

# Quorn Memory

Recording Quorn's History while it's Being Made

December 2020

Established 1895

Number 25/272



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**\$2.50**





HAWKER COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT BOARD

# 2020 HAWKERS ANNUAL CHRISTMAS LIGHT COMPETITION

REGISTRATION FORMS AND VOTING SLIPS  
AVAILABLE FROM FLINDERS FOOD CO AND  
TEAGUE'S HAWKER MOTORS

PLEASE HAVE REGISTRATION FORMS COMPLETED  
BY DEC 1ST TO ALLOW US TO GET A CHRISTMAS  
LIGHT GUIDE MADE AVAILABLE FOR OUR  
COMMUNITY

WINNER ANNOUNCED NEW YEAR'S DAY 2021

1ST PRIZE  
CHRISTMAS BUNDLE VALUED AT  
\$100 DONATED BY  
FLINDERS FOOD CO

2ND PRIZE  
\$30 VOUCHER DONATED BY  
THE HAWKER HOTEL

\$5 ENTRY FEE  
ALL PROCEEDS FROM THIS  
YEARS COMPETITION WILL BE  
GOING TOWARDS CHRISTMAS  
DECORATIONS FOR OUR  
TOWN STREETS...  
DONATIONS WELCOME!



# Remembrance Day 2020

## LEST WE FORGET

THE REMEMBRANCE DAY Service at Quorn's Cross of Sacrifice found a larger than normal group of people attending the proceedings.

With warm and sunny weather conditions, a crowd of 30-40 locals, tourist and dignitaries attended, to salute those brave fallen heroes of World War I and the wars since.

A minute of silence was dedicated to the deceased, especially for soldiers who died fighting to protect the nation.

## Lest We Forget

Remembrance Day (11 November) came into existence after World War I.

Remembrance Day is a national holiday in France and Belgium. It commemorates the Armistice signed between the Allies and Germany at Compiègne, France, for the cessation of hostilities on the Western Front at the end of World War I. This took effect at 11:00 am—the "eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month."

## Lest We Forget

Australia's red poppy is a symbol of both Remembrance and hope for a peaceful future. Poppies are worn as a show of support for the Armed Forces community. The poppy is a well-known and well-established symbol, that carries a wealth of history and meaning with it. ■

## Lest We Forget

*(Photos and story by Pete Dixon)*



The Cross of Sacrifice and flag at half-mast



From left— A visiting retired soldier, Lou Walker and Eric Brown, Flinders Ranges Council CEO



Angie Finlay



Slouch Hat



Retiring Mayor Peter Slattery





in  
partnership  
with



## *Enjoy a night out at the Flicks*

*Phone EMILY'S BISTRO 8648 6940*

*Please help with catering by making  
your EARLY booking*

### **A WALK IN THE WOODS**

**Friday 22 Jan 2021  
7.00pm for 8.00pm start  
Est 10.00 pm finish**

**MEAL TICKETS \$15**  
*Includes coffee/tea pot*

**And remember to leave  
your donation to  
Flinders Flicks on the film night**



#### **ABOUT THE MOVIE:**

*A Walk in the Woods* is an American biographical comedy-drama filmed in 2015 and starring Robert Redford, Nick Nolte and Emma Thompson. Based on the 1998 book/memoir of the same name by Bill Bryson.

Bryson and his wife Catherine attend a funeral. Not being an outgoing person, he afterwards takes a stroll up to the nearby Appalachian Trail. He suddenly decides he will hike its entire length. Catherine objects, presenting many accounts of accidents and murders on the trail. She relents on condition that he not travel alone.

He agrees and searches for a friend willing to join him.

**RATING R**

**ADVENTURE, COMEDY**





# Clearance Divers

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY clearance divers have helped to re-open access to one of the world's most significant and biologically diverse coral reefs, situated within the Lord Howe Marine Park 550km from the NSW coastline.

A team from Australian Clearance Diving Team One (AUSCDT ONE), with support from ship's company from HMAS Adelaide and an embarked MRH-90 helicopter, located and removed unexploded ordnance (UXO) from Elizabeth Reef at the request of Parks Australia.

AUSCDT ONE is based at HMAS Waterhen in Sydney. Adelaide is Navy's current High Readiness Vessel, Adelaide and was already at sea conducting a range of training exercises to maintain her readiness to conduct the full spectrum of tasks.



Searching and Locating



The Unexploded Ordnance



And the Quorn Connection is:

Chad is the son of Teresa, and grandson of Greta and Les Buhlmann (dec.), formerly of Fifth Street, Quorn.

He went to school at Quorn Area School. Then he followed two of his uncles—Michael and Ashley Buhlmann, into the Royal Australian Navy.

He trained as a navy seal, and has served in many modern conflicts. He is based in Sydney, where he lives with his wife and three children . ■

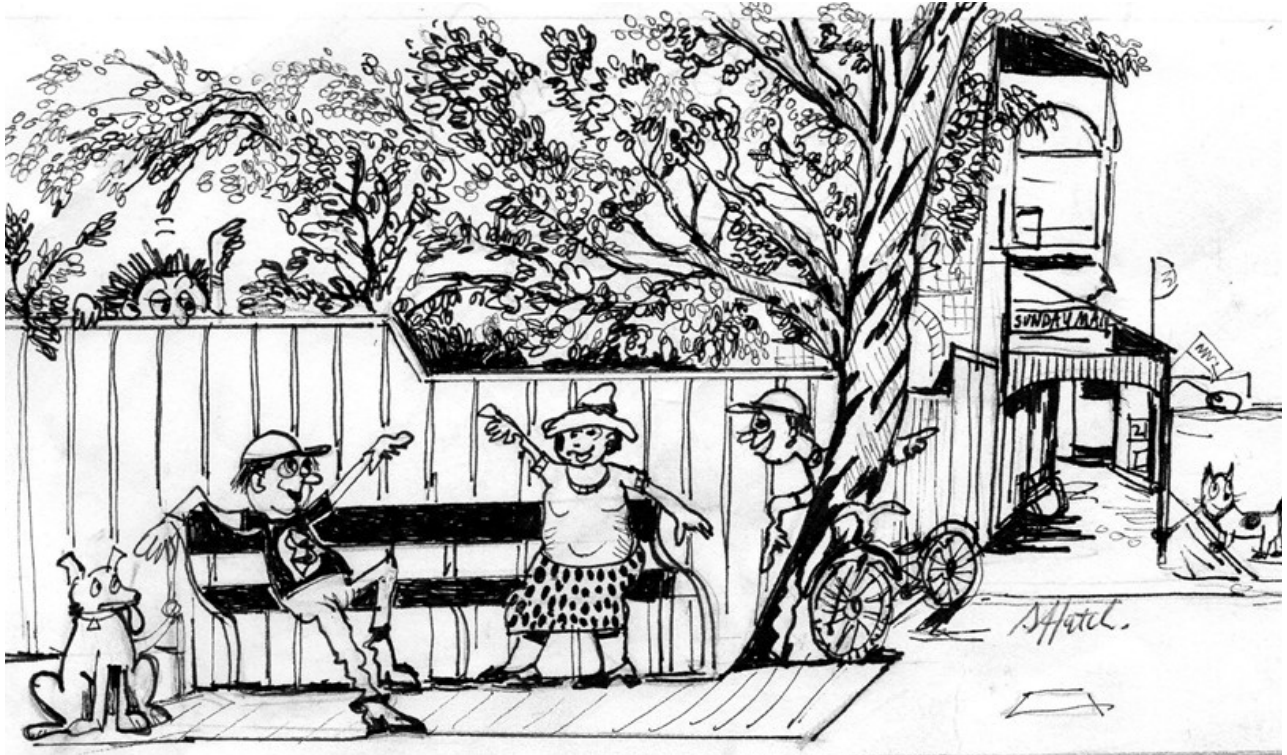


Chief Petty Officer Clearance Diver  
Chad Buhlmann



# Chat with a Quornie

## Marie Montgomerie



MUM HAD EIGHT CHILDREN close in age. I was born in 1938 in Streaky Bay, Trevor in 1940. Dan came along ten months after Trevor, Elaine in 1942. There was a bit of a break before Geoff in '45 and Ken in '46.

And then it all got very spaced out. Neil was born in 1953, and Ian in 1960. I'd had my first baby, Noel, before Ian was born.

Mum's family lived in WA. Her father died young and Grandma Tynan took jobs wherever she could take the children in a pram.

Her family at Yantanabie, on Eyre Peninsula, encouraged her to come over, so that the family could help with the little ones.

Mum (Rita), the eldest, stayed in Perth to finish school, before she joined her family.

Years later, Mum and I had a holiday with Grandma, Amelia Catherine (Hank), at her shop on Port Road. I slept on the balcony, and watched the traffic stream along the busy road.

### Farm Life

MUM MET and married Dad, Leo McDonald, in the early 1930s. They moved to the 11000 acre family farm Dad and Uncle John bought from their father, Peter. The ten McDonald children (Five of each) each received a share.



Marie McDonald, aged two

When I should have started school, there wasn't one to go to. Only a few families had school age kids. Then we got our own little bush school on a neighbour's farm—a proper little Education Department school, at a property called *Melingie*.



We walked the two miles to school. I can only remember once Dad coming to pick us up in the ute. He thought it would rain.

By the time Ken went to school, there was a school bus from Streaky Bay. Families took turns to board the teacher for a year.

Dad had two sisters in Adelaide, who sent us things. They went round the second-hand shops all over the city. Auntie Ron didn't have children, so bought us clothes. I remember wearing an army jacket on frosty mornings.

Mum cut down a lot of the clothes. She was self-taught, and made the boys trousers until they went to college—lined and all. She could buy material, but no children's clothes.

Families used coupons to buy foodstuffs, but clothes weren't considered essential goods.

Our first car was a nice, navy blue Buick—very posh. It ran on coal, a gas producer.

Mum had to sew celluloid side curtains, for the car, as the little kids poked holes in them. She was always on the machine.

The day before we went anywhere Dad threw large stumps into a pit and burnt them down to charcoal.

We were never clean. When we went in to Sunday Mass, Mum wore an old dust coat of Dad's over her clothes. She took it off when we got there.

Getting us kids ready to go anywhere was a circus. 'Now sit on that chair till we're ready to go' she'd say. Elaine and I weren't allowed outside till we could walk down the path to the car, without getting our white shoes dirty.



The McDonald family at Dan's wedding, Elliston, 1966. From left—Trevor, Neil, Dan, Me, Mum, Ian (front), Dad, Elaine, Ken and Geoff (front)

## Our Mum

MUM LIVED to almost 96. She was a marvellous Mum. Dad wasn't always the easiest person to get on with. He was always the last one to start seeding and harvesting. It annoyed her. He was just so laid back, casual.

The only veg in Mum's garden was silver beet as there was a shortage of water. We had a big underground stone tank for rainwater for the house, but it was precious.

Just a hop, step and jump from the house was a windmill that pumped water into a trough for the sheep to drink from. It was salty, and only fit for stock. We pumped up to an overhead tank. But, if the overhead tank was empty...

The bath was in the *washhouse*, (not the laundry), at the end of the verandah. The copper was boiled, water was bucketed into the bath, and everyone jumped in the same water.

Later, Mum's mother and stepfather, Roly, came to stay. He enclosed the verandah and gave her quite a nice kitchen. He put hot water over the bath. Running water—Mum was so excited. She was the first one to turn the taps on for a bath. It was like Christmas.

Mum once went on a holiday—a Bonds Tour to Sydney, with two friends from out at Poochera. Dad looked after us kids then.

## Boarding School

I WENT AWAY to High School in Adelaide. I left on a Birdseye Bus that took all day and half the night to get to Adelaide, with many stops—mail, passengers, and lunch at Kimba.

All on dirt road.

Sylvie (Birdseye)\* usually ran the bus on gas-producer, so we arrived looking filthy. The fare was £2 7/6 and that's about what I got when I started nursing.

The bus was often late, so our parents booked us in at the Grosvenor Hotel if we reached Adelaide too late to go back to the boarding house.

\*Sylvia Birdseye was born near Pt Augusta. She was the first woman in SA to be a commercial driver, and drove an average of 3000kms a week. She took four minutes to change a tyre, and 20 an axle.



Sylvia and her husband, Sidney, had two children, also named Sylvia and Sidney. Sydney (senior) never went on the buses, but Sylvia's brother, Bill Merrill, did.

When the bus had a puncture, at *Woop Woop*, one of the passengers got off and said 'Can I give you a hand Sylvia?' 'Yes, get back on the bloody bus. Wait 'til I'm ready to go'.

The Birdsey's office was in Hindmarsh Square. Years later, when Sylvie was loading the bus to go to the *West Coast*, she died of an aneurysm. She was a legend. Birdseye Highway, out from Lock, was named after her.

I spent two years at St Aloysius College, Angas Street, before I went to Mercedes College for the last 12 months of school. Both schools were girls-only. My room, with four others, was an enclosed balcony. Mercedes had previously been a beautiful old home.

There were plenty of bathrooms, but we were limited as to how we used them. It was just *in and out*. Old Sister Mary Vianney stood outside the shower with her stopwatch. She died recently at 100.

Most of the nuns were pretty good. As kids, we didn't like them of course, but when I went back to reunions, I realised they had to appear tough. I did Commercial subjects—Shorthand and Typing, on rattly old typewriters. And Bookkeeping—a funny subject I thought.

### **Married Life**

For two and a half years I trained as a nurse at Streaky Bay Hospital. In 1959 I married Jock Montgomerie.



Jock and Marie Montgomerie were married at St Canute's church, Streaky Bay, on October 12, 1959

Jock had previously sold the farm and moved to Adelaide, where he had a couple of milk rounds. So we went to live there.

Gina, Noel and John were all born when we were in Adelaide. A wholesale milk round servicing shops, hospitals, hotels, and the fishing industry came up in Pt Lincoln, so we bought it, happy to go back to the West Coast.

We settled there amongst our families, and our youngest son, Gavin was born.



John, Gavin, Gina and Noel in Pt Lincoln, in the 60s

When the children were older, we made the decision to move up to Buderim, Qld. The three older ones went to Maroochy (Maroochydhore) High School, and Gavin went to Buderim Primary.

Our home up there was lovely, but the Sunshine Coast was too suburban—one town ran into another. The kids all said they'd go back to Lincoln when they left school, so we decided to leave the Sunshine Coast.

I wonder if we had gone to a smaller town, the kids may have settled down, especially Gina (though she'd probably still have gone governessing)! But I'll never know.

### **Our Family**

Noel, died at 39, of complications to a heart condition. His youngest, of four children, was only 18 months old. His wife, Karen, and family, are still close to us. They rarely go through to Lincoln, that they don't call in here.

John, and his wife, Natalie, live at Angaston in the Barossa Valley. We see them frequently on their trips to Lincoln.

Gina, our daughter, married Grant Rieck from *Bollards Lagoon Station*. When we were younger, Jock and I loved making the long trip up the Strzelecki to see our two grandsons.



We lived in Lincoln for 30-something years. Then Jock and I sold our big, old house, without knowing what we were going to do.

When I phoned Gina to tell her we'd sold, she said that they'd just signed to buy a house in Quorn, to break up trips to Adelaide.

They invited us to live in the Quorn house, while we were looking for a place of our own. So we agreed. In the three months we were there, Quorn grew on us.

We'd passed through on our way to and from *Bollards*, and I'd taken a fancy to it. It was also halfway between Streaky Bay and Adelaide. Mum could break her journey too, until she moved to Adelaide.

### **Settled in Quorn**

We decided to look around for a house in Quorn, and settled in 2000.

My brother, Geoff and his wife, Mary followed, and built a home in North Quorn. They lived in it for a few years, before moving to Pt Broughton.

Two of my brothers, aged 45 and 47 and sister, aged 67, died from aneurysms—too young. Mum saw her two boys buried, and when Elaine died, said 'I can't cry any more'.

I don't miss Lincoln, except for being near our son, Gavin, who stayed on there. When Jock was still driving, we went down often. I only have one good friend there whom I'd worry to go and see if I went back. My good neighbours left to live in Perth recently.

I was born in Streaky Bay, went to school in Streaky Bay, nursed in Streaky Bay, and married Jock in Streaky Bay. ■

I always lived near the sea. But now I sit with Jock and my glass of wine, and watch the evening sun going down over the Ranges. ■



Marie and Jock at Gina and Grant's wedding reception, ETSA Club, Pt Augusta, 1993

## **Rainfall 2020**

Jan	39mm
Feb	70.4mm
March	8.6mm
April	37.6mm
May	10.4mm
June	14.5mm
July	10.8mm
August	44.2mm
September	42.2mm
October	147.2mm
November	5mm
YTD	451.9mm

## **Christmas Carols**

at

### **Church on the Corner**

6.30pm Sunday  
December 20th

Followed by Supper

**All Welcome**



# Christmas Messages

## From Flinders Christian Fellowship

WE ARE APPROACHING another Christmas, in a year like no other, with one disaster after another. Seemingly no end in sight for many.

I believe that we can use these times of difficulty to reflect and consider.

Many traditions that have marked the season previously have had to be cancelled. Have you asked yourself why we are in this mess?

When God created all things (including man) he created purpose (*Gen 1:11&12*). He created them with seed, to reproduce and be sustained. Every seed, in time, will bear fruit. We reap what we have sown or allowed to be sown. We are reaping that harvest!

When man chose independence from God, he allowed death, disease and destruction to be sown (*John 10:10*). 'The thief (*Satan*) comes only to steal kill and destroy, but I (*Jesus*) have come that you may have life and life more abundantly'.

God's plan is to restore relationships and reconnect with mankind; to bring healing and wholeness to anyone who asks; He was to become man, who was born as we are, so he could rectify the problem.

Through his life, Jesus demonstrated God's heart and love by showing us the way and teaching us about Life. We need to understand that God loves us and wants so much to be with us; to help and guide us in our earthly lives, and for us to be with Him in eternity—to have His family restored.

You don't have to worry about your shortcomings—he already knows them, He knows the number of hairs on your head, in fact before you were even conceived, He knew you (*Psalms 139*).

Jesus, the gift of God, that we celebrate at Christmas, will turn your life around. You will find peace and joy in the face of adversity. Jesus said 'He who has ears, let him hear, and he who has eyes, let him see what it is that the Spirit of God is saying today.'

Christmas isn't Christmas til it happens in your heart. Somewhere deep inside you is where Christmas really starts. Our prayer for you this season is that you find that joy and peace.

Pastor Marg Smith

**"The Lord has blessed you and is with you!" – Luke 1:26**  
**MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!**

ON THURSDAY 26<sup>TH</sup> NOV we had a wonderful time at Quandong Café, and everyone was fascinated by their Christmas décor. Most were commenting on how nice it is to have the nativity scene in one of the windows. One tourist commented, 'Our Christmas can be too commercialized. We focus too much on other things.' And another local, 'When the nativity is the true reason for the season'.

May this Christmas be significant and different for us all, not in terms of exterior celebration but deep within.

With the pandemic still around, Christmas continues to remind us of what are the most important things in life—not the affluence of the palace that matters most, but the closeness of the family in the manger; not the waves of people of indifference, but the friendships of simple shepherds and neighbours.

It is not in the noise that we will find peace and fullness of life but in the silence of the night. And from wisdom and understanding of the wise men, we will find the signs of times that if prayed and contemplated fully will ultimately lead us to Christ, the saviour of the world, our way to heaven.

Allow me to join the community in thanking and honoring Mayor Peter Slattery for all what he's done for the community as he prepares to step down. His leadership and service have blessed us. We wish him and his family all the best.

May we be drawn now and always to the spirit of Christmas, with love, compassion, humility, peace and joy. And live it out every day of our lives! Merry Christmas everyone and a blessed, COVID19-free 2021 to us all.

In Christ,

Fr Harold Camonias  
On Behalf of the Flinders Ranges Catholic Parish



# Healing and Hope

HAS THIS YEAR been one long, roller coaster Advent? Who is the baby whose birth we celebrate at Christmas?

Jesus healed people of all sorts of diseases and drew them towards his presence, as he walked the earth. This year, looking towards Christ coming into the world, we have an increased awareness of belonging to humanity across the globe and even across time.

The world has a common enemy, which we are unable to fight on our own. The enemy is the coronavirus infection itself. The enemy is also the fear it engenders and the isolation we use to prevent contagion. Our gratitude goes to our health workers, service people, communication facilitators and leaders for helping us to adapt.

We have adapted. Who is the baby whose birth we celebrate at Christmas? Christ the healer. Christ who brings hope to a despairing world. I pray Christ's healing hand and the hope of life still to come, are known to you and yours this Christmas.

May your Christmas 2020 gatherings grow healing and hope for you and yours. Healing and hope.

Christmas blessings for us all. ■

Sandra Wittwer



## Christmas message 2020 Greetings from the folks of Quorn Uniting Church

NOW, PERHAPS MORE than ever, we are in need of some good news!

As we farewell a year that started with bushfires and brought a global pandemic, with a few ugly politics and social unrest in the mix, many people are left wondering, what's next?

The good news, the best news, is that as we prepare to celebrate Christmas and give gifts to our loved ones, we are offered the greatest gift in Jesus Christ, who came to restore life and bring peace.

We can look back over a difficult year and check off the times we've been naughty or nice, and think that perhaps we don't deserve a heavenly gift!

But thankfully, the Christmas story is for everyone and it's not because we do deserve it or do not.

God came down to earth as a baby, who would walk on this earth and then take our place on a cross to pay for our sin. And make us right with God because of His great love for us.

It is my prayer, this Christmas season, that every person would know of this great gift, and receive it, and experience joy and peace like never before.

So, Merry Christmas, and a joy and peace-filled New Year to you and yours. ■

*Quorn Uniting Church warmly welcomes young, old and everyone in between, to share in our services at 10am on Sunday mornings at Fifth Street, Quorn.*

*Kids Club@God's House is a Sunday School program coordinated by all of the Quorn churches. It will run on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of the month at 2:30-4pm through 2021 at Quorn Uniting Church.*

*More information to be posted soon.*

Rebecca Lyman

Sturt Desert Pea in Christmas red at St Petri, Quorn  
Photo by Jocelyn Smith



# Quorn Aged Care News

How LUCKY WE ARE to have some amazing people living here who don't mind sharing some of their stories. Remembrance Day brought up a lot of conversations this year.

Jeff Micheltmore turned 99 years old the week before. He is now the only WW2 soldier living in Quorn. He was so proud to receive a medal this year and we were honoured to be a part of his experience.

NAIDOC week was also celebrated over that week so we learnt a lot about Aboriginal soldiers. This was a week where residents shared many stories about what it was like to live during those war years. During a recent exercise group everyone spoke about their experiences during this time rather than do any exercises. With the youngest in the class being 96, who am I to argue?

On December 5<sup>th</sup> we celebrate all of our Volunteers. We won't be able to see these amazing women on this day but would like them to know how much they are thought of, how much they are valued and how much we miss them. Thank you ladies. You mean the world to us!

Finishing off a very busy November with NAIDOC, Remembrance Day and Melbourne Cup, we are getting geared up for Christmas next. It may need to look a little different to what we have been used to but there is no doubt that it is coming up next.



Jeff Micheltmore



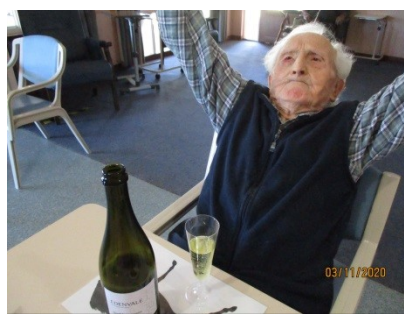
Ken McKenzie



Melva Waterman



Betty Paynter



Gerald Briody on Melbourne Cup day

*From all the Quorn staff and residents here  
we wish you a very Merry Christmas  
and a safe New Year*



“

“REMEMBER  
THAT THE  
HAPPIEST  
PEOPLE ARE NOT  
THOSE GETTING  
MORE, BUT  
THOSE GIVING  
MORE.”

”

I am only one, but still  
**I AM ONE.**

I cannot do everything, but still  
**I CAN DO SOMETHING.**

and because I cannot do everything,  
I will not refuse to do something that  
**I CAN DO.**

- Hellen Keller

ONE OF THE  
GREATEST GIFTS  
YOU CAN GIVE IS  
YOUR TIME

#VOLUNTEER





# Wirreanda Cottages Inc



**A community-based body established to provide private independent living accommodation for the elderly and younger disabled citizens of Hawker and surrounding areas assessed as needing such accommodation.**

## VACANCY

Two brand new Cottages available in Hawker, close to Hawker Memorial Hospital, Doctor and within walking distance of shopping. Wheelchair accessible.

If you are over 55 years old and need to *downsize* your housing needs, or would benefit from being closer to facilities Wirreanda Cottages may be your answer.

Eligibility based on ability to live independently with or without support. Where the applicant needs support, they must show that they have access to appropriate support services.

The Wirreanda Cottages Committee **does not** provide health related services however they will refer applicants to other agencies where the applicant has not accessed appropriate support services.

Expressions of Interest forms are available

via mail to

Wirreanda Cottages  
PO Box 90  
HAWKER  
SA 5434

OR email

WirreandaCottagesInc@outlook.com

# Whistler<sup>®</sup>—an Xmas Tale

**R**OBBIT WAS A merry man, who rarely thought about the morrow. He lived for the now. He had a small boat, and sometimes fished in the stream half a league away. Sometimes he helped thatch roofs. Sometimes he set snares in the forest for small game. Sometimes he collected firewood. And sometimes he looked for trees whose timber the village Carpenter loved. In other words, he'd cheerfully turn his hands to anything that would keep him alive from day to day.

Wherever he went, whatever he did, he whistled. He could whistle brilliantly and merrily. Indeed, if there were any birds nearby when he whistled, they'd join him with their own songs and trills and warbles and cries and calls. And so a merry chorus from all the nearby birds followed him everywhere he went.

One day in the forest he suddenly came upon an Elf. Somehow he'd impaled one of his wings on the splintery stump of a tree. And as happens to any of the Elven folk who are hurt too much, his magic was also so badly injured that he couldn't even use it to free himself.

When Robbit stumbled upon him, the Elf shrielled with fear, and struggled even more frantically to escape. Robbit knew that most of his fellow Humans loved more than anything to kill any of the Little People they'd managed to capture, who were too hurt like this to use their magic to get away.

Robbit stopped whistling, and said, 'Don't wriggle around so much. You'll tear your wing even more. Here, let me help you get free.' And he knelt down, and drew his knife to trim away wooden splinters that held the wing trapped. 'You're still wriggling,' he protested. 'Don't you *want* me to set you free? I'm not going to hurt you, you know.'

The Elf stopped struggling, and Robbit saw the look of amazement on his face. He finally got the wing free of the jagged stump, and set the Elf carefully down on the ground. 'There you are, little fellow. Are you all right now?'

The Elf whimpered, 'Not fly. Wing too hurt. No magics cos hurt. Animal kill if me can't fly.'

Robbit said, 'Well, what can I do for you, then?'

The Elf looked amazed at that, but said hesitantly, 'Me go Clan. You... You take me?' He looked forlorn, as if he didn't expect any such help.

Robbit picked him up, and sat him on his shoulder. Since the Elf wasn't more than three hand-spans tall, he was a very easy load. 'Which direction is your Clan?' he asked.

The Elf pointed. 'You Yumans call it Deep Dark Forest,' he muttered sadly. It was a direction Humans never went, mostly because Fairies and Elves and

others of the Elven Folk lived there. There was also a good chance in there, of being killed by the occasional Dragon or Unicorn or suchlike dangerous beast.

But Robbit set off cheerily towards the Deep Dark Forest anyway, whistling as he went. And as he swung along, the birds on every side joined in with their own songs and trills and warbles and cries and calls.

After a while he said to the Elf, 'Why do you talk Human in such a strange way?'

The Elf spoke sullenly, 'Yumans talk weird. Us not unnerstand. Fairy can talk Yuman though, not Elf.'

Robbit chuckled, 'I like the way you talk. I'm Robbit. Do you have a name?'

The Elf paused for quite a while before answering. 'Me Hillee,' he said grudgingly.

'Ah, Hillee, well, it's a lovely day for walking.'

'Not lovely if hurt!' Hillee snarled.

'Ah, yes, of course. I shouldn't have said that, then.... But *don't* you feel like singing or whistling now you're free, and going home?'

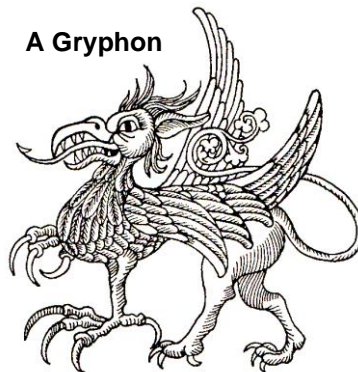
'Yuman crazy!' Hillee muttered, shaking his head.

'Ah, well! I'd rather be crazy and whistle, than silent and sad.'

So Robbit walked all day, into the Deep and Dark—and, oh, so dangerous—Forest where Humans never went. He did pick up a good, stout branch to defend them with, if they were attacked. But he still whistled merrily as he walked. And a great many birds seemed to even follow them to sing and trill and warble and cry and call along with him.

Suddenly, they saw a Gryphon watching them from among some dense undergrowth. But though it made strange, ugly bird noises at them, it didn't attack them. Once they were past it, Hillee said, amazed, 'Him not kill!'

A Gryphon



'Well, maybe it's because all of us are whistling and singing. Didn't you hear him trying to sing too?'

Hillee just scratched his head, baffled, while

Robbit continued to whistle his merry song.

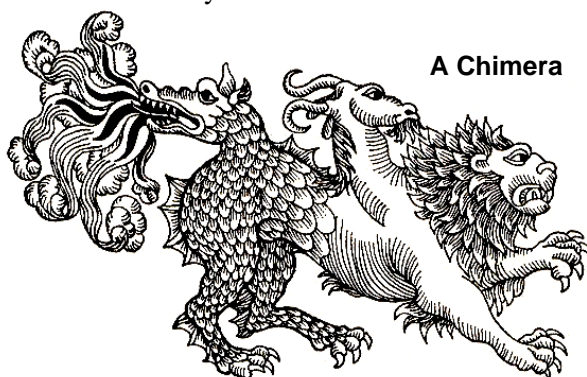
Then there was a beautiful lady's face staring at them from above them in a tree. When it moved, Robbit saw great wings behind her head, and when it raised a foot it looked like a lion's paw. The Elf squealed with shock. 'It Chimera! It kill!' But it didn't, and instead it sang along with Robbit's lively tune.



Robbit kept on walking and whistling, while Hillee's head swivelled around to stare fearfully at the Chimera squatting on a bough. 'Her not kill we either,' he gasped.

It was getting late in the day and the Elf said his Clan was now close by. Then there was a horrible stench and the Elf protested in disgust. And he gasped, and whimpered, 'Look!'

At first Robbit saw what appeared to be a great Vulture sitting on a branch high up in a tree. The evil smell wafted down from it. Then it turned to peer longingly down at them, and he saw it had a woman's head and breasts. Its wings began to flap and it looked ready to dive down on them.



'It hungry Harpy! It us gobble up!' Hillee squealed, terrified.

But Robbit never stopped whistling merrily. And the Harpy's wings folded, and like the Chimera, it didn't attack, and its voice joined in Robbit's tune.

Then they arrived at a jumble of giant rocks not far from a high cliff. 'It Clan here,' the Elf cried out gleefully. 'Walk past rocks. Him edge Clan.'

A few moments after Robbit passed the rocks, the air was full of Elves flying down screeching with rage. A bigger Elf settled on the grass in front of them, and Hillee squealed at him, 'No hurt Yuman! Him me save! Wing caught, he free. He bring me Clan all way Deep Dark Forest. Stop Gryphon, Chimera, Harpy, us kill.'

Even now, Robbit whistled a tune, as he gently lowered the injured Elf to the grass. Then he said, because not one Elf moved to help Hillee, 'I don't mean to hurt you, not any of you at all. But you'd better help Hillee—his wing's all torn up.'

Hesitantly, three older Elves came forward. They picked up Hillee, and hastily scuttled back with him to the safety of all the other Elves, and laid him down, and clustered around him.

Robbit said to the bigger Elf standing closest to him, 'Will he be all right?'

The older Elf was still looking angrily at him, but said, 'They Healer Elfs. Them fix him wing.... *You* no right come Elf Clan. Me Clan Chief. Me Ossler.'

Robbit laughed, 'I'm Robbit. And no, I know I don't have any right to be here. I'll get out of your

Land as fast as I can. And I won't tell anyone about where your Clan is, either. I only wanted to bring Hillee back. He asked me to, and showed me the way. I hope he's all right. He said he had no magic to save himself, because his wing was hurt.'

Ossler's anger lessened considerably. 'You good him Elf. You save. Him have no magic thanking you. I give three wishes you, because you save.'

It was some time after this, that back in his village merry Robbit came across a little girl he'd seen from time to time. He knew she was named Petta, and looked to him to be about four. She was sitting and weeping, huddled against a wall.

He stopped whistling and crouched down, and asked her, 'What are you crying for, Petta?'

Petta turned her grubby, tear-streaked face up. 'Simmy's hurt,' she wailed. And she held out a rag doll in her trembling hand. The cloth that had contained the sawdust in her head had worn through, and much of the sawdust had fallen out. And one of her legs was missing. And the doll wore a torn and dirty dress, too.

He tried to take the doll from the girl, but she snatched it back fiercely.

'What happened to her leg?' he asked.

'Me Ma din't know it was Simmy's leg cos it came off. I were outside, Ma threw it in the fire, Ma din't know...' And she cried even more wretchedly.

And Robbit remembered the three wishes the Elf Chief Ossler had given him. So he looked up into the sky, and said, 'I wish Simmy is as good as new.'

And miraculously, Simmy was. Her head was stuffed again, and far more natural than it had probably ever been. Her missing leg was back. And she was now dressed beautifully.



Petta squealed with shock, which changed rapidly into a fierce shout of joy, and she hugged Simmy to herself, rocking from side to side. Robbit thought he'd never seen anyone look as thrilled as the little girl did, and went on his way, back to whistling merrily.

A few days after this, even though the Sun was shining, the early Spring weather was suddenly savagely cold again. It was as if Winter were reluctant to let the World go. And Robbit came across a very old, feeble man called Bax. He was sitting on an ancient stool outside the one-roomed cot where he struggled to survive, shivering in the tiny warmth of the Sun. He was wearing very little clothing at all.

Robbit stopped whistling, and said, ‘Why don’t you put your coat on, old man?’

Bax’s voice itself shuddered from the cold. ‘Got only one blanket to cover Espeth. Me coat’s on her too, to keep her warm.’

Robbit knew the old man’s crippled wife could scarcely get out of bed. So he said to the sky, ‘I wish Espeth has three blankets and Bax a fur-lined coat.’

Bax gasped with shock because he was now wearing a richly-furred coat that wrapped him from his chin to his ankles. He was stammering from his wonder and delight at it, while Robbit continued walking, and whistling his merry tune.

And a sennight after this, the very deep village well in the middle of its square suffered from a disaster. The village’s only fresh water came from it. But the rope had frayed, and had come apart near its top. So now the bucket was sunk underwater and the rope’s end was floating on its surface.

No one was brave enough to climb down into the well to rescue the bucket and rope, because the stones walling it were worn and crumbling with age, and too likely to give way. But the Elder Hash said to a poor man called Mott, that the village would pay him well if he’d climb down and drag the rope’s end up again. So Mott took the terrible risk, and climbed down into the well.

Robbit came whistling into the square, back from the forest with rabbits he’d caught in his snares. He saw the crowd of men around the well, and walked over to them, and asked, ‘What’s going on?’

People always enjoy recounting bad news, and several of the men were eager to tell him what had happened. ‘Mott climbed down to rescue the bucket and rope, and he slipped way down near the water, and he’s broken an arm so he can’t get back up to us now...’ And as an afterthought one of them added, ‘He can’t climb out either, because he’s broken one arm, and so he can’t let go to reach up above him.’

‘Who’s going down to rescue him?’ Robbit asked, but quickly saw that no one was willing to. ‘Is there a rope to lower someone down to help him up?’ he asked. The men hastily shook their heads.

So Robbit said, ‘I know how to help him out...’

But the men laughed at him. Therefore he said, ‘A while ago I rescued an Elf and took him back to his Clan, and their Chief granted me three wishes for doing it. I’ve got one wish left.’ And he said to the sky, ‘I wish that Mott is back up here out of the well with the bucket and rope.’ And miraculously, Mott was standing there beside the lip of the well, holding in his good hand the bucket with its rope attached.

Everyone was stunned by that. There was a huge gabble of excited voices until the Elder Hash spoke out loudly to Robbit. ‘You had *three wishes*? And that was your *last one*?’

Robbit laughed. ‘Yes.’

‘What did you use the other two for?’

‘The little girl Petta’s rag doll was broken, so I fixed it. And the old man Bax didn’t have a coat to wear and was shivering from the cold, so I gave him a warm coat.’

‘What kind of a stupid fool *are* you?’ Hash yelled. ‘You *could* have wished for a palace. And a Princess for a bride. And a room full of gold. Why by all the gods didn’t you wish for things like that?’

Robbit laughed again. ‘Tell that to Petta. Tell that to Bax. And tell that to Mott, why don’t you?’

And he turned and started to walk away, swinging his string of rabbits around, and behind him men’s voices cried out about what an idiot he was, what a madman, what a fool.

But he walked away, whistling one of his merry tunes. And all the birds on the roofs of the tavern and merchants’ shops and the cots around the square joined him with their own songs. And trills. And warbles. And cries. And calls. ©



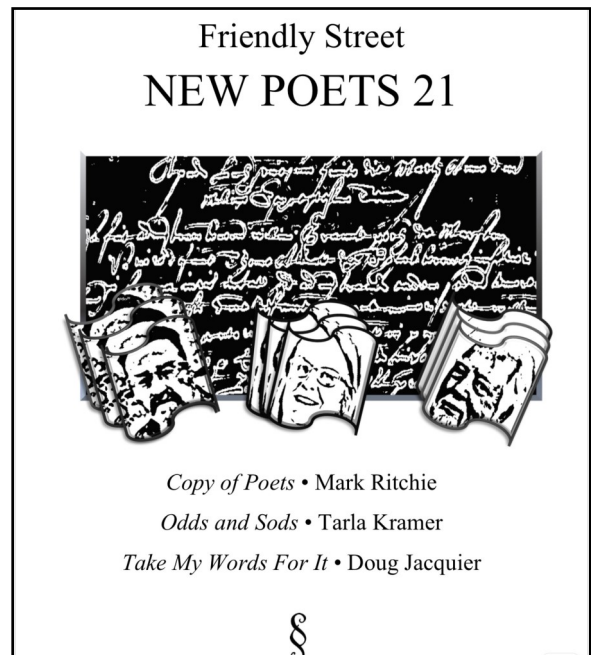
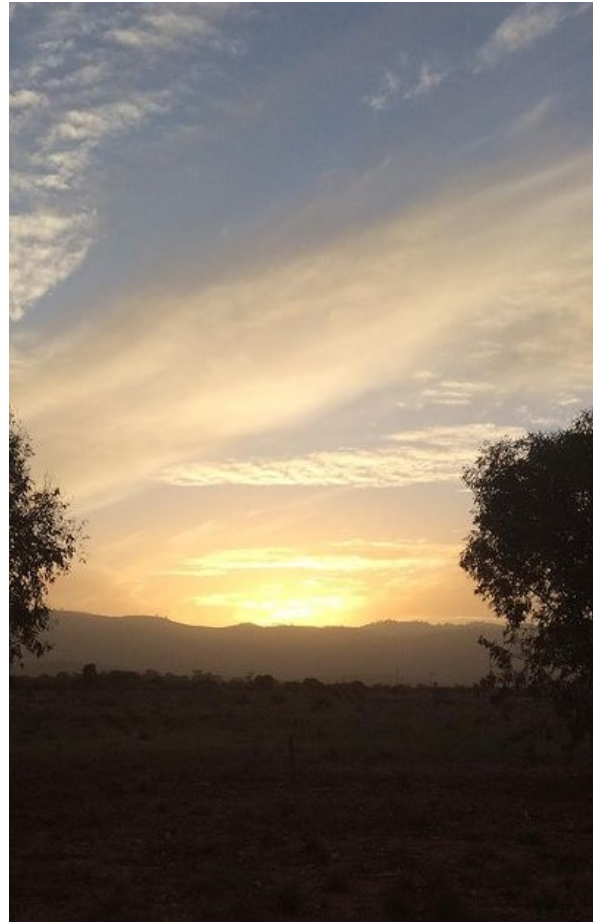
The *Mercury* invites readers to submit short stories, art works, and short poems for consideration. Stories should be no more than 1750 words. Art should fit or be reducible to a vertical A4 page with 2 cm margins



# Heat Wave

Why would anyone want to go to hell?  
I ask myself at these times.  
Even after sunset the air  
is a blanket you can't throw off.  
The spaces under  
arms and boobs and stomachs  
become tropical.  
Plants droop around like moody adolescents.  
Magpies and flies hide in the shady corners  
you'd like to inhabit,  
and sleepy lizards queue up behind the old fridge.  
The nankeen kestrel gives up hunting  
because the reptiles are on strike.  
Kangaroos and cockatoos hide  
then make nuisances of themselves in the evening.  
Don't ask me what sheep and horses do –  
I don't even go outside.  
Travel – even five minutes to the shops – is avoided  
and exercise, what's that?  
The only sign of human life is at the pool.  
The kitchen, the heart of the home is deserted  
except when kids hang their heads in the freezer.  
Cats sprawl on tiles  
at twice their normal length  
and time slows to 13KB per second.  
Time only catches up  
when the heat ends  
and the roar of hot wind in the trees  
turns into a sigh.  
The house relaxes  
and we welcome back  
our old friends  
hunger and sleep.

Tarla Kramer



*Heat Wave* was first published in the online newspaper *InDaily*, and also appears in *New Poets 21*, which can be purchased at the Flinders Ranges Visitor Information Centre

# Quorn Pioneer Machinery Museum

QUITE A LOT of work has been achieved relocating machinery, wagons and equipment over the past few weeks.

The overall aim of the museum group is to get as many exhibits under cover as space permits. Also to repair, restore and rejuvenate each exhibit, and provide a history chart and photograph of its use in bygone years.

The group visit to the Kadina Farm Shed drove home the necessity to provide cover and protection for the exhibits. This will be a long term project costing a lot of money and hard work by the volunteers.

Without the full support and backing of The Flinders Ranges Council and CEO Eric Brown, this whole project would not be possible.

Once we have the machinery back in working order, it is envisaged we will have 'Open Days' with demonstrations of ploughing etc—both machine drawn and hopefully horse-drawn. The aim is quite feasible, as these implements were built to last.

To date, work has begun on completing the restoration of a horse-drawn tip wagon, which previously had been partly-restored. The Caterpillar Tractor requires a lot of TLC and will be a goer.

Currently we have fifteen members, and welcome anyone who would like to join our group. We meet on Wednesdays at 9.00am until lunchtime.

***For further details contact David Reubenicht  
on 0401 533 752  
or turn up at The Lions Park.***



Richard with 26hp plough



Modris and David using the QRT Forklift to relocate items



David with 28hp wagon



Alan starting tip tray restoration





## Remembrance Day 11.11.2020

*Photos Peter Dixon*



Remembering: from left—Margaret Summerton, Loraine Pumpa, Shirley Carn and Yvonne Player



## Notification of Signage Change - First and Sixth Street Intersection

Please be advised that in the coming weeks a sign change and line marking upgrade will occur at the intersection of First and Sixth Street.

The give way signs will change to stop signs to help increase the safety at this intersection.

Further notification will occur closer to the change date and once the change has occurred.



#lovingquorn

# QUORN OUT AND ABOUT



November Mercury nearing completion—Peter Sandles and Tarla Kramer

## Powell Gardens Working Bee



John Badman working on the washed out zigzag path



All enjoyed the free food at the barbecue



One big happy family—the Catholic congregation farewells the bishop



Greg Bannon giving a talk about plants



Maia Tschirner came along to Powell Gardens Working Bee and made up a Nature Treasure Hunt activity for the kids



# Powell Gardens Working Bee

A GRAND WORKING BEE was held recently at Powell Gardens with around fifty willing workers (including kids) attending. There was an early start to the day so most of the hard work, was completed before it warmed up. The weather was perfect luckily as the following day was a hot northerly with hurricane force winds blowing everything in its path.

The main jobs done were carting many barrows and raking many piles of gravel to renovate paths, removing pruned or dead branches and repair the water damaged zigzag path into Capowie Creek.

An SES workshop had been cancelled, allowing John Badman to attend and focus his outback roadmaking and maintenance skills on the zigzag path with his team of road-gang volunteers!

Council supported the working bee by promoting and providing staff and machines to cart gravel earlier in the week, and also provided a BBQ lunch on the day which was enjoyed by the volunteers. Special thanks to Eric's wife, Sacha, for her irresistible cup-cakes to follow.

Thanks also to Deputy Mayor, Greg Flint who came down from Hawker to attend.



Three generations of *Eric Brown* attended the day



Cherie Gerlach came up from Port Augusta to lend a hand



Ruby Connell heading off to lend a hand

Special thanks to Andrea Tschirner for contacting her network of volunteers for such a good roll-up of helpers. It has given the Gardens a much-needed facelift and great morale boost to the dwindling number of Powell Gardens Volunteers.

Bron Lucas also needs a big thanks for contacting Boral, who donated the gravel and Robert Crombie who delivered it. Bron has arranged this before from the same donors and it is a welcome and generous support.

All in all, it was a very successful day and hopefully, if we can repeat something similar a few times a year, we will keep the Gardens in a manageable condition. ■



Work started on the top path.  
Barrows and rakes required by all



The Connell family hard at work



# Warndu Mai–Good Food

## News from the Bush Food Garden Walking Trail Working Group



Adnyamathanha name—wirdlawaka  
Common name—Purslane  
Scientific name—*Portulaca oleracea*

### Plant Information

PURSLANE IS A common species of annual plant that generally lives for less than a year and is found throughout the Flinders Ranges. It is especially noticeable after late spring or summer rainfall.

Purslane is low growing and spreads along the ground, it is easily identified by its oblong fleshy leaves, reddish stems and small but bright yellow flowers. Purslane is considered a ‘cosmopolitan species’. This means that it grows all over the world.

Many Australians consider this small fast-growing plant a weed, but in fact it has been eaten by people from around the world for a very long time. In some areas, this plant can form dense mats that cover and protect soil after rains. It’s considered good feed for cattle and is also fire tolerant. ■



### Favourite Recipe Ideas

WE LOVE TO pick the leaves when they are young and bright green. We wash them and mix them with chopped herbs (like parsley and chives) and store in a jar with a pickle or brine. They are great added to salads or sandwiches in summer. ■



### Eating Purslane

ALL PARTS OF this short-lived plant are edible. In Mediterranean cultures, the leaves are used in salads and stews. Traditional cooking of this plant in Australia involved steaming leaves or roots.

Aboriginal people living in inland Australia collected the tiny seeds of this plant, ground them into a paste and cooked them. Although the seeds are exceptionally small, one small plant can produce more than 10,000 seeds.

This plant has outstanding nutritional value, with the leaves being high in omega-3 and anti-oxidants. The leaves are crisp and juicy with a slight salty/acidic taste. The seeds are an excellent source of protein and fats. ■



Bush Food Garden Working  
Group contact:

Andrea Tschirner 0437287130

# Quorn Pick Up and Delivery

*Deliveries Tuesdays through to Sunday from:*

~ IGA ~ QRT ~ PUB MEALS ~

Going to Port Augusta twice a fortnight

**CONTACT: TINY**

(ABN: 47 887 561 009)

# 0497 807 192

REPRESENTING THE QUORN COMMUNITY



**Rowan  
Ramsey MP**

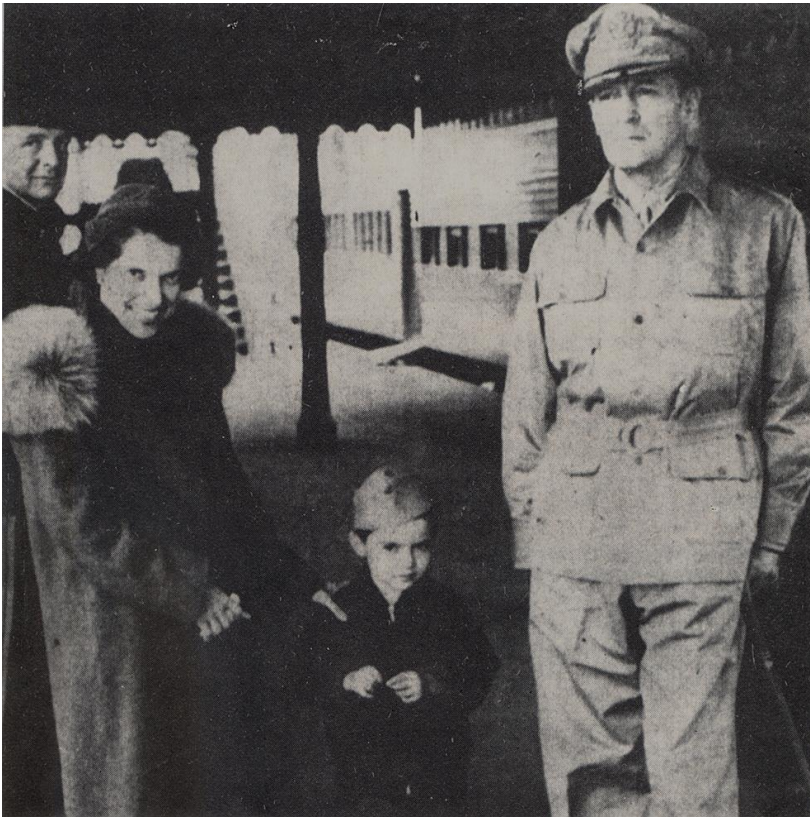
Federal Member for Grey

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](mailto:rowan.ramsey.mp@aph.gov.au)  
PO Box 296 PORT PIRIE SA 5540



# Pictures — From the Past



LAST ISSUE HAD historic materials about troops passing through Quorn on their way to Darwin during the 2nd World War, and of them being fed by the Quorn CWA.

You may not know that the future Supreme Commander South-West Pacific, the US General Douglas MacArthur, passed through Quorn on a special train from Alice Springs, too.

He'd been ordered to leave the troops he commanded in the Philippines, fighting desperately against the Japanese, and escape to Australia to take on this job.

He escaped with his wife and 4-year-old son in a Motor Torpedo Boat to Mindanao, then flew on a bomber to Darwin. As the Japanese were attacking Darwin right then, the plane landed him at Batchelor airport south of Darwin instead.

He flew to Alice Springs, and got a special train to take him south, through Quorn, to Terowie.

The above photo is of him at Terowie Railway Station, 20th March, 1942, where he swore his world-famous oath: 'I came through [from Bataan], and *I shall return*'. Below is his just as famous return to the Philippines to be seen to keep that oath. He's in the centre, with Philippines President Sergio Osmeña on his right. He directed the war in the South-West Pacific mostly from Brisbane.

The top photo is from Wilbur Besanko's wonderful 1977 *Historic Terowie: A Pictorial History*. ■





# Jan Arnold's Quorn Memoirs



**Quorn Primary School 1943, Grades 3 & 4.** *All from left. Back Row*—David Wells, David Martin, Bruce Smith, Max Wingate, Norman Steer, Gus Altman, Teddy Wingate, Lindsay Olive, Robert McLean, Reg Brewster. *Third Row*—Brian Pease, Ray Willis, Len Laidlaw, Douglas Paynter, Arthur Koop, John Pratt, Barrie Devine, Richard Parsons, Ian Twilley. *Second Row*—Glenis Buick, Barbara Struck, Jan Eley, Valda Hill, Rose Pearce, May Garrett, Fran Barnett, Wendy Byrne, Betty Hooper, Muriel Barber, Josephine Parsons. *Front Row*—Bruce Key, Geoff Woods, Maurice Bury, Ken Sterling, Kevin Prettejohn, Billy Woods, Ray Dowsett, Noel Woods, Maurice Watkins. (Teacher Mrs Marker, Headmaster's wife. Their Class Room is the one behind them)

## School (contd)

**PRIMARY SCHOOL** was a block south, with segregated playing areas, saluting the flag every morning, and a fife band to march us into school. The boys' playing area was asphalt; the girls'—with a large sandpit, seesaw, and basketball court—was largely trees and dirt.



Last day at High School, 2nd Year (Year 9), 1948. *From Left*—Jan Eley, Frances Barnett, Kath Williams, Muriel McColl, Valda Hill; *Front*—Glenis Buick. (Kath was in 3rd Year, Year 10)

However, the girls' playing area was surrounded by trenches in case of air attack, and we had weekly air raid drills. Neither sex was allowed in the other's area for fear of a visit to the Headmaster's office, and the cane.

By this time my blonde curls had become brown plaits—removed at 15. Hooray!

In Grade 3 we learnt to sew by hand, while the boys learnt to grow vegetables in the vacant allotment across the road. In Grade 7 and up would be Domestic Arts for girls and Woodwork for both Primary and High School boys until Intermediate (now named Year 10).

For me there followed two years at the Quorn High School, two blocks to the west.

When I began Primary School, Miss Pridham taught Grade 1, Miss Pohlner Grade 2, Miss Gray Grade 3, Mrs Marker Grade 4, Mr Frank Wallace

Grades 5 & 6, Mr Fred Wilton Grade 7. A very relaxed Mr Wilton was Headmaster after Hans Marker. Miss Lynch was a Relief Teacher.

Eileen Kelly taught there, and lived with us before moving to a



Last day at High School, end 1948. *From left*—Kenneth Tuckwell (Head-master), Merle Cornelius, Vince O'Loughlin



West Coast school. She became a lifelong friend. Margaret 'Stocky' Stockdale did the same. She taught at the High School, and married Ted French when he returned from the War in the Middle East. We had School Inspectors and Music Examiners stay with us at times, too.

High School teachers included Ken Tuckwell, (HM), Rex Mugford, Mona White, Lois Rooney, Margaret Warnock, and Merle Cornelius.

(After High School in 1949 I went to Adelaide to the Methodist Ladies College [MLC, now named Annesley College] for three years. I and three other country girls boarded with two dear ladies who were ex-pupils, in Hyde Park. We travelled to school by tram.

(One of the ladies looked after us. The other had a ballet & calisthenics school in the Wyatt Building, Grenfell St. Oh, the excitement of going to her end-of-year performances in the Tivoli [now Her Majesty's Theatre], attended by the State Governor. In evening dress, of course! I also went to my first symphony concert, where the soloist was the pianist Isadore Goodman, brother of jazz musician Benny Goodman.)



The Coffee Pot. The elderly woman standing at the left-hand window is Sarah Eley, my father's mother, perhaps staying with us at that time. [Photo by Jan Arnold]

## Holidays

**FAMILY HOLIDAYS** were not possible, so at this time, once or twice a year, my mother would take me to Adelaide for a week's business and shopping. We went by train, which left at 9am, and got in at 6pm.

We always stayed in hotels—the Majestic, the Southern Cross, the Napoleon (now the Commonwealth Bank on King William St, I think), the Adelaide, and the Grosvenor.

In the evenings we would go to the pictures at the Wests, the Metro, the Majestic, the York, the Regent, or to the Savoy where you saw continuous newsreels and short films for an hour.

The Theatre Royal in Hindley St [one of Australia's finest theatres, now an ugly car park] was the most exciting, of course, with live performances. On one occasion during summer

we could get seats only in 'The Gods', ie, the top balcony. The roof was therefore rolled back to let cool air in, so we sat beneath a starlit sky.

Hotel dinner at night was in dining rooms like our own in Quorn, but during the day there were lovely cafés like the Arcadia in a King William St Mall, Balfours in Rundle St (still with double-decker electric buses, and traffic) and in King William St. The Balfours' waitresses wore starched green aprons, and matching peaked headbands. There were also underground cafés in Grenfell St and North Terrace.

One could walk by the River Torrens through many trees, on acres of lawn, past the beautiful Victorian Rotunda and Bandstand. Nearby the river flowed through banks of reeds, and was peopled by black swans.

The launch *Popeye* was there, as it still is today. It would take you to the Zoo and its next-door Koala Farm for native animals.

There was the annual Flower Festival, with beautiful displays in Victoria Square and elsewhere, put on by individuals and organisations. There was always a floral 'clock' by the Children's Hospital, too.

## Brownies and Guides

**I WAS A BROWNIE** (for girls 8–10 years), then a Guide (11–16), with a wonderful young Leader, who took us on many adventures. These included a train trip to Parachilna, Beltana, and Copley, another to Paxlease [the Girl Guide Campsite] at Crafrers in the Adelaide Hills, and on hikes.

We held money-raising events to build our own Hall, with concerts, etc. We even catered at Quorn's annual race meeting. ■



Quorn Guides visit to Adelaide (perhaps Botanic Gardens). Back from left—Frances Barnett, Bernice Crowe; 2nd row—Jan Eley, (?), Valda Hill, Rae Neville, (?), Erica Hughes; Between rows right—Rosemary Stribling; Front—Janice Goldsworthy?, Valerie Brewster, Rosamund Crowe, (?)

*Continued next Issue (Jan–Feb 2021)*

# Photos from the Past

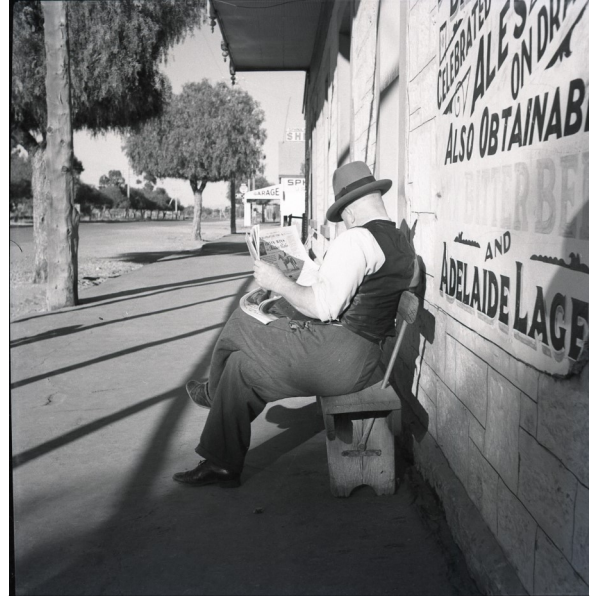
## The Streets of Change



Railway Terrace in the 1920's or 1930's

THE STREETS OF Quorn have changed since the town started way back in the late 1800s.

Even in my 60 years of growing up and getting older in my home town the appearance has changed. I have noticed that progressive councils have changed the look and direction of Quorn, some for the better, some for worse.



Railway Terrace in the 1940s



Railway Terrace in the 1970s

Take the footpaths of Quorn, some of the footpaths were slate, but not in North Quorn. It would seem that the slate is slowly but surely disappearing from our street scape. Why?

Slate started to be purchased, by the then council, in 1899 from Minarto Slate Quarry. and continued up until the early 1900s

The first streets to have slate were West Terrace from Gilbert's Corner to Second Street, Fourth Street from First to Second Street and from the Pinkerton (Austral) Hotel to Mathew's Shop on Railway Terrace.



Goldsbrough Mort Railway Terrace in 1949



Criterion 1948

I can remember when Railway Terrace's footpath was slate from the school all the way down to the Grand Junction Hotel. Both sides of First Street from the Wilmington Road to just Eighth Street side of Foster's (now renamed as The Great Northern Lodge and Emily's Bistro).

I am sure that most of the streets between Railway Terrace and First Street had slate laid too, all the way from Sixth Street back to Fourth Street.

Do you wonder where our original slate has finished up and is being 'stored'?





Night Shot of the Criterion Hotel in 1940

If the council had more forethought at the time it would have just lifted the original slate and laid it to current standards thus leaving our old world charm for all to see, attracting tourists and films like it once did.

Still wondering where our original slate is ?



Six Oval Road, April 1950

I have had a look at the new proposal that consultants have drawn up for our town. It looks to me to be the same framework as that of Peterborough. In other words we would be copying what they have. I have had comments that it looks ugly and it looks like it comes out of some of the streets of Sydney.

To me, it is detrimental to our town that we have to mirror others. Why can't we go back to the old original look of our heritage and be different? That would attract tourists here and make them stay to explore, in turn bringing the much needed business to our area.



The Old State Bank building in the late 1940's

Promote our old style look that once attracted film productions here because of that old look with modern amenities.

I can remember some of the films being filmed in Quorn. It remains a highlight of my life watching, not only my father, but other locals, being extras in major films.

*Just an old locals opinion and thoughts.* ■

*Graham Ash (Ashy)*

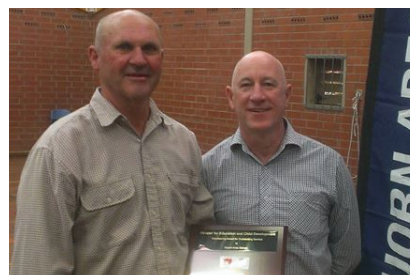


First Street in the 1920s

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](https://www.facebook.com/EddieHughesGiles)

**E** | [giles@parliament.sa.gov.au](mailto:giles@parliament.sa.gov.au)

**P** | (08) 8645 7800



# Quorn Mercury Revisited



## MAYOR MAX RETIRES

10 Years Ago

An official retirement luncheon was held recently in the Town Hall to pay tribute to Mayor Max McHugh, who has announced his retirement from Flinders Ranges Council. Approximately 70 invited guests attended which was catered for by the Quorn Hospital Auxiliary.

Max has been Mayor for fourteen years and listed as a few highlights within that time are: the official opening of the Hawker Airport and the new Hawker Swimming Pool as well as the introduction of Quorn's Community Wastewater System. He leaves the Council in the capable hands of office and works staff and the Council having a healthy financial disposition.

Peter Slattery is the incoming Mayor. Peter and his wife Leanne have run Australia Post in Quorn for ten years.

Former CEO's attended the luncheon included Daryl Cearn and Lee Connors together with Joy Baluch, (re-elected Mayor of Port Augusta Council).

Pictured left with Max McHugh (centre) are retiring Councillors Wayne Schuttloffel and Modris Ozolins



20 Years Ago

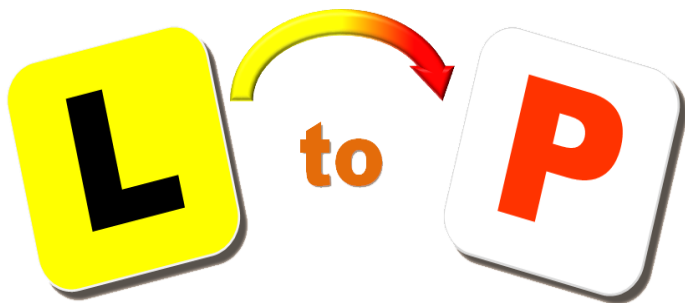
## Fun and Food Fair 3rd November

Brenna Gilbert enjoys one of the rides. Brenna, Skye and Tyler are the Quorn Triplets, aged five.

The Fair ran from 4 to 9pm, was opened by Kath Donnellan, and raised around \$3000. About 300 attended. Included were a Crocodile Tears Fashion Parade, pony rides, vintage cars, and stalls selling mainly food, and a BBQ and bar run by the school council.

The weather was great.





## Do you or your children need Motor Vehicle Driver Instruction (MVDI) Training??

- Just got your *Learner's* and want to learn how to drive or have a Pre-test?
- Auto or Manual Vehicle training available
- Do you have an *International License* that needs to be converted to an Australian License?
- Want to get your *4WD Training* done ready for possible employment opportunities?

I can train you here in Quorn (to get you started) and in Port Augusta in our new modern SUV, using the VORT method and get you ready for your Driving Test.

Contact **Norman** on: **0410 511 633** for more details



- Certified MVDI and member of the Australian Driver Trainers Association of S.A.
- Nationally Accredited 4WD Trainer & Assessor (for over 20 years)

See our *Website* and *Facebook* page for 4WD Courses and loads more info!

[www.pindantours.com.au](http://www.pindantours.com.au) and [www.facebook.com/PindanToursAnd4wdTraining](https://www.facebook.com/PindanToursAnd4wdTraining)



## Kylie Finlay Quorn 5433

**Kyliepw@hotmail.com**

**0448658720**

**ABN: 33425604569**







# Home Recipes

## Easy Puff Pastry Cheese Twists

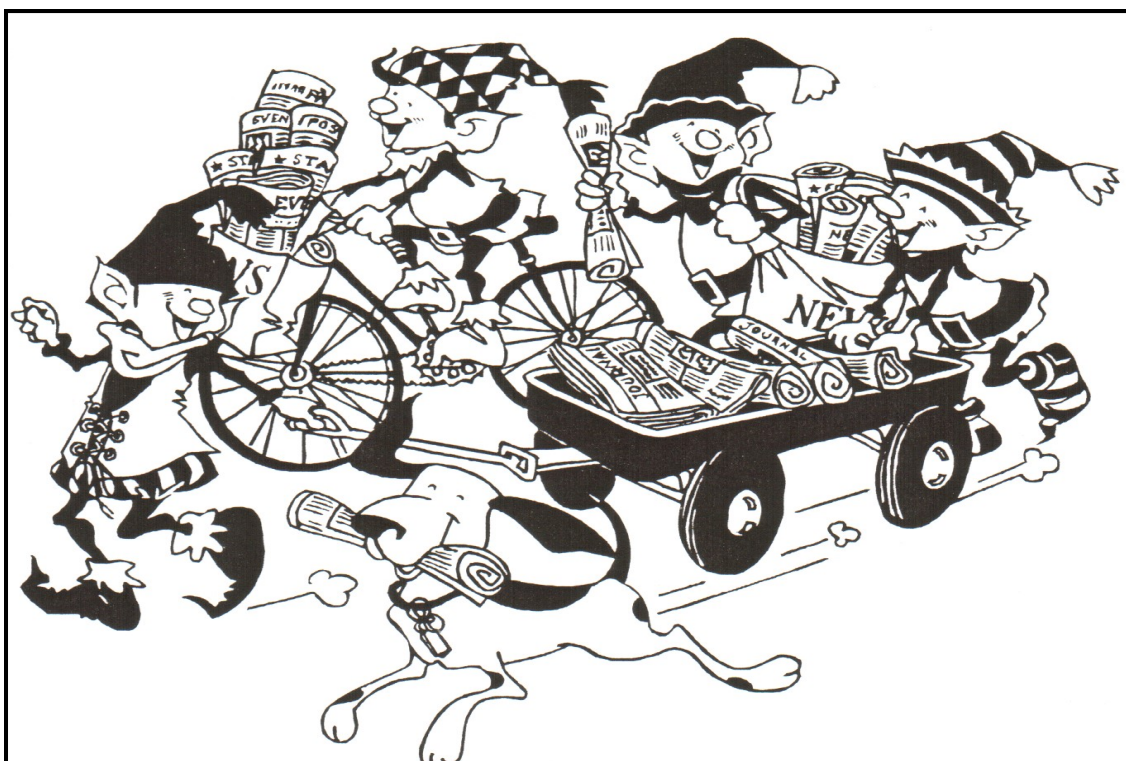


### Ingredients

- 1 sheet of readymade puff pastry (defrosted)
- 1/3 cup cheddar cheese, grated
- 1/4 cup parmesan, shaved
- 1 large egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 2 tsp garlic, crushed (optional)
- 1 tsp oregano (optional)

### Method

1. Preheat an oven to 220°C (430°F)
2. In a bowl, mix the shredded cheese, grated parmesan, salt, ( Optional —garlic and oregano)
3. Using a pastry brush, brush the beaten egg across the puff pastry.
4. Place the cheese mix over half of the puff pastry sheet.
5. Fold the pastry in half and brush with some beaten egg. Place the rest of the cheese mix over the half.
6. Cut the pastry into 1 cm (1/2 inch) wide strips. and twist the strips slightly. Place onto an oven tray lined with baking paper. Repeat until you have used all the strips.
7. Using a pastry brush, lightly brush the twists with the egg.
8. Place into the preheated oven and cook for about 15 minutes or until golden brown.
9. Remove and allow to cool. Serve & Enjoy.     Serving Size: makes 12



The staff of the *Mercury* wish the people of Quorn and District best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.



# LIBRARY NEWS



It's story  
**TIME**  
@ your library

When in  
**doubt,**  
visit your  
**LIBRARY**

**Quorn Book Club**—Enquiries please contact **Jacky** at **0407 640 425** or **Sam** on **0456 129 870**.

**UNAVAILABLE: Library Justice of Peace**—Currently we have no JP services. If you would like to volunteer to hold JP services in the library please call us.



To keep up with the latest updates and events...Please Like and Follow our **Official Quorn School and Community Facebook page** here:  
<https://tinyurl.com/y6ru4t3l>

## **ADVANCE NOTICE:**

### **END-OF-YEAR LIBRARY CLOSURE**

We will be **CLOSING** the library for the summer holidays from:  
**Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> December, 2020 until Monday 11<sup>th</sup> January, 2021.**

**\*\*The last library deliveries will be done by Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> December, 2020 so if you would like to request books and pick them up by this date please do so.\*\***

We will be **RE-OPENING** on **Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup> January, 2021.**

**\*\*Deliveries to the library will re-commence 19<sup>th</sup> January, 2021.\*\***

*See you all again soon...in 2021!  
Merry Christmas & Happy New Year*

## **OPENING HOURS:**

SUNDAY CLOSED  
MONDAY CLOSED  
TUESDAY 1:00-5:30PM  
WEDNESDAY 9:30 AM-5:30PM  
THURSDAY 1:00- 5:30PM  
FRIDAY 1:00- 5:30PM  
SATURDAY 10:00AM-12:00PM



## COVID-19 RESTRICTED LIBRARY SERVICES

**WE ASK ALL MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY TO COMPLY WITH THE MEASURES WE HAVE PUT IN PLACE TO ENSURE YOUR SAFETY:**



We kindly ask that **if you feel unwell, sick or have cold or flu symptoms NOT to visit the library.**

**Please use the automatic door** at the entrance to the library.

We ask that you **limit your time in the library to short visits.**

Items returned via return chute or to the circulation desk are **quarantined in storage for 24 hours prior to reshelfing.** Please **expect delays** in items being reshelfed due to this.

We can only have a **MAXIMUM OF 5 PEOPLE** from the public at **any one time** (excluding library staff).

The public is **restricted to the community side of the library only.**

### COMPUTER USE

Public computer use will be limited to essential tasks only.

We encourage short visits to the library only.

**Please use the PC for essential tasks only.**

# Fixer Upper North

Carpentry and General Maintenance  
Fly and Security Screens, Built in Robes  
Based in Quorn

Contact Stu Hackett

Ph: 0475 410 127

Email: [stu@fixeruppernorth.com.au](mailto:stu@fixeruppernorth.com.au)

ABN: 58623603361

BLD 280721

## Quorn Newsagency & Gift Store



**Lotto  
Keno  
Scratchies**  
Gamble  
Responsibly

*Help Line:*  
**1800 858 858**

**Hours:** Monday — Friday 8am—5.30pm  
Saturday & Sunday 8.30—2.30pm  
Stationery, Papers and Magazines  
Giftware, Quilts, Embroidery, Haberdashery and  
more

*Call in and see Alan and Leslee*  
**EFTPOS AVAILABLE**  
5 Sixth Street  
Phone: 8648 6042

## LANDMARK Port Augusta-Quorn



See the team at Landmark Port Augusta-  
Quorn for all your Merchandise, Insurance,  
Livestock, Real Estate and Finance needs.

**Tim Wooley 8648 6048**  
**0427 086 020**  
**Port Augusta 8642 4344**



# 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: quornmensshed@gmail.com



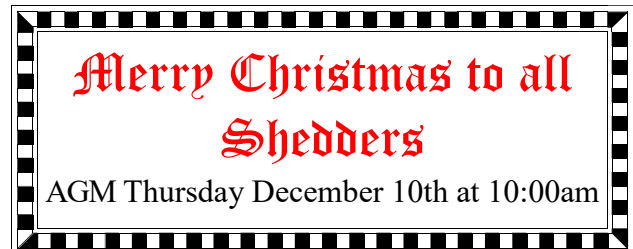
Under watchful eyes Andy turned first soil to get ready to set up our 20ft container



Jinker gets a new home



Jeff repairing a red gum slab for Ian



Lyall dismantling a large pallet



Eric de-nailing pallet wood



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

## Health Calendar

**December 2020**

**Contact Quorn Hospital 8648 7888 for dates**

Podiatrist  
Diabetes Education  
Dietitian  
Physiotherapist  
Occupational Therapist  
Speech Pathologist  
Social Worker

**Country Health Connect 8668 7706**



## December

**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 4pm  
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 4th December 2020

**Published**—First Friday monthly, except January,  
Quorn South Australia 5433

**Address**—Town Hall, Sixth Street, Quorn

**Postal Address**—PO Box 367, Quorn, SA 5433

**Email**—[mercury@frc.sa.gov.au](mailto:mercury@frc.sa.gov.au)

**Public Officer**—Tarla Kramer

### **Next Issue's (February 5th 2021) Deadlines:**

- Submissions preferred as email attachments using Microsoft Word or Publisher
- Other submissions at Visitor Information Centre, Quorn Railway Station before 4.30 pm 29th January.  
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](mailto: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

**All views & opinions expressed in the *Quorn Mercury* are those of the authors and contributors. The *Quorn Mercury* is not responsible for these views & opinions, and publication in the *Quorn Mercury* does not in any way guarantee their accuracy.**





# Quorn~Hawker~Cradock Events December 2020

## Regular Events

### Quorn

#### Quorn Book Club

Phone Sam Nester for info  
0456 129 870

#### Women's Fellowship—

3rd Wednesdays  
see poster in Laundromat  
window or Facebook for  
details

#### Quorn Play Group

Mondays 10-12 at the Quorn  
Kindy. Gold Coin Donation.

#### Probus

1st Tuesday of the month  
10am

#### Line dancing

Tuesday nights, 7pm, Town  
Hall. Cost \$10

### Hawker

**Community Group**—Tuesday  
fortnightly

#### Development Board—

3rd Monday of the Month

#### Friendship Group—

3rd Wednesday

#### Community singing Group

**Hawker-** welcomes everyone  
to sing Friday 3.30pm to  
5.00pm Hawker Uniting  
Church

**Quilting Group**—Friday  
fortnightly Hawker Uniting  
Church

## Events

### Quorn Produce and Craft Market

Homemade goods, fresh local produce,  
handmade knits, crafts, cards and so much  
more!

13<sup>th</sup> December 8:30am – 2:30pm

### Quorn Silo Light Show

Every night from sunset at the Railway Yard  
Precinct

Latest Update – Nukunu Welcome narrated  
by Nukunu Elder and Cultural custodian  
Doug Turner

### Quorn Christmas Light Competition

\$5 entry fee. Registration forms available  
from the Flinders Ranges Visitor  
Information Centre. Judging to be held on  
the 21<sup>st</sup> December

### 2020 Hawker Annual Christmas Light Competition

Registration forms and voting slips  
available from Flinders Food Co and  
Teague's Hawker Motors. Please complete  
registration forms by December 1<sup>st</sup>.  
Winner announced New Year's Day

### Australia Day 2021 Nominations Now Open!

Nomination form available at the Council  
Office or online: [frc.sa.gov.au](http://frc.sa.gov.au)

### Vacswim Program

Quorn Pool 14-18<sup>th</sup> December

Hawker Pool 4-8<sup>th</sup> January

Contact Courtney Hannigan 0438 835 284

## Regular Events

### Quorn

#### Aerobics/Walking Exercise

Monday and Thursday  
Anglican Church Hall 6pm. Cost \$2

#### Boot Camp

Tuesday 6am & Fridays 6.15am.  
Quorn Oval. Cost \$2

#### Yoga

Thursday nights 6.30pm  
Uniting Church Hall

#### Quilting/Sewing/Knitting Group

Fridays at the Austral Hotel.  
Everyone welcome

#### Quorn Bowling Club

Interested in playing social bowls?  
Tuesday 1:00pm  
Saturday 1:00pm  
Everyone is welcome to join in the  
fun

#### Pilates

Wednesday mornings at 9am and  
Wednesday evenings at 7pm at the  
Quorn Town Hall.  
\$15 per session

**Suzanne's Dancers** Quorn Tuesday at  
Quorn Parish Hall for children

#### Austral Inn Hotel

Sunday Night Pizza Night and  
Wednesday Night Schnitzel Night

#### Transcontinental Hotel

Tuesday Night Schnitzel Night

#### Quote of the Month

*'Find an aim in life before you run  
out of ammunition'*  
- Anonymous



PO Box 2, Quorn SA 5433

P: 08 8620 0510 Free Call: 1800 220 980

E: [vic@frc.sa.gov.au](mailto:vic@frc.sa.gov.au) W: <https://www.frc.sa.gov.au/tourism>



The skate park mosaics are coming on nicely thanks to Port Augusta artist Craig Ellis  
*Photos Paul Keen / FRC*

