



# 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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## No. 30 AUGUST 2009

Welcome to our August newsletter.

It is with much sadness we note the death of fellow committee member Glen John. Our thoughts have been with his sister Ora, and all his family.

### GENTLE GLEN In memory of Glen John

A man of few words  
Who liked to have a chat,  
The chin would lift  
The eyes would sparkle  
With the small chuckle  
At the back of the throat  
As he talked about important things.

Bent by a life of toil  
He watched the world go by  
With downcast eyes,  
With one hand supporting  
The chin and his inquisitive face  
He would leisurely nod off  
When things became dreary.

The vivid red fiery ute  
A statement of his old age  
A bright note in the elderly serenade,  
The man about town  
Perched upon the seat of power  
Passing by,  
Leaving a memory behind.

Friday 10/7/2009 by Marcus Reseigh

What a wonderful week History Week was. We had lots of people come to the area to look around our cemeteries and were pleased with the positive comments we received. We had a busload from Blythe who came to look through The Gallery. Again positive comments were happily received.

Our favourite visitors had to be our friends (and for some of us family) from Eudunda Day Care.

As always Dot and Delilah have achieved a wonderful window display for "SALA Week". Have you ever seen so many yellow 'things' in one place together? The town really looked fantastic with all the yellow ribbons on the verandah posts and the beautifully decorated shops.

If you are looking for a wonderful meal, head to the Eudunda Club! Dot is back cooking there. Talking of Eudunda Club, there were great celebrations held there recently as family and friends gathered to share Gil Schulz's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. Congratulations & Happy Birthday Gil. Did any of you see Gil helping Yvonne take her goodies to the "Christmas in July" function? He found his wheelbarrow the perfect means of transportation!

After having the Gallery and Cottage treated for white ants, Terry Carter has been busy replacing some of the floorboards in the Cottage.

We are looking for volunteers to help out on the roster when the gallery is open. If you can help, even once a month, please come in to the gallery and put your name down.

We would love to have more of our 'Friends of The Gallery' on the roster.

Next time you have visitors, why not bring them to The Gallery and share our heritage with them. Friends of the Gallery always have free admission for themselves and their guests.

Following the kind donation of Mrs Mosey's WW2 nurses uniform, for our next newsletter we shall have a War Time Tales 'theme'. Please drop your stories in at The Gallery.

Committee members look very excitedly into their new 'pigeon holes' which Dot has organised for them and Irene and Blat would love to have their pigeon holes full of stories about your life, for the newsletter!

The old Courier Office is now a newspaper and local council research section. Come in and have a look, sit and have a read. We promise you will be glad you did!

There is an \* after stories in this newsletter which were taken from the conversations with Mary Hutchinson. Blat thanks Jess Francis for helping with her typing!

### **Nanna Elliott and the Crumpets**

Crumpets were on the shelves for the first time and one of the questions asked was "how do you cook them?"

Elliott's had the greengrocers shop at the top of Bruce Street and of course they sold crumpets. At the rear of the shop in their private kitchen was a No. 2 Simpson wood stove on which old 'Nanna' Elliott prepared wonderful culinary delights.

Nanna knew how to cook crumpets.

A frying pan, butter, and in went in the crumpets fried to a golden brown and served hot on a paper towel.

Old pop Elliott always had a clove of garlic around his neck to keep colds away.

### **Eric and Wilma DULDIG**

Friedrich Duldig was born at Tauer, Prussia, 22<sup>nd</sup> March 1852. He migrated to South Australia with his parents on the 'Helene', arriving in January 1856. The family settled at Peters Hill. In time Friedrich married Louise Schuppan 17<sup>th</sup> February 1876 in the Wesleyan Chapel, Black Springs. They settled at World's End and established a farm that included a dairy and creamery. Milk was collected from neighbouring farms, churned into cream and butter, and taken to Burra for sale. The World's End store and post office was also located in Duldig's World's End creamery.

Eric's family lived at Brady Creek. In the school holidays he came to Eudunda from Robertstown by train to visit his cousins. On one occasion he was returning to Robertstown after one of these visits and on arrival at the Eudunda Railway station stepped into one of the two steam driver passenger trains which were waiting at the platform. He was about 8 or 9 years old. Fortunately, the guard entered Eric's train and asked, "Where are you going son?"

Eric replied "Robertstown". The guard then advised Eric to change trains as the one he was on, was going to Morgan! This occurred about 11 o'clock in the morning.

Eric's father was a farmer. He was not a healthy man and came with his wife and family to live in Eudunda.

Eric worked in Eudunda for a few years in the late 1930's. During those years he rode his bicycle to work at the cream factory.

When he rode past the Doctor's residence in Gunn Street, on the way to work, the pretty little housemaid there made sure that she was sweeping the Doctor's garage so that she was able to catch his eye! And catch his eye, she did! Wilma and Eric married in 1940.

Then in 1942 Clarrie Daniels invited Eric to work full time for the South Australian Farmers' Co-operative Union Ltd. Cream factory in Gunn Street, Eudunda.

Eric began his employ with the SAFU by unloading the cans of creams from the trucks.

He was very slight in build and this heavy work soon played havoc with his back and he was placed in the Willows Hospital at Light Pass for 6 weeks, undergoing treatment. After this

he was given lighter duties. Eric studied by correspondence lessons, and qualified for his Boiler Certificate and cream Grader and Tester Certificate. Each Certificate took 12 months of lessons and Eric had to travel to Gawler for his cream Grader's Certificate.

These cream collecting trucks, with canvas tops and sides on the tray, departed from Eudunda Factory Monday to Friday, in all types of weather, between 6a.m and 7a.m. They collected cream and eggs from Lowbank near Waikerie, Brady Creek, Emu Downs, Neales Flat, Dutton, Truro, St. Kitts and Kapunda, and returned to the factory at various times during the afternoon. Many of the farmers/ suppliers left their cream and eggs at the roadside covered with a wet bag to protect them from the sun. The Gunn Street cream factory was constructed from galvanised iron, and so the perishables struggled a little to keep fresh! The workers, too!

During World War 2 years petrol rationing, the trucks ran with the aid of Gas producers.

On return to the cream factory, the cans were weighed, the weight was recorded in a book, a sample of cream was taken and then the cans were emptied into 10 gallon cans. These were loaded onto the Gawler truck for the factory there. Dairy farmers utilised 3 gallon, 5 gallon and 10 gallon cream cans. To remove the cream from the cans, steam from the Boiler (a huge apparatus approximately 10 feet high) was jetted via a nozzle into the cans. The sample was placed in test tubes, these test tubes were placed in a steam driven centrifuge, and the butterfat rose to the top and this was measured with calipers. Taste played a part in the testing too.

Cream came in three Grades- Choice, 1<sup>st</sup> Grade and 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade.

After the cream was emptied from the cans they were rinsed with hot water and this water was drained into a well behind the cream factory.

The water soaked away, and in time the greasy residue gradually clogged up the porous capabilities of the walls and then another well was dug. The usual depth of each well was 18 feet, some were brick lined and some were not.

When Eric walked home at night after work (no lights on his bike) his heavy work boots echoed hollowly on the pavement adjoining Wiesner's Emporium, reinforcing his feeling that there

was a huge cavity beneath his feet. He also remembers Bert Aesche, who lived at 57 Bruce Street, remarking how wet the Aesche yard become underfoot, from a subterranean source, after heavy rains.

The Boiler in the factory was very well maintained. It was cleaned out regularly with steel brushes. Eric had to climb inside it, and to get into it the door had to be removed.

Inspectors came around every 12 months to check the maintenance of the boiler, because if it became corroded, it was in danger of exploding. Some cream came by train to Eudunda (there were farmers from Mount Mary who sent cream), and this was left at the railway station for the S.A.F.U. men to collect. In the early days butter was made at the factory. Eggs went to Gawler on the daily cream truck, and then were sent on to Mile End for grading and testing. The well-known carrier Otto Post (father to Clem) took the butter from the Eudunda factory to the Railway station. The butter was suitably packaged in boxes for the train trip. Eric recalls seeing the wire apparatuses used for cutting these blocks of butter into the one pound sizes. S.A.F.U took the cutter to its museum at Mile End when the Eudunda premises were demolished.

Eric started as a driver and during his time with the S.A.F.U. there were other drivers- Clem Helbig, Robert Pfitzner, Leon Williams, Percy Radloff, Arthur Jenke, John Jenke, Paul Geister, Herb Anderson "Shrimp" Gerlach, Malcolm Schiller, Ken Jaeger, David Loechel and Geoff Devlin.

Jersey cow's milk cream was richest in butterfat- 6% to 67% fat. Other breeds of dairy cattle had 3% butter fat in their milk. In those days cows were fed pure pasture feed, no supplements.

After almost 40 years with S.A.F.U. Eric retired. He then did relieving work behind the counter at the Eudunda Bakery for Ted and Kathy Bowden, long service leave relief as a barman at the Eudunda Club, gardening at the Hospital and for individuals, and became a much admired and respected secretary/ treasurer of the Eudunda Agricultural Society Inc for 7 years (in this he was lovingly assisted by Wilma.)

## **EDDIE SCHUBERT- written August 21<sup>st</sup> 2001**

Eddie Schubert was born August 24<sup>th</sup> 1906.

In the early days Eddie's grandparents and their children lived in a house by the road gate of the present property, (at Peep Hill) a pepper tree still grows there.

As the sons grew up and began their own families they began their own properties.

One son went to Blumberg, another to where Clarrie Sander now lives; another purchased a 1000 acres North West of Bower.

Eddie designed his family home for his new bride. It was built in 1938 by Mr. Williams of Nuriootpa for 1200 pounds. Mr. Williams' father was a ganger for the South Australian Railways at Sutherlands.

In the early part of the 1900's the Railway system comprising of Morgan (Lanosa) Eba, Mount Mary, Bower and Sutherlands was chocked with wood. Mallee was 4/- (four shillings) a ton in 1910. The Sutherlands wood buyers were Frank Snell and a Mr. Mibus.

When much of the land had been cleared of wood the farmers began sowing wheat, and the wheat buyer was Frank Snell.

Eddie attended Sutherland's school with Albert Kaeding, son of Kaeding who had the wine shanty at Bower. Albert Kaeding caught the train from Bower to Sutherland's daily. School broke up each day at 3.45pm and at 5.00pm the train came through to Morgan. On one memorable occasion Albert had come to Sutherlands by train, and so after school he was playing football on the road with his schoolmates and was so absorbed in the game that he did not hear the train in the station. It was only when he saw it coming that he realised he should be on it. Albert ran parallel to the train while he was able, but the train did not stop for him.

One Friday morning at 8.45, two level table-topped horsedrawn trolleys came through Sutherlands, with dismantled weatherboard panels on them. Albert Kaeding said to Eddie "I'll be going to Bower school on Monday morning!"

"But it was many Mondays before Albert attended Bower school" said Eddie.

Bower school came from Frankton and it was erected by Severin, the Eudunda Undertaker.

Yeast cake and freshly ground and brewed coffee for breakfast made memorable meals.

The Schubert's had splendid gardens, grown in the watercourse, which traverses their property. There were peaches, apples, pears, oranges, quinces, cherries, apricots as big as oranges- and then the vegetables which were grown! Pickled in 4 gallon tins which had been used for petrol, but which had be scrupulously cleaned for pickling purposes.

When there are heavy rains, water rushes along this watercourse, it does not linger very long, there is a steep descent, and the water ends up at Bower where it utilises the large cutting under the now extinct Railway line.

The following was related to Julie Mathews in June 2001-

"From about 1910 for a number of years we used to occasionally go on fishing trips to Pelican Point which was about 6 miles down the River Murray from Morgan.

We travelled from our home at Sutherlands by German Wagon, which was pulled by 3 horses.

In the wagon (besides 6 people and their luggage) we had to carry hay chaff to feed the horses, containers of food and utensils, chairs, boards to make tables, bedding and so-on.

There were 30 miles of dirt and metal roads to travel and we would pass other Wagons, buggies and spring drays on the way. It took the best part of the day to get there and then we would had to tie up the horses, unpack, set up feed boxes for the horses and get wood to set up for cooking. Prior to fishing we went Cray fishing to get bait!! This was done with a piece of meat on the end of a string or in a net bag.

The main fishing was done with cross lines tied each side of the river with hooks on ties on 9 inch traces. The lines were visited each morning and evening and bamboo rods were used to fish during the day. The fish we caught were callop and cod. There were allocated reaches in the river and permission had to be obtained to fish.

There were plenty of oranges and grapes to eat we also shot ducks to supplement the food supply.

There would be other groups camping and we would get together and have a yarn but some people would get jealous about their special fishing spots!"

## SHOPPING IN EUDUNDA IN THE 1950'S TO THE 1970'S

by Margaret Rogers

Shopping in Eudunda in the 1950's to the 1970's at the various establishments, which were of interest to me, was superb. This is how I recall that time.

Beginning on the eastern side of Bruce Street, opposite the Eudunda Institute, was **Wagner's Deli**, and sometimes I would have lunch here. Rona Wagner made great ham sandwiches.

**Stapleton's Shoe Store** was located in the entry section of the current Eudunda Hardware. Alan Stapleton and his father were here and they had beautiful shoes. Alan was the most courteous of men, and his father was always clad in a grey dustcoat, quietly working away in the background. I remember a pair of black patent strappy sandals which were so pretty, bought from Alan.

**Stapleton's Electrical** occupied the Paint section of the current Hardware shop. Here was a magic place for those of us who loved Music. Paul Stapleton seemed to know what music we needed in Eudunda - vinyl 78 rpm Records, 33 rpm records, 45 rpm discs, the latest tunes, the best artists - and a fair portion of my wages went here. He had Gertie Thiele with him, and wasn't she a darling? Efficient and kindly too. We went into Stapleton's Electrical to book our seats for the forthcoming Picture Show each Wednesday and Saturday nights. Don Freund, Leon Reese, Bernard O'Reilly and Garry Thiele were a part of the business, too.

**Schultz's Bakery** provided an interesting lunch because of the glass wall divisions, the mirrored display cases. Bus loads of tourists converged there for morning tea and lunch, and one tour company recalled is "Pioneer". Myra Bartel from Bower and Nora Kielow were behind the counter, sometimes Nita Schultz was there, too. Bert Schultz would emerge around midday from the door, which leads to the current eating room, refreshed from his sleep after being awake most of the night, baking. Schultz's also owned the Bakery at the Top End of Eudunda (owned formerly by Ernie Asplin.) Then came **Freund, Jeweller** (recently Robert the Brace) and Eric Freund had beautiful jewellery, imported glassware, Royal Albert Bone china, German Cobalt Blue china, crystal and everything which made this shop a glittering heaven. Eric engraved items, and he also was a watchmaker. I still have my marcasite watch which was purchased from him.

**Reg Nicholls** was next to Freund, Jeweller. Magazines in heaps, newspapers in heaps, comics in

heaps - Reg's shop was awash with Newsprint, and he and his daughter Judy had every publication imaginable. A veritable Aladdin's Cave. **Eudunda Pharmacy** with pharmacist Cec Nicholas came next. All the Napro Hair Blonding Emulsion I purchased from there! And the Max Factor Make-up, too. Helen Reimann helped me make important lipstick colour choices.

**Mr. Earl Phillis** was next door, his office later taken up by Eric Marr. Mrs. Phillis was a very gentle lady, always gloved and hatted. They had an extremely polite son Peter who sadly died from a blood disorder.

**CFL Stores** (now Rohde's) sold clothing, haberdashery and hardware. I remember CFL Stores best when it was located in the triangular area between Railway Parade and Weigall Street. In the 1940's it was an important store to us when we (Ern, Doris, Margaret & Robin Dreckow) lived at Mount Mary. Millie Bras and Bert Woitd stand out in my memory from that era. Bert Woitd lived then in the home now occupied by Brian and Joan Latz.

**Vie Appelt, Music Teacher**, sold sheet music and music books in the small rooms near the old Commercial Bank.

Now we'll cross over to the other side of the street.

**Elliott's Greengrocery** (which recently was Brett's and Helen's Vegie Patch) was a happy place to visit. Mrs. Laura Elliott, her husband Wilf, son Spen and daughter-in-law Irene ran this family venture. It was possible to purchase a ½ inch of fritz for lunch from them, or have a sandwich made up by them and to eat it in-store, there was an extensive range of British magazines for sale, too. They'd make up a "Spider" on request and milk shakes - a "Spider" is a large glass of fizzy cool drink with a scoop of Ice Cream on top and American Cream Soda was my favourite flavour.

**Con Haseloff and Family** (we are back in the 1940's) were in the adjacent Michalk Building. This shop was crammed from floor to ceiling with tinned food, bottles and jars of food and necessary kitchen items.

**Vin Geyer, Hairdresser** was not in the present Hairdressing Salon when I began work; he occupied rooms in the building opposite the former Leditschke's Garage. In the 1940's **Mr. A.C. Holloway** had his chemist shop in the premises, which became the Ladies Wear portion of Hambours, and later this raised floor area became a part of the Heritage Gallery and The Eudunda

Observer Office. Mr. Holloway had deep blue large apothecary jars on a high display.

Then **Hambours!!** The Fashions - both for Day and Evening, and for Ladies and Gentlemen.

The Fabrics. Furs and Hats. Swimwear. Patterns, knitting wool, artificial flowers, haberdashery, laces, ribbons, hat veiling, gloves, lingerie, corsetry - everything for men and women whether it be worn next to the skin or on the outside. I was a very fortunate young person to have a Mother who was a "natural" with the sewing machine; she sewed and sewed for me, using almost every fabric available over the years, which could be purchased from this fantastic shop. Hambours did not let the fashion conscious customer down.

We all recall Bill George in Menswear who boarded at the Light Hotel and we recall Miss Melba Schultz who reigned over Womenswear; I affectionately recall Polly Minge who came much later in the picture - wonderfully kind and tactful Polly who never, ever said that a garment was a bit of a tight fit but that it was "perhaps a little too firm".

And next door was **Eudunda Farmers Co-op Society**. In the 1940's when we were living at Mount Mary Doris purchased a Wedgwood Dinner Set from there. Mike and I still have a small plate from that set which is impressed on the reverse side with "Wedgwood" and numbered 12N45.

Opposite the old CFL Store, in Railway Parade, was **Elder Smith & Co. Stock and Station Agents**, which is where my brother Robin was employed. Elders, as it was called, was an especially busy place; customer relations was an integral part of business in those years and Elders displayed this requisite in full. And next door to Elders was **Wiesner and Co.** whose building occupied the huge corner area between Kapunda Street and Railway Parade. Wiesner's had Eddie Haseloff employed there and a young Zerna lad who lived in the weatherboard house opposite the Church of England. Eddie always had a friendly wave for me when I walked past during my Bank days.

**Krummel's Garage** was adjacent to the old CFL Store and that establishment exuded friendship with Glen Krummel, Kenny Materne, Alan Baumann and Bert Wolf; this is harking back to my Banking days. In Weigall Street was **Coles Bros** the Stock Firm with Clem Reimann as Manager -and always a daily friendly acknowledgement from Clem.

Mr. Woidt who had a little tobacco shop quite near the Top Pub lived in the small house next door to

Brian and Joan Latz. We were living in Laurence Street then, in the 1950's, and I am able to recall him leaving for his little shop in the morning, nattily attired and carrying his kitbag.

Eudunda was a very busy vital community in the days of my youth, and in the typical fashion of the young I did not quite realize how fortunate I was to spend my formative years there. These reminiscences have been a revelation to me.

### Joke

A man was driving around the countryside when he saw a sign 'Talking Dog for Sale.'

He rang the doorbell and the owner took him to the backyard to meet the dog.

"You talk?" he asked the dog.

"Yes" replied the dog.

"So, what's the story?"



The dog looked up and replied, "Well I discovered I could talk when I was pretty young. I wanted to help the government and so I was assigned to the secret police and in no time they had me jetting from country to country, sitting in rooms with spies and world leaders. They didn't suspect a dog of eavesdropping. I was one of their most valuable spies for eight years running. But the running around really tired me out, and as I wasn't getting any younger I decided it was time to settle down."

"I signed up for a security job at the airport to do some undercover work, wandering near suspicious characters and listening to conversations. I uncovered some serious matters and was awarded many medals, got married, had a load of puppies and now I am retired."

The man was amazed at what he heard and enquired how much to purchase the dog.

"Ten Pounds" the owner replied

"Ten Pounds", the man responded

"This dog is amazing.

Why are you selling him so cheap?"

Because he is a liar.

He never did any of that stuff'.

## **Gladys Doecke nee Schiller**

### **Living at Sutherlands**

I remember the drought years when we had frequent dust storms. They were so thick at times during the day that we lit our kerosene lamps. Then there was the cleaning up afterwards. The window sills 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 S.P.F (schools patriotic fund) and were given badges for amounts collected.

We walked to school the 1 and a half miles and often had chilblains from the cold frosty mornings. There was also the polio epidemic and I remember we were always made to go to bed early.

When I first learned to knit the wool came in skeins and had to be wound into balls. This was done by some one holding the skein in outstretch hands or by pulling across the back 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 café at the northern end of Bruce Street for our usual treat of 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, metwurst and black and white puddings, salting the meat smoking and the chicken. 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 metwurst were kept from the runners of sheep killing. 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 the distance with a

paddle because of the heat. The jam was kept in the cellar in big earthenware jars.

### **Melon Mousse with Dumplings- To be eaten with pork Rissoles**

Cut up melon fairly thin. Cook with 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 approx. 10 minutes.

Dumplings. 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup of milk.

Rub butter into flour 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.

Written in 2000 \*

### **A few memories of growing up in Eudunda District**

My father Wilhelm Paul Eckermann was the first teacher and headmaster of St John's. He was there till they closed the school during the First World War when there was so much hatred of anything German, though they were all loyal citizens and many people died for their country.

My father was in for jersey cattle then. He had to earn a living somehow for this big family. He had the Pella Stud Jersey Farm at Emmaus. My mother and father, grandmother and grandfather are buried there at the Emmaus cemetery. To start with we still lived up at the schoolhouse in the town and the older children of us six each had a little milk round, helping with the delivery of milk. But the school reopened after the War, we had to move. My father had the cattle then and he couldn't go back teaching.

The name of the hill behind our farm was called Mt Misery. My youngest brother was born out there. There were seven of us then. The government herd testers use to come once a month and stay two nights. They'd take a morning and afternoon sample of the milk for the Jersey Herd society.

We were all very religious. We wouldn't ever think of doing anything on a Sunday. We'd go to church. Religion is really overshadowed by sport now. Sunday was the day of rest. If you played

sport it was between friends. Very few people didn't go to church. I think it's one of the saddest things that religion is swept under the carpet. We've all got to face eternity.

There were 32 children going to school at Emmaus. Seven graders all in one room all sitting around a potbelly stove in winter. We had a wonderful time. There was an orchard, a lot of old sheds, an old house that the previous teacher had lived in and the ruins of an old manse as Emmaus had been a church centre. The teacher would go home to his house across the road for lunch and we were trusted to look after ourselves. One lunchtime we hid ourselves somewhere, one of the children got the giggles so he knew where we were. He blew his whistle and we started school again. Mr Fred Tregoweth was the Emmaus schoolteacher. He taught me a love of literature. For sewing lessons we'd walk across the road to his wife.

I was lucky enough to get a scholarship in grade seven and spend two years studying at Norwood High. After I'd been to Adelaide I took up elocution. I won quite a lot of prizes. My sister was very good at music. Music and elocution competitions used to take place all around the country- Peterborough, Victor Harbour, Moonta, Minlaton etc. One town would have the competition for about a week. We were treated like royalty. I remember at Peterborough we'd be taken out for picnics. They'd fight to give you hospitality. They were so pleased to have you in the town.

Elocution I really took up because I loved poetry. Even as a little girl I remember reciting in the Town Hall- "Flo's letter." A little satin dress. I remember I thought I was lovely. And Mrs Thomas our doctor's wife said she wanted to adopt me. They used have concerts and anyone who could sing and dance would be railroaded into it. It encouraged local talent. And then when they got competitions going everybody was encouraged to take part. People would sit up till 1'oclock at night in the Town Hall, listening to people in the competitions. There was no wireless or television then. It was a different world altogether.

In those days this was a dairy district. There were two big butter factories and a lot of country

produce was sold. They used to have market days. It was really exciting. Right in the centre of town. The cattle would go through the main street up to the saleyards where the police station is now situated. Farmers brought in all things for sale. Besides cattle and horses and sheep, furniture used to come in. And all the women would come in with their husbands. They'd do their shopping, visiting and go to meetings- there were seventy women in the CWA then.

There were three passenger trains a day. And freight trains. On Saturday nights they'd even run a train down to Adelaide for entertainment. They called it the ghost train. That was really fun. They used to race the trains down the hills and you'd get back at about 1.00am.

Every Wednesday my sister and I went to town. She went to the Conservatorium. And I went to my elocution lesson. I also studied the Art of Speech at the Adelaide University. LASA- Licentiate the Art of Speech Australia- a degree which several of us got. It was the first year it started. Wanda Marr \*

### Sale Day

That was bedlam

It was opposite the commercial bank and the Royal Hotel

You could hear the auctioneer yelling out the prices

There were the pig yards

Sheep, cattle, horses

Big area with seats right around

All in the middle of the town

Coles brothers had the sale and trucking yards by the mill

They'd have the fellows herding the beast up there

Bulls, cattle might get away from them down the main street

You'd hear the crack of the whip

And then all night bellowing

I can remember being in the street when on of these animals got away

The men on horses would round them up

I can remember people queuing up for lunch at Bert Schulz's bakery

It was a real day out

They had tables and chairs



And people queuing up  
Elliot's served hot meals on sale days  
On Barwell Street there'd be cars lined up on  
both sides of the street  
Up by the churches that was all choker block  
with cars  
That was up to the 1940's  
Your uncle used to come up from Morgan with  
fish, oranges, and watermelons  
He came up in an old buckboard  
And set up by the light hotel  
Just sell from the back of the truck  
He'd come up with Murray cod and callop  
Other people would come over with vegies too  
Sale day was the community day-and show day  
Sometimes they even sold sundries in the form  
of furniture  
There'd be a waiting room full of people at the  
doctors. Queues at the legal office  
The day after sale day, it wouldn't be worth  
opening up the shop

Eric Freund, Lurl Freund, Rita Niemz \*

### Sale day

What a day when Coles sale day was on in  
Eudunda once a month. People from surrounding  
districts flocked to town and brought calves,  
pigs, cattle, horses, chooks, ducks and pigeons to  
sell, plus any furniture and household goods you  
no longer needed, just to get a bit of money  
coming in.

It was made a full days outing for the whole  
family, were you meet lots of people and had a  
good chat. We lived 8 miles out of town.

It was a special day when Hambour's Sale was  
on as well. A lot of people gathered at the door  
before 9.00am to get the best bargains when the  
shop opened.

Ora Jenke \*

### BUY A BRICK

The Eudunda District Hall Committee are  
raising money for the construction of the new  
community kitchen. They are offering you a  
chance to **BUY A BRICK for \$10** and have  
your name inscribed on a plaque, to be displayed  
in the new kitchen. Bricks are available from the  
Eudunda Family Heritage Gallery.

### Difficult times

My parents and grandparents mainly used to  
speak about difficult times  
They had to work hard  
They had to clear the country  
All axes work and grub it with a jack  
They carted all the materials for the houses by  
horse and dray

The pines made beautiful posts  
Straight as you could make them  
Must have been beautiful pines in the 1800's  
Where they mainly were was out the back round  
Peep Hill

My father use to tell me a lot about school  
Oh they used to dread school  
Used to try and belt it in to them '  
A lot of them only went to school for three or  
four years  
They had to go home and help

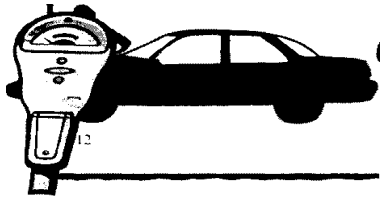
My older sister reckoned that she reared us  
Because mother couldn't manage it all  
And of course she had to look after her mother

Had to wear a lot of hand me down clothes  
We had a couple of families go through school  
barefoot  
And their feet were blue in wintertime

### Thunder and Dust

I was very frightened of thunderstorms  
Terrible server thunderstorms in summer  
Everything had to be closed  
Keep away from trees, keep quite  
Turn the mirrors around  
Cover them up  
And stay inside  
Then of course the creeks would come down  
Years ago the paddocks were a lot barer  
Those big hoofed animals  
Of course the farms were small and over cropped  
Then a big wind  
All the shit would blow away  
Had the lamp burning all day  
Couldn't see for dust

Ben Obst \*



Ever wondered how retired people amuse themselves. May be this is one way .....

Bill and Mary went into the city shopping. They went into the first shop but it was uninteresting and left after 5 minutes. As they came out they saw a cop writing a parking ticket.

They went up to him and said " Hey mate, Give a senior citizen a break," The policeman ignored them and continued writing the ticket and put it under the wiper. "What a low life" exclaimed Bill, The policeman glared back at him, cast a glance over the vehicle and commenced to write another ticket for worn tyres. "What a moron" said Mary. "You would probably book your own Grandmother!" As he put the 2nd ticket under the wipers the policeman noticed the registration plate was coming off and started to write up a ticket for this as well.

Bill and Mary couldn't believe their eyes and continued to hurl more and more abuse at the policeman who responded by writing more and more tickets. This went on for 20 minutes until eventually the policeman said to them " What's your problem. Doesn't it bother you that I am writing more and more fines?"

Bill and Mary looked at each other and shrugged. "Personally speaking," replied Bill " We don't care. It's not our car, We came into town by bus!"

Jim Reese \*

### **Killing the pig- a re- enactment**

One thing every year was killing the pig  
It was a big job  
A neighbour would often come and help  
And they'd share the meat

It was a special day when they killed the pig  
We liked to stay home then but that didn't  
always happen  
On May holidays  
They decided to kill the pig that week  
We peeped through the sheds and around corners  
We took it all in

One day there was a vacant pen  
And my brother and I thought we'd do a re-  
enactment  
I was about five,  
He was about eight  
So everything was arranged  
We got a bit of grain to entice the pig into the  
pen  
And a large rope to catch the animal-it was a bit  
of a knack to get it around the leg-  
Luckily we didn't have an axe

I was the pig  
I had to run around and pretend I was hard to  
catch  
But then he got me with the rope  
Then out, out of the pen  
And he tied me up at the gatepost  
I had to struggle pretty hard just like the pig  
Then he gave me a belt on the backside  
And I dropped down as though I was knocked  
out

Next we went to the gallows where they'd hang  
the pig up to dress and cool it  
The gallows were on a big strong limb of the  
peppercorn tree-  
It would have to take 140 kg  
And quite high up, about four meters  
There was a steel yoke were they hooked the  
hind legs

It was on a pulley system  
So my brother pulled it right down  
And I caught it with my hands  
Then he pulled me right to the top

It would've been ok if I could have got down  
But he couldn't operate the release  
So after a while I had to let go and just drop

Luckily it didn't end in tragedy  
Though it might have spoiled the day

### **MARGARET DRECKOW ROGERS REMEMBERS**

With a feeling of relief I successfully completed  
Year 10 at the Eudunda Area School at the close of  
1954 and in January 1955 at the age of 16 years and  
1 month I began employment with the Eudunda  
Branch of Eudunda Farmers' Co-operative Society.

Eudunda Farmers occupied the area now taken over by IGA.

It had an ornate facade. My ambition was to be Ladies Wear Head Lady or Cashier but the beginning of this climb to success was at the very bottom of a tall ladder!

The Manager in 1955 was Wilf Richardson, a dynamic man who wore short sleeved shirts in the cold Eudunda winter season. His predecessor was Rex Plew, and his successor was Os Kurtzer.

At that time there was Grocery, Mens Wear, Ladies Wear, Hardware, Soft Furnishings. Mens Wear was under the quiet gentle guidance of Lawrie Grope. Grocery was a lively Department with Geoff Dutschke, Betty Sykes, Ludmila Preglej and Eric Jenke. Hardware involved Lloyd Mader and Don Rohde with Don also appearing in Mens Wear and Grocery. Grocery home deliveries were a part of Customer Service.

Valda Koster was cashier and the overhead pulley system for conveying customers' cash to the cashier for change was in use. Valda sat in a high little box, which was reached by 3 or 4 steep wooden steps and in the front of her "office" were shelves, which held the Members' (Customers') docket books.

Each Member's book was numbered - Doris Dreckow was 644, mine was 141 - and a cash bonus was issued to Members, calculated on the amount of money spent in the store or in any other Eudunda Farmers store.

Commercial Travellers came every month with HUGE suitcases from their Ware House Head Offices. These suitcases contained samples of shoes, hats, gloves, hosiery, haberdashery, lingerie, laces - everything a lady, mother and housewife needed for those times. The contents were perused by the Head Lady and then she placed an order. I loved shoes and was occasionally permitted to order a pair from the sample case. But most of my time was spent sweeping the ladies Wear wooden floors, putting Member's docket books back into numerical order, dusting and sweeping up dead blowflies from the shopfront windows in our area and also from the windows in the adjacent Soft Furnishings Department. On the dead fly occasions the Head Lady would come to see how I was getting on and then she would gaze out of the window in a considering fashion, look at the unmarried men walking by and then she'd tell me who were the good kissers!!

My first weekly wage was Four Pounds Seventeen Shillings and Nine Pence (\$9.78c) and then, in time, there was a wage rise to Five Pounds One Shilling and Three Pence (\$10.12c) per week.

Not too many steps were being climbed by me on the success ladder at Eudunda Farmers, and around June or July of 1955 when there came a vacancy at the Eudunda Branch of the Savings Bank of South Australia, I was quick to apply for it. Sadie Marr was leaving her job as clerk at the Bank to take up Nursing and I was the

successful applicant for her position! Fay Falland was the Bank clerk before Sadie. Mr. Falland worked at the Flour Mill and the Falland Family home was in Weigall Street near Margaret Haseloff's home. Both Fay and Sadie had beautiful handwriting. We wrote with pen and ink in those days, and the replaceable split nib gave a very attractive broad downward stroke when correctly utilized. I had big shoes to fill in regard to handwriting and after a few years my efforts worked. The best nib for me was a Brandauer Circular Pointed Nib. They were made in Birmingham.

To join the Bank I had to sit for Mathematics and Dictation Tests. Mathematics was 100% correct, but in Dictation I misspelt "superseded" as "superceded". I also had to sign a Two Thousand Pound (\$4000) Bond. This Bond would be forfeited should I divulge customer information and I would be instantly dismissed. The honouring of the Bond meant the world to me and never did I divulge a word. Each employee was issued with a huge book of General Orders - A4 size, 8 cm thick, hard covered and

held together with bolts so that we could easily access the outdated pages and replace them with the updated version. This was the Bank Bible!

My first fortnightly Bank pay was Twelve Pounds Eighteen Shillings and Ten Pence (\$25.89c)

My first Manager was Wynn Selth and he was followed by Jack Davies.

At Eudunda we worked 5 ½ *days* a week. Monday to Friday our hours were 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. We opened the doors to the customers at 10 a.m. and closed them at 3 p.m.

On Saturday it was a 9 a.m. start, the doors were opened at 9.30 a.m., they were closed to the public at 11 am, we quickly balanced everything, put the ledgers away and at 11.30 a.m. the weekend was ours!

We closed for a 45 minute lunch on weekdays. Market Day was the Second Tuesday of each month and the Bank remained open on that day until 3.30 p.m. for last minute farming transactions.

Max Baehnisch was the Postman. He delivered the Mail on Saturday morning too.

When we had to telephone Head Office in Adelaide our calls went via the Manual Telephone Exchange, which was located at the Eudunda Post Office. The Adelaide Phone Number was LA 0371.

On quiet days we would have the books balanced, the daily figures balanced, the manager's cash counted and balanced by 3 p.m., and if there was no Interest to be calculated on accounts we would close for the day and it was possible for me to catch the 3.30 p.m. Morgan/Adelaide train home to Hampden where we lived. Mum and Dad bought Eddie Pfitzner's home at Hampden around 1951 or 1952.

I was at Eudunda for about 2 or 2 ½ happy years, was transferred to Nuriootpa and Gawler Branches and then Adelaide Office. I remained with the Bank for a total of 13 years. While at Gawler Branch Malcolm Campbell's Bluebird was trucked through, on its way to Lake Eyre and one of his Land Speed Record attempts.

The assassination of John F. Kennedy occurred when I was at Gawler, 22<sup>nd</sup> November 1963. It was a subdued Bank that day.

When we lived at Hampden I travelled to work at the Bank with Herbie Anderson from Julia and then went home with him again in the evening (unless Mum came to Eudunda to do the shopping.) Herbie was a very inoffensive man. He worked at the Butter Factory at the Top End of town and he parked his vehicle in a beat-up old shed nearby.

It was terrible for him in 1957 when the Julia Post Office and Telegraph Exchange (which his wife operated) burnt down, killing Mrs. Anderson at the same time. It was a big step for me too, at 19, to have to acknowledge Herbie's grief.

I resigned from the Savings Bank of South Australia mid 1968 and came back to Eudunda to help Mum when she had an operation on her shin. And then in January 1969 I began work at J.B. Reimann & Son as replacement office clerk for Margaret Twartz who was leaving to be married.

Les, son of J.B. Reimann was the boss and besides Les, in the workshop there were Cliff Ziersch, Brian Latz, Ron Duldig, Graham Weckert, Kevin Parker, Rex Pfitzner, Elmore Ziersch, John Orrock, Ozzie Schutz to name a few.

It was the most interesting work. I had to calculate the amount owed by customers when they had small jobs done in the workshop. Les had a wonderful little book which gave the weight per foot of steel tubing, steel rods, flat steel bars, steel angle, steel channel, flat steel sheeting - all in the various thicknesses and widths and areas. There was also a price list for fasteners (nuts, bolts, washers). With this information at hand it was possible to calculate the weight times cost plus labour. Besides steel Les sold V Belts by the score.

No Occupational Healthy Safety and Welfare Regulations in the 1960's, it was possible for farmers and home handymen to walk into the workshop, straight off the street, to get their welding or cutting requirements done. On those occasions, if it was a cash transaction, the welder or cutter came into the office with the customer and relayed the materials used, time taken, and the amount owed was calculated on the spot. If a job was to be an account, the welder or cutter entered the transaction in a Job Workbook - date, customer name, amount of material used, time taken - and each week I collected these Workbooks and brought the accounts up

to date. In winter huge gas burners were located around the enormous workshop in an effort to warm things up.

It seemed to me as if Les was constantly thinking of new inventions. He was a very creative man and I left just when his new Steel Plate Rolls were coming into being. Each day, around 9.30 a.m. it was my job to see what the men wanted from the Eudunda Bakery for their "Smoko". I made a list, collected their cash and then went over the road to the Bakery and Kay Thiele. Some wanted 1 Scents of Yeast Cake, others 20 cents of Yeast Cake, there were buttered buns, pieces of cake, sausage rolls - Kay estimated the sizes of the slices of Yeast Cake, she buttered buns, cut pieces of cake and then placed these items in their brown paper bags after which we went through the payments! Hats off to Kay, I was always greeted with a smile and friendliness.

I recall that J.B. Reimann & Son made a great many below ground Fuel Tanks for H.C. Sleigh (Golden Fleece) and many grain augers too.

I was privileged to be entrusted to drive Les's car, and on rainy days I collected Les's and Nadine's children, Michael and Marie, from St. John's School, took them home and then went back to work.

In late February or early March a card arrived in the mail from Warburton Franki, Adelaide, advising "our Mr. Michael Rogers will be calling on your Company 23<sup>rd</sup> March 1969". And on 23<sup>rd</sup> March 1969 at 4.30 p.m. Michael Rogers - wearing cream trousers and a white shirt - walked into the office where Margaret Twartz was doing bookwork and I was cleaning the Venetian blinds; and as they say

"That was That!"

Michael rang me a few weeks later and asked me to accompany him to a Debutante Ball at Burra, meanwhile Les had phoned Warburton Franki (because he knew I was smitten) to check if Michael was married!

When Michael came to collect me from home for the Ball Mum and Dad were taken aback when they saw this extremely handsome man in a dinner suit - Mum took me into the bedroom and gave me \$5 to ring home "in case he doesn't do the right thing by you" and Dad took Michael aside and told him which roads to take, there and back, roads which I knew. But they did not have to worry, he was the PERFECT Gentleman, and he still is! I worked at J.B. Reimann & Son for 10 happy months with Les and his band of dedicated men, left their employ in November 1969 and married Michael 3<sup>rd</sup> January 1970.

Cheers from everyone at the Gallery and we hope you enjoyed our newsletter.

Editors Irene Hall & Blat Goulder