

Quorn Mercury

Recording Quorn's History while it's Being Made

June 2020

Established 1895

Number 25/266

Enjoying life in Quorn



Renata Hackett and Evie with today's drawing



Evie, Lily and Renata with today's joke



Matt Griffiths plays the opening shot of 2020 golf season

HAVE YOU SEEN the chalkboard attraction on the footpath on West Terrace?

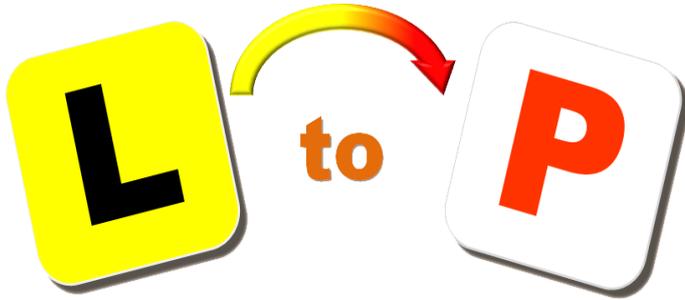
The Hackett family have been sharing their artistic talents and sense of humour with passers by, to lighten hearts and amuse all age groups. The displays began at the start of Covid-19 restrictions.

Evie and Lily's dad, Stuart, usually provides the artwork on one side, and there is always a riddle or joke on the reverse side of the display. The family often see cars slowing down to look and read, and take a photo of the boards.

Meanwhile on the Quorn Golf course, players began the 2020 season. Golf is one of the few non contact sports that can be adapted to meet *Covid Safe* requirements. ■

The sun is shining be happy

\$2.50



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Bush Tucker Walk

FLINDERS RANGES COUNCIL has received \$240,000 in funding from the State Government, Department of Planning, Transport and Infrastructure, under the *Open Spaces and Places for People Grant Programme*.

The intention is to create a pathway between town to Quorn Oval, and, over time, linking back to Oval road. It will take advantage of the great work already done as part of Pinkerton Creek revegetation programme. The pathway will serve multiple purposes:

- use as a bush tucker pathway (a tourism attraction)
- an exercise pathway with future potential outdoor gym equipment
- a connection between town and Quorn Oval, and a pedestrian access between North Quorn and the town centre

Council will apply for further funding through the Commonwealth National Radioactive Waste Facility to complete stage 2 of the project, which is also intended to apply to Hawker.

Council intends to establish a group of between three and ten volunteers to assist with design and delivery of this project.

Interested parties should contact Council directly to register their interest.

Construction of the pathway and its infrastructure is expected to occur at the end of the calendar year, and to be ready in mid-2021.

A copy of the concept plan is below. Please contact FRC if you are interested in being involved.

Eric Brown
Chief Executive Officer

Concept Plan



Chat with a Quornie



MY COUNTRY-BORN PARENTS settled in Adelaide after World War Two. I was the third of four children—two older brothers and a younger sister.

I made it to the end of Year 11 without a struggle, though I didn't fit in at school. Life did improve with a job and independence.

At 18, I met my first husband, Gary. At 19 we married, and I settled into farm life at *Sunny Hill*, Yorke Peninsula, where our three children, Tessa, Nathan and Sam were born.

In 1998, five years after the passing of our 12 year old son Nathan, Gary and I separated. I returned to work, helping start Maitland Health Centre. I became its Co-ordinator.

Leon and I met in May 2000. By November, I'd left my job, packed, and headed to Kalgoorlie. We were married in 2002.

Kalgoorlie was a mining town of mostly males. I made friends, travelled (as Leon's unofficial *TA*) for WA Water Corporation. And helped in a friend's crystal shop.

When we were in Esperance, we met Greg Bannon and Janet Thomas at a BBQ. They have become dear friends and part of why we moved to Quorn (and became *Quornies*).

In 2003 we decided to travel Australia for five to ten years. We bought a van, sold our house, and headed to Eucla, as Leon was to be deckie on a cray boat for a month.

I remember his return, weaving and almost staggering into the caravan park, yet to find his sea legs. After he'd worked the hardest in his whole life, he'd earned the least.

We decided to visit Maralinga, to the north. It was a trip that changed our lives. Leon met a guy who told him we needed permission to go.

We rang the manager, Steve Shephard, who asked when we wanted to go. 'Tomorrow' we said. Unorthodox, but we left next day.

We loved Maralinga, so applied for the job Steve was vacating. Leon's outback experience took us to the top of five applicants. Our 'around Australia trip' could wait three years.

With the 'Old Girl' (Toyota) fully packed and our caravan stored at Greg and Janet's in Quorn, we left in September 2004.

Our home was the 1950s hospital, with high ceilings, polished tile floors, and corrugated aluminium-cladded walls. A wide hallway ran down the centre. With doors at each end, it was a breeze way on warm days. *Swampy* air conditioners worked well, though we only used them on days over 40 degrees.



Maralinga Hospital—our home 2004-10

Every hot day we swam in the above-ground pool. At sunset, bats came for a drink. They flew straight, like bombers, over our heads, into the water and up again. It was sensational.

Visitors

OUR JOB was to clean and tidy the village, and six huts for accommodation; cook for visitors; maintain generators, vehicles.

The previous manager's wife said we'd have fewer visitors than they had in their three years. Well guess what? We had more!

Fortnightly supplies from Ceduna were brought out by *Kourie*, who stayed on the way and back to Oak Valley, 130km northwest.

He taught me to cook snapper wings Greek-style. He loved sweets, so I spent hours making chocolate mousse, for savouring spoonful by loving spoonful. He gulped it down, said it was pretty good, and asked 'Is it a packet one?'

Coober Pedy police patrolled twice a year, and stayed a few nights; a car company came to test cars on our long airstrip; Telstra technicians stayed (in a Telstra donga); RFDS flew in and Trevor Wright (William Creek) flew in to meet us with a paper.

Rio Tinto geologists and drillers stayed for six weeks of drilling exploration by helicopter. Leon and I were amazed and privileged to fly over the village and *forward area* (nuclear testing site).

Occasionally we had visits from our boss from Canberra; scientists; people studying the mallee fowl; ornithologists; entomologists; ARPANSA; environmentalists; British soldiers working there in the 50s; members of our families, and friends.

Aboriginal grader drivers Denis Brown and Dicky Le Bois came often. After Dicky left, only Denis came. We remained friends. and a couple of years ago bought Denis's Toyota Hilux. He couldn't get on with it, and kept it in the shed. It had only done 1800 kms,

A lovely couple, Judy Nunn and husband Bruce Venables, stayed while Judy researched her book *Maralinga*. We still keep in touch.

By far the most exciting visitor was Kevin Scarce, former SA Governor and his Deputy-, Hieu Van Le. Hieu told us of his family's voyage in a small boat, from Vietnam in 1970.

When they sailed into Darwin Harbour at daybreak, fishermen yelled, 'G'day mate.

Welcome to Australia'. We met again when he, as Governor, opened 2019 Quorn Show.

An Aide briefed us to address the Governor as 'Your Excellency', so Leon and I decided we'd be addressed as 'Mr and Mrs Ashton'. But at the gate, the Governor jumped out of his car, shook hands and said 'Call me Kev' That broke the ice, and we had a terrific visit.

In 2007/2008, a tour group came through —



Maralinga Visit. The Governor of SA, Kevin Scarce, centre front; Deputy Governor, Hieu Van Le, third left; Dianne in blue-check shirt

Connie (daughter of Len Beadell, who'd located and surveyed Maralinga and Emu* in the 50's); her husband, Mick Hutton; Anne, her mother, and partner, Phil. We all hit it off .

In 2009 they invited us to tag-along through the (WA) Western Desert. It was our best outback trip, as Mick's one of the most knowledgeable bushies. No showers for 18 days, cutting tracks and travelling at about 15 kph, was a fabulous way to enjoy the desert.

Out of the eight vehicles there was one flat tyre or more every day, but not ours. We left the tour, and had only gone 10 km down the bitumen, when we had our first flat. We could only laugh.

Connie and Mick are now dear friends.

Never a Dull Moment

In 2006, the Commonwealth had an online auction of 1980s buildings and equipment. For two months, buyers from all over Australia rang daily. Accommodating all those flying or driving in was a juggling act.

That's how we met Bob Jane, a very likeable, huggy bear of a man. He flew in with a small entourage, bought a building, that he left on-site for 12 months, and then decided he didn't want it.

*Emu Field was the site of a major British nuclear test in 1953

(Continued next page)

(From previous page)

Bob entertainingly told us how he'd cured himself of cancer. He later sent me a package of healing potions. He must have thought I needed them!

In 2008/9 a Hi Shot Rocket was launched at Woomera. A group of navy blokes drove a huge truck full of tracking equipment from Sydney, and set up camp for several weeks to track the rocket.

Then a new group—mainly army personnel, mooched round the sandhills, looking for rocket parts. Leon and I joined them on quad bikes, finding parts, but not the main one the navy wanted for analysis. It may have disintegrated returning to earth.

In our early days, a female dingo was hanging around the village. I heard rustling in the grass as I hung out the washing, and three cute dingoes emerged. We weren't supposed to encourage them, but unbeknown to each other, Leon and I were secretly feeding them.



Our two dingoes

We 'fessed up and fed, but didn't make pets of them, so they'd fend for themselves. It worked well, as they went on three or four day jaunts, then came back to be fed. We often wonder whether they survived after we left.

Australian Geographic photographer, Barry Skipsy, from Alice Springs, came to write an article about Maralinga, shortly after Slim Dusty died. He was also a musician, and wrote a song recorded by Slim.

After a BBQ, Barry and Leon sang *End of the Bitumen*, and the dingoes started howling. They stopped when the singing stopped. We were sure it was a farewell. We'd heard them howl, though never like that.

Occasionally some blokes from *Vision Stream* organisation camped. After they got to know and trust us, they rang Leon to check if there was a problem at their hut near Watson, instead of driving 1000km from Adelaide.

It was a fortuitous friendship, as, after Maralinga we delivered fuel to their huts on the way to Alice Springs and the Nullarbor. We loved that job—a week away, camping under the stars every night.

In our free time, we often visited Jan and Ivor Holberton, who looked after freight train crews crossing over at Cook (125km, but nearly five hours away). We stayed overnight. It was wonderful to catch up.

We loved to go to Emu, through stunningly beautiful country to the north. We never tired of sandhills, incredible red dirt, camping under the stars—a different solitude than the village.

Our trips to Yarl (salt) Lake were very interesting. It was not far from home, and we found fossilized shells there.

At our front gate (eight kms away), visitors rang on an old phone connected to an equally old switchboard in the hospital. There was a phone box with *Tardis* painted on it and table and chairs for people waiting. Oak Valley people often needed fuel or tyre repairs.

One cold, dark night the phone rang, but no one answered. The wind sometimes played havoc with the switchboard and caused the phone to ring. We thought nothing of it, till we heard a knock.

A barefoot Oak Valley lady, escaping a domestic dispute, had run out of fuel on the way to Yalata. We gave her fuel, a warm coat and shoes. She arrived there safely.

During heavy rain, Leon and I were driving on a back road to the village and bogged—up to its axle—an original Maralinga vehicle, the Oka (below). We walked, laughing all the way home in the rain. Life was fun.



We felt the sadness of the atomic testing of sixty years ago, and the utter devastation it had on the surrounding countryside.

So we spent a good deal of time *sending out healing energy* for the land at the test site. No wonder aboriginal people didn't want to go into that area.

I might add that the test site was located 40km from the village where we lived, so we felt safe in our lovely environment.

The mail run was a weekly highlight. On Mondays I met the passenger train at Watson, and collected our mail on Fridays.

Sometimes the train stopped, and the Train Managers chatted—definitely, if I had home cooking for them. Or, they'd slow to running pace and put an arm out to take the mail bag.



Mail Day. Dianne chats to the Train Manager at Watson

Passengers were fascinated to see us in the middle of nowhere—no station, bare dirt as far as the eye could see. Now trains don't stop—too costly. We had the best of times.

Leisure time Activities

AFTER WORK, we enjoyed bike rides to the front gate, and walks to the airstrip. Our pet dingoes always accompanied us.

We took chairs to the dam to see unified waves of budgies flying in all directions without colliding—swooping and drinking in flight. They'd settle in the trees, which took on a budgie green colour. Dingoes and camels (amazing animals) also came there to drink.

Leon carried thorny mountain devils home in his pocket for me to admire. Our beautiful garden, watered using our grey water, was a home for scorpions and a large snake.

We were proud of our tomatoes, snow peas, zucchini, capsicums, strawberries, kaffir lime, chillies and beetroot. I pickled cucumbers, made soups and gave away bottles of chilli sauce to the train crews.

Leon and I watched the news or a movie, while shucking bucketsful of quandongs. I made pie, crumble, chutney, jam, and brandied liqueur—visitors loved them.

Our water supply was pumped from the dam; power came from a generator that Leon maintained. We didn't notice the sound it made, but sure noticed a silence.

We rode quad bikes to the rifle range, to see the spectacular sunsets across the western plains, from the top of a dune. Leon built a viewing deck on a flat roofed building.

The three year contract expired, but was extended twice. In December 2009, the handover to the Maralinga Tjaranja people was official. We left in January 2010.

After the GFC, Leon and I had discussed whether we'd travel or put down roots. We decided on the latter, so looked at properties on the Internet.

Janet and Greg checked out a block near Quorn, and thought we'd love it. We made enquiries, visited, and bought it in 2008. We'd spent little time in Quorn, but after we left Maralinga it became our home.

After Maralinga, we occasionally worked at William Creek, three years part-time at Cook, and we still work for *Vision Stream* (now *Vocus*). Ours has been a most fortunate life.

Little did I know when we settled in Quorn, that I had ties with the town on my mum's side. Her dad was a ganger in the railways.

In 1925, at 12, mum (Lily Ruddock) started work on *Bimbowrie* sheep station. She grew up in Olary/Mingary, the eldest girl of 15 kids (two died at an early age).

In 1928 Grandma and Grandpa shifted to Kingswood siding on the Peterborough line, about eight km from Quorn. There'd have been a tribe of them at *Itali Itali* school.

The family lived there until the war, when they shifted to Saddleworth, their final destination. It's a small world after all. ■





'There's No Excuse For Abuse'

Stand Up and Speak Out

If you or someone you know is experiencing some form of abuse, please contact ARAS, Abuse Prevention Program and speak confidentially to an advocate.

World Elder Abuse Awareness Day
June 15th 2020

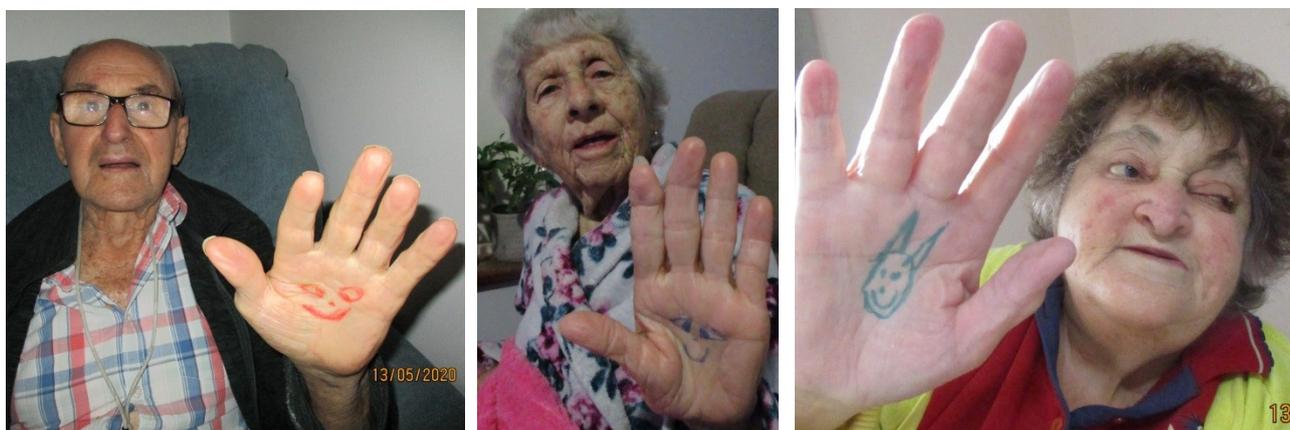
Flinders House News

IT IS SO NICE to see so many of you visiting, now that some of the restrictions have lifted. Please remember that you can only visit if you have had a flu shot and you can show us proof of that. We will record that you have presented proof so you will only need to bring it with you once.



Some residents put on a smiley face and waved a big hello to our volunteers. Our volunteers are amazing and, at the moment, very much missed.

If you are interested in being a volunteer, please contact Bronwyn 8648 7888.



Our Invictus Games

WE HAVE SPENT most of May competing in our own version of the *Invictus Games*.

Covid-9 changed how we had planned to do this originally. But we went ahead with it anyway.

It is a residents against staff competition, both competing for a big trophy.

This year we have worked our way through four different books made up with quizzes and trivia.

There has been much general knowledge,

commercial lyrics, true and false old wives tales, logos and Australian knowledge. Some are hard and some easy.

The only rule is that no Google is allowed, and working together has been strongly encouraged.

Visitors and phone calls have helped out a lot, but we won't know the final results for a couple of weeks.

At the moment, residents are looking as if they just might be keeping the trophy. ■

KEEP

CALM

AND



Love Flowers

Paste this in your Hat

How to help your Town

Talk about it.

Write about it.

Assist in the beautification of the streets.

Treat strangers with the utmost courtesy and hospitality, so that they take away good impressions of it.

Elect good reliable men to all public positions, not because they strain themselves for popularity, but on account of their stamina and trustworthiness.

Keep the money in the place. Sell all you can and buy all you can at home. The men who have invested their capital in stores, workshops, and other business places are building up the town, and they should be encouraged.

Go for public improvements. They may cost money, and you will have to pay your quota, but don't kick. A few pence will be your proportion of outlay, but the benefit will be represented by many pounds.

How to injure your town.

Run it down to visitors.

Go to other towns for your supplies.

Refuse to advertise in the local paper.

Refuse to see any merit in a scheme unless you are "first robber" in it.

Don't invest. Show your distrust by refusing to lay out any money in it.

Look sorry when a stranger talks to you of buying property in it. ■

From Mercury Friday 24th May 1895

Interesting and sadly rather true

TODAY WE MOURN the passing of a beloved old friend, **Common Sense**, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was, since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as:

- Knowing when to come in out of the rain;
- Why the early bird gets the worm;
- Life isn't always fair;
- And maybe it was my fault.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you can earn) and reliable strategies (adults, not children, are in charge).

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in Place. Reports of a six-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they themselves had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children.

It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion or an aspirin to a student; but could not

inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as the churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims.

Common Sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar could sue you for assault.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live, after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap and was promptly awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death, by his parents, Truth, and Trust, by his wife, Discretion, by his daughter, Responsibility, and by his son, Reason.

He is survived by is four stepbrothers;

I know my Rights

I Want It Now

Someone Else Is To Blame

I'm A Victim

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone. If you still remember him, pass this on. If not, join the majority and do nothing. ■

Obituary printed in the London Times

Warren Gorge Working Bee

RECENT VISITORS TO WARREN GORGE could not have failed to notice the enormous amount of landscaping work and construction that Council has undertaken over the last couple of months. An article in the April edition of “The Mercury” reported on the work in progress.

CEO Eric Brown told “The Mercury” that, under the Commonwealth Drought Communities Funding Programme, Council received just under \$200,000 for Round 1 of this project, which is almost completed. The remaining work will be the installation of interpretive and directional signage.

The project is intended to deal with the degradation of the site, including loss of native flora, erosion, renewing the riparian zone, and protecting wildlife habitat. The second priority is to improve the amenities and thus the visitor experience, which will lead to increased revisitation and hopefully increased tourist visits to the area.

Re-developments, such as these, often attract criticism because over the years people have become used to setting up camp wherever they pleased. Sadly, as more people visit and drive around at will, little tracks become erosion channels and the ground around the larger trees is heavily compacted. Rainfall runs off too quickly instead of soaking in and recharging the sub-soil which is vital for their long-term survival, particularly under the drier and hotter conditions we are seeing.

Other issues, such as camping too close to the creek-lines and trampling or clearing smaller plants and shrubs to back in a camper trailer or set up a tent, all have serious impacts on the habitat. The changes take place slowly over many years, but the loss of ground-cover or the collecting and burning of wood, even a few sticks at a time, all take their toll. Eventually the things that people love and draw them to the area are degraded and lost. The effect becomes a barren parkland with native pines and large redgums standing on bare ground, struggling to survive over each summer.

To assist in completing the first stage of revegetation, Council held two very successful volunteer days on 27 and 28 May. Almost 2000 trees and shrubs were planted.

It was a busy site with holes being drilled then backfilled with sandy loam, ideal for planting into. It was “all hands on deck”, with a group of Powell Gardens volunteers joining Council staff, including CEO Eric and a number staff members normally confined to the office, to help with the planting.

Staff then had to water them in and set up tree guards. The trees will soon be connected to

reticulation to ensure that a good strike rate is achieved. Over the next two to three years, it is expected that additional sites will be revegetated.

On behalf of Council, Eric expressed his thanks to the volunteers and all of those who were involved in the operation.

Council is to be commended on this project which will help to protect and rejuvenate a well-known and well-loved Quorn attraction.

Thanks to those who attended the working bee— Sandra and Modris Ozolins, Dianne and Leon Ashton and friend Tom, Sue and Bob Tulloch, Janet Thomas and Greg Bannon. ■



An Auger is used to drill the planting holes. The holes are then filled with sandy loam ready for the new plants



The newly prepared holes ready for planting



First working bee underway with a great effort by all. See more pictures in Centrefold

Quorn Character Jordan (Jordy) Hilder

Drawn by Sue Hatch



I'm a Quornie, and a Pisces, born on 15th March 1986.

I grew up in a farming environment with mum and dad, Broom and Cheryl; two sisters, Terri and Toni; and older brother, Kenden.

Butchering, motor bikes and farming were my main activities.

I attended Quorn Area School, and also spent three years at Augusta Park Secondary School.

After a six month stint at carpentry, I did my butchering apprenticeship with my brother Kenden.

I love spending family time with my partner

Bernie, our lovely baby boy, Curtley, and my two stepsons.

My hobbies are drinking beer, cricket, comedy movies, motor bikes, cars and parts and pool.

I love all sorts of music and confess to a few vices—smoking, drinking and a little gambling.

I'm looking forward to seeing the kids grow up, winning the lottery—also a trip with my family to see Kenden in Bali. And giving up smoking—one day.

My dislikes are Port Power, hot weather, cats, politics, taxes and rising early, but I love steak and eggs and dogs. ■

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Home Recipes

Meatball and Gnocchi Bake



Ingredients

- 4 thick pork sausages (480g)
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1/4 cup (30g) seeded black olives
- 500 gram (1 pound) potato gnocchi
- 2 1/2 cup (650g) bottled tomato pasta sauce
- 1 1/2 tablespoon coarsely chopped fresh oregano
- 1 1/2 cup (150g) coarsely grated mozzarella cheese

Method

Preheat oven to 200°C/400°F. Chop sausages coarsely. Combine sausages and oil in shallow flameproof dish (19cm x 28cm). Bake, uncovered, about 20 minutes or until sausages are browned and have burst into little meatballs.

Meanwhile, halve olives. Add olives, gnocchi, sauce and oregano to dish; season. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake, uncovered, about 25 minutes or until gnocchi is tender.

This is another a Coles "Taste" recipe and is really good. Try it for yourself!

Recipe supplied by Shirley Hughes ■

Quorn Subway ?

The Town could have had one !

THE NECESSITY FOR a subway at the Quorn railway station is apparent to the most casual visitor. North Quorn is growing and it is likely to increase. Over there the people are making their houses. The soil is rich and will grow anything, fruit, flowers and vegetables flourish amazingly, and with good fresh water procurable at a shallow depth, should in the progress of time become the beauty spot of the North.

With facilities afforded there would be no necessity to hie away to the City. The North people could live, in their declining years among the people they have known all their lives and keep in touch with the avocations they had pursued. Thus a blow would be struck against centralisation. But to revert to the matter in mind.

The argument against it that only one fatal accident has occurred during forty years can be passed by. It is a matter of convenience not only for the people of Quorn but to the railway authorities themselves.

Quorn is supposed to be a barrier station, but the lack of a subway or overway bridge makes the position a farce and we doubt a threepenny bit has been collected.

If a subway was constructed the charge for visiting the railway station could be forced and the proceeds devoted to paying the interest on the cost incurred.

We believe this was done at Murray Bridge some years ago—at the time when the Bridge was only half the size it is at present—and the amount derived namely, £300, more than covered the interest on the cost.

The advent of the North-South line will make this convenience a necessity. At present people have to crawl over or wait till a train pulls out of the station to interview the goods clerk and what ever the state of the yard will be with the extra traffic involved when the North-South line is commenced is a vision to be conjured with.

The excuse of the Federal Commissioner of Public Works and Railways that there "is no money at present available for this work" is perhaps a sound one, but the lack of money is only a passing phase and we hope to see Mr Foster reverse his decision before many months have passed and that this work will be proceeded with.

Mercury 1895 ■



We'll All be Ruined

"We'll all be ruined," said Hanrahan, you may have heard this poem before.

Written into history: between the Great Depression, and the First World War.

Hanrahan has long since gone, but his message still hangs on.

As important now in these changing times, as it was in twenty one.

Where we're heading as a nation, has cause for concern and doubt.

The Hanrahans of Australia have had enough, and are starting to speak out.

Pastoralists and farmers had come together outside a country hall,
To hear the latest promises of drought relief, that would save them from the wall.

Rounds of political speeches, which they'd heard before, left little doubt.

Government promises would just evaporate, like most things in this drought.

"We need a hand or some help," said Hanrahan, "Just to keep us sane."

As all around, each one thumbed their mobile phone, in search of any rain.

Could this be a result of climate change? some were still not sure.

Australia is a land of floods and droughts; we've been through this before.

In God's good time, as it always does, down came the rain, a steady thundering tone,
As cyclone Debbie roared in from the gulf, with a fury of it's own.

Roads disappeared as floodwaters spread, creating it's own melee,
Any stock that survived the drought, were cruelly washed away.

Parched country after years of drought, transformed into seas of mud,
From the highest recorded rainfall event, and the biggest recorded flood.

"This isn't normal, this isn't right," said Hanrahan, demanding a government review,
To look into the effects of climate change: to think these problems through.

But the government's reaction was measured by the silence of their speak,
And it's criticism of our schoolchildren, protesting in the street.

"We'll all be ruined," said Hanrahan, "our kids will pay the price;
Future weather events will strike catastrophically, at the whim of a gambler's dice."

For weeks on end, haze and smell of bush fire smoke, hung heavy in the air,
Blanketing half the countryside, and every city square:

Wild fires blackened country from Kosciusko to the sea.

Out of control, unstoppable, raging wild and free:

Colours of life all burnt away, leaving a world in tones of grey.

Amidst the heat and roaring winds, fighters struggle to keep the fires at bay.

Blackened faces stare blankly from fire trucks, as crews return to town,
Having bravely battled for many long hours, out on the fire ground:

"We'll all be ruined," said Hanrahan, as he climbed wearily from the truck,
"Co's nothing on earth will stop these fires, except a massive dose of luck!"

The magnitude of destruction, and the massive loss of life, is on a scale of disbelief,
Twisted remains of people's dreams; of loss and shattered lives, still searching for relief.

Things were about to change, and go from bad to worse, just like Murphy said,
As a pandemic flue spread around the world; leaving a mounting toll of dead.

Panic hit the airwaves, people told to stay at home, airlines grounded too!
Businesses closed, leaving cities deserted, as fear of the pandemic grew.“

I’ve lost me job, and I’ve got a family to support,” wailed Billy’s brother Blue,
“The stock market’s crashed, me saving’s gone, and me super’s vanishing too.”

“They’ve banned the footy, and the trots, and me local pub’s shut it’s door!
The only sport, are women fighting over dunny paper, at the local store.”

“With all this strife and stress around, what’s a bloke supposed to think?
Now I’m standing in a queue with thousands more, out side of Centrelink.”

“We’ll all be ruined,” said Hanrahan, who was also in the queue,
“If scientists can’t find a vaccination: to combat this bloody flu!”

Pressure was mounting on the government to hold a climate debate.
An emergency session of parliament was convened, that finished very late.

Each party outlined their case, a fierce struggle pursued, neither giving ground,
They battled on for hours, like boxers in a ring, going round for round.

“We’ll all be ruined,” said Hanrahan, in a more serious tone, during the final debate,
“If we don’t make changes to the way we live and work, before it becomes too late.”

“We need to work together, and find solutions, to save us from our fate,
If not for us, but for our kids, for the earth, for humanity’s sake:”

“We need to listen to what people are trying to tell us, not the greedy few,
If you doubt their good intentions, just look at what we’ve been through.”

“We need to work together, and find solutions, to save us from our plight,
We’ll all be ruined,” said Hanrahan, in closing,
“If we do not get this right.” ■

Bob Tulloch May 2020

Northern Areas Show and Royal Adelaide Show Cancellations

Unfortunately some Northern Area Show Societies along with the Royal Adelaide Show have had to make the heartbreaking decision to cancel their show for this year due to the ongoing COVID 19 pandemic.

Cancellations of shows are not decisions made lightly so please do not blame the Societies for their decisions.

Below are all Northern Area Show Association (NASA) shows that have been cancelled this year as of the beginning of May:

□ Crystal Brook Show - Scheduled for the 8th of August

□ Gawler Show - Scheduled for the 29th and 30th of August

□ Wilmington Agricultural Show - Scheduled for the 20th of September

□ Balaklava Show Society - Scheduled for the 26th of September

□ Quorn Agricultural Show - Scheduled for 27th of September

□ The Burra Show - Scheduled for the 10th of October

□ Kapunda & Light Agricultural Society Inc - Scheduled for the 31st of October

The Royal Adelaide Show was due to be held September 3-13. ■

QAS European Exchange

VERITY PAYNTER, the daughter of Ted and Di, of Quorn, was a Rotary Exchange student in Finland, in 1991 when she finished Year 12. Following is her letter home to QAS students:

Dear Quorn Area School and Friends,

G'day! Well hope you are all holding up during the winter, although I've been told that you've had it mild—no frosts and still temperatures up around 20 degrees Celsius. It sounds like summer over here, it rarely gets above 20 degrees Celsius and it rains often.

No matter. I've had a ball this summer and cannot believe that it's almost over. School begins again on August the 13th, but it is going to be much easier going back because I can understand a lot of Finnish now and we are getting five more students at my school—three from the USA, one from Brazil and one from Germany.

If I remember correctly, my last letter was about my trip for four days to Leningrad, and I promised to tell you about my European Tour—well here goes...

Before this exchange I'd never travelled out of Australia and now I think I've been lucky enough to have travelled and seen more of Europe than the average person.

Where do I begin? There is so much I could say but I won't bore you with all the details.

Our Euro-Tour was the first ever organized by Finnish Rotary. Usually it is done in a joint agreement with Swedish Rotary. Our Rotarians did a terrific job for their first ever tour—we were well informed about all the places we visited—ten countries altogether, and I don't think I have seen so many churches and art museums at one time.

We left Finland from Turku on the 12th June, by one of those massive luxury ships. And you can imagine what it was like with 35 exchange students let loose from their host families. We arrived in Stockholm, Sweden the next morning and looked around the old part of the city, the King and Queen's palace and so on. The population is one million.

From Stockholm we drove to Treillibore to catch another huge ship to Travemunde, Germany, where we arrived the following day.

Even though it was summer we were still wearing jeans and waiting for the summer weather of Central Europe. We stopped at a few places in Germany, but mostly we were driving to our destination, Amsterdam,

Holland where we were staying that night.

I fell in love with Holland—it's hard not to with all the windmills and tulips everywhere. All the windows of the houses were full of flowers too, and everything was so much cheaper than Finland. As we discovered with every country we went to Finland has to be the most expensive in the world—I'm sure!!

While in Amsterdam we visited the famous *Anne Frank House* and managed to find a Kentucky Fried Chicken. After six months of going without it tasted great!

After staying two nights in Amsterdam we travelled to Paris France and on the way stopped in Brussels, Belgium, which was a beautiful city full of old historical buildings and statues.

Perhaps of all the places we visited, Paris is the most well known throughout the world. Of course we climbed the Eiffel Tower which was very impressive and saw the *Mona Lisa*. It was hard to believe it was the real thing. We saw many other sights in Paris as we stayed three nights.

From Paris it was off to Grenoble. On the way we drove through the French Alps which were really gorgeous, so green, and the formations so interesting.

We drove through the Alps to Nice, and that was when the hot, real summer weather began. There was a beach and even though it didn't have sand—only rocks, we still swam.

We also made a day trip to Monaco which was a real tourist resort and reminded me very much of Surfer's Paradise.

From Nice we made our own way to Italy, staying one night in Florence and then three nights in Rome.

After six months in Finland us Aussie exchange students were a bit weary from the 35 degree Celsius heat of Rome.

It was hard to appreciate all the incredible history we saw in the wonderful old city. From the underground churches to St. Peter's Basilica to the Colosseum, it was really a city where you could spend a lot more time in.

We were glad to move on because it was so hot but as we spent the next two nights still in Italy we did not escape the heat. We stopped in a place called Lido Jesolo and took a day trip to Venice which was worth seeing. I went on a Gondola ride and all the transport there eg ambulances, the police, and so on were all boat.

We left Italy the next day and made our way to Salzburg, Austria, which was beautiful. We

saw Mozart's birthplace, and also where some scenes from *The Sound of Music* were shot. From Salzburg we travelled to Vienna, famous for its Amusement Park.

Another thing we did was to go to MacDonald's once in every city—once too often!!

We then left Austria and stayed in Prague, Czechoslovakia for a night. It was great to compare Prague with Leningrad as the situation is much better in Prague and the food and hotel conditions were also a lot better. Prague is full of beautiful architecture and so green.

We finished our trip by staying in Berlin and seeing what is left of the Wall separating the East from the West. The progress being made in the East looks promising even though there is a lot of work to be done.

I even managed to get a bit of the Wall!

So as you can see it was a trip full of many experiences, seeing new and different things. So many cultures, different ways of living and races of people. I have enough to remember for a long time and I know it is a trip I will never forget.

Now that I have had the chance to travel I just want to do more, it's like a disease you get. I am sure anyone who's travelled knows what I'm talking about. I hope that I have managed to give you some sort of insight into what I have seen.

Since I've come back to Finland, I've been enjoying, and making the most of the summer, because it doesn't last long.

I've been staying with my current host family in their summer cottage, which most Finnish families have. The highlights are having a sauna, swimming in the lake and then at night sitting around a camp fire cooking sausages. The only disadvantage is mosquitos!

I move families in three days and cannot believe that soon I will have been here seven months—the time is flying by.

I have a camp next week with some exchange students. We will be trying to teach some of them, from all over Europe, some Finnish—trying!

My Finnish is coming along better now, having had a six year old correcting my pronunciation.

Well I must be going. Regards,

Verity Paynter ■

Walking Quorn

I TOOK THIS year off to travel and complete long-neglected projects. I took 1,237 photos in Tasmania in early March. It was great to return to Quorn and begin painting, very productively, until my wrist tendon objected. Without travel or projects to occupy me, I stumbled into exploring the town in which I've lived for the past 17 ½ years.

Walking first thing in the morning, or just as the sun sets, gives the best chance of seeing a variety of less common birds and hearing their calls. You can immerse yourself among the local plants and read some of their names in the Powell Gardens and the Quorn Native Flora Reserve. Quorn has homes of all ages, styles and materials. People sit on their front verandahs and walk to do their shopping. A hill west of the town is the perfect vantage point for viewing Devil's Peak, the stripy hills and the hills towards Hawker. The disused railways and railway bridges add intriguing interest to the creekbeds and meandering paths. COVID-19 restrictions have greatly expanded my awareness of my own 'backyard'.

When I was 3 years old, my grandmother bought me a tricycle so I could learn to walk again as I recovered from polio. I hope one day to again climb up Dutchman's Stern to see the Port Augusta plain below; search for Sturt's Desert Peas near Roxby Downs; and explore new horizons with my camera in hand. In the meantime I'm grateful to be here. May 2020,

practising 'social distancing

Sandra Wittwer ■

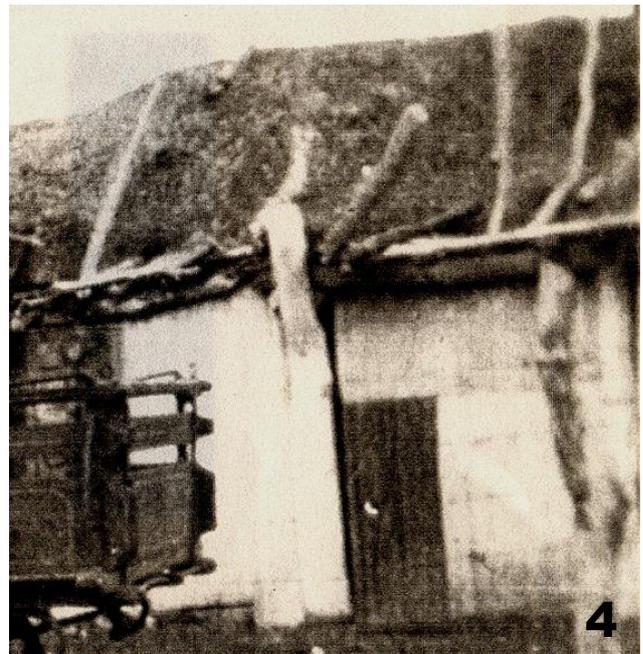
Pictures — From the Past



THE EARLIEST PIONEERS to arrive in Australia from the United Kingdom had no option but to use whatever local materials they could find to build their first huts. (For example, good building stone was plentiful in South Australia, but not in the other colonies. This is why in 1911 only 8% of Australia's buildings were of stone, but in SA 62%.) Picture 1 is of an early miner's hut at the Yudnamutana Copper Mine in the Northern Flinders Ranges. It's partly a dugout, using logs with a hard-baked earthen mat on the roof to keep rain out. And its walls are piled-up stones, but perhaps originally chinked with hardened mud, too. Photo taken 1967.



The Flinders Ranges especially had Callitris Pines everywhere. Their trunks were mostly straight, not too thick, and their timber easily cut. So 'pug-&-pine' huts as in picture 2 were common. Here, the roofs have slid off to each side. The material used to chink the gaps between the logs was the 'pug'. It could be many things, such as mud laced with wheat straw. You can see pieces of galvanised iron in both 1 and 2, but that didn't arrive in Australia until the 1850s. This ruined house is used for agricultural machinery. Photo, 1965.



Picture 3 is of inside the Aroona Hut in Aroona Valley north of Wilpena Pound and south of Parachilna Gorge. It was originally built in 1925. You can see in it how the pug has fallen from between the Callitris logs. Stone fireplaces made sense inside wooden huts, of course. The pug covering the stonework has fallen off, except high up. Picture 4 shows a typical roof on a Yarrah Vale pug-&-pine hut. One kind of roof for such huts was made of large flattened sheets of bark carefully overlapped, and held in place with sloping logs. The blurred photo makes it difficult to figure out what's been used on this roof, though it might even be some kind of pug. Roofs of pug like that had to be steeply-sloped, so that the rain didn't wash the pug away.



Picture 5 shows how different the most readily-available materials might be in other colonies. It's of an 18th century Tasmanian Poachers' Hut. Huts like this were built from slabs of King William Pine, which split very naturally. The huge wooden chimney with nothing but a ring of stones in the centre of its floor, could be set on fire quickly if the fire were built up too large. There's a narrow slit at the chimney's top to let the smoke out, but as little rain or snow in as possible. The abiding memory of old huts like this is of the smell of ninety years of wood-smoke, candle-grease, and food, from the unpainted timber walls. Photo taken 1962. ■

FRC Projects

Current & Future

BEHIND THE SCENES during the COVID 19 isolation period, Council staff have continued their work on various projects.

Council Project Manager, Chris Wright, has provided information on current activities.

Warren Gorge upgrades are nearing completion:

- Erection of new signage
- 31 camping bays
- two new toilets have been erected in the camping area and one existing toilet relocated.
- Seedlings have been planted to manage and beautify some degraded areas.

Quorn Town Hall renovations and repairs are complete as follows:

- The Town Hall interior is now ready for use with newly installed air-conditioning
- A large portable stage has replaced the original construction. Extra modular stage sections have been purchased to enable stage areas to be erected off site.
- Council has commended John Simpson for his generous help and advice in their purchase of sound set up.
- The Town Hall kitchen area is again functional. Previously damaged flooring has been repaired, and new benches and cooking facilities are in place
- Masonry repairs to the exterior of the Town Hall (Mercury Office area) are complete and freshly painted
- The Mercury Room is awaiting newly ordered blinds which will complete this section of the Town Hall

Quorn Skate Park:

A ceramic tile mural is to be installed at the skate park. The tiles for the mural are to be created from artwork by Quorn Area School and will include local themes with bright colours.

Lions Park Site:

- Council is working on a grant application for the renewal of the Lions Park site. They will be applying for funding under the National Radioactive Waste Facility Community Benefit Programme which closes on 11 August 2020, as well as other grant opportunities that may present themselves as part of the COVID 19 economic response from Commonwealth and State Governments.
- Council staff has been working on a draft design for a grant application.
- This project has been triggered by Community input, in particular from David and Scott Reubenicht and Cr Julian Hipwell
- David and Julian are calling for expressions of interest to form a community group to maintain and revitalise the site and implements on display.
- The site once reinstated, could represent a significant tourist attraction focusing on farming and implement history of the district. ■

Volunteers Wanted Quorn Lions Park

WITH THE CO-OPERATION and support of the Flinders Ranges Council and Quorn Lions Club, a plan is to be put in place to maintain and preserve our agricultural and mechanical history displayed in Quorn Lions Park.

Thanks to those who had the foresight and vision to get the park up and running in the first instance.

Any assistance from people who have an interest or knowledge of the history of the items on display, would be of significant value. ■

A MEETING WILL BE HELD

FRC Chambers

Monday 15 June 2020

6.30pm

All interested persons are invited to attend.

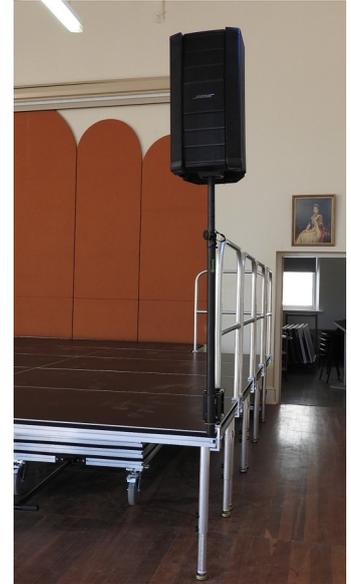
Enquiries: David Reubenicht

0401 533 752

Completion of Projects



The new portable Town Hall stage with speakers. Extra stage modules can be seen stored underneath the stage area



A view of the new kitchen and flooring in the Town Hall ready for action



Quorn Area School has provided the artwork for mosaic tiles to be made into a mural at the skatepark. Tiles are to be created by local artist, Craig Ellis

Left—Monique Griffiths, Principal, and Maya Omonte Kramer, Year 11 Student, display students' artwork

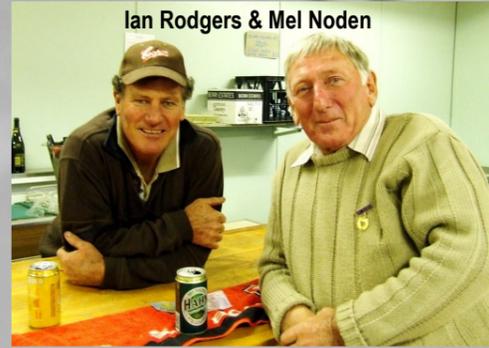


Left—masonry repairs to the Town Hall before completion
Right—after finishing. Well done!





Jenny Reschke & Phil McManus



Ian Rodgers & Mel Noden



Bill Altmann

Quorn Races 2009 Revisited
Photos Courtesy John Mannion



A tree planting working bee was held recently at Warren Gorge see article page 12



Quorn Past & Present



Broom Hilder, Ben Carn & Lou Walker



Polly Foulis, Di Skull, Geoff Evans & Wendy Brown



Quorn Skate Park soon to have a creative mural with tiles made from QAS artwork to cover all of the blue walled area



Bryan & Vince Moroney at Fosters Emporium 2004
Photo—John Mannion



Quorn Railway Tce 1970's
Photo John Mannion



Craig Ellis completing the outside repairs to the Town Hall (Mercury Office)

450 Trees for Life at QCP

A great year of planned gardening work so far at Quorn Caravan Park.

This year we've taken out dead, diseased, dying and dangerous wood. Big thanks to Kev Martin and team, with chainsaws and an 80' boom. The rest of us managed to enjoy the clean-up.

On that job, it was sad and interesting to see how Little Corellas have gnawed massive limbs down to the heartwood and not only, as a friend says, "*death by a thousand cuts*". Little Corellas add to physical and psychological harm in our community and I hope we can get together to revisit their management.

We chose seven species this time from Trees for Life (SA). Eucalyptus intertexta, recommended by the late Brian Powell as a good caravan park tree, is planted along the fence at the North Quorn Walkway. Bron's keen to see the new Acacia kempeana, Witchetty bush (Nulpu), two of which were planted more than 10 years ago from a mix of Arid Lands Botanic Garden reject plants.

Those plants lost to drought have been replaced and we've extended plantings. We're keeping the community in mind by keeping the long views from outside/in to help with better amenity for passers-by.

Next little project is to sow seeds from Atriplex nummularia (thanks Geraldine Davis!) now recovered from a hard pruning and drought. We'll work towards growing wildfoods and interpreting those for guests.

It's been great to get out in the park without interruption; something we've not had the luxury of previously, particularly in the tourist season. A very big thanks to Stace, enjoying less time at housekeeping—a merry third member out in the field. Big thanks to Gary too, who nurtured the growing seeds and seedlings throughout summer. A great job and we hope the babies survive!

Returning to real work, it's a good time to let the community know we'll be operating differently this year; we'll not be available to as many guests. This may impact others. We hope that the local community gets behind all Quorn businesses!

So with a revamped business soon in place, with boom gate installation in progress (thanks Corey Finlay Electrical's team) and everything planted, please bring on the rain and we'll get on with the pleasant work of weeding!

Best wishes, Gary & Bronwyn Lucas

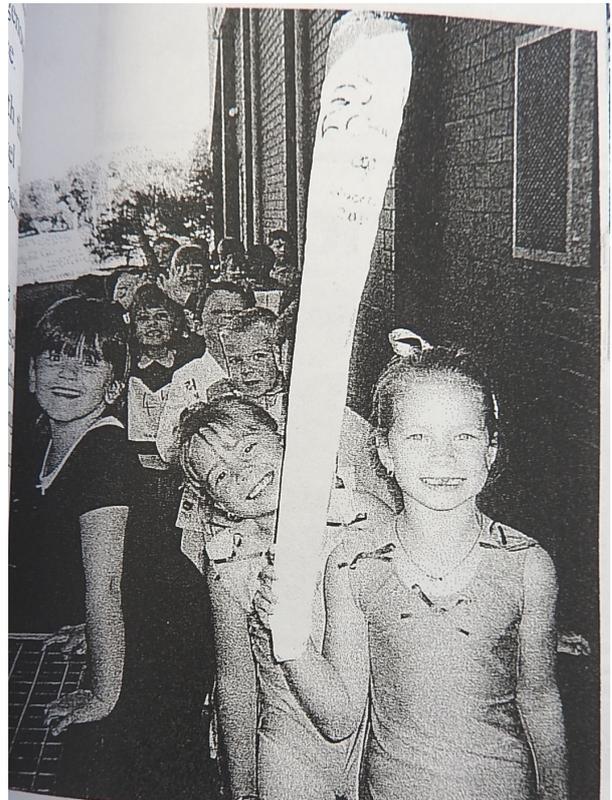


Mercury Revisited



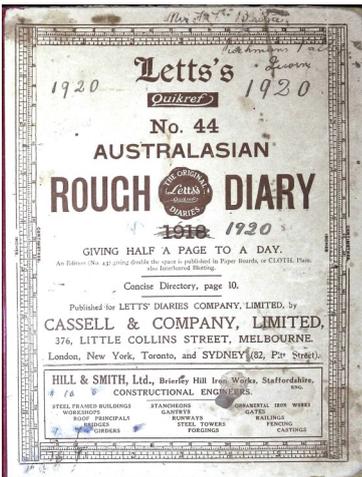
10 Years Ago

Quorn Girl Guide makes it to the Governors House. Congratulations to Melissa Slattery who was officially presented with the Queen's Guide Medal by the Governor. Twelve guides in all, from around the State were presented with their awards. Mrs Cynthia Chamberlain and Loren were also in attendance to view with pride Melissa's achievement.



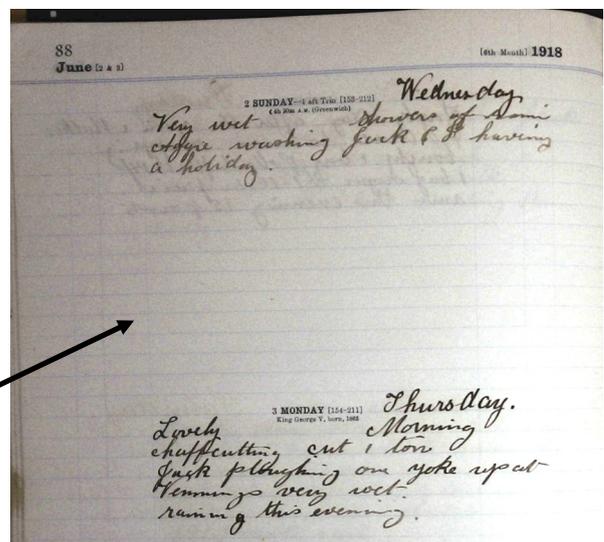
20 Years Ago

Right—Libby Babcock, Katelyn Wilson & Kelsey Pyman were the lead runners when the "Olympic Flame" recently came through Quorn. Nathan Sinclair's R-2 class did a marvellous job of hosting the Friday morning assembly.



From the
Diary of
Fred (Friedrich)
Britza

Wednesday Very wet showers of rain
Aggie washing, Jack and I having a holiday
Thursday Lovely morning
Chaff cutting cut 1 ton
Jack ploughing one yoke up at Hemmings very wet
Raining this evening





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- You can place holds again. However please expect delays due to the high volume of items on loan and on transit
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These are rapidly changing and trying times. We thank you all once again for your understanding.

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OR email us at: megan.novillos702@schools.sa.edu.au or nancy.norris186@schools.sa.edu.au

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Monday **CLOSED**

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Wednesday 9:30 AM-5:30PM

Thursday 1:00- 5:30PM

Friday 1:00- 5:30PM

Saturday 10:00AM-12:00PM

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"PIONEER TOWN"

Nestling in your arms, oh Flinders,
Dreams a little town called Quorn.
Softly sleeping through its waiting,
Looking old and tired and worn.

Quaint old fashioned streets and buildings,
Antique shops and school and mill,
Speak of its historic dawning,
Sometimes steam trains stop there still.

Just a quiet old country township,
Gateway twixt north and south.
Roads that offer manly challenge,
No harbour there for those who doubt.

In its dreams it hears the clatter
Of the herds in times gone by.
Lives again its days of glory
When men drove their cattle nigh.

In our dreams its streets we wander,
Oft we'll hear those church bells sound.
We'll live again those days and ponder,
Playing on the old school ground.

Now we all are growing older,
Discover we have wandered far.
Our little town grows even dearer
Like a bright and beckoning star.

Patiently it dreams and wonders
Of the happy days of yore,
Streets once trod by pioneers
And we met at Thompson's store.

Hark! I hear a bugle calling,
Gird your loins with courage bold.
Hold your heads high, march with honour,
Belong we to a sacred fold.

Claude Hotchin ■

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1940's WILLOCHRA School Tales

THE WILLOCHRA SCHOOL was on the Hawker road just north of the bridge crossing the Willochra Creek. The earliest memories of the school that I can remember is of nearly getting to the school and seeing my new teacher. I said to my sister "She is not going to teach me." So I took off and my sister, Joan, ran me down and dragged me back to school. To this day I don't know why this happened because they were both ladies.

Rhodder Parker, the one that left, had dark hair (*She married Keith French*) and Gloria Matthews had red hair, which is the only difference that I can remember. That should not have worried me because my sister had red hair. They both left before I can remember what they were really like.

Then Cecil Hastwell, the school teacher came and taught for the rest of my school days. I remember quite often he would be late for school and because of this very often we would go home. The school was about one and a half kilometres (about 1 mile) from where we all lived, at the time, in the Willochra cottages.



Back from Left to Right— Tom Wills, Peter McKay, Kelvin Carman, John Burge, Ruth Burge (now Stone)

Front—H. John Ash, Brian Ash, Teacher Cecil Hastwell

A couple of times we saw "*Hassie*" (that's what we all called him) when he couldn't see us as he was going to school. But we never went back.

He use to like using the cane and I got my fair share. However, one boy used to keep pulling his hand back, and that would make him quite wild. The boy was possibly either Kelvin Carman or Peter M'Kay, but I cannot remember which one. You could see his face getting redder and redder all the time. So he got the bright idea to make us bend over and touch our toes and give it across the backside with as much force as he could muster.

Another time he sent a boy (and not me) out to the lunch room to wait for his punishment, but when he went out the boy was gone. The whole school was searching for him. He was eventually found well outside the school yard, hiding behind a bush.

We could pick the locks on the school door, so one day I did just that and got the cane and put it through a hole in the floor. The school had a board floor and a knot had come out leaving a hole in the floor. That was the end of the cane!!!

One day when "*Hassie*" was quite late, the school inspector came. He had arrived at the Willochra siding by train and had walked to the school. When he got there he said to us kids "Where is the school teacher?". We answered that "He was not here yet". He then asked "How often does this happen?" and our answer was "This happens all the time". When Mr. Hastwell did get to school, we could hear raised voices. This went on for a fair while and so school never started that day until after lunch and "*Hassies*" face was still as red as anything. I think that was the quietest that the school had ever been while I was there.

One day a chap came through pushing a wheelbarrow and said that he was pushing it from Darwin to Port Augusta for a bet. To this day I don't know whether that is right or just a story he spun us. Imagine pushing a steel wheelbarrow that far on an unmade dirt road.

Some time in February 1946 we had quite a big rain. It was not long after Christmas and the flood went right through the school and ruined all the books left in the desks, so the school was quarantined for six weeks, giving us a 14 week Christmas holiday, which was great for me because I hated school.

I did not finish up very big, but what I did not like was that even the girls at school were taller than me. So when we lined up to march inside I was always on the end. I used to say that I was the south end of a north bound cow.

■ H. J. Ash

This story is not in order as Uncle John cannot remember what order they happened. He is one of now only two people that I know that went to the Willochra school.

Graham Ash

Our Trip To Cairns

June 1951

ON JUNE 1ST we left the Gonyah by car for Adelaide. When we arrived we collected Annette from hockey, had tea at Aunties, and went to *The Grosvenor* for the night.

On Friday we shopped, and caught the Melbourne express in the evening. My Aunts, Faye Parsons and Annette saw us off.

My parents had a twinette and I a roomette. Both very luxurious. We went to bed about half past nine and when we awoke found ourselves at Ballarat, so moved our watch hands on a half hour.

When we reached Melbourne we had breakfast, collected our luggage and took a taxi to the wharf where *The Kinimbla* was anchored with the *Blue Peter* flying to show she was sailing later that day.

We were shown to our cabins and over the ship. Everything was very clean and beautifully furnished. My father and I went for a short walk round Melbourne, but weren't able to see very much of it as the ship sailed at two o'clock.

Streamers were thrown and *Anchors Away* was played as we left the wharf. We unpacked and settled in generally. Bed was welcome that night.

Next day a strong side-wind caused the ship to roll. Few had meals. My mother was one of those who didn't.

As there weren't any sports arranged between Melbourne and Sydney we had time to read books.

On Monday June 11th we sailed into Port Jackson and saw for the first time for many of us, the magnificent Sydney Harbour bridge.



Sydney Harbour Bridge

Everyone was up to sail under the bridge and see the lights. We saw new faces, as most had been in their cabins since Melbourne.

After breakfast we went by bus through the crowded streets of Sydney. No one seemed to care what happened to anyone else.

It took nearly two hours to get out of Sydney and travelling through the hills. We crossed the Hawkesbury River for lunch at Berowra.

The hills were thickly wooded, as some places we passed had 90 inches of rain a year. The colourful houseboats on the river presented a very pretty picture.

After Berowra, we went through Kurninga Chase, a 58,000 acres government reserve for tourists to Bobbins Head. Small craft shops and bright tea places were very pretty. Quite a crowd had gathered there for a public holiday.

We caught a small boat at Bobbins Head and sailed down the Hawkesbury to Palm Beach where the bus once again met us.

We saw other small streams flowing into the Hawkesbury and places where pirates hid in days gone by. The scenery everywhere was really wonderful. From Palm Beach we returned to Sydney passing many beaches and its harbour.

The following day my father and I had a look at the shops, and caught a tram at Wynyard, an underground station, to Taronga Park, for lunch.

Animals were in natural conditions and the zoo marvellously set out. We saw koalas in trees sitting in precarious positions, baby lion cubs were at play and, a tremendous giraffe.

In the aquarium, we saw different kinds of fish before we caught a ferry back to Circular Quay. From there we lost our way, walking up streets instead of down. We eventually found *The Kinimbla* which sailed at eight pm with another colourful display as we left the wharf.

We sailed for two days, playing deck quoits and dancing. We reached Brisbane where we changed into summer clothes and enjoyed some sun.

Houses were built up off the ground because of white ants and flooding. It seemed very quiet after Sydney. But we all liked it.

The first day we took a trip along a 15 mile strip of surfing beach. We visited a big butterfly collection, that was very colourful.

Surfer Paradise Hotel had tropical ferns growing, its own zoo and a talking pony which answers its master by tapping its foot.

At Coolangatta we crossed the Queensland/ New South Wales border to Tweeds Head where we had lunch. The hotels in Tweeds Head there close at six o'clock, but one only takes a few steps to Coolangatta (Qld) and they shut at ten.

We returned by a different route to the Surfer's Paradise Hotel and saw bananas, pineapple and pawpaws growing.

At Brisbane we saw some of the 500 houses being built by a man and his sons with wood from their own timber mills to help overcome the housing problem.

That evening we went to the pictures. Next morning we looked round the streets. Silver trams keep cool, and the streets very wide.

In the afternoon we visited the Oasis, a beautiful place with three tiled swimming pools and a pretty tropical garden. Bougainvillea and poinsettia surroundings made the pools look very bright. On the way back we were shown pawpaws, bananas, pineapples, rosella and the Queensland nut (Macadamia) growing.



The Queensland Nut or Macadamia

That evening we sailed to Townsville, enjoying beautiful sunshine for two days, and playing various sports. There was a fancy-dress ball which was enjoyed by all.

We sailed through the beautiful Whitsunday Passage where the islands covered with thick growth were a contrast against the dark blue of the sea.



The Whitsunday Passage

As we sailed north we saw Hayman Island, where one has to pay £85 a week to stay.



Hayman Island

We also saw Dreamland and Magnetic Island, well known islands before Townsville.

From Townsville we went by to Mt Speck which is 3,000 ft high, 50 miles from Townsville and a 11 1/2 mile climb. We were guided through jungle and saw the dangerous stinging tree which leaves its effect for six months, and often sends animals mad.

Coastline with tropical bush was very pretty. Where jungle had been cut back, many trees known as Saraparettas had grown. We passed many small waterfalls on our return trip to Townsville.

Next morning we motored up Castle Rock (about 1,000ft), saw points of interest including three places where the Japs dropped bombs. Americans had stations for the battle in the Coral Sea, 1,500 miles away. It is very spread out, but appealed to us all.

That afternoon we went swimming in a beautifully tiled swimming pool on the esplanade. The locals considered it too cold for swimming.

At St Johns zoo alligators were fed and 32 young crocodiles had been bred and kept in captivity in a small cage with a pond. Some were only about 6" in length.

We also saw the climbing kangaroo amongst the animals. Swamps were surrounded by thousands of wild ducks and geese as it is a Birds Sanctuary with lots of water lilies growing.

Next morning, we reached Cairns and were welcomed. After breakfast on board we left for a three-day tour of Atherton Tableland.

We drove through sugar cane country to the Mulgrave River, where a launch met the Pioneer's coach and we sailed down the river.

On either side there was thick tropical forest and we were lucky enough to see three large crocodiles. We saw where the Russell runs into the Mulgrave, and after lunch on the launch, went by the bus, to Paronella Park.

(Continued next page)

(From previous page)

There was a waterfall from which the owner gets hydro-electric power. A guide showed us the various tropical trees and a tower which flood had risen 15 ft above, and dropped in one hour. It took refrigerators in the kiosk below with it.

They have their own picture theatre. It was all built by the guide's father, who planted numerous trees. We stayed at Innisfail.

Next day we travelled to Atherton mainly through dairying country, now cleared jungle.

We had morning tea in a log cabin, lunch at Ravenshoe, and then to Crawford's Lookout where we viewed Tully Falls.



Tully Falls

We saw the Curryubuoy Lily which helps to relieve the itch caused by the stinging tree. American soldiers had suffered badly with it when practicing jungle warfare. We also saw dates and palms amongst the thickets.

At Lake Eacham we went on a speed boat round the lake and a little girl came out with a black snake round her neck. There was also a pet kangaroo, turtles and a small white kitten. We took the little girl's photo.



Lake Eacham

From there we went to Lake Barrine and saw water lilies growing. Travelling through jungle, we saw a giant Kourrie Pine with enough timber to build two houses. It was estimated to be 800 years old, with a girth of 30ft and was 60ft high to the first limb.

We came back to Cairns via Gillies Highway, which is one-way traffic for 12 miles and has 612 bends. There used to be a toll but now they count the number in each vehicle that pass through the gate. Speed limit is 15 m.p.h.

A man at the first gate rings the one at the second. Each car is timed. If one takes less than the specified time, there is a fine of \$50. The grade is very steep and the curves very sharp in places.



The Gilles Highway Toll

After descending Gilles Highway, we passed through sugar cane country. There are little railway tracks everywhere where sugar trains can, at various intervals, go through the plantations. We were back in Cairns for dinner at The Strand.

The bus took us back to the ship where we left our luggage. We took a taxi to Kaveenda railway station, that always wins a state prize.

Four people live there and have a big collection of ferns which hang in pots along the platform. It is very pretty, said to be the prettiest in Australia.

We went on to Barrine Waters, where we saw lots of butterflies and many fish in the water. It was very beautiful with steep jungle covering the hills running down to the edge.

Back in Cairns we bought souvenirs and had tea. The ship sailed that night for Townsville, with streamers and cheering. We reached Townsville at 9am. A small launch took us to Magnetic Island. It is tropical with beautiful beach coves lined with palms.

Most of the island is very rough but there are several pineapple farms.

We sailed to Brisbane that night and spent the next day playing deck games and viewing once again the islands of the Whitsunday .

The night before reaching Brisbane there was a Madhatter's Ball and everyone wore hats to dinner where they were judged.

Whilst in Brisbane we took a day trip to Mt Tamborine where we were shown some very beautiful scenery and able to walk through the jungle along the edge of the creek where there were several small waterfalls.



Mt Tambourine

We had lunch at Edge Heights Hotel where they have their own swimming pool and a beautiful garden. After lunch we travelled through jungle country and went for a short walk through "Palm Walk" where there are only a few giant jungle trees among the very tall palm trees which were very pretty. That evening my father and I went to the pictures and next morning we looked at the shops and, in the afternoon, we went for a historical tour of Moreton Bay.

We were shown the oldest home in Queensland where there is a tree (Banyan) which covers about 2 acres.

As the limbs of the tree grow, they develop roots that grow down to the ground and thicken helping to support it.

We were also shown where Brisbane harbour was first constructed and where the first experimental cane fields were.



A Banyan tree

The Kinimbla sailed once again that evening and next day as we travelled south we realised we had left the warm weather behind.

The sea was rough, the result of a cyclone which had passed a couple of days earlier, and lots of people returned to their cabins. We had two days at sea with nothing very much to do and reached Sydney.

Friday June 29th was teeming with rain. We went to the pictures in the morning and in the afternoon Bob Cadden, one of the boys from Sydney who had been on the ship took us for a drive to Manly and Mosman but it was too wet to be able to see very much.

We visited Bob's place which is just perfect with all that opens and shuts in it. From the balcony, one was able to view the Spit.

The following day we shopped, I bought a *ballerina* and went to see *The Wooden Horse*. Dad and I saw the Ice Follies in the afternoon but had to leave, as the ship sailed at 5.

After another day at sea, with fine weather and fairly smooth sea, we reached Melbourne early Monday morning. We spent the day looking at shops and caught the Adelaide express at night. It reached Adelaide at ten am, and by the time we had collected our luggage, we reached Aunties at eleven and went to see Annette at Walford.

We left for home at 12 o'clock, had lunch at Gladstone and reached Wilmington at half past four, collected some goods and eventually reached home at five o'clock.

Everything was in good order and we were thankful to be back home after a long but very enjoyable holiday. ■

Helen Twopeny

Quorn Mercury

Back copies from 2015 can be viewed on the
Flinders Ranges Council Website

Visit : frc.sa.gov.au/

QUORN MEN'S SHED

ALL WELCOME

QUORN MEN'S SHED
10 Seventh Street
PO Box 108
Quorn SA 5433



PH: 0429 977 015 Andy Smith (Chairman)
PH: 0458 190 418 Ken Faulkner (Tres)
Email: quormensshed@gmail.com

AN ESSENTIAL SERVICE. Paul shearing sheep at Ian Camerons property *Martimia* outside Quorn on 14th May Dave and Lyall helping Ian, a fellow shedder.



Lyall and Ian chatting between fleeces



Australian Men's Shed Association
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER



QUORN MEN'S SHED

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Lumber box constructed to tidy up lumber heap in corner of the shed



COVID -19 LOCK DOWN has been a time for DYI.

Thanks to Phil Searle for the truck rims, Darren Bury for the bore casing, I have been able to construct stands for gear that has been sitting under benches in the shed.

Time has been used with a small group, maintaining COVID-19 guidelines to tidy up the shed and clean up machines.

We don't know when we will be able to open. Restrictions still remain with numbers, no meals and social distancing.

As we find out more we will contact you and keep you updated.



Stands made to use grinders and vice



AMSA Registration No. AMSA100844

Shoulder to Shoulder

Patron: Dr. Tony Lian-Lloyd B.M.B.S, Dip, R.A.C.O.G, F.A.C.R.R.M



**The Flinders
Ranges Council**

DRAFT COUNCIL BUDGET 2020/21

At the Ordinary Council meeting on 19 May 2020, Council adopted a draft budget for consultation for the 2020/21 financial year.

As part of the proposed budget for 2020/21 there are several specific items that are intended to assist local businesses and the community during COVID 19. Including:

- A 0% average rate increase across all rate assessments, including residential, business, farming etc.
- Removal of 2020/21 annual fees for Town Entrance Hoop Signs and Information Bay Advertising.
- Removal of 2020/21 annual fees for A-Frames & Footpath trading subject to completed application and provision of insurance documentation by 31 July 2020.
- Removal of 2020/21 annual fees for Mobile Food Vending.
- Introduction of a 7-day (best effort) payment term for local businesses contained within the Council area [that is Council will endeavour to pay all accounts within 7 days, rather than waiting for the expiry of trade terms to assist businesses in managing their cash flow].
- That Council will continue to suspend debt collection up to and including 26 September 2020.
- That fines and interest incurred between 27 March 2020 to 26 September 2020 will be waived to assist businesses in managing their cash flow.

Council staff will also be applying for approximately \$200,000 under the National Radioactive Waste Facility Community Benefit Programme to develop and fund a tourism campaign for next season.

The draft budget documents are available for public comment and may be viewed at the Quorn Council Office, Hawker Motors or on Council's website www.frc.sa.gov.au

Ratepayers are encouraged to make a written submission regarding the draft documents addressed to the Chief Executive Officer at PO Box 43, Quorn SA 5433 to be received by 5.00 pm Friday 19 June 2020.

There will be a consultation session held electronically via Zoom on Tuesday, 9 June 2020 from 6:30pm to hear from any person wishing to make a submission on the draft documents.

Council will set aside one hour at the commencement of its Ordinary Meeting to be held electronically via Zoom on Tuesday 16 June 2020 at 6:30pm for any ratepayers who wish to address Council on the Draft Annual Business Plan 2020-2021, Long Term Financial Plan 2020-2040 (including 2020-2021 Budget), Fees and Charges 2020-2021 and Rating Policy 2020-2021.

Those ratepayers who would like to address Council on any of the above draft documents are required to make an appointment by telephoning Council on 8620 0500.

**Eric Brown
Chief Executive Officer
The Flinders Ranges Council**



Volunteer-powered
since
 •1973•



NEW MEMBERS WELCOME!

COME AND EXPERIENCE "BEHIND THE SCENES" OF A
 REAL WORKING HISTORIC RAILWAY

The Pichi Richi Railway operates trains between Quorn and Port Augusta from March through to November. During the warmer summer months, we are busy with our maintenance programs when we restore and maintain locomotives, carriages, track and other heritage assets.

Our headquarters, museum and main workshops are located in Quorn, with a running shed in Port Augusta, South Australia.

Meet new people, make new friends, enjoy yourself and learn new skills, while helping operate the Pichi Richi Railway, to 'keep the history alive'.

- ◇ All backgrounds, ages and abilities welcome
- ◇ No experience necessary
- ◇ Family friendly
- ◇ Accommodation available
- ◇ Diverse roles available
- ◇ 100% volunteer powered

REGISTER YOUR INTEREST TODAY

Pichi Richi Railway Preservation Society Inc
 Quorn Railway Station, Railway Terrace, Quorn SA 5433
members.services.manager@pr.org.au 0412 618 945
www.pichirichirailway.org.au

A ROLE FOR ALL AGES AND ABILITIES

- Car Captain—assists with front of house and passenger duties.
- Carriage Restoration—bringing heritage carriages and rolling stock back to life.
- Conductor—responsible for passengers and car captains on the train, boarding, seating and wellbeing of all passengers during the trip.
- Fireman / Driver—a childhood dream for many, our crews operate steam and diesel locomotives to the highest standard.
- Guard—in charge of train movements and safety, assist with shunting carriages.
- Mechanical Department—locomotive and carriage mechanical maintenance and repair
- Museum—assisting in caring for and managing our extensive collection.
- Refreshments—serving refreshments to our passengers.
- Special Events—various roles supporting special hires, events, fundraisers, weddings, etc.
- Structures, Services and Ground Maintenance—repairs and maintenance of heritage buildings, bridges, grounds and other facilities.
- Track Gang—replace sleepers, maintain the track and enjoy trolley rides. Be part of a team working in the stunning Flinders Ranges.

Locomotives of the PRR



Inspecting the tracks. South Australian Railways employee known as 'Old Langhoff,' on his track-inspection vehicle described as a 5 feet 3 inch (that's 1.6 metre) 'Kalamazoo Trike', c 1890. SA State Library [B 62321]

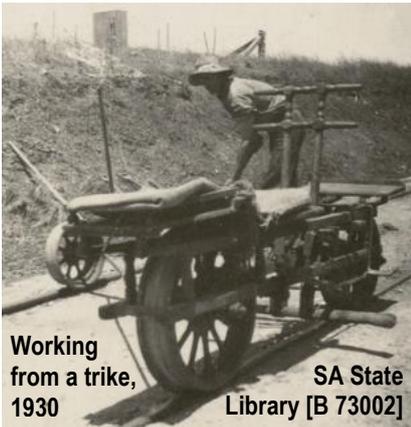
Sheffield Velocipede/Railway Trike

HARDLY A 'LOCOMOTIVE' is what you might say! However, the word 'locomotive' is from another word, 'locomotion', which means 'the act or power of moving from one place to another'. And *this* gentleman is certainly doing that, even if *he* is the 'engine' that's moving him along the rails above.



Humans providing locomotion along rails goes back a long way. Look at this satellite photo of Greece. The only land joining mainland Greece to the Peloponnese is the Isthmus of Corinth, which is only 6.3 km wide at its narrowest (at top right.)

Fancy sailing a ship all the way around the Peloponnese! So, near 600 BC the Greeks built a railway across the Isthmus, called the 'Diolkos'. Ships were loaded on trucks, whose wheels ran in grooves, and were dragged across the Isthmus by slaves or by animals. This railway operated for over 650 years!

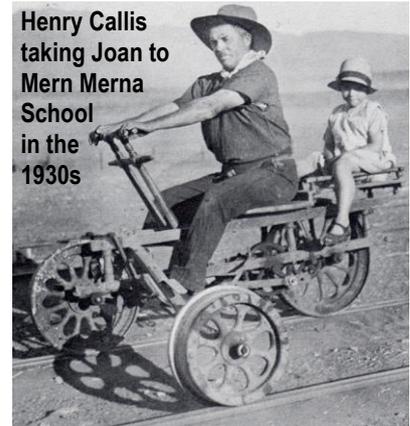


Working from a trike, 1930 SA State Library [B 73002]

Vehicles that were man-powered as shown in the top photo were known as Velocipedes, Trikes, Fetter's Trolleys, Quads, Pumpers, Section Cars, and so forth.

One make of SAR's trikes was based on George Sheffield's 1882 design, in Michigan, USA. They were used all over the world. This three-wheeled trike was ideal for track inspections, and other fettlers' jobs.

The driver worked the handles back and forth and pushed on the footpegs. This powered the rear wheel via a gear train to move him forward. But from 1905 many trikes were motorised by adding two-stroke engines.



Henry Callis taking Joan to Mern Merna School in the 1930s

If the outrigger wheel were not correctly set up, the unit would derail. The trike could travel only forward, too. If moved backward, it was also likely to derail.

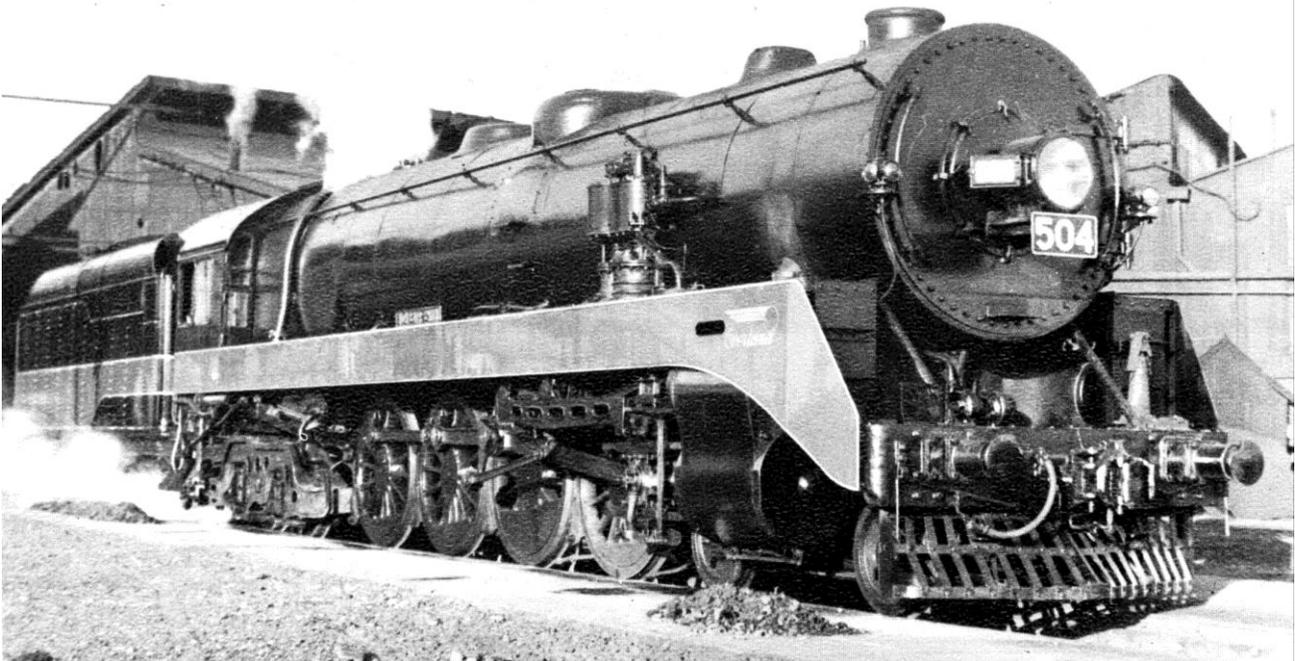
The Pichi Richi Railway has eight of this kind of vehicle: one motorised Fairmont section car; two pumped Kalamazoos; one PMG section car; one side-seat section car; and three roofed section cars/trolleys.



The Pichi Richi Railway Museum at Quorn Railway Station has a fine example of one of these trikes, as shown to the left. ■

Lisa Southon

The Love of Steam Locos 3



A great photo of a South Australian Railways 500 Class Mountain Type 4-8-4 broad gauge (5' 3" / 1.6 metre) locomotive, with booster. In service 1926; last withdrawn 1963. Other photo is of one hauling a train through the Adelaide Hills, whose gradient it was designed for



A **JUNE ISSUE** article about this gigantic Locomotive Class was in answer to several queries about it. But it seems that wasn't enough, since others have asked for even more. So here's our final article about it.

Strictly speaking, a Mountain Class locomotive is a **4-8-2**, and that was how these 500 Class ones were built. But boosters were added to them later, so an extra pair of wheels had to be added at the rear. And a **4-8-4** loco should therefore have been renamed 'Northern Class', as you can see in the table below:

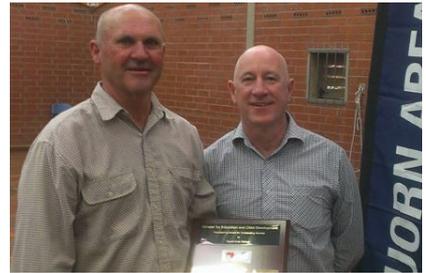
Symbol			Wheel Arrangement (Front to Back)	Type name
U.S.- British	French	German		
0-6-0	0-3-0	C	○○○	Six-wheel switcher, Bourbonnais
0-8-0	0-4-0	D	○○○○	Eight-wheel switcher
2-6-0	1-3-0	1C	○●○○○	Mogul
2-6-2	1-3-1	1C1	○●○○○●	Prairie
2-8-0	1-4-0	1D	○●○○○○	Consolidation
2-8-2	1-4-1	1D1	○●○○○○●	Mikado
2-8-4	1-4-2	1D2	○●○○○○●○	Berkshire
2-10-0	1-5-0	1E	○●○○○○○	Decapod
2-10-2	1-5-1	1E1	○●○○○○○●	Santa Fe
2-10-4	1-5-2	1E2	○●○○○○○●○	Texas
4-4-0	2-2-0	2B	○○○○	American
4-4-2	2-2-1	2B1	○○○○○	Atlantic
4-6-0	2-3-0	2C	○○○○○	Ten-wheeler
4-6-2	2-3-1	2C1	○○○○○●	Pacific
4-6-4	2-3-2	2C2	○○○○○●○	Hudson, Baltic
4-8-2	2-4-1	2D1	○○○○○●○	Mountain, Mohawk
4-8-4	2-4-2	2D2	○○○○○●○●	Northern, Niagara, Pocono
4-8-8-4	2-4-4-2	2D-D2	○○○○○●○●○○○○	Union Pacific "Big Boy"

As these diagrams of the 'Wheel Arrangement' show, the first number is of the small wheels in a truck at the front called a 'bogie'. It pivots to help assist the driving wheels around curves. The second number is of the piston-driven driving wheels. And the small wheels at the rear support the firebox, and for these 500s, the booster that was added later on. ■

I have been the Member for Giles since 2014 and was appointed Shadow Minister for Primary Industries and Regional Development in 2018.

Giles is the largest South Australian state electorate and covers Whyalla, Quorn, Hawker, Kimba, Cowell, Roxby Downs, Coober Pedy and the APY Lands reaching all the way out to the Western Australian and Northern Territory borders.

Please contact my office if you require assistance with State Government-related matters.



My office can help you with

- Community or individual advocacy, engagement and consultation
- Provide advice and assistance on State Government matters relating to the Giles electorate and Primary Industries and Regional Development
- Refer you to the appropriate service provider or Government agency if we cannot provide the service
- Assist community organisations and sporting clubs with grant applications
- Provide advice on possible funding sources for community projects
- Assist with the preparation of petitions and table them in State Parliament
- Justice of the Peace Services



Eddie Hughes  **MP**

Member for Giles

Giles Electorate Office

Westland Shopping Centre

PO Box 2465, Whyalla Norrie SA 5608

FB | www.facebook.com/EddieHughesGiles

E | giles@parliament.sa.gov.au

P | (08) 8645 7800



Classified Adverts

Opp Shop

Re-Opening

The opp shop will be re-opening on June 5th
9.30am—12 Midday.

New opening days are:

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday
9.30am—12 Midday.

Corona Virus precautions are in place:

Three customers at a time only

WINTER STOCKS NOW IN

REPRESENTING THE QUORN COMMUNITY



Rowan Ramsey MP

Federal Member for Grey

My office can help with Federal issues including Centrelink, Immigration, Communications, Veterans Affairs and many others.

Please contact Rowan's office 1300 301 742 or 8633 1744
Email: rowan.ramsey.mp@aph.gov.au
PO Box 296 PORT PIRIE SA 5540

Rainfall 2020

Jan	39mm
Feb	70.4mm
March	8.6mm
April	37.6mm
May	10.4mm
YTD	166.4mm

In Memory of Robert Hall

On Monday 14th May 2018, you were taken from me
If I had have known that you were never going to walk back through the door
I would never have let you go.

Two years on and it's not getting any easier
My heart is broken, I love you and miss you so much.

My love for you will never die.

You are with me everywhere I go and everything I do

“Those we love never go away, they walk beside us every day.”

Yours forever, Helen

Death Notice

Muller Hildegard (Hilde)

Passed away

Quorn Hospital on May 15th. Aged 85

Loved wife of Olaf (dec)

Loving Mother of Regina (dec) and Elke

Loving Granny of four

Great-Granny of ten

Always Loved

Thanks

Thank you to the Quorn Hospital nurses and doctors, for their care of Hilda Muller, in her last days.

A special thanks to the Hackett family—Stu, Renata, Evie and Lily. Well done, girls

Frank and Elke Wallis-Tayler

The *Mercury* has been publishing the ‘Quorn Business & Service Hours’ every April and September for several years.

The updates will now be in the September Issue

Key The Small Jobs Bloke

BLD LIC# 233581

Paving - Stone work - Decking - Fencing
General House Repairs

Kevin Woolford

PH: 0429011212



Sharon Hooper

Well-Being Practitioner / Reiki Master Teacher

"Helping You Towards A Better Way of Being."

* Reiki *Meditation *Sound Therapy *Chakra Healing

* Relaxation Techniques *Stress Management

PH: 0429197290

www.hibiscusdreaming.com

Health Calendar

June 2020

Contact Quorn Hospital 8648 7888 for dates

Podiatrist
Diabetes Education
Dietitian
Physiotherapist
Occupational Therapist
Speech Pathologist
Social Worker

Country Health Connect 8668 7706



June

Anglican Church of St Matthews
Services postponed until further notice
If required for a funeral service
Ph: 8648 6162 or 8648 6763

Catholic Church
Flinders Ranges Catholic Parish
Parish Priest: Father Harold Camonias
Mass Times:
Weekdays: Tuesday— Fridays 9am Quorn.
Friday 11am Hawker
Saturday Carrieton 5.30pm
Sunday Quorn 8.30am Hawker 10.30am
Leigh Creek 5pm 1st Sunday of the Month

Flinders Christian Fellowship
Sunday Church 10am
Monday and Thursday lunch 12pm
Tuesday Bible Study 12pm

Uniting Church
Sunday Services 10am

Quorn Mercury 5th June 2020

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Address—Town Hall, Sixth Street, Quorn

Postal Address—PO Box 367, Quorn, SA 5433

Email—mercury@frc.sa.gov.au

Public Officer—Tarla Kramer

Next Issue's (July 3rd 2020) Deadlines:

- Submissions preferred as email attachments using Microsoft *Word* or *Publisher*
- Other submissions to Visitor Information Centre, Quorn Railway Station before 4.30 pm 26th June
- Classified Ads on Visitor Information Centre. form provided. Must be paid for when submitted.

Guidelines for Submissions:

- **Text** on white A4 with 2cm margins all sides, Times New Roman black type 12pt min 11-pt
- **Photos** jpg. w. caption info giving peoples' first and last names, what's happening, where & when (where relevant). Nicknames may be included
- **Submissions** must include separately: author's name, with address or phone number

Contacts

- **Coming Events**—Jillian Wilson, Visitors Information Centre, 8620 0510
- **News in Brief**—Peter Sandles, 8648 6768 or mercury@frc.sa.gov.au

Charges

- **Annual Subscription**—12 months (11 issues) \$40 including postage
- **Major Adverts**—

	Single	Year	Discount
Full Page	\$30	\$250	\$80
Half Page	\$15	\$130	\$35
Quarter Page	\$ 8	\$ 75	\$13
Eighth Page	\$ 5	\$ 50	\$ 5
- **Classified Ads**—\$1 per line or part line, on the form provided at the Visitors Information Centre

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Left—Sue Tulloch standing inside an ancient hollow River Red Gum (still growing pictured right) in Slaty Creek on the Willochra Plains



Sturt Desert Peas near Roxby Downs, October 2010
Photo—Sandra Wittwer



John Badman's walk around the Dutchman with GPS Friday May 29th

