



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
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Welcome to our Christmas edition and the last newsletter for the year.

We have had a very busy 3 months, and continue to receive positive feedback from visitors to our Family Heritage Gallery.

The Angaston Women's Fellowship came over with a busload of people to look through the Gallery, as did the Yorke Peninsular National Trust with both groups thoroughly enjoying their visit.

We all enjoyed our day at the Eudunda Show. Our cold serve lunches were popular, though the heat did mean the numbers were slightly down. We always enjoy the chance to talk 'Family Heritage Gallery' with the people who come in. We would also like to congratulate the Eudunda Agricultural Show committee on a job well done.

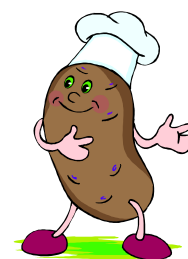
There was much excitement in November when the Governor came to town to celebrate the RSL's 90th birthday. His Excellency, rear Admiral Kevin Scarce and his wife, Mrs. Liz Scarce were guests of honour at the celebration luncheon. Every one of the 120 people who attended enjoyed the day and being a very hot day they really appreciated the new air conditioning in the Hall. The Hall and Catering Committee catered the luncheon, with help from many.

These committee members are working very hard for the community, upgrading the Hall and fundraising to build a new kitchen. Building of the new kitchen has begun. Please dig deep and help support this wonderful project.

Dates for your diary:

The Eudunda Christmas Street Party and Parade will be held on Friday December 11th, 5pm-9pm. These are always great evenings with the children eagerly awaiting the arrival of Father Christmas.

Come along and get your
Hot Spud
from the Heritage Gallery.
Yummy!!



The Hospital Guild will also have their stall out the front selling fruit salad and ice cream.

To keep everything together we will also have tickets for the Hall and Catering Committee's Christmas Hamper raffle for sale. We all look forward to seeing you there.

Around the Room

ROSTER

Perhaps you may consider putting your name on the Heritage roster to help out when the gallery is open. This is one of those jobs which is very easy and would make a huge difference to the workload of our committee members, who presently have to fill in a lot due to the shortage of helpers. The shifts are only 3 hours, a new roster comes out every 3 months, and you are more than welcome to nominate a preferred day ie Friday, Saturday, Sunday - either morning or afternoon. Please see Yvonne Schulz to add your name to our roster. You really will be appreciated! We give massive thanks to those Friends of the Gallery who are already on the roster. We couldn't do it without you!

The family of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Mosey has donated her nurse's uniform from WW2. We thank them very much, and we also thank the Jenke Family, who donated a beautiful baby christening gown and shawl. This satin edged outfit could tell a story or two of times gone past.

Special thanks to Terry Carter for all the work he did replacing the rotted floorboards in the cottage. It is good to be able to walk through the cottage with out being nervous of falling through the floor!

Special thanks to David Hall, Irene's sons, who kindly donated a number of storage cabinets to the gallery which are definitely being put to good use.

Town Gardens

One of our projects next year is to make up a display relating to the Town Gardens and to eventually produce a brochure.

We are looking for stories associated with the old and new sections of the gardens together with photographs and the names of the hardworking volunteers who have contributed so many hours to make the gardens what they are today.

Advance notice:

History Week will begin on May 21st and end May 30th 2010. The theme will be Shops and Buildings of our town including a guided walking tour of businesses. A lot is planned for the week, including a Market Day. It will be a week to remember so put it in your diary now.

If you would like to participate please leave your details at the Heritage Gallery by Friday January 22nd.

DUST IF YOU MUST

Dust if you must but wouldn't it be better,
To paint a picture or write a letter,
Bake a cake or plant a seed,
Ponder the difference between want and need?

Dust if you must but there's not much time,
with rivers to swim and mountains to climb,
music to hear and books to read,
Friends to cherish and life to lead.

Dust if you must but the world's out there,
with the sun in your eyes, the wind in your hair,
a flutter of snow, a shower of rain,
this day will not come again.

Dust if you must but bear in mind,
old age will come and its not kind,
And when you go and go you must
You yourself, will make more dust!
author unknown

Gallery Gossip

The biggest excitement is the proposed shed extension to house all the agricultural equipment we presently have. As people continue to donate pieces relating to Eudunda and /or their families past heritage, we really need the extra space in the main shed to be able to display these items. Discussions are still ongoing, we will keep you informed.

Finding Our Family History 'Goulder'

Following the death of Charles' Dad in England last year we were exceptionally fortunate and privileged to receive several boxes of personal papers and certificates. There are cards and poems, newspaper clippings and in fact whole newspapers! Books and booklets. Photos by the thousands. What an incredible opportunity we have been given to discover our children's family heritage. Unfortunately whilst we have all this amazing information; over the years it has been mixed together. Organising it into the various family lines shall be a massive job, one which no doubt will have twists and turns. Who knows what we may uncover? No doubt some we will never unravel.

Charlie went to boarding school at 7 and came to Australia aged 18, and so missed a lot of those family conversations around the table, good and bad, talking about all the family relatives and their foibles. How exciting it is to be making this journey into our family story.

Where do we start, where will it end? Will there be paupers, will there be princes? Perhaps we may be lucky and have both!! I am pretty sure there will be a muso in there somewhere!! How many different countries are the ancestors from?

Once roots have been found, there is no going back. It may be confronting at times. I have already shed tears, knowing the smudge on the C of Christmas 1943 in 'The Present Book', was the tear of a heart broken little boy, following his adored father's death 6 weeks earlier. Stepping up and taking over his father's role, listing gifts given and received. It was the page when 'Daphne' changed to 'Mummy'. Daphne (Charles' grandmother) kept this book going, Christmas 1983 being the last entry.

40 years after that painful first Christmas as a 'lone parent', she died in 1984, a Great Grandmother, very much the loved matriarch of our family. She always stood staunchly by her 3 sons; they and the whole family were her life. What a privilege it is to have such a precious notebook.

We have also had a huge amount of laughs, at old photos, letters etc. A few eyebrows have been raised, and many times 'I didn't know that' has been uttered! E-mails are passing back and forth.

It is also a big responsibility. Sometimes we wonder 'why us', we are on the other side of the world, having started our own family, and yet here are all these old family stories and histories, waiting for us to explore and share. One of the cousins has been doing Family History research and is being really helpful.

I am also fortunate to have a neighbour who has been following her own Family History for decades and gives freely of her time, contacts and experience (thanks Laura!). It certainly is going to be a big and exciting learning curve in so many ways.

Blat Goulder

GENERATIONS PAST by Shannon Fahine

Days fly by quickly
and children move on.
Before we know it
the 'old times' are gone.
But as we look back
at generations gone by,
We, reflect on the memories
that serve as a tie.
Binding us together
With future and past;
and building a story
that forever will last.

Christmas Day in the Morning

By Pearl S. Buck

He woke suddenly and completely. It was four o'clock, the hour at which his father had always called him to get up and help with the milking. Strange how the habits of his youth clung to him still! Fifty years ago, and his father had been dead for thirty years, and yet he waked at four o'clock in the morning. He had trained himself to turn over and go to sleep, but this morning it was Christmas, he did not try to sleep.

Why did he feel so awake tonight? He slipped back in time, as he did so easily nowadays. He was fifteen years old and still on his father's farm. He loved his father. He had not known it until one day a few days before Christmas, when he had overheard what his father was saying to his mother.

"Mary, I hate to call Rob in the mornings. He's growing so fast and he needs his sleep. If you could see how he sleeps when I go in to wake him up! I wish I could manage alone."

Well, you can't, Adam." His mother's voice was brisk. "Besides, he isn't a child anymore. It's time he took his turn."
"Yes," his father said slowly. "But I sure do hate to wake him."

When he heard these words, something in him spoke: his father loved him! He had never thought of that before, taking for granted the tie of their blood. Neither his father nor his mother talked about loving their children--they had no time for such things. There was always so much to do on the farm.

Now that he knew his father loved him, there would be no loitering in the mornings and having to be called again. He got up after that, stumbling blindly in his sleep, and pulled on his clothes, his eyes shut, but he got up.

And then on the night before Christmas, that year when he was fifteen, he lay for a few minutes thinking about the next day. They were poor, and most of the excitement was in the turkey they had raised themselves and mince pies his mother made. His sisters sewed presents and his mother and father always bought him something he needed, not only a warm jacket, maybe, but something more, such as a book. And he saved and bought them each something, too.

He wished that Christmas when he was fifteen, he had a better present for his father. As usual he had gone to the ten-cent store and bought a tie. It had seemed nice enough until he lay thinking the night before Christmas. He looked out of his attic window, the stars were bright.

"Dad," he had once asked when he was a little boy, "What is a stable?"

"It's just a barn," his father had replied, "like ours."

Then Jesus had been born in a barn, and to a barn the shepherds had come...

The thought struck him like a silver dagger. Why should he not give his father a special gift too, out there in the barn? He could get up early, earlier than four o'clock, and he could creep into the barn and get all the milking done. He'd do it alone, milk and clean up, and then when his father went in to start the milking he'd see it all done. And he would know who had done it. He laughed to himself as he gazed at the stars. It was what he would do, and he mustn't sleep too sound.

He must have waked twenty times, scratching a match to look each time to look at his old watch -- midnight, and half past one, and then two o'clock.

At a quarter to three he got up and put on his clothes. He crept downstairs, careful of the creaky boards, and let himself out. The cows looked at him, sleepy and surprised. It was early for them, too.

He had never milked all alone before, but it seemed almost easy. He kept thinking about his father's surprise. His father would come in and get him, saying that he would get things started while Rob was getting dressed. He'd go to the barn, open the door, and then he'd go get the two big empty milk cans. But they wouldn't be waiting or empty, they'd be standing in the milk-house, filled.

"What the--," he could hear his father exclaiming.

He smiled and milked steadily, two strong streams rushing into the pail, frothing and fragrant.

The task went more easily than he had ever known it to go before. Milking for once was not a chore. It was something else, a gift to his father who loved him. He finished, the two milk cans were full, and he covered them and closed the milk-house door carefully, making sure of the latch.

Back in his room he had only a minute to pull off his clothes in the darkness and jump into bed, for he heard his father up. He put the covers over his head to silence his quick breathing. The door opened.

"Rob!" His father called. "We have to get up, son, even if it is Christmas."

"Aw-right," he said sleepily.

The door closed and he lay still, laughing to himself. In just a few minutes his father would know. His dancing heart was ready to jump from his body.

The minutes were endless -- ten, fifteen, he did not know how many -- and he heard his father's footsteps again. The door opened and he lay still.

"Rob!"

"Yes, Dad--"

His father was laughing, a queer sobbing sort of laugh.

"Thought you'd fool me, did you?" His father was standing by his bed, feeling for him, pulling away the cover.

"It's for Christmas, Dad!"

He found his father and clutched him in a great hug. He felt his father's arms go around him. It was dark and they could not see each other's faces.

"Son, I thank you. Nobody ever did a nicer thing--"

"Oh, Dad, I want you to know -- I do want to be good!" The words broke from him of their own will. He did not know what to say. His heart was bursting with love.

He got up and pulled on his clothes again and they went down to the Christmas tree.

Oh what a Christmas, and how his heart had nearly burst again with shyness and pride as his father told his mother and made the younger children listen about how he, Rob, had got up all by himself.

"The best Christmas gift I ever had, and I'll remember it son, every year on Christmas morning, so long as I live."

They had both remembered it, and now that his father was dead, he remembered it alone: that blessed Christmas dawn when, alone with the cows in the barn; he had made his first gift of true love.

This Christmas he wanted to write a card to his wife and tell her how much he loved her, it had been a long time since he had really told her, although he loved her in a very special way, much more than he ever had when they were young. He had been fortunate that she had loved him. Ah, that was the true joy of life, the ability to love. Love was still alive in him, it still was.

It occurred to him suddenly that it was alive because long ago it had been born in him when he knew his father loved him. That was it: Love alone could awaken love. And he could give the gift again and again. This morning, this blessed Christmas morning, he would give it to his beloved wife. He could write it down in a letter for her to read and keep forever. He went to his desk and began his love letter to his wife: My dearest love...

Such a happy, happy Christmas!

Verse

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went
Then you may count that day well spent.

Verse by George Eliot

Baby's First Christmas

A Christmas Poem by Alice E. Chase

You have to hold him up to see
The angel on the Christmas tree.
And even though he's still too small
To know the meaning of it all
You watch his eyes reflect the glow
Of colored lights that come and go
And feel him quiver with delight
At every new and wondrous sight.
There's Santa with his jolly face
Beaming from the fireplace.
And from the stocking hanging there
Peeks a cuddly teddy bear.
Bright ornaments and candy canes --
Musical toy and wooden trains --
There's just no end to the delights
Spread out for him this night of nights!
He points and grins from ear to ear
And then he yawns - his bedtime's near!
Dad gives him a kiss and you tuck him
away
To rest up for the fun of his first Christmas
Day!

Editors Irene Hall & Blat Goulder

COOKERY CORNER

WHITE CHRISTMAS

3 cups rice bubbles
1 cup mixed fruit
1 cup icing sugar
1 cup coconut
3/4 cup powdered milk
225 g cophia
1 teaspoon vanilla

Method

Mix dry ingredients. Add melted cophia and vanilla and stir well.
Press into tin or into individual patty pans. Refrigerate until firm.

APRICOT BALLS

500g dried apricots, chopped
1 x 395g can condensed milk
2½ cups coconut
Extra coconut for rolling

Method

Combine all ingredients.
Wet hands and roll mixture into small balls then coat in extra coconut.
Refrigerate or freeze for later.

CHRISTMAS CRACKLES

70g (2cups) rice bubbles
100g (½ cup) caster sugar
45g (½ cup) desiccated coconut
2/3 cup mixed fruit
125g cophia
95g (½ cup) choc bits

Method

Combine the rice bubbles, sugar, coconut and mixed fruit in a large bowl.
Place cophia in a saucepan over medium heat until melted.
Add cophia and choc bits to rice bubbles mixture and stir to combine.
Spoon mixture into 16 patty pans lined with paper cases. Place in fridge to set.

INVITATION



Our annual
'Friends of the Gallery' Morning Tea
will be held on
Wednesday 10th February at 10.30am
in the Eudunda District Hall.

This is our favourite event of the year so please come along and get a well- deserved pat on the back, catch up with friends, and enjoy some delicious food!



Joan Latz cutting the Birthday cake last year.

The morning tea gives us a chance to sincerely thank all of you as we really do appreciate all the support we are given.



All of the Eudunda Family Heritage Committee wishes you and your family a very joyous Christmas and a happy and safe New Year.