

Adelaide Hills Autumn Newsletter 2023



The start of the Adelaide Hills U3A was a lovely lunch at the Bridgewater Hotel, under the leafy vines. Thank you to Susan and all. We received this comment from a UK member

Looks great, I will try to join you next time I come to Adelaide. All the best, Sidcup & Distict u3a (UK) [Sandra Applegate](#)

Dear members and friends.

U3A AH began 2023 on a high note with our wonderful lunch enjoyed by about 70 members. This was followed the next day with an information session for our course presenters and organisers, which included a video presentation on using the MyU3A website for marking rolls, recording absences, and sending emails to members. Please remember members can also use this to record absences, especially if you know in advance that you will be away.

Again we have some exciting new courses and offerings for you, as well as the tried and trusted continuing courses. Check the website, as it is not too late to enrol for extra courses if they are not full.

Some of us attended a meeting at St Paul's run by ARAS (Aged Rights Advocacy Service). We were amazed to learn that the presenters had never heard of U3A, although their job involved dealing with many agencies which support older persons. They have since contacted all U3A's to offer their services. Word of mouth is the best publicity. Incidentally, they are the group to contact if you have any concerns about the safety or welfare of yourself or any other older person.

NB—Our Covid Safe Policy has been revised to reflect the current situation: "Mask wearing is optional unless the venue requires it."

Suzanne, chairperson and newsletter editor

THE GREAT PRETENDERS

Sue Garforth's recent fascinating series, thoroughly enjoyed by 3 large and very appreciative audiences. First, Bonnie Prince Charlie, the young Stuart pretender, who had only 1/64 royal blood, but a huge group of devoted followers, including Flora Macdonald (Skye Boat Song). Then another Pretender - Anastasia of Russia aka Anna Anderson and other names. Pulled from a Berlin canal after attempting suicide, this mystery woman allowed the press and others to proclaim her the youngest daughter of the Romanovs, who had supposedly escaped the mass execution of her family.

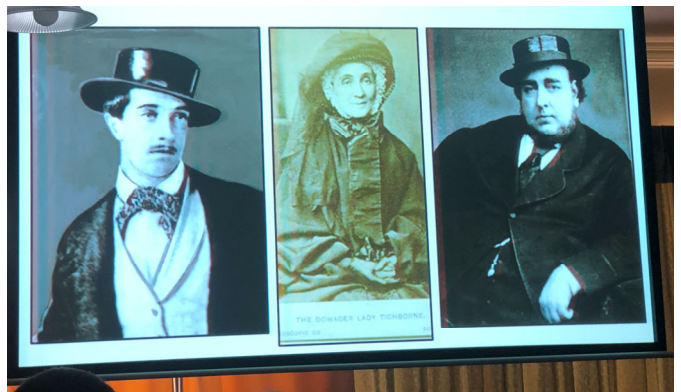
Third and most bizarre—The Butcher From Wagga. This man emerged from poverty and obscurity to try to claim a Baronetcy and fortune in England. His devoted mother believed him, but after her death he was deemed to be an imposter and sent to prison. He'd enjoyed the good life for a while.

If only Sue had been my history teacher! Wonderful afternoons with added bonus of catching up with other members during the afternoon tea break. Look forward to more next semester!

The "unknown woman" fished from the Berlin canal



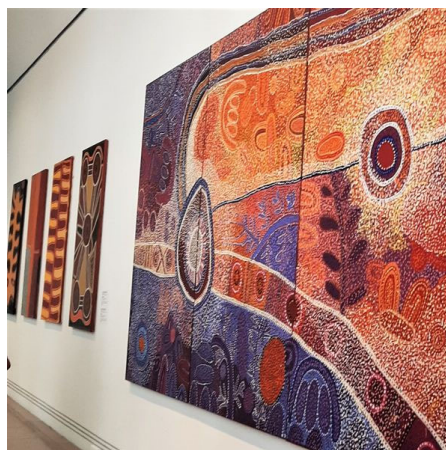
The real Roger Tichborne, his besotted mother, the pretender



Guided Tours of the Art Gallery

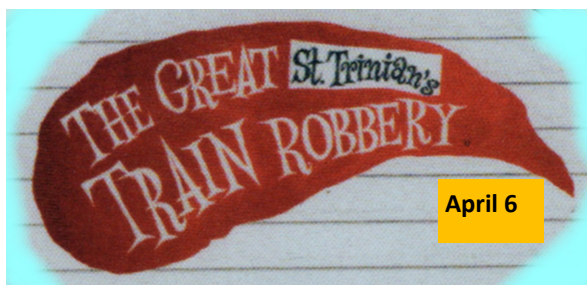
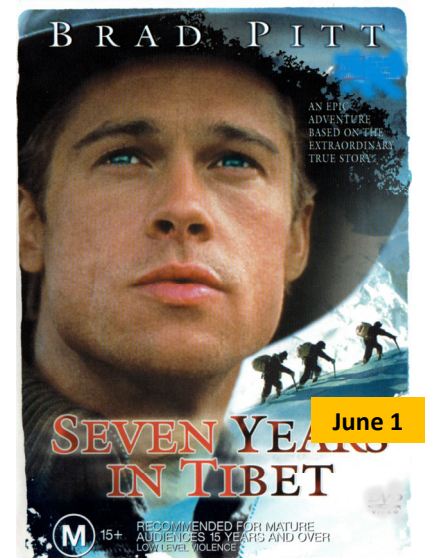
Our Art Gallery guides Anne & David welcomed our first group visit for the year with a selection of new acquisitions purchased from Indigenous Australian, Tiwi & Torres Strait Islanders; works of paintings, woven & textile sculptures. This included totems of earth pigments on ironwood from Melville & Bathurst Island, woven grass depicting a crocodile, bark paintings & images of their homelands.

Cheryl Oliver

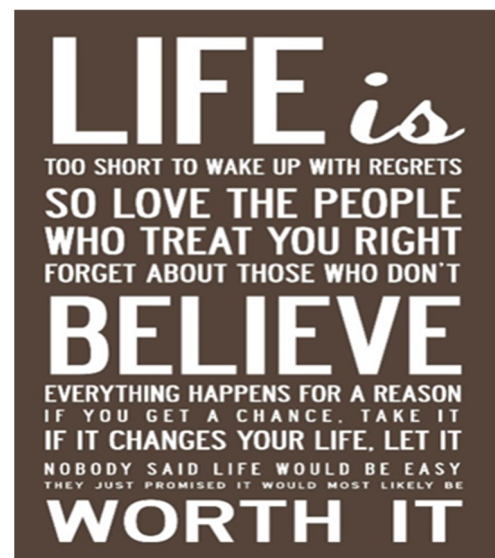


Film Club

Looking forward to another year of classic films from our film buff, Frank Robertson. Here are the first few offerings. The first film, Letter From an Unknown Woman, was greatly appreciated by us all. A poignant story, and a glimpse of the past.



Flashback to AGM—who is trying on Janna's hijab??



My teacher told me not to worry about spelling because in the future there will be autocorrect and for that I am eternally grapefruit.

MEMOIR WRITING

One of our new courses this year, with about 10 members and St Paul's residents taking the challenge. We all have different agendas, with some planning on publishing a family history, others just writing personal memories for future generations. Our leader Glenda gives many useful tips for all conformations. We are encouraged to use dialogue, poetry, anything to enliven our work. We will be regularly publishing excerpts from our writings in this newsletter.

The summer of 54.

Although it was hot the heat didn't bother me, but heading to the outhouse we all had to look out for snakes sunning themselves on the path. From an early age we had learned to stomp our feet and go slowly to allow the resident snake to move out of the way. This day as I headed to the toilet I could hear my older brothers and sister playing in the wheat field, but I couldn't see them. When I came out of the toilet I looked around for where the voices were coming from. All I could see was a paddock of golden wheat, blue sky with a tiny cotton ball of cloud looking completely out of place, and the row of gumtrees along the road in the distance. The wheat was high and ready for reaping. The heavy heads of wheat swayed atop the high stalks in the slightest of breezes, and looked like a golden ocean. Bizarrely, in this ocean of gold I could see an old rainwater tank, lying on its side, manoeuvring through the paddock. It appeared almost as though it had a life of its own. I watched and waited and when it came near the fence I could hear my siblings inside the tank. The tank would pause and change direction. During one of these pauses I called and called until eventually it stopped and one of them stuck their head out and asked me what I wanted. I asked them what they were doing and they said they were making roads using the tank as a dozer. They appeared to be having great fun. I asked if I could join them and was told no, I was too small. I'm not small, I'm six I declared. Ok, but you have to do your fair share of the work says my big brother. So I climbed through the barbed wire fence and entered the inspection opening of the tank. Inside they were all standing shoulder to shoulder, and to start the tank moving they would rock it back and forth until it starting moving then walk or run the tank like a hamster wheel through the field of wheat. I asked them if we would get into trouble doing this and they said no it was fine.

There wasn't really enough room for me to stand in line with them and my little legs couldn't keep up. I was being tumbled to the bottom more than I was upright. After a little while my eldest brother stopped rolling the tank and stepped outside calling the other two after him. He called back inside and asked me if I was a big strong girl and could manoeuvre the tank on my own. I said I could. So I started rocking the tank to get it moving and I suspected they were helping me because I couldn't really get it moving on my own, but I thought they were helping me and I believed we were making roads through the paddock which was part of the game. After some manoeuvring on their behalf, not mine, the tank stopped. I waited a moment and then called and there was no response. I went to the inspection opening of the tank and it had been positioned up against the barbed wire fence. I called again and asked where they're gone and there was still no response. The gap left between the opening in the tank and the barbed wire fence was very narrow and I was going to tear either myself or my clothes on the barbed wire. Because I didn't know if they were waiting behind the tank and being very quiet I still patiently waited for somebody to come and move the tank. It was very hot in the tank and I was beginning to feel like I really needed a drink of water. I sat on my bottom and used my feet to push against the wire to increase the space. This made no difference whatsoever, the wire just bowed. I went back inside the tank and jerked it backwards and forwards the best I could. I was hot and tired, tired and thirsty and thought I'd have to risk tearing my clothes to get out of the hole. Fortunately I was small enough just to make it out of there but I did tear my dress. When I got back to the house the other three were nowhere to be seen.

HS

An operatic experience

I was in the outer portico of perhaps the most famous Opera House in the world, the Vienna State Opera, on a blustery autumn evening, sheltering from the cold. There were remarkably few people around as I studied the performance notices and event posters. Suddenly a man in formal attire burst through the main doors and came straight towards me. He was vaguely familiar, and at first I thought he was asking me directions, in Italian. Then, embarrassed I realised he was offering his autograph. I scrambled in my bag for something to write on.....and that's how I met Pavarotti. Charming, unpretentious and very down to earth. How I regretted not instantly recognising him – and how I wished I'd heard that performance! CB

My Story

In this exercise we selected from a range of photos of people, and were tasked to write their story. This is Ken's imaginings, based in part on his own experiences with the fishing industry.

In the face we see "hard work", in the eyes a "steely determination", in the mouth there is a "confidence and satisfaction". Then looking closely at the clothes, the leather jacket could be expensive.

My family emigrated from Croatia in the 70's, and we joined a Croatian fishing community in Port Lincoln SA. I worked bloody hard on the Tuna boats, "poling" in the tuna for processing into canned tuna for the supermarkets. In the early days, when the boats briefly returned to Port Lincoln our social lives were limited by our bodies reeking of the smelly fish. Eventually I was able to buy my own boat, but the margins were small. The competition for finding the tuna even involved frightening off competition with guns. Then at a meeting of the Tuna Boat Owners we were told, "to put all the guns and credit cards on the table" as a new "SA Fishing and Seafood Plan" was about to be implemented. We had to work together; what a "laugh", given there was little money on those credit cards.

The presentation of the new Seafood Plan came as a surprise because, theoretically the fish stocks off SA belonged to all South Australians, but in the "Plan" they proposed allocated them to the commercial fishers (tuna, crayfish, prawn) as "Quota". These Quota could be traded and so the commercial fishers would become wealthy overnight. The reasoning was that with the Quota the fishers would change from being "rapers and pillagers" to having vested interests in "sustainability" of the resources. Then came even further good news for the tuna industry. The tuna would be "value added" by being flown chilled to the lucrative markets in Japan and the tuna would be held in pens for fattening and waiting for the best time to sell in Japan. The money flowed in and one of my good friends won three Melbourne Cups with his horse Makybe Diva. The Makybe Diva name came from taking the first two letters from the names of five of his employees (Maureen, Kylie, Belinda, Diane, and Vanessa). One of my rewards for our good fortune was, on a recent trip back to Croatia, buying an expensive black leather jacket. Life is good.

My Great-grandmother

She must have had as much as was possible, and given as much as she had. But still there was this dry river - drought and dying stock - poverty - bush-rangers - financial insecurity - and the impossible task of eradicating Prickly Pear - and babies, with the birth of the fourth child. It was shortly after this birth that she suffered what was diagnosed as insanity—not violent, but confused and passive.

While her eldest son, aged 8, was in town with the horse, their only means of transport, she was discovered by the four-year old daughter, with the toddler and the new babe in the crib, scratching small graves in the now dry river bed. Perhaps she thought she had found a way to solve the family problems. She just couldn't think of a way of disposing of the things she loved the most—how to bury her living children. Her 4 year old daughter, realising something was amiss, got between her mother and the two younger children and distracted her until the 8 year old came home on the horse, and then rode back to town for help. Her mental condition nowadays would be described as Post-natal Depression or PTSD, both of which were unheard of in those times. If it had not been for the war there would have been a husband to manage the farm, help with the children and stock, finance, bushrangers, drought, prickly pear; and others around to help her.

Russell



Hawthorn Berries

When did they appear?
Blood red the hawthorn berries
Sign of cold nights near.

Haiku by CB

Old Age

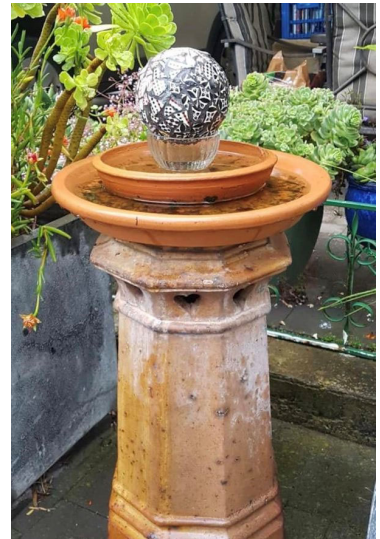
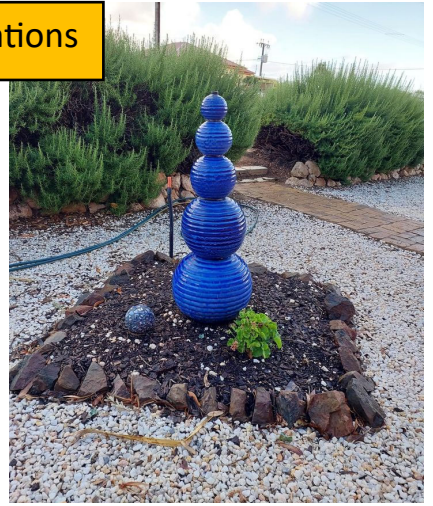
Old age is no fun
Absent friends, family few
Gone my horseback view



Magpie

Two eggs, one fledgling
Many months of tender care
Now just road kill there

Memories of our wonderful mosaic ball creations



TRAVEL

Travel group began the year in SE Asia, formerly known as Indo-china. In 2013 Suzanne travelled through Thailand, Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia. The first talk took us from Bangkok to northern Thailand, into Laos with some border drama, down the Mekong on a boat for 2 days, with a Homestay and opportunity to help cook dinner. Then into Vietnam, ending with an overnight stay in the spectacular Halong Bay (photos). The tour will be concluded at a later date, hopefully in semester 2.



STATEWIDE ONLINE COURSES

Any South Australian U3A member is eligible to enrol in Statewide online courses free of charge. Likewise our group leaders might like to extend their class online.

The following Statewide courses are continuing and there will be more starting from February: Climate Change: Information Inspiring Action; French 2; Italian Conversation; Philosophy: An Interactive Course; Positive Psychology; Writing Critique Group; Facebook; Comparative Australian Politics. See and enrol for Statewide courses at u3asouthaustralia.org.au/



BIRDING

On a recent Monday morning 13 of us met our leader, John Hatch, for a pleasant stroll around Laratinga. We didn't go far, because of the many stops for bird-watching, (and our age and some infirmities). We saw about 38 species in all; not a lot of the regular water birds because there is an abundance of water elsewhere. We were lucky enough to see some firsts for most of us—the spectacular Blue-billed duck shining in the sunshine, and several Pink-eared Duck, whose black stripes have earned it the nickname “Zebra Duck”. We saw both Australasian and Hoary-headed Grebe, Spotted Crake, various other ducks and water-fowl. We didn't pay much attention to “bush birds” and didn't see anything unusual. Followed by lunch, coffee and chat.



Thanks for the photo Dianne



Pink-eared duck (from WWW)

MIRACLES OF NATURE

Catasetum epiphytic “Yellow Faced” orchid.



Australasian Grebe (from WWW)

