so don't go near it. He also took his son Allan and I out in the back yard one evening to show us the moon and said "In your life time boys - people will go to the moon " this was in 1956 and I still remember and am impressed by his statement today.

Heading north, we had to cross the road to the next business which was a mechanical shop, where we were not supposed to touch the large corrugated iron rollers, out the front because we might hurt ourselves. Well.... after crushing all the fingers on my right hand with the cogs of the roller, I found out what they meant. The picture theatre and town hall was the next building and in my child hood before television, we used to have Wednesday, Friday night and Saturday matinee plus Saturday night picture shows and they were great! My Dad used to show the "pictures", so I went there pretty often to see if I could get in free but that never worked. We found out that the older kids used to toss Jaffas, Fantales or lollies at each other during the movies for fun. The next day, my mate and I would go down and collect these precious lollies. We weren't too proud to wipe them off and eat them.

Next to the hall was the Eudunda Club and it had frosted windows. We figured something suspicious was going on inside until we grew tall enough to see through the top half of the windows. This establishment was run by Doug and Ivan. Late on I became pretty friendly with them, when I used to go around my street with my Dad's old steel wheeled wheel barrow, to collect beer bottles to cash in. They could always hear me coming clanging up the rough road. They kept a tab on a chalk board out in the bottle room. I used to get six pence a dozen — man was I rich!! Next to the club were the Club gardens, which we used to play in. There were all these quartz stones around the flower beds. A grown up had told me that where there was quartz - there was gold -we searched for gold for hours.

Out the back of the Club were the old horse stables where we used to play. There was an old car chassis with a motor, wheels and steering wheel- well my best mate and I drove that thing around the Australia, around the world and every car race track we could think of plus the REDEX trail around

Australia. Not too shabby for seven year old boys hey!! We loved that car and used to service it and change the tyres and thought I was just the best car in the world.

Next to the club was the huge establishment of J.B. Reimann and Son. - This was another place I liked to visit with all the old machinery lying around in the back yard. My mates and I used to play at being farmers and of course we had no idea what we were doing but what the heck it was fun. As I grew up so did Reimann's and it became the biggest business in town thanks to Les Reimann and his band of hard workers. That was the last business in the street on the western side, with only the tennis courts, bowling greens and houses left on the road to Point Pass and Robertstown.

On the opposite side to the Club, heading back up the street was Wagner's deli (later Mr Goedecke's deli). This was very handy when we went to the "Flicks".... to fill up on all those goodies you couldn't have during the rest of the week. I used to get one shilling pocket money, if I was good or kept my mouth shut during meal times. The movies cost six pence, if you sat in the front stalls leaving six pence to spend on lollies, we thought we were kings. Next door to the deli was Both and Sons Builders, the largest building company around. Old Mr Both didn't like you messing around in his work shop because there were electric saws, buzz planes and all this equipment that could hurt you. They had heaps of wood outside which we could play on and I loved the smell of freshly worked pine.

The next business was one of my favourites in town because it fascinated me. It was the Old Eudunda Courier Office run by these two great blokes, Cat and Snooks. I said earlier that there were some funny names for people in this town; well this family won hands down. Not only did they have Cat and Snooks but had brothers called Poopples and Shirt, these were the Baehnisch brothers. From the time I can remember I used to go in and watch Cat and Snooks do all the print setting, making the dyes for the letters in the print machine with a little cooker they had outside to melt the lead down. They would then type in a machine that would make the letters and the type set backwards. These would then be set up precisely in squares jigs for print and then they would put these in to a larger jig, double page size to

print the paper. It was always a little too technical for me but it was great. I would spend ages in this place and I loved the two old guys. When I walked in they would always greet me with a "Good afternoon Mr Michael or Young Mr Michael"... they always made me feel important. Moving on up the street we came to Schultz Bakery - Old Bert Schultz was made famous in the book by Colin Thiele "Sun on the Stubble". Well this was probably my most favourite place in town because it smelt so good and there was food thereheaps of food. I can still remember to this day the smell of that bakery. I used to enjoy going on the delivery round with old "Uncle Bert" as we knew him or his sons Barry and Michael. When you're a young boy, you can have thousands of heroes and next door to the Bakery was Mr Herb Ziersch's farm supplies store. Well, Trevor, his son was one of my greatest heroes as a seven year old, because he was a family friend and a big kid at school, who could look after me. He lived only a few houses down the street from us and was a talented footballer. Trev always had time for me and I have great memories of fun times on his deliveries.

Going on deliveries was a great part of my learning in Eudunda. I went with Trev, I went with the baker, and I went with Mackie Freund when he was working at Hambours to deliver to their other stores. I went with Clem Helbig from the butter factory on his round because as a kid I loved to go out and meet people. In Trev's building there was an old man called Mr Sibbly and he told me all about chooks and how to kill them and pluck them and feed them and get the eggs, really fascinating stuff as seven year old. I remember one day he had shortened this chooks life and found that it had an egg still inside it - well, old Mr Sibbly wasn't going to waste that so he showed me how eggs were laid by a dead chook.

The shop adjacent to this was Mr Freund the Jeweller another interesting man, well actually there were two Mr Friends, Mr Andy and Mr Eric, and here too is where I would like to spend time watching them work on watches and clocks with their huge magnifying glasses; but I wasn't allowed to touch a thing. The local news agent was next in line, old Mr Reg Nicholls, who had soooo many books and papers and all sorts of odds and sods. I don't think he would ever have

done a stock take. There was one thing other than the comics I liked from old Mr Nicholls and it was the hard black liquorice squares. They weren't always fresh but that didn't matter to us because it made them last a lot longer and after eating them for an hour you would have black liquorice all over you - your face, mouth, clothes and hands; it was fantastic.

The next two businesses were the Chemist Mr Nicholas and the Accounts E. Marr and Son and I didn't have much to do with those two businesses at an early age. The next two businesses I did as one was my Dads Electrical store and the other my Grandfather and Uncle Allan's shoe shop. Here I spent many happy hours watching my old grandpa fix shoes and boots and always marvelled that he would tack the soles of boots and shoes by spitting out tacks from his mouth into the palm of his hand and as quick as lightening tap these tiny tacks in. I could never figure out where this endless stream of tacks came from. I fondly remember asking Old Pop Stape as he was called to put some leather sprigs onto my school boots so I could use them as footy boots -I just loved footy and kicking the ball around my front lawn and couldn't wait to grow up big enough to play with the big boys.

This town was thriving and the walk home from school with my mate or mates was always interesting, sometimes scary but always a great adventure —

This all came back to me in the form of a dream but in truth it was reality in Eudunda and my life as a care free child in the 1950's and I hope that the children of today can look back on their childhood, in this great old town with the same love and affection as I do - to help this happen you have to be progressive.

At this stage my dream turned back to reality — the questionnaire.

I had recently been back to Eudunda for a football premiership reunion, which was fantastic, not only to meet people that I hadn't seen for years and have a laugh but to see how things have changed. The most impressive thing about the reunion was the way it was run and how the football and net ball clubs had joined together and worked with the help of families and kids ~ everyone was involved. I must say it was probably the

best football show I had been to - and that includes the ones we organised when we ran the footy club. It was a real family affair and that is good for the town. To see old faces and names like Gilly Schulz (young and old) Jamie Reese the President of the Club carrying on the Reese name and tradition of getting involved in the community. To add to the list a few of the Old names from the past such as Edgar Zander, Grosser, Pettigrew, Crowhurst, Schulz, Pfitzner, Knight, Rohde and Richo, Doecke, Schutz, Schultz, Waldhuter, Menzel, Zerner, Post, Handke and Prior, I guess I could go on but this is the old tradition and now the town has to build a new one. To continue those proud traditions and memories of sport and of a community that I loved as a kid; is to Aggressively Progress. In the town now there are many people with visions for the future, a couple of scrubbers come quickly to mind and I know they won't be offended by the name scrubbers - the Buschutz boys who had the guts to carry on what Les Riemann did many years ago. If it wasn't for guys like Neville and Geoff and other progressive employers with vision who have moved into the area, the town would probably have died. With the opportunity to improve tremendously the Sporting Complex and facilities the town should get behind the project whole heartedly. To increase the town population you have to have something to offer and attract people to move there. The town has two great schools, good supermarket, a great country atmosphere and life style to offer. If it had a first class sporting facilities and recreation area, it would be a huge factor in enticing people to the town. It offers a country life at not a great distance from the city. The more people you attract to the town, the more growth in small businesses and the whole lot will snow ball, it will take time but it will happen. The town has a great opportunity - don't just think about today but think about the future of Eudunda, the families, employment and its life style. I am still proud to call Eudunda my birth place and love the town and I hope others who care will get behind the proposed Sporting Complex and get the life blood flowing strongly through a vibrant town again. Give another generation of kids the opportunity to dream about their childhood in this great town.

Christmas Eve

If you see a fat man who's jolly and cute
Wearing a beard and a red flannel suit
And if he is chuckling and laughing away
While flying around in a miniature sleigh
With eight tiny reindeer to pull him along
Then let's face it
Your eggnog's too strong

100 years with the Eudunda Club.... continued 1888-1988

During 1891 the Club formed a library, the first in Eudunda, with Mr Grossman as the librarian. Between 1892 and 1895 the Librarian was paid £2-10-0 a year. The books were kept in a cupboard which was purchased for £2-15-6. The library was open one night a week and not on Sundays. The Government Gazette and a weekly paper "Sporting Free Lance" was supplied by the club. Very good care appears to have been taken of the books. It was reported at one stage that eighty-five volumes needed binding and this was done at a cost of £2-19-0. Auricht's Printing Office, at Tanunda, received an order to print one hundred new English Rules booklets, no doubt for the use of the non-German members.

In the first months of 1891 the barman was empowered to refuse to serve any member if he considered that person had had enough intoxicating drink, for this reason many members resigned. This action of the barman was usually applauded by the committee and there always appears to have been many others wishing to join.

The minutes reveal that the Club had a continuance licence. Even on Sundays members could be served with beer at anytime, day or night. The steward certainly earned his wages, £2 per week, for he frequently worked until 5 a.m. One wonders when he slept. But later the Club was closed on Sundays between 10 a.m. and 12 noon to give the staff the opportunity to attend church. The closing hour on week nights was eleven o'clock "as it was decent for a man to be home with

his wife and family by then". Members gave help to new emigrants in filling out naturalization forms. This would have been of real benefit to new arrivals. Later the barman was known as the steward.

In 1891, at the instigation of Mr Johnke, a piano was added to the assets, bought on terms of £18 a month. Mr Fredericks was nominated as choirmaster. The next meeting expressed their appreciation of his willingness to train and conduct a good choir and also assist the singers financially. Permission was given to Mr Lutz to practice on the piano, which was used for the first concert arranged by the Club members. These evening functions became a highlight of the social life of the town. Invitations to this concert were sent by post-card to members living out of Eudunda. A notice at the entrance to the club served to notify the local members. Each gentleman was only allowed to bring one lady.

From then onwards several concerts were held each year and once the hall floor was restored to dancing condition, the members arranged to conclude these functions with a dance. [The hall mentioned here was in the Club].

Later balls were held on special nights such as New Year's Eve. Curtains for three windows and a sailcloth cover for the piano were supplied by C.F. Leditischke, who also undertook to obtain good cigars from Germany. These social functions were for the club members only. No outsiders were allowed, except by special permission. Many times it is recorded that someone, belonging to the club, had asked to be allowed to bring a friend to a special event. On concert nights a door-keeper was stationed at the entrance to see that there were no gate-crashers. The person performing this duty was paid four shillings for the night.

In December, 1892, a member could buy beer at 1/9 a gallon or 5d (Fivepence) a glass. When purchasing a glass it had to be paid for in cash.

The club was short of money and no credit was given for small amounts. Finances seem to have improved by 1893 for £18 was spent in wall-papering the passage. A new price list for drinks was also adopted. In an effort to attract more members a notice was put in several German papers, advertising the merits of the club. Fees were 2/6 yearly as well as sixpence monthly. A good response seems resulted.

July 1893 seems to have been a very dark night as some members collided with the Club wall. We are not told at what hour this happened but it led to a lantern being placed in front of the building.

A meeting in 1895 reported sixteen members resigning, most of them leaving the district. Times were extremely bad. The barman was asked to take a reduction of five shillings a week in his wages, with a promise of a rise, when times improved. A wheelbarrow was bought to keep the Club yard clean. The duck pond was closed and the cow and fowl sheds and ducks removed to the next allotment. This job fell to the barman. After the successful fortnightly meetings, all those in attendance were given a free drink.

When the piano needed tuning it was agreed to have a drawer fitted under the table, in which the piano key was to be left, so that no unauthorized person could use the instrument. The piano was kept well tuned and at this time Mr Lutz seems to have been the main musician. Dances and concerts were held regularly. Balls were a feature of Easter Monday, Whit-Monday and New Year's Eve. One was even arranged for Pentecost Monday. Members paid 1/6 admission. So that the function would run smoothly a

police officer was asked to attend and no member was allowed behind the bar to help himself to the drink. At this time the Club charged 2/6 a gallon and 1/3 a half gallon for beer. Bonisam was sixpence a nobler. Reference was made to Dandelion Ale but no price was stated. It was non-intoxicating so probably was not very popular.

There was great consternation caused on 25th July 1896 when it became known that new legislation was proposed to bring Clubs under the same law, as that governing the running of hotels.

In 1897, Mr Hemmerdinger was paid £1-15-0 for providing music from 8 p.m. until 3 a.m. for dances or balls. Good behaviour was strictly enforced and members were dismissed if guilty of bad conduct or rowdiness. Only members were allowed to play cards or bagatelle. Those who played bagatelle but spent nothing were soon brought into line. It was quickly resolved that after half an hour at the table without buying something, further play would be refused. "Skat" players were permitted to use the Club twice a week. Skat was a three-handed card game very popular among Germans. Thirty-two cards only were used.



We wish all our 'Friends of the Gallery' and their families a very Merry Christmas and a safe and happy New Year.

Editors-Irene Hall & Blat Goulder