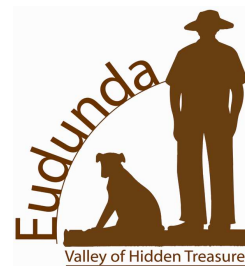




# GUSTAV'S NEWSLETTER



Eudunda Family Heritage Gallery  
17-19 Bruce Street, EUDUNDA SA 5374  
Opened: Friday/Saturday 10am-4pm Sunday 11am - 4pm  
Phone: (08) 8581 1552 email: EFHG@bigpond.com  
web www.eudundaheritage.com

POSITION	PERSON	CONTACT
President & Local Historian	Jim Reese	Ph: (08) 8581 1268
Secretary	Irene Hall	Ph: (08) 8581 1306 Email: ithall@bigpond.com

## No. 29 MAY 2009

Welcome to our May Newsletter.

It is wonderful to sit here typing and listening to rain on the roof, real rain, not just a spit!! The joy of a full rainwater tank, drops glistening on the leaves, the rich moist earth, and smiles on faces...isn't rain wonderful. May these be the opening rains of a good season for every one.

2009 SA History Week is being held from 22<sup>nd</sup> May to 31<sup>st</sup> May 2009. This year the theme is Cemeteries of our District.

We have plotted 2 tours covering some of the cemeteries in our area. Please read the full details in this newsletter. We hope you enjoy the colour pages we have included in this issue; we plan to make this a regular feature.

Could we please express apologies to Audrey Schutz for spelling her name 'incorrectly in our last newsletter? Audrey lent us the mini scaff which the boys used in the back shed. Thanks again Audrey. Special thanks to Terry Carter and Bruce Balmer for the work they have been doing in the shed. Bruce cut down the horrid hanging bits of insulation and Terry, as always is busy doing everything!! Thanks guys. The Theme" for the next newsletter shall be SHOPS/SHOPPING.

Please send us your stories, memories of your favourite shopkeeper.

Did they come out to your farmhouse?

Maybe a train ride down to Adelaide to buy your Wedding Dress, or the material for it.

Please send or drop in your stories.

### HERITAGE HAPPENINGS

What a fun morning we all had at our Annual 'Friends of Eudunda Family Heritage Gallery Morning Tea'. Holding it in the Eudunda Hall certainly was a good idea. We, as a committee, are indebted to all our 'Friends of the Gallery', and we enjoy the chance to express our appreciation. There was a great turn out, and it is always a joy to hear all the chatter and laughter. Malcolm Treloar, a strong and loyal supporter right from the beginning; won the raffle. All the money raised went to the Bushfire Relief Fund and we began the Morning Tea with a Minutes Silence in remembrance of the people who lost their lives in the horrendous Victorian bushfires.

We are already planning next years Morning Tea; please encourage your friends to become 'A Friend of the Gallery'.

## GALLERY GOSSIP

Our photocopier has been running hot! We have been doing lots of copying for local businesses, committees and people. These jobs help subsidise the cost of printing our newsletter.

We are pleased to report Dot is back running around after her very successful hip replacement. It is wonderful to have Dot back, pain free and on great form!! It was great to see such a good turnout at the ANZAC Day ceremony, and the rain even stopped for the duration of the Service. Eudunda Family Heritage Committee was well represented and Terry laid a wreath on our behalf.

The Girls' have been busy expanding the Churches section. They are doing a wonderful job, another great ongoing improvement to the Gallery.

Elaine and Rex Leditschke recently received a card from a couple they met whilst traveling through Queensland. Elaine and Rex thought we would enjoy reading the positive comments about Eudunda... "We went through Eudunda on our way home from a trip around the centre of Oz. So now we know what your lovely little town looks like!! ... We found your name on one tile in that marvelous little Colin Thiele Park. We thought the park was quite outstanding! The gorgeous stories on the tiles- that great board game on the table. Well done!" [Isn't it wonderful to hear an 'outsiders' impression of our town? Ed]

## AROUND THE ROOMS

Now The Eudunda Observer is no longer using the office space in the Gallery, we have removed the partitions and opened 'No. 17' right up. What a difference it has made, not only with the extra space available but the natural light filtering through has brightened the room nicely. Plotting and planning has already started on how this space can be optimally used. We will keep you posted; drop in and see how we are going with the changes!! Colin Thiele Books. We are trying to get a complete set of Colin Thiele books. Please call in and look at the list of books we currently have in our collection. There is a list on the front desk in the Gallery. If you have a book not on our list, please think of donating it to our collection. If we all make a habit of looking in 2<sup>nd</sup> hand book shops, op shops etc, we can continuously expand our collection. Perhaps you have a newspaper clipping or magazine article we don't have. Do you have a photo of you and Colin as children? Please look at our Colin Thiele display next time you are in the Gallery. We have lots of new Colin Thiele books for sale. These make great presents for people of all ages and help support our Gallery. We have a new Family History Board, with the Lindner Family mounting their Family History.

We began as a group to collect family histories. This is still our chief aim. We thank the Lindner family for the time and effort they have put in compiling their family tree, and the presentation of their board. If you have 'always been going to' collect up your family's history please do it this winter, get out those old photos and certificates, come into the Gallery and look how other families have set out their boards. We have a wonderful range of Family History Boards, as diverse as the families they represent. They are fascinating and fantastic. Make your contribution!! NOW!! (Please) The Railway Display is looking great in the big shed. Moving it out there and being able to have extra space for the display has certainly been a positive step. Des Baumann has donated a railway luggage trolley and some scales. Thanks Des.

## HISTORY WEEK

History Week is with us once again commencing Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> May and concluding Sunday 31<sup>st</sup> May: The History Trust of SA has compiled a book of all events to be held in South Australia and the book will be readily available around the town. We hope you can take time out from your busy schedule to enjoy visiting some of the events.

Listed are the events for Eudunda and District.

### Eudunda Family Heritage Gallery

Pioneer Settlement and History from yesteryear

Dedicated to early pioneer settlement and history in Eudunda and surrounding areas, featuring family history trees and memorabilia. Look through our restored 1880 Gosling cottage.

See the locally made display of early farming equipment also displays of photographs and objects from the local railway, hospitals, schools and churches.

Allow approximately 1 1/2 hours to fully appreciate our gallery.

Public toilets on Bruce Street.

Group limit 50.

Parking available on street.

Bookings required for groups only.

Fri 22 May	10am-4pm
Sat 23 May	10am- 4pm
Sun 24 May	11 am-4pm
Mon 25 May	10am-2pm
Tues 26 May	10am-2pm
Wed 27 May	10am-2pm
Thur 28 May	10am-2pm
Fri 29 May	10am- 4pm
Sat 30 May	10am-4pm
Sun 31 May	11am- 4pm

Eudunda Family Heritage Gallery, 17-19 Bruce Street, Eudunda (Bruce Street is a continuation of Gunn Street, signposted from the main road).

Enquiries: Jim Reese 8581 1268

Yvonne Schulz 8581 1359

Dot Bonner 8581 1218

Email: [ithall@bigpond.com](mailto:ithall@bigpond.com)

### Eudunda Family Heritage Gallery And Cemeteries of Eudunda and surrounding districts 1870

Unexpected information can often be discovered when researching your family history from old cemeteries. The Eudunda Family Heritage Gallery in Bruce Street (a continuation of Gunn Street) have cemetery records and map instructions for Eudunda 1884, Emmaus 1867, Brownlow 1898, Australia Plains 1883, Sutherlands, Neales Flat 1905, Neales Flat Lutheran 1872, Robertstown, Julia, Tarnma, Point Pass, Bower and Peep Hill.

### Grave Records of Eudunda Cemetery

Jim Reese began compiling a record of Eudunda Cemetery in January 1986. He began with the burial records of the District Council of Eudunda, and then had many trips in all types of weather to the Eudunda Cemetery to cross check the records with the graves.

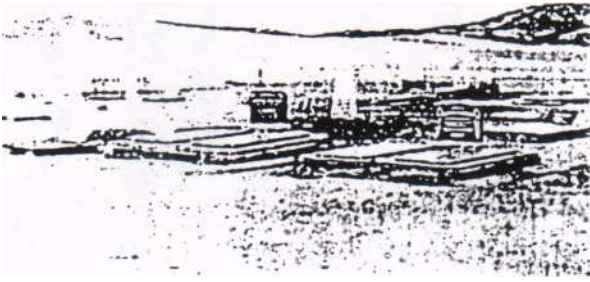
In Jim's words he found "some errors have occurred eg marker placed, some years after interment, on footpaths, some double monuments are one grave out, some grave numbers not recorded, and worst the same grave numbers have been recorded where obviously the grave was occupied (what happened to the second body?). The first burial (in Eudunda Cemetery) took place on May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1884, three more bodies were interred before the plan of the cemetery was surveyed and laid out into sections.

One thing causes me some concern and that is - Eudunda was first settled in the late 1860's and the town in 1870. By 1874 some 300 people lived in and around Eudunda. The majority of the Churches (Lutheran, Methodist, Catholic and Anglican) came into existence in Eudunda around 1880. In the case of the Lutheran churches who had their own graveyards their problem was solved-for others a problem existed AND that is my problem also.

For the 10 years 1884 to 1894 some 44 souls were buried at Eudunda and taking into account the particular religious nature of the district ie a majority of Lutherans in the district, another 80 souls interred in various cemeteries making over 120 deaths in 10 years or 12 per year.

From 1870 to 1884 (14 years) and using an average figure of 12 bodies per year it is possible that some 160 deaths occurred in and around Eudunda in that period. So what happened to the 160 odd bodies? Where were they interred? I can only leave the question unanswered."

James M. Reese



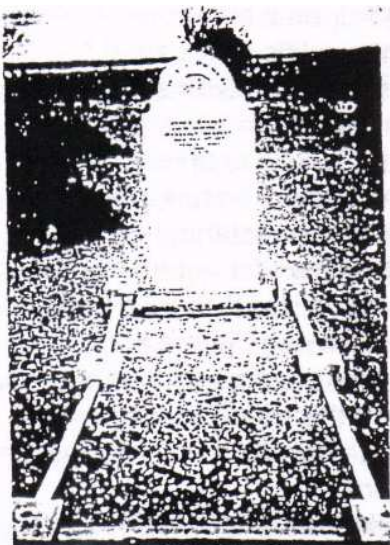
### Lone Graves within our district

Throughout the Mid North region there are many former sites of early Churches and Schools that feature a number of early headstones and lone graves. The site of the Tothill Creek Primitive Methodist Church and School situated on the corner of the Tothill Belt and Williams Road Tothill Creek was named Kollyowha. All that remains are two headstones and a number of unmarked graves but by far the most interesting is that of young James Wilson who died in 1866 aged only 29 years. His headstone was erected by the Ancient Order of Forester's and mentions the Court of Royal Oakin his epitaph. Around this time the Tothill Creek Hotel was known as the Royal Oak Hotel so perhaps the members of this Order held their meetings here.

The Ancient Order of Foresters or as it is known today, Foresters, originated in England in the mid 1700's, the first recorded Foresters meeting being held in Leeds in 1834. The Ancient Order of Foresters established its first branch (court) in Australia in Victoria in 1849. Foresters was set up as a non-profit organisation. The founding principles of the society being to provide financial and social benefits as well as support to members and their families in times of unemployment, sickness, death, disability and old age. Foresters played a particularly active role in the lives of members and their families during times of crisis in the Depression and both World Wars. Compiled by Laura F. Marshall March 2009

### MT. MARY CEMETERY

Another lone headstone is to be found not far from Mt Mary, in a paddock. This is a headstone for James Bradley. If you look at the photo, along side the headstone, short, wooden posts can be seen. Perhaps these were another 25 unmarked graves. Thank you to Clem Jaensch for these photos. Laura Marshall, who contributed the article on the grave at Tothill Creek, is presently researching James Bradley, his headstone and the 25 stout wooden posts. We will let you know her results next newsletter.



## The Story of Bill Smith

During early 2000 I worked at Mannahill for five weeks tutoring three secondary students doing correspondence lessons by telephone through the Open Access College. The nearest school was at Yunta, 44 kilometres away, catering only for primary age students.

A pub, a corrugated iron hall, a prefabricated one time single classroom school building, a disused railway station, a roadhouse now a private home, a police station and about five houses comprised Mannahill. It didn't take long to explore the town so I had to go further afield. The weekends were my own. The bitumen Barrier Highway heading northeast towards Broken Hill is the focal point of interest in Mannahill. Passing traffic, particularly B double road trains rumbling past at all hours of the day and night, were an interest at first but became commonplace and background noise after a week. Opposite the town and across the highway is the railway line. Long ore trains filled to overflowing toiled towards Port Pirie.

Rattling empty railway trucks sprinted back on the return trip to the mines of broken hill. A once grand and bustling railway station, now barred and secured, squatted forlornly alongside the shiny steel rails. Beyond the railway station was the racecourse. Used once a year for a picnic meeting it had the usual horse stalls, the stewards and jockey's room, the finishing post and judges box, catering sheds and a graded oval track without railings. Surrounding and beyond this bush track was a curious golf course. I stumbled upon it by accident. Nestled among the prolific saltbush of the plain were small scrapes. Empty tins for cups, while beaten tin signs, now faded, indicated par for each hole. The course had not been used for decades; I espied a fence enclosure in the distance. Leaving the town far afield ventured out into the saltbush. A small fenced yard about the size of the average home kitchen revealed itself. The wooden posts lent at precarious angles and the wire had long rusted. A garden gate admitted entry to the one time sacred spot.

Three headstones still testified to the remains of the deceased while some four other gravesites were unmarked. Several headstones and burial sites were enclosed in their original surrounds although time and the elements had done their best to return everything back to nature. I looked back towards Mannahill, a low silhouette on the distant horizon.

One particular headstone took my fancy.

The epitaph was short and to the point.

'In Memory Of William McIntosh Smith'.

No date of death was recorded, no ripe old age had been chiselled into the marble and no relationships or descendents were described. Short, sharp and sweet were the details of Bill's demise.

I doubted whether anyone living in Mannahill at that time even knew there was a cemetery upon this spot, let alone knowing who Bill Smith may have been. The local sheep would have been acquainted with the site on their endless quest for sustenance. Alone among the saltbush and the red soil stood this lonely and abandoned memory to earlier settlers. No roadway, path or human traveller had passed this way for a long time.

What made the cemetery and William Smith's final resting place in particular even more poignant was the final line of black text on his headstone. "Gone but not forgotten"

## Gone But Not Forgotten

Gone but not forgotten

William McIntosh Smith

The white gravestone

Bearing testimony

To your lonely resting place.

Desecrating rabbits

Digging in.

The comforting saltbush

Gathered near.

Bill at least

Lives in peace.

Marcus Reseigh.

### Saved by Lassie

During autumn 1961, our district experienced good rains. This resulted in an abundance of food in early winter. This coincided with a severe drought in the Northern Territory. Pastoralists were off-loading semi-starved cattle by trucking them for sale at Gepps Cross.

Together with local stock agents I attended one of these sales and brought a mob of these poor skinny bullocks to bring them back to our farm for fattening. We had them railed to Eudunda and proceeded to walk them back to our farm- a distance of ten miles. A few hours later, Fay, my wife, decided to take the car to meet us, to see how we were progressing.

We were approaching a cross road about two miles from home. She parked the car at the cross road to stop the mob taking the wrong road and alighted from the car together with our young sheep dog which she had brought with her, and helped usher the cattle on to the right side of the road. The main mob came through and proceeded on the right road. However, one of the stragglers bringing up the rear decided he'd had enough and attempted to go the other way. So Fay was there attempting to shoo it back. Suddenly the bullock turned and charged her. She wouldn't have had a chance of getting away from it. The situation was made more perilous by the fact that Fay was eight months pregnant with our first child. Lassie the dog flew into the bullock barking and biting at its head. The bullock then turned to pursue the dog. This gave Fay the break she needed and she hopped the fence into the nearby paddock. Apparently as well as watching the bullock, Lassie also had one eye on her mistress. As soon as Fay was through the fence, as quick as lightning, she followed her to safety.

Rodney Grosser, 1961

### Saved by an Angel

I was repairing an old shed on our farm. It was built with stone walls and a straw roof. I had to remove the roof to replace the timbers. To the tip of the apex the wall was approximately twelve feet high. At the point of the apex was a large stone. This intruded into the area where I needed to place the new timber so the decision was made to remove it.

Before dropping the stone over the side of the shed I checked that the coast was clear. Our twenty-month old daughter was contentedly playing in the yard about fifty meters away. I eased the stone over the edge and looked down to watch its fall. To my horror there was that little girl running quite quickly along the edge of the wall. I felt sure it would have been a direct hit. However at that moment she stopped short in her track. She wasn't looking up and wouldn't have heard it. I felt sure, and still do, that her guardian angel stopped her,

Rodney Grosser, early 1960's

### Min-Min Light

Ida Materne nee Kernich 1930

Firstly, while I was about 16 or 17 years old saw a rather dim light only a few feet above the ground a couple of chains 6-7 down towards the East between my parent's house and the main road. I was outside under the front veranda, it was very dark 01 there and I saw this light moving across the paddock towards the south. I thought it was some one on a pushbike riding along, but who ride across the rough paddock on a pushbike so late? It eventually just disappeared after a few minutes. Then I saw it again a few nights later, same time, same speed etc. Brother Ben came and looked, he too thought it was a pushbike, but hardly would be! We didn't bother about it anymore.

Then one night as he had been to visit his girlfriend (Alma Steinborner) on horse back (as usual) he saw a light about 2 or 3 chair over on his right, keeping up with his speed until he got closer to Heidrich's horse stable it landed right close on the middle of the stable and was very bright, you may remember the horse stable was built quite close to the road, and the Narcoota creek which was close to the horse stable. As he rode past the stable the light lifted up and followed his horse, still to the

right side, same height and kept up the speed until he was home. Then it just disappeared. This same thing happened many times, it was usually about 1am.

One night there was a party at Steinborner place (Alma's birthday) so Brother Ben took me to the party in a sulky. On our way home the light appeared again in the same manner, just as we were driving towards Heidrich's stables and again the light was there and very bright, I felt scared and Ben did too. It lifted off the stable and floated over the creek and did the same disappearing trick.

One Sunday night Frank Woithe came to our place for tea, he came on horseback. About 11 pm he left for home. A day or so later he spoke to Ben and said he had this light following him. It started coming along his left side and then suddenly it shot across his path right in front of him and followed him along the right side, then back to the left again. He had crossed the paddock from corner to corner and had to cross a creek. He said he had never been so scared in his life and did not know his horse could run so fast. He reckoned he may even enter the horse in the Melbourne cup.

One night I had to go and see my sister Clara on horseback and I stayed later than I intended. It was very dark when I left for home. I had not even thought about that light until I crossed the first creek about 1/3<sup>rd</sup> mile down the paddock. Just after I crossed, suddenly a bright light appeared a short way in front of me. It scared me and the horse as well, which bolted and I could not hold it, so I clung to the saddle with both hands for dear life. I knew there was a ditch across the paddock "somewhere" about 2 ½ ft deep and about 3ft wide, but I had no idea where the horse was taking me. Suddenly the horse took a mighty leap I managed to stay put, I trusted the horse would find its way home. Further along there were two more creeks to cross, which came to a forked road with a gate on the right. I was terrified to get off the horse, as I had to open a gate by the first creek. Luckily I saw no light there. I was so relieved to be home.

My mum did not believe there was such a phenomenon, but said it is all imagination. One Sunday night she was invited to Hugo Huckauff's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party. He was a former neighbour for many years and was now living in St. Kitts with his daughter, Vera. Ben and Clara Materne arranged to pick mum up at 6.00 pm. She got ready in good time and was waiting at home under the verandah, and was getting quite anxious because they were running late. Suddenly she sung out to us 'they are here now'. A bright light stopped by the horse stable gate and she thought it was them, but why through the rough paddock, when they would normally come along the road? It seemed strange and the light was very bright. There was no movement and nothing to be seen or heard, it was sort of eerie as the gate had to be opened. That light was just there for so long, no movement there at all. Then she said to Norman 'go and see why they are there so long, perhaps they are having trouble'. Norman went towards the light and suddenly it shot off into the scrub. In the meantime Ben and Clara arrived along the road and knew nothing about 'that light'. Then they all drove off to the party. When they left, a light suddenly appeared to their left and that light followed along with their car from home to St. Kitts, a distance of approximately 20 miles and was quite bright. On the way home they didn't see it. Mum said 'now I believe what you were trying to tell me'. They were all scared.

In the Advertiser it was called the Min-Min light. In the German language It was called das hr light which means a light that turns one seemingly mad or crazy with fear.

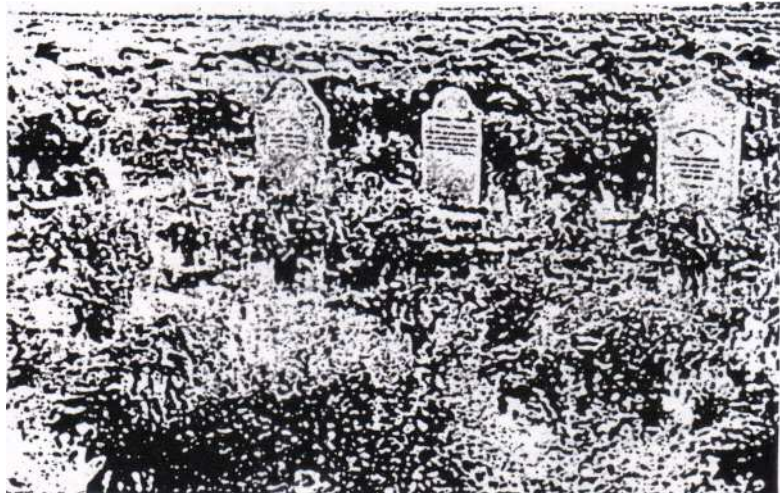


• A. A. Advertiser, 1943

## Going Back Home

The elephant has gone from memorial park  
Uprooted its legs and departed in the dark,  
No more will it graze on the triangle of lawn  
We found it had escaped when up came the dawn,  
'It's wandering back to Africa' someone said  
'A bit hard<sup>1</sup> said others 'with no eyes in its head'.  
Its steel pipe frame clanked silently away  
Making good mileage before the break of the day,  
Far out in the mallee on its migratory path  
Back to Africa the Zambezi and a river bath,  
Anguished children's tears fell like tropical rain  
Their hearts fit to burst from the sadness and the pain,  
'Where is it gone and when is it coming back'  
The common refrain from the large children's pack,  
'Alas it's returned to its pachyderm family tree  
To its relatives in Zambia and in Zimbabwe',  
'You mean it's never coming back' they all cried as one  
'We can't climb up it and in it or have any elephant fun?'  
'No I'm sorry it's gone, you can see that it isn't here  
And it will never return, anytime soon I fear'.  
Near a bend in the road next to Thiele Highway  
As you quickly pass by on your journey to the river  
Stands an empty space where no children will play  
And your spine tingles with a mysterious cold shiver.  
To pass by without noticing if only you could  
Now only his ghostly presence stands near  
Four round indentations show where his legs once stood,  
Tis said that an elephant once played here.

Marcus Reseigh



Baldina Cemetery



## A Little Girl in a Long White Dress- as told to Margaret Rodgers by Mona Marschall (now deceased)

Mona was regularly visited by a little girl in a long white dress, a little girl who appeared at the foot of Mona's bed at night. The dress was very old style and the little girl either had curls or ringlets. She'd play at the foot of Mona's bed, and on one occasion the game became so real and deep in dimension that Mona became perturbed. She sat up in bed and tried to push the image away with her hand but of course there was no substance to the image. So Mona rose from her bed and made herself a cup of tea to settle herself, "not a teabag, Margaret. But a proper pot of tea." Were her exact words. When Brendan Hehir's father (Jack) died, he came to say goodbye to Mona. He stood in her bedroom in his old farm working clothes.

These events took place when Mona lived in Weigall Street, Eudunda

We always find unusual snippets while researching for the newsletter. An interesting one this time...the death certificate of Mr. Donald McDonald, the original owner of land at Worlds End, died Jan 26<sup>th</sup> 1864... – Cause of death - speared by Blacks – Duration of last illness – Immediate.

## Memoirs Of Ora Jenke

When she was a little girl, Ora can remember a passenger train stopping on the sweeping curve of the line opposite the showgrounds and the passengers disembarking there.

Ora has a very clear mental picture of walking from the Post Office one day and seeing painted coffins standing under Ray Severin's verandah, drying. Severin's building was made of wood. and large quantities of timber were placed under the verandah. The motor-driven hearse was enclosed with etched glass, it had chrome hood rack for wreaths. And Mr. Ray Severin wore a black tail coat, dark trousers and a top hat.

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## All the Ghosts at the Plains

When we were first married and went to live at the Plains we were told of all the ghosts that were in there. We never saw any of them.

One very cold wintry night we could hear noise- ooaahh ooaahh. A moaning, wailing noise. We got up and looked around. We couldn't find a thing and went back to bed. Next day, half way through the day, Gill said 'oh<sup>1</sup> I'd better go and throw that dead sheep away. He'd picked up a dead sheep in the paddock the day before- well, he'd thought it was dead.

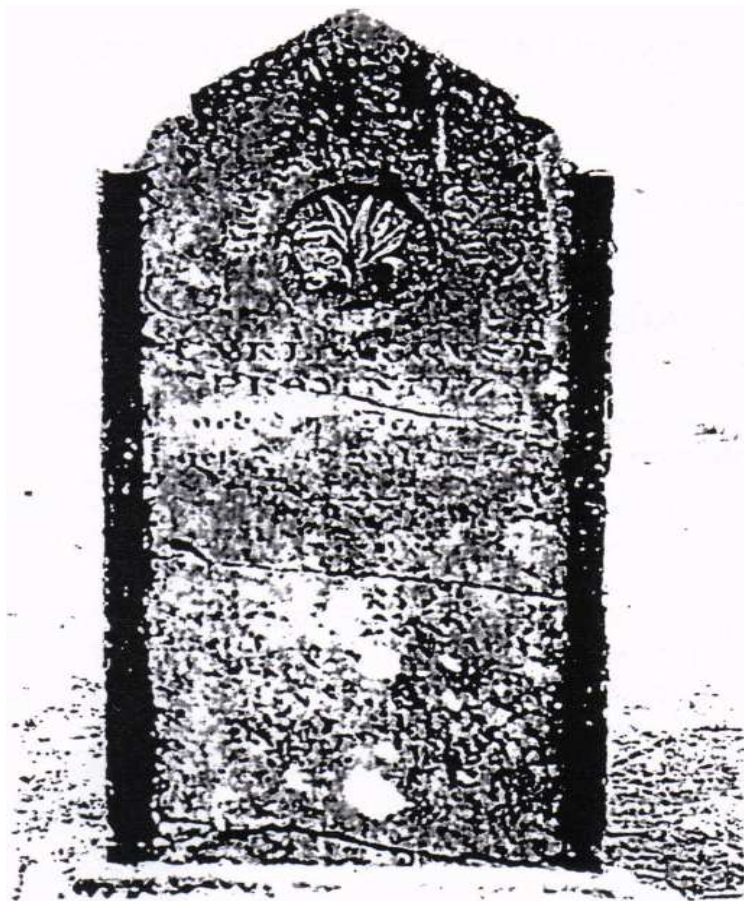
Yvonne Schulz

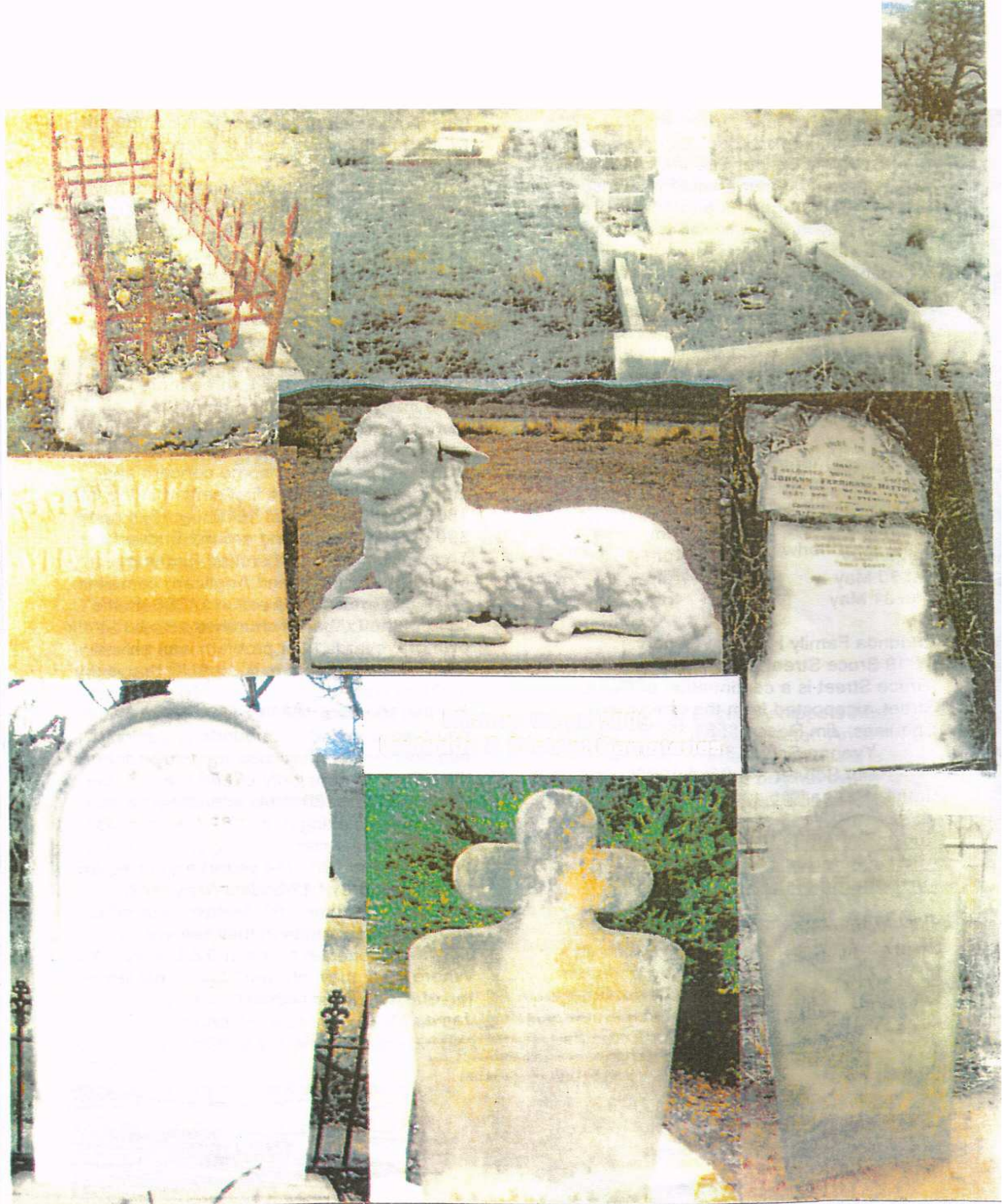
## Ghosts, Spirits Presences

A Hot Grease Smell- experienced by Betty Dreckow and Margaret Rodgers It was a lukewarm day. Betty had been seated by a very low wattage electric heater for the whole visit, in the kitchen. I got up to go, and at the kitchen/lounge room door there was a definite smell of hot grease- the hot grease smell of old tractors and trucks. We both checked the adjacent fridge and looked behind the kitchen/ lounge room door..Nothing. Just the smell in the doorway. At the front door there was the identical smell- in the doorway, nowhere else. We checked the heater in the kitchen, but there was nothing there. Just both doorways.

This was in the residence of Robin and Betty Dreckow, at Hampden, 1998 Or 1999.

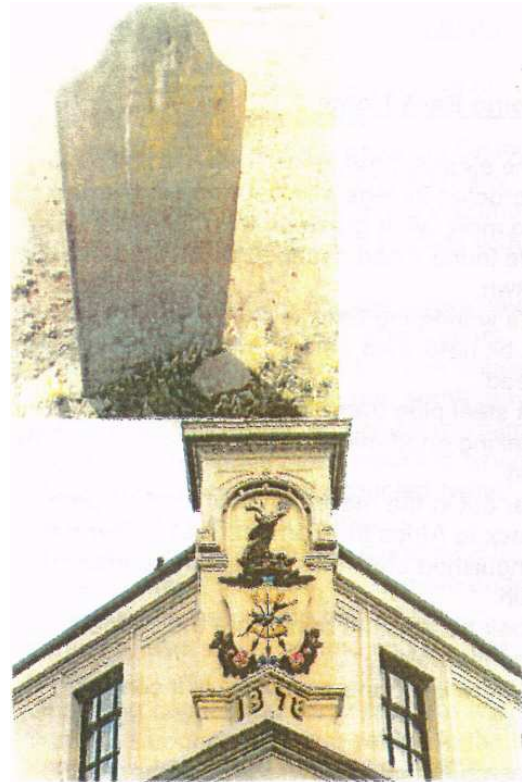
Lone Grave at Tablelands Cemetery





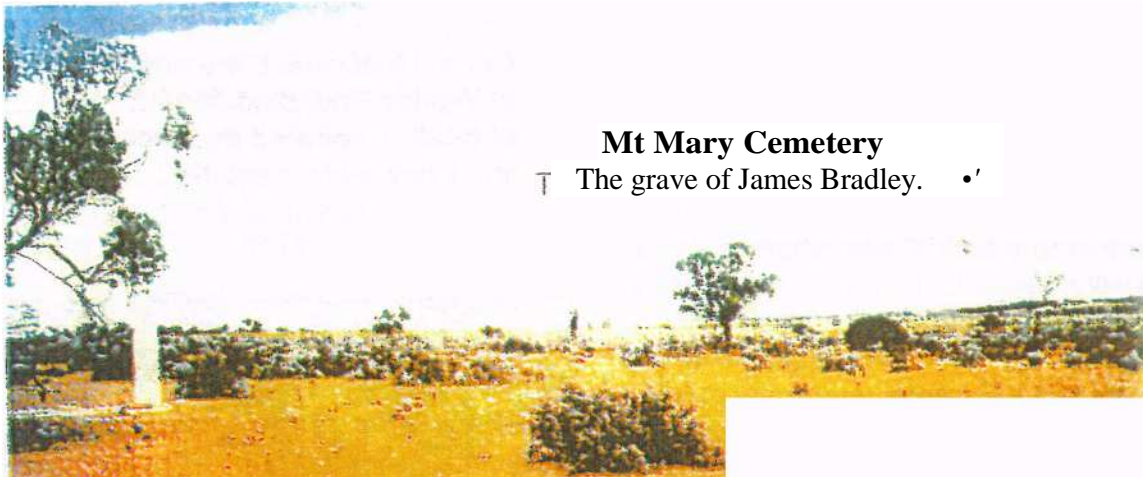


Friends of the Gallery enjoying  
Morning Tea  
Joan Latz, Citizen of the Year, cutting our  
Birthday Cake



James Wilson's Grave  
Ancient Order Forester's Crest

For those wishing to visit the former site use  
the following GPS coordinates  
S 34° 04.696 E 138° 55.047



**Mt Mary Cemetery**

‡ The grave of James Bradley. •'

To the right of the headstone, 25 stout  
wooden posts are visible. These are thought  
to be unmarked/unknown graves.