

Interview Extracts

Bill Norman of Aldinga's recollection of playing golf at the Wirra Wirra Golf Club in McLaren Vale

I never played sport much. The only sport I played was golf one time at Wirra Wirra, where Greg Trott is, out there. There were nine holes. Willunga Golf Course, it wasn't there then.

Vera Gardiner of Willunga's recollections of Sunday School Picnics

We always had the Sunday School picnics on Eight Hours Day, and we always went down to the scrub, which is now Aldinga Beach. We went in trolleys. My grandfather had a trolley and Mr Sherriff had a trolley. But we never wanted to ride on my grandfather's trolley, we always wanted to go in Mr Sherriff's trolley. The younger people would always go. The other people either went in their biggies, or cars by that time. They'd put up a marquee and they had a sit down knife and fork meal, plum puddings. Everyone, it doesn't matter what religion or what you were, everyone went to the Sunday School picnic. That was an event. Couldn't do anything on Eight Hours Day because that was the Sunday School picnic. We always looked forward to it each year.

Alfred Brittain of Willunga's recollections of picnics in Willunga

Willunga was also a popular place for picnics and parties from Adelaide. They came and returned by special train, used the oval for sports and parties and almost took over the town. The best one I can remember was when part of the British Fleet visited Port Adelaide and some of the sailors were entertained at Willunga, we had a holiday from school and everyone enjoyed themselves.

Gladys Eatts of Aldinga's recollections of Sunday School Picnics

We used to enjoy ourselves I can tell you. Things weren't as lively as they are now, but when we did have functions, we enjoyed them. There were some others used to make nice things for the picnic, and my mother said that she can remember when they first came to Aldinga, that there are as many people at this united Sunday school picnic as there was at Willunga Show. Willunga Show was a smaller affair. More people went to church. After our midday meal there would be sports and racing, and jumping over ropes for those who liked it – that would be mostly boys. And if you won a race of some kind – several kinds of races, I think one was the bag race – you got into a chaff bag and you had to sort of get along as best you could. But whoever won the race were rewarded with an orange. The meal was beautiful. Oh the mothers used to cook up nice.... Poultry and things like that. We had puddings – they used to make plum puddings. One copper was heating water and I think the other two were for heating up the plum puddings. See they used to cook them in the cloths and tie them and bring them down and at a certain time drop them in the copper, as soon as the water was heated up. But plum pudding and jelly. Some people never heard of jelly with plum pudding, but we used to have it. They used to make nice jellies, and I

suppose there would be custards. The Sunday school picnic was held on the Labour Day holiday in October.

Alf Martin of McLaren Vale's recollections of Sunday school picnics to Port Noarlunga beach

In the early days we always went on Sunday school picnics to Port Noarlunga in two horse trolleys, and we always lent them our trolley, and Tom Price was always the driver because he worked for us. He'd always stop at the top of Stump Hill there to pick up his girlfriend, Vera Warner, and of course she sat up on the dicky seat with Tom. Well anyway we went down to Port Noarlunga and we always had a good time down there. But when the railway line opened we went to Brighton up in the train. We always took our food and we heated hot water of course down there to make our tea and that. But we always used to have a great time down there. It was rather a long day. Well we didn't do much bathing in those days, no. No, we didn't trouble about bathing. We used to play rounders and twos and threes. There were three-legged races I remember, and we used to get the men to go in the old buffer's race when they were willing to do so. I remember one year, old Mr Hunt and another old chap, they collided and had a terrible spill.

Fay Hunt of Maslin Beach's recollections of school picnics

Yes we had school picnics. Oh gosh, it's a hard one to remember where we had them all. I remember the Sunday school picnic. We used to go on the train to Brighton and get off the train and walk down long the jetty – well underneath the jetty there used to be a special place for picnic parties.

Hilda Lush of Willunga's recollections of Sunday school picnics

Once a year the big event of our lives was a trip in a drag – it was a big horse drawn vehicle, four horses – for the Sunday school picnic. We all used to pile into this thing and go down to what is called Evans Beach, adjacent to Sellicks. We'd get down to Evans Beach, and strip off our clothes. There used to be a lot of seaweed close to shore full of what we called toadies – little fish that would blow themselves up. We'd get on these things and jump on the poor brutes and burst them. And we would go into the trees and have a terrific feed and get home horribly sunburnt, pretty late at night. It took us about a fortnight to recover and then we'd think about till the next year came around and away we'd go again – do it all over again. But it was the day of the year. That and the Willunga Show were the things we thought about most right throughout the year.

Doug Lush of Willunga's recollections of the Willunga Show

The excitement and attractions for me as a lad was watching the jumping events – horses in the ring. The band was a great attraction also. I don't know what band it was but they played under a big tree. I'd sit down there for hours listening to the band. Then there was a man, I think his name was Charlie Nelson, he was a sleight of hand man. Went to all the shows. He'd twist up a bit of paper into a cone shape and you'd see him throw in, oh, six or seven shilling, and then he'd sell it somebody for

threepence. They saw him put the money in, they'd take the thing – open it up and nothing in it – every time. How he did it I don't know but this always used to intrigue me at the Show, or any sideshow that was there. The hall was much the same as any show today. There would be all the jam and fruit. We used to have competitions at school for shining our boots and they'd all be sitting up there shining away. There was a Cheap Jack fellow. Give him a sixpence and he'd give you a strip of paper and you would open this up hoping to get an air rifle or something, and you'd get a coat hanger or some blooming thing you didn't want. Of course we gullible blokes would stop these all day and spend all our money hoping to get the rifle which probably wasn't in the draw anyway. And another thing we used to do was eat ice cream. You'd get ice cream for threepence in those days and it used to come down in a leather container and it was insulated with ice. Oh, I suppose there'd be three or four gallons in it. When he got right to the bottom, after the show, to get rid of the lot and get away from the place, he'd put one and a half times more in a normal size cone. We'd hang around there after the show to get a big ice cream. You wouldn't think of doing it today – you'd just go and buy another one – but that's how it was.