

I'll name the girls,
you name the boys

THE STORY OF ROSE HEINRICH AS TOLD TO JAN ZWAR



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you name the boys

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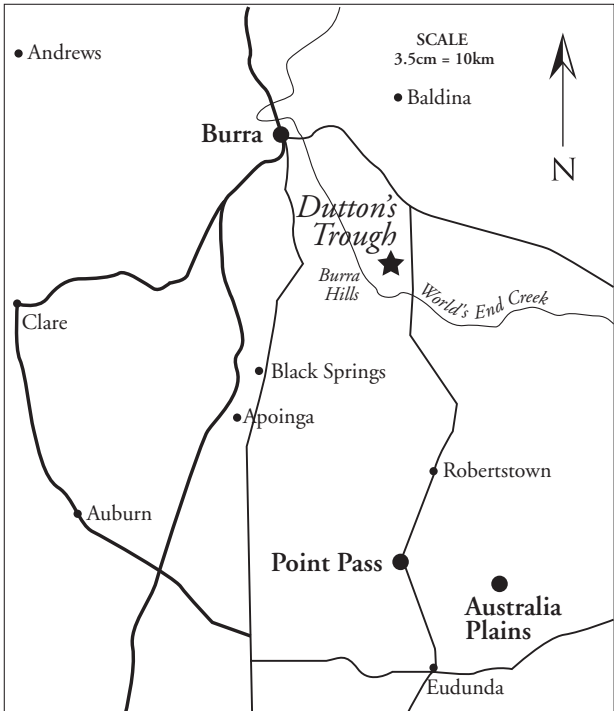
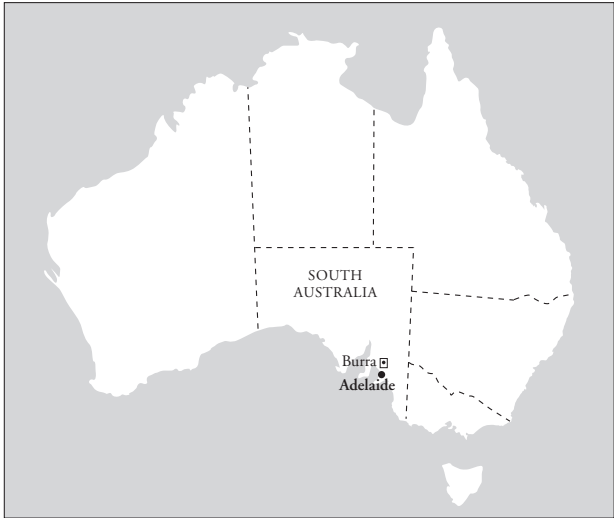
Front cover: Images of *Dutton's Trough*, World's End, South Australia

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The story of Rose Heinrich as told to Jan Zwar

In March 2002 Jan Zwar interviewed her grandmother,
Rose Heinrich, at the Glengowrie Estate retirement village
in Adelaide where Rose spent the last years of her life.

Rose was 95.





Childhood Life on the Farm

My grandfathers both came from Germany. One was Johann Christian Schaefer, the other was just Grandfather Wittwer.

I was born on April 30, 1906. My parents' names were Carl Heinrich Wittwer and Louisa Wilhelmine (nee Schaefer), but my father was called Henry.

We lived at Australia Plains in South Australia, which was rather desolate and dry. The farm was out of the rainfall area. When surveyors marked out blocks they were only 300 or 400 acres. In those days there were six to ten in the family, and people soon found out that you couldn't make a living on such a small block of land.

Gradually one that was a little bit better off bought the other one out, and some moved away. My father started off with 300 acres and by the time we left we had three extra farms, over 2000 acres. By the time we'd grown up there were only a few farmers left that had worked hard and managed well.

I had four brothers and four sisters. I was the eldest girl. I had one older brother and two younger brothers and we were the older ones in the family, so I grew up with the boys. Esther, Elvin, Stella, Dorothy and Norman came later. The children were all born at home with a midwife except the last two, who were born in the Eudunda hospital.

Everybody had to scrape to make a living. Nobody could afford a workingman. My older brother had to get the horse feed ready, I had to milk two cows and look for the eggs, and the next brother had to fill the woodbox every evening. My brothers would help Dad pick stones and clear the land.

Nearly everybody put down a well. They used to hand-dig, but there was no good water. Not even the stock would drink it. We had round tanks and big dams in the paddocks and if it was a dry summer and the water ran out, we had to go to Standpipe and Point Pass, where everybody got water.

We grew wheat occasionally. My older brother used to reap the harvest with horses and an old stripper. We only grew enough to feed the

horses and the cows. We'd bring the wheat in and when I got older and left school, I had to turn the winnower and my younger brother helped occasionally.

Mother had to work hard, milking cows, and keeping pigs and fowls to supplement the income. In wintertime we had a vegetable garden, but not in summertime because we didn't have the water.

When I was young, before the separator came in, Mum stored big bowls of milk in a cupboard in the cellar. The milkman, Ern Leditschke, came round every second day to collect the milk on his cart with ten gallon drums. Mum would skim cream off to make butter before the milkman came. I suppose everybody did it otherwise we had to buy butter.

My father had a bicycle. When the boys got bigger they got bikes but they wouldn't let me ride them, so Dad bought me a pony and I was the only one that could ride a horse.

My pony's name was Fairy. She was an ex-trotting horse. The Jansens had land across the road from us where they kept their spare horses. Grandfather Schaefer, our mother's father, was living with us. Grandfather's job was to go and feed the horses and pump water into the troughs. When George Jansen gave up his racing enthusiasm, or when the horse got too old, I can't remember which one, Dad bought one of his trotting horses. She was a lovely little pony.

I was a real tomboy. We climbed trees and looked in the old sheds for sparrow eggs. One year at Christmas the boys all got motor things, even if they were only to push along with the hand. I got a doll. It was a really nice doll.

I said, 'I don't want that doll. I want to have a traction engine like Eddie got.'

I threw it away in the cupboard and I never looked at it again. Mum was terribly disappointed. I never, ever played with that doll. My own children were born during the wartime when you couldn't even buy a doll. Later on, my daughter Stephney badly wanted a doll one year for Christmas, and I said, 'No'.

My husband took pity on her. He said, 'Of course you've got to get her the doll if she wants one'.

So Stephney got a doll. When she bought her own home in Canberra many years later, I said to her, 'You've got to take your doll. You wanted it, so you take it along.'

Everybody spoke German at home in those days and when they went out all the business people were all connected with Germans. They didn't get any further than Point Pass or Eudunda. We had to speak German at the table when Grandfather was there, but once we went to school we spoke English.

We used to get *The Chronicle* every weekend and the mail twice a day. We used to pick it up after school. Dad used to wipe the dishes every evening while we did our homework, but Friday nights we had to wipe the dishes because he had to read the paper. At night we would go to bed with kerosene lamps and candles.

I never heard any discord amongst my parents. They seemed to be happy. They were too busy to show any affection, anyway. We were a big family and when there are children around, parents have a lot of work to do.



School years (from 1913)

We had three miles to walk to school. I was six and a half years old when I started school. I had to milk my two cows in the morning. My younger brother had to wash the breakfast dishes and my oldest brother, George, had to turn the milk through the separator. Mother baked our bread and then we used to make our own sandwiches and take our lunch.

We had a one-teacher school in Australia Plain. We usually had about 28 children in eight grades.

It was a Lutheran school to start off with. There was a church on the same ground. First thing in the morning, everybody used to line up for rollcall. On one morning we had one hour of Bible history, and one morning we had an hour of Bible catechism. Wednesday morning was what we called 'Luther history'. I used to hate that. I couldn't see why we should learn about Luther. And then on Thursday and Friday, one

hour was Bible history and one was catechism. We also had German lessons in school.

The teacher was Elizabeth Georg, a German. She was the Reverend Georg's daughter. Her sister Margaret was the housekeeper at home and she used to come and help take a class sometimes.

I think I was about third grade when the first War broke out and they closed all the German schools. We weren't allowed to speak or learn German anymore. The teacher was sacked and we got an English teacher.

The first English teacher was called Mr Wynn. He used to ask us some questions about German and we didn't know he could speak seven languages. He said he wanted to go to the war but they wouldn't take him because he had very poor eyes. He wore very thick glasses.

I remember we had a big thunderstorm one day and we wondered how we were going to get home because a portion of land we had to go across was under water. We stood there and looked and then Dad came over with one of the working horses and took us over one by one on horseback.

When we were in the higher grades of school, we had another big flood. Dad had been cutting hay and all the sheaves of hay were under water. We were at school and all us kids had to go and drag the hay out of the mud and put it on the rise to dry out. Days later grandfather used to go out with a pitchfork and hit all the mud out of the bottom of the sheaves.

We didn't have sheep until I was about 17 years old because nobody had fences good enough to keep sheep in. During summer the neighbours got together, and each month someone used to kill a steer or a young heifer and divide it between the neighbours. When it was all gone the next neighbour would kill one of his stock. We didn't have fridges and you couldn't keep big lots of meat.

I remember quite well when it was Dad's turn to kill an animal. Everybody was up before 5 o'clock in the morning. He'd cut it all and put it in bags. Then 'This one goes to Mickel's' and 'That parcel you've got to take to Fiedler's', and one piece had to go somewhere else, and we'd take it around to the neighbours.

Everybody used to have their own pigs and in wintertime everybody

killed a pig and made sausages. We had big vats where we would salt the meat down and make ham and bacon. I often think now that even if it was not very much, it was all wholesome food.

Every fortnight on Tuesday was market day in Eudunda, and people brought their pigs and calves or something else on trolleys or carts. They used to come in to dinner at the restaurant. I went in and served on Tuesdays. Once the two girls, Audrey and Mavis, took holidays so I was there for eight weeks.

Every morning I had to sort the fruit and take the blemished fruit into the kitchen and make a pudding or something out of it. We had a heap of black bananas there. You could eat as many as you liked but the smell nearly made me sick. I just can't eat bananas since then.

After school finished, there was nowhere to go because there was nothing on and neighbours were too far away. This was in horse and buggy days, so you knew you had to walk. We played Ludo or Snakes and Ladders, things like that. Sometimes if it was moonlight, we'd go outside and play ring a rosie and those children's games.



The Lutheran Church

Church was good. Even if they had a long way to go, everybody came in their horse and buggies and they were all tied up around the fence. There were two Lutheran churches in Point Pass. There was another branch of the Lutheran Church in Australia Plain. Still, they taught the same thing as we taught at our own church.

We had German church. The Minister used to have three congregations: Point Pass, Robertstown and Geranium Plain. One Sunday he'd preach at Point Pass, and the next two Sundays we had lay reading services. Over 100 people attended.

My father was a lay reader for 20-odd years. Our next-door neighbour, August Mickel, was a lay reader as was Mr Jansen in Point Pass. They only had the three lay readers for years.

I was confirmed in 1919. We had lessons in German until then, but in our class we had two, Sidney and Ada, that couldn't learn in German.

The Minister said we had to learn the Bible portions and catechism off by heart in German, and he gave us the rest of the instructions and explanations in English. We only ever went to that one church.

I think I was out working when they decided they would close the Baldina Lutheran church. It didn't seem worthwhile to have two churches because there weren't enough people. Some of the people didn't go to church any more, and some went to the Methodist church in Burra. A couple of families went to Robertstown.

Some of the old people that were very staunch in their own church wouldn't come to our church. There was always that hitch with the older ones, like with most churches, that they reckoned they were better than the other ones.

The young ones were together long before that, because they used to go to their Young People's Society once a month. Once the older people died out, the young ones just went along together.



Going Out to Work (1922)

Esther was six years younger than me. When she was able to take on the house duties and help, I went out working for other people. They used to come and get me as a live-in. The hardest time was when I had an urgent call to help someone where the mother was ill and there were six children. I was only 16 and I had to look after those children, do the work on the farm, bake bread and bake cake at the weekend. That was the tradition, you bake cake on the weekends and by Monday night it was gone.

It was such a wet year. It was May. I couldn't get the clothes dry. I was washing for six children and the husband. There was no washing machine, you had to wash everything by hand. It used to take me a whole week to get it dry and then I'd have to start all over again.

I was only there for four weeks. The boss could see that I was struggling with the washing. He was very good. He used to help with the milking. There were eight cows and he used to milk two and help where he could, but the hardest part was getting the clothes dry. Finally he

took the implements out of the shed and put the clothesline in so that the breeze could go through, and that was a great help. Then evening was spent ironing the few things that were dry with a coal iron.

I got paid 10/- a day. It was about the usual pay. That went to my parents. I might have been able to buy a new dress if I needed one. At that time the farm was doing very poorly financially. If the boys could get a job when they left school, if anyone wanted a bit of extra help then they had to go out and help too.

After we left school and when the harvest was finished, we went up the river to Waikerie grape-picking. We called that our holiday. The boys lived in a tent and I found board somewhere. That was for four to six weeks, depending what the weather was like. It was quite a treat. I'd get 12/6 a day, up from 10/- a day.

Dad had some relations there and they got jobs for us. It was mostly drying grapes for currants and sultanas. The grapes had to be dipped in boiling caustic soda water to kill the germs. They had a big dip and there was all this fire underneath to keep the water boiling. The grapes were brought in from the vineyards in buckets full of holes like marbles. George would dip them and then they were put on the racks to dry.

If I think back now they were hard days, but at that time it was just a matter of life. Everybody lived that way and we enjoyed it. It was fun. Everybody in the neighbourhood was the same and we didn't get much further than the surrounding district. There was no transport, and not enough young people around to play sport or anything, but on Saturday there was always something to do.



Getting a Car

I was about 17 when we bought our first car. Dad's brother lived about five miles from us, and he was the first one in the district to have a car. He had a Dodge. Dad bought an old, green Ford. The Ford wasn't nearly big enough for the family. Dad drove to church on Sunday. Because Grandfather Schaefer wanted to go too, a few of

us had to take turns.

When we got the car we were all pretty excited. Dad soon found out it was just too small and so then he bought a Dodge. We didn't go any further than to church and to do the shopping.

I loved to drive the car in the paddock when Dad was feeding the sheep. He'd sit in the back of the car with a bag of oats, and let it trickle out and I had to drive the car around the paddock when the boys weren't at home. It was good fun. If I struck a little gutter really hard, I was told off. But I got to do it again the next day.



Socialising

After we left school, occasionally when somebody had a 21st birthday party the young people tried to get together. Nobody had cars so it was still a matter of walking two or three miles to the next place. If we were lucky enough to have somebody to play the accordion and a place to dance, we used to dance a bit.

Dad had built a chaff barn and it had a wooden floor. When any of us had a 21st birthday, we bagged up the chaff and put it in the horse stable and we danced in the chaff barn in the evening.

And another family, they were 12 in the family, built an extra big family room alongside their house and we could go there and have a party. Harry Schultz's family used to have games in the kitchen. We had a dance there one evening and one of the girls lost her pants. The elastic broke, her pants fell down, and she kicked them underneath the chair and went on dancing.

It wasn't common to have boyfriends and girlfriends when I was a teenager. It was just a group of friends. Occasionally, when they got a bit older, 19 or in their 20s, one or two of them might sneak away here and there for a while.

We couldn't afford wine and nobody wanted it. Later on, when we were in our 20s and cars were around a bit more, we used to get about more. The lads used to bring wine and beer along and then the fun was gone out of it. They used to spend all their time going to the cars and

having a drink. When it got to midnight, everybody used to go home.

I had several chances to get married but I wasn't interested. I was friendly with other farmers but it never lasted. I just told them straight out I wasn't interested in getting married, and that was usually the end of it. We never had any arguments, we just remained friends. I'd see them on Sundays and at a game of cards or draughts or something like that. I just believe that when the time's right you meet the person.

I wanted to earn some money and go travelling. I wanted to see a bit of the world, having grown up in a dry area where there was nothing to be seen, no sport and not much social life. It's not that we were the only ones, everybody in the district was the same. So I thought, 'Now I want to earn a bit of money and go and see a few things'.

I didn't think I'd ever get enough money to go further than Australia. Mother had a brother and sister in Queensland and I thought I might go up and have a look at Queensland and meet them. She also had a brother on Kangaroo Island. So I thought, 'I've got to go somewhere and have a look around the world'.



The Heinrichs

Mr and Mrs Heinrich had retired and were living in Point Pass with their youngest daughter Betty. I was working in Point Pass and there wasn't anything much to do when I finished work. In the evening I would go down to the Heinrich's. Betty was my best friend.

Some evenings old Mr Heinrich would say, 'Betty is up at one of her brother's'. There was a baby and she had to go and help.

I used to sit out on the veranda and talk to old Mr Heinrich for hours sometimes. He was a very interesting old fellow.

His parents came out from Germany and settled at Hallett's Valley and then the young people spread out as they went along. He told me stories about how they got to one place or another and how they made their money and so on. He told me about their farm, *Dutton's Trough*.

I got to know about their family through him. There were six boys

and four girls. Mr Heinrich told me how he said to his son, Tom, ‘If you’ve got enough money to buy us a house so we can retire, you take over the farm and it can be yours’.

Old Mr Heinrich said, ‘We don’t want a big house and we don’t want to go anywhere where there isn’t a Lutheran church’.

So they found this little house in Point Pass. The old people and the youngest daughter went there to live and another daughter stayed to keep house on the farm.

Tom had been married before.

Tom’s father told me that they were surprised that Tom became engaged to Melva because he knew quite well that there was TB in the family. Her father and one sister had died of it. They used to call it consumption. Tom’s wife and her sister had it and they were still alive but the other one died.

Tom and Melva were married for nearly five years. The farm work got too much for her. She couldn’t cope so her health gave way. She’d come home from hospital for a few months and the same thing happened. Of the time they were married, she spent four years in and out of hospital.

I went to her funeral with the Heinrichs because I had known all about her from his other relatives. They asked me whether I’d go to the funeral. She was a non-religious person so they picked up her body at the hospital and the hearse took her to the cemetery.

I saw Tom there, but I didn’t meet him. Later, twice I asked him about it and he just said, ‘That’s a thing of the past and let’s forget it’.



Meeting Tom Heinrich

I knew who Tom was. I had seen him in church with his father often enough, but I had never met him.

Then his sister who was keeping house for him got ill and had to have an operation in Eudunda hospital. The mother said, 'She'll never be able to carry on with the work anymore even if she does get better'.

Tom said, 'I suppose I'll have to have a look for a housekeeper'.

His father said to him, 'You don't want a housekeeper, you need a wife to look after the place'.

He said to his Dad, 'Well, that's much easier said than done'.

So his father told him he should write to me. He said, 'She'll make a good wife for you'.

I had known the family for so long, excepting Tom. So he wrote to me and asked me, would I come and keep house for him?

I thought, 'Why not have a change?' I said yes.

A week later he wrote to me. He said he really didn't want me for a housekeeper, would I consider getting married?

I was a bit stunned. I didn't sleep for two nights. Then I thought, 'I've got to make up my mind, yes or no'.

I thought, 'Well, it can't be any worse than going to work for other people'. I had heard so much about him and I knew all the rest of the family. They were all a lot of good-living people. I'd never heard anything bad about any of them so why not?

That was on 6 May. I remember that date quite well when I said 'Yes, alright, I'll give it a go'.

Next thing he came to see me one day. He said, 'We're both old enough to decide. If we're going to get married can we make it before the end of the financial year and then start afresh?'

So I had from 6 May until the end of June to get married.

He was ready to get married and I felt I was old enough. Mum and Dad had no objections. I think they were pleased to get rid of one. Only George married before me. None of us married young. I was 32 and Tom was 47 when we married.



The Wedding (1937)

I didn't want a big wedding. I said to Tom, 'If we're going to get married, we're both not chickens anymore. Let's just get married and be done with it.'

'Oh', he said, 'we've got to have the brothers and sisters there anyhow'. Of course he had quite a lot of them.

'Oh well', I said, 'if that's what you want'.

My parents knew Tom's family because they came down to Point Pass to see their old people and they all came to our church.

My Dad said, 'The Heinrichs are all grown up and married now. That's a bit uneven.' Ours were all young yet. Only George was married. So Dad said we'd have to invite a few uncles and aunties from his side.

I said I didn't want a big wedding but the Heinrichs were very much for family gatherings. You just had to go along with it. We had about 80 guests. We had the reception at home, we cleaned out the barn.

I came to Adelaide and I bought my dress ready-made. It was a nice dress, so everybody said. I had my sister, Esther, and Tom's niece, Doris Heinrich, as bridesmaids. I was about five when I was flower girl for my aunty, and her youngest girl was my flower girl.

One of Tom's brothers came along with his cart and he took us to the wedding. The flower girl had to come from the other direction, so we arranged to meet halfway so she could be with us when we got to church.

I felt very much in a whirlwind, wondering whether I was doing the right thing or not. Is it really going to work out? Is it really the right thing?

'Oh well', I thought, 'we'll have to wait and see what will come out of it. I've promised it so I've got to make the best of it.'

I'm afraid I don't remember much about the service. I don't think you listen to all that.

We never had a honeymoon or anything. Tom said, 'We'll go for a honeymoon after harvest'. And of course when the harvest was finished,

the rifle club decided that they would go to Sydney for a week for a competition shoot. Tom said he'd go to that and I could come along.

I said, 'No. Definitely not. If you're going with the menfolk out on the rifle range, what shall I do? I'll stay home and do something in the garden.'

A honeymoon never came off after that. The family started to arrive and we just stayed home. I grew up in an area where a honeymoon wasn't the fashion in those days either. People just got married and they went on working.

Being married seemed to come natural to me, because I was used to having people around me all the time. It just didn't worry me. We seemed to share ideas and got on alright and that was it.

I don't think that I ever had any disagreements with Tom, not that I remember. I had to help Mum and do things for the family and when I went out working for other people, I did as I was told, and it just went on from there. I got married and it was just the same thing. I carried on with the work.

It didn't take me very long to think the marriage would work. We had our agreements with one thing and another. He was going to do his share of work and I was going to do mine and we weren't going to interfere with each other and that was it. The age difference never worried us at all.

The first year was very good. Everything got in going order on the old Heinrich farm and Tom carried on with the farmwork that he'd always done. I had always been used to farmwork too.

I milked the two cows and fed the fowls and did the garden. They had plenty of water. They had a spring about half a mile away up in the hills by the creek. Grandmother Heinrich had made a garden by the spring and she used to drag the water out of the creek for it. Then as they got a bit more financial they put up a windmill and a tank by the spring, and piped the water down to the house and garden.



The children

Tom was a very, very good husband. He was very good with children. That was the first thing we talked about and I only met him a couple times personally before I got married. He said, 'Was I interested in having a family if we did get married?'

I said, 'Certainly I am, because I grew up in a big family, and I think children make the family.'

He said that's what he thought too, because they were a family of ten and we were nine. That was that. I don't know whether it was just a joke, but he said, 'If we have children, I'll name the girls, you name the boys'. So of course he had his fair share.

We had two girls first and he named them what he wanted, Cynthia Rosamund and Annette Constance. One of our neighbours, Connie McWaters, was a lovely girl. When I had the babies and she was home, she often used to come over in the afternoon.

She would ask 'Do you have anything you want me to do? I just got a bit of time.'

Otherwise she just played with the babies for the afternoon. So Tom called Annette Constance after Connie.

Then Graham came along. I wanted to call him Max. I just wanted to have a short name.

'Oh no', he said, 'you can't call him Max'.

Somebody else had a Max in the family and he didn't like that family particularly well, so he said, 'I wouldn't like them to say we couldn't think of a name of our own'.

I said, 'Call him what you like'. I thought, 'A name is not worth arguing about. It's the person that matters.'

So he decided to call him Graham because Graham was his favourite woolbuyer that used to come around.

Our next daughter came along. I said, 'I'm going to call her Maxine. You wouldn't let me have a Max so can I have a Maxine?'

He said, 'Oh well, you can have Maxine'.

Her second name is Valmae. He gave her that.

When the other three girls came along, he named them and I didn't worry about it.

Sister Penna was the maternity girl in the hospital when Delrose was born, and she and Tom sorted her name out. Tom wanted to call her Delores and I thought it was a terrible name. So Sister Penna said 'Why don't you take Del and combine it with your name, Rose?'

When Kate was born, Tom wanted to call her Kathleen. He asked me whether I liked it.

I said 'Not really. It always sounds to me as if a Kathleen is half-starved, lean sort of person.'

I said, 'Call her Kathlyn then'. So of course she's Kate ever since.

Stephney was a bit of a surprise. There are seven years difference between Kate and Stephney, though you wouldn't notice it now, they're all the same.

Tom must have named Stephney Aileen because I didn't. He named her Aileen after one of the nurses. He had an operation for appendicitis once and the doctor told me he didn't think he'd get over it. He said, 'The matter is pretty serious so be prepared for the worst'.

Anyhow Tom got over it and Aileen Young was his favourite nurse.

The only ones I got in were Maxine and Leona (Delrose Leona). They were the only two.

We always managed to get a girl to help for a few weeks or months when I had a baby.

All seven children were reared on cows milk. I never produced a drop of milk for any of them. It was just one of those things. I didn't produce any milk for the first one and when the second one was coming along the nursing sister said 'That'll be better' and they started massaging my breasts and gave me milk to drink until I nearly got sick. But there just wasn't anything there. It was no good. They were on the cows milk and bottle when I got home with them, every one of them.

They seemed to be growing up alright, there was nothing wrong with them.

Cynthia was the hardest one. She was fussy. I had all these baby foods that were going at that time, Glaxo and Lactogen, all sorts of things, but she wouldn't have them. She just liked her bottle with milk. I would take her to the hospital for weighing and the sister said, 'You've got to give her something different. She's got to have a bit more body in her food.' But she wouldn't take anything until she was about six months old.

Mrs Materne was the Minister's wife in Point Pass. I was talking to her one day. 'Oh', she said, 'one of mine was like that until somebody told me to give them baked flour'.

You can buy baked flour and you put that in the milk. So I got some baked flour and Cynthia never looked back. I used to mix it and boil it up and put it in thin enough that they could take it out of the bottle, so they all got reared on baked flour when they were old enough to take something a bit more than milk.

I don't think I had any trouble with any of the children. They did what they were told to do. They all got on very well together. Like all children, when they get a bit older they have their various squabbles. Then that's it, they come around again.

I'd tell them to go and do some work and get over it and they were alright. 'Go and look for the eggs and stop your arguing.'

They usually came to me because their Dad was out in the paddock working. He only had Sunday to listen to them.

I suppose I was used to children from the time that I was born. Mum had a big family and so it was a natural thing to have them around. There was nothing else to do but we had children and it just came naturally to me.

The first baby is the hardest one because even though you've had other people's babies and seen them, it's different to have your own. It was a bit exciting. It's the first one and you really feel responsible. You want to make sure that everything is right and that they don't come to grief.

Once you have a couple more, they grow up like mushrooms, one after the other.

Cynthia came home from school sick one day, and she was very ratty the next day. Tom took her to the doctor and he said she had

scarlet fever. He said, 'You're not allowed to let her get in touch with the other ones. I'll come out in a few days time and see her.'

Dr Stevens was like an old friend because Tom had him all the time when his first wife was ill. Afterwards we just carried on with him.

Of course, you know what children are, they were used to being all together, and I said to Tom, 'We can't keep her isolated on her own, because I've got to look after her and I've got to look after the other children'. So I said, 'If they're supposed to get scarlet fever, well, they might as well all get it at once'.

When the doctor came out to see her one day, I went with him into the room where Cynthia was. Annette, Graham and Maxine came in with us. Dr Stevens said, 'Do you let all the children in here?'

I said, 'Yes. She frets and is lonely on her own.'

I said, 'I've got to look after all of them, so if they're supposed to get scarlet fever, they might as well all get it'.

He said, 'You're a hard mother'. That's all he said, he didn't say any more. I didn't think I was. Nobody else got it, just Cynthia.

The worst time was when Del was about five months old and the whole lot of them had the whooping cough.

Annette was the worst. She got very, very sick with whooping cough. I couldn't get her to eat any more and she was vomiting up blood, so I said to Dad, 'You've got to take her to the doctor'.

I had put one bed in the sitting room for her, so that she wasn't with the others. Dad took her to the doctors and he gave her an injection.

Dr Stevens said, 'How are the others?'

'Oh, well, they seem to be alright.'

They were certainly not going to school, but they used to run around outside, hang off the verandah post and cough and be sick.

Because Del was only about five months old Dr Stevens said, 'Tell your wife to bring her in here. I've got to give her an injection because if she gets whooping cough like Annette has, she'll never get over it.'

So I had to pack up Del and take her in and she got an injection.

And then we had to work it out. I looked after them during the night and changed their beds. In the morning Tom had to look after the children while I milked the cows and separated the milk because we had to

turn Del over every time she coughed so that she didn't choke.

Then Tom went out in the paddock to see what had to be done there. I'd try to do some washing if they weren't too bad or were sleeping for a while, but that was usually left to the afternoon when Tom could look after the children. I was working all day and half the night changing clothes when they were vomiting and coughing. Next thing you had to get up and change their clothes again, and then get them dry.

My sister Dorothy came up for a few weeks when the children all had whooping cough and she's never forgiven me that I had her up there then. When they were better she went home and then she got it.

As they grew up they seemed to be company for each other. That's what they had to have in that area because there wasn't anybody else there. As far as having an occasional squabble and the occasional argument, even the best of children do that so you don't take any notice.

'You go and do this and you go and do that', and by the time the job's finished they get over it.

Tom and I never had any arguments and we were always happy and satisfied with our lot and the children.

I think the children thought more of their father than they did of me. He used to spend more time with the children than I did. I always seemed to have things to do. We had an old bed under the verandah. That was his favourite place where he'd lie on Sundays. Sometimes he had two or three cats and as many children around. They sat on the bed and talked with him. I had other things to do. There were beds to be made and dinners to be cooked and so on. He had nothing to do Sunday morning.

Tom used to go to bed early and put the radio on so that he could listen to the news. He reckoned, especially after we had the children, he couldn't hear the news. He'd go to bed and when I'd come to bed after 10 o'clock the radio was still going and he was sound asleep.



The children go to school

Soon after I got married World War 2 broke out.

I thought, 'Well, it doesn't worry me. If they want to have a war let them fight it out.'

I don't think they had as much fuss about it as the first World War, when they despised all us Germans and they put a stop to all German schools. With the second World War, everything was English.

When Cynthia was about ready to go to school, the teacher, Colin Morrison, enlisted and because there weren't many children we couldn't get another teacher. They closed the World's End school so Cynthia had her first year at school in Eudunda. She was staying with Aunty Annie in Point Pass and she used to go on the bus.

I know when there was rain, Aunty Annie would give her a tin and she had to collect snails, because Aunty Annie was a great one for gardening too. That seemed to be in the Heinrich women that they did a lot of gardening. Aunty Annie used to give her some money for collecting snails.

The next year when Annette was ready to go to school, Aunty Annie said straight away, 'I'm not having two. It's alright having one. Cynthia was good but I couldn't cope with two.'

I tried to teach Annette a little bit at home in between, but Dad and Ern Phillips battled along and went to and fro to the Education Department in Adelaide until we got a school bus. (Ern Phillips had two children, and Launers had two.)

Tom collected the children in the morning and took them into Burra, and then this old chap from Burra would bring them home in the evening and stay the night at the Phillips' 'til the weekend. Then on Friday Ern Phillips would go in and bring all the children home. Later on Mrs Pens drove the schoolbus for years.



The Circus

There was a circus in Burra once. I had to really persuade Tom hard to take the older children. I said, 'All the other schoolchildren that live closer in the town go to the circus and then they talk about it the next day. Ours haven't seen anything because they have to come home on the schoolbus.'

So he decided to take them. I stayed home with a couple of little ones.

When he came home that night, he said, 'Next time there's a circus on and you want the children to go, you can take them. I'm not going again. I'm not sitting on those turkey perches anymore.'

He reckoned he found the seats most uncomfortable. Then he turned round and went to sleep.

The kids enjoyed it because they had something to talk about with the other children at school the next day.

*The Show*

We always went to the Burra show on the first Saturday in October. The following Monday was the Jamestown show. All the people showed off their wool and sheep. There was horse jumping, pigs, dogs and so on.

Tom showed sheep before I was married. He had quite a lot of ribbons. When the girls got bigger, Cynthia used to put cakes in the show, and Annette, flowers. I used to put bread in.

Annette was quite good at flower arrangements. If we didn't have enough flowers, she'd go down to Point Pass to Auntie Annie's and rob her garden. Cynthia was always baking cakes.

I started baking bread at home soon after I left school. Mum taught me the ropes. I always used to get a prize for bread because everybody else used to buy their bread and I was the only person in the district that ever baked bread. When we ran out I knew it was too far to go to Burra to get bread.



Rose and Tom on their wedding day, 24 June 1937.

As Rose rode in the cart to her wedding, 'I felt very much in a whirlwind, wondering whether I was doing the right thing or not'... 'But oh well', I thought... 'I've promised it so I've got to make the best of it.'



Aerial photo of Dutton's Trough, early 1960's.



The farmhouse, late 1940's. Rose transformed the grounds into abundant gardens.



Late 1940's A load of wool ready to be taken to Adelaide. Maxine is sitting on the running board. Left to right are (possibly) Norman Wittwer and Jack McLean, workman.



Dutton's Trough, late 1940's. Note the straw-thatched roofs on the barn and cowshed.



*Late 1940s Children pose proudly with the family Dodge.
Left to Right: Maxine, Graham, Annette, Cynthia. Centre: Delrose. At front: Kate.*



*Late 1940s All dressed up, perhaps for church.
Back: Cynthia, Annette, Graham, Maxine. Front: Delrose, Kate.*



Mid 1940s The girls always wore home-sewn aprons over their home clothes. With cousin Felice and an ever-present cat. Back: Cousin Felice, Cynthia, Annette. Front: Maxine. Graham is holding the egg basket.



1960 A formal family photograph taken at a studio in Gawler. From left to right: Back: Kate, Maxine, Graham, Annette, Delrose. Front: Tom, Stephney, Rose, Cynthia.



Tom and Stephney, mid 1950's. Stephney Aileen was named after one of Tom's favourite nursing sisters.



Tom on the underground tank... always a good spot to sit in the sun. Brightly coloured geraniums grew along one side of the tank and were planted in an old copper nearby.



Rose proudly displays a freshly cut side of sheep.



Tom and Rose on their 25th wedding anniversary in 1962. 'Then it worked out better than anybody thought.'



The Garden

In Australia Plain we were always fighting droughts and dry weather because there was no underground water. If the tanks and the dams got empty, water had to be carted. *Dutton's Trough* had the water laid on and most things grew with springwater.

Beans didn't do too well on springwater, but tomatoes and cabbages were good. I weighed a cabbage one day. It weighed 18 pounds. Grandfather Heinrich had planted fruit trees too and that was quite easy to carry on with.

Cucumbers didn't like springwater. I watered them with rainwater until they started running and then I would get a couple of wheelbarrows full of straw and cow manure and put it underneath and around them. I carried a couple of buckets of rainwater every evening to give them. Once a week I'd give them a real good soaking with tapwater and we always had good cucumbers.

The farm had a big underground tank. I loved having plenty of water and being able to do in the garden what I wanted. But the only thing Tom helped me do was plant onions. He loved fried onions with bacon and with chops. 'Put plenty onions in it.'

There was an old hollowed out log that had been used as a trough further down on the property. I told Tom that I wanted it for a flowerbed, and Tom didn't do anything about it. I said to Bill Pens, our workman, 'Come and help me'. Between the two of us we carted it back near the house. I didn't say a word to Tom about it and he didn't say a word to me. I planted it up and I thought it worked very well.

Tom was proud of the garden. He would take his agent friends down for a walk around. One fellow named George used to be an Elders wool agent. Although Tom sold his wool to the Farmers Union, George always came to our place when we were shearing. After dinner he'd have a look at the garden and he showed me how to prune roses. Then he told somebody in Burra he'd never seen such big daisy bushes as he saw out at *Dutton's Trough*. 'They're nearly as big as a little haystack.'



Music

Tom was musical. That's where Del and Cynthia got it. My father was no musician at all but he was a lay reader in church and when it was his turn to read, Mum had to look for hymns that were suitable for the sermon. Mum was quite musical.

When the children went to Immanuel Lutheran Secondary College in Adelaide, Tom said, 'They've all got to learn music' because the Heinrichs were fairly good at music. Tom played the violin and Betty used to play at church out at Baldina. In our family there was only my brother Edgar that was a little inclined to be musical and Mum. My mother used to play the mouth organ and then she had a thing that she called the zither.

Only Cynthia and Del made progress on the piano. The others all had lessons for the years they were at college and then came home and shut the book and no more.

I said to Stephney, 'This piano is standing here. Nobody is playing it. I'm going to give it away.'

'Oh', she said, 'but I can play "Jesus Loves Me" on it.'

I said, 'When are you home to play it? Once a year?'

I gave the piano to Annette and her husband Paul. I said, 'It's no good staying here collecting dust'.

Tom had a violin but he didn't play because he said nobody could play the piano or organ with him. He had it in a box and when Graham was old enough to learn, there were several strings broken on it, so he had it cleaned up and repaired. Graham took it along to college and he learned to play it down there. He was in the college orchestra with his violin. But when he came home, he put it in the case and shut it up and that was it.



Sport

Tom liked to know all about football. He also played tennis and cricket in his young days. I don't know whether he was good at it, but he played it. I remember him telling me that in cricket, they always used to call him 'the man with the iron shins' because he could catch a ball when nobody else could.

When he was younger there were more people around than when I lived there. They had a cricket club and the young folks used to play tennis. There was a Rooke girl, a couple McWaters girls, Tom McWaters and Ern Phillips. Tom often used to say, 'That Dulcie Kotz was a real good winner but she was a terrible loser'.

Tom only started rifle shooting during the first World War. When the war started, they all enlisted but none of the Heinrichs were accepted because they were on the farm and they said, 'Somebody's got to produce food for the nation'.

They formed what they called the 'Home Guard' in Burra. All the older people that couldn't go to the war held rifle shooting practice every Sunday morning in case of emergency.

Tom belonged to the rifle club while we were married. His sport was to go Saturday afternoon with his mates rifle shooting. He got quite a few trophies. I think Graham's still got the main trophy that he won. That was a big silver tray with a silver tea service on it. Then he had five silver sugar basins that he won at different times. He said, 'I've got to win another one. I've got six girls, I've got to win another sugar basin so that they can each get one.' But he didn't make the sixth one.

We had that many galahs in the trees and Graham and Cynthia used to get out with a rifle and have a pop at them, but I don't think that went much beyond frightening them.



Going to church

I grew up with the Lutheran Church and so did Tom. Tom thought he might as well drive a bit further to go to church in Point Pass because his parents lived there. Then he could see his parents at the same time.

I used to get up about 4.30 in the morning and milk the cows. Tom would put the milk through the separator while I woke up the children and got them half-dressed and got breakfast ready. Then we had to leave soon after 9 because it was 10 o'clock church.

I don't know whether the kids liked it or not, they just came along because we took them. When my parents were still living on their farm, sometimes we used to go out there in the afternoon. Later on when they retired in Point Pass, we used to see his people and further up the street were my people, so we'd see them both in one day.

We only used to do those trips about once every three months. It was too far. It was alright in the fine weather, not in the rainy weather.

Otherwise we went to the Methodist church. We told our Minister that we go to the Lutheran Church, and the Methodist Minister told us once, 'You Lutherans are the best Methodist people we've got'.

We were always there, and later on Cynthia used to play the organ in church. The usual organist had kidney trouble and she couldn't play anymore. They didn't have very much liturgy, it was just playing the hymns, so they got Cynthia to play.

The Methodist Ministers were always very good. They used to come up to our place for a cup of tea after church much more so than to the Methodists. I don't remember that they ever went to their own people's, though they might have gone to McWaters'.

Reverend Haydon used to say, 'It's time we go up to Heinrich's for a cuppa' tea after church'. In the morning they had a service in Burra, in the afternoon they had one in World's End, then in the evening another one in Burra.

Tom said his family all went to public school at World's End. When they had to go for confirmation lessons, they boarded at the original Immanuel College in Point Pass. They must have been taught German

at the school, even if it was only one lesson in the morning. Living in the Burra district they spoke more English. They could understand German because his mother and father used to speak it, but Tom said 'We couldn't get our tongue around it to talk it. We were supposed to talk it and write it and we couldn't.' Tom recalled his old teacher Krickoff, saying, 'Ihr auch Deutschlander'. (You're also German.)

There was one girl he sat alongside at school. She helped him in doing his copywork and whatever he had to do in German. He always talked about copying from Elsie.

Tom had a good sense of humour. That's when he was young. But of course by the time we got married it had worn off a little bit.

I suppose he didn't get together with people much anymore. Everybody minded their own business and kept on with their own work because there were so few people left. He told us little tidbits of things that they did when they were young and there were more people around.



The Stolls from Palestine

The Stolls were from Palestine. They were evacuated when the war was on. I think old Mr Stoll said there were 500 of them sent over here. Tom saw advertised in our Lutheran church paper that there was a Lutheran migrant from Palestine and they had five children. If people could give them a home and work, they could leave the concentration camp.

He thought, 'Well, we have an old house on one of our farms. If we clean that up, if they've got nothing, they'd probably be quite happy to live in that.' So he applied for the Stoll family.

They were very good. They cleaned up their house. We did what we could between our work, and got some furniture for them. People lent us or gave us old furniture, and they were very grateful. They never complained about anything.

Ruth, the oldest, would help me in the house, and then there were four boys: Bill, Ted, Gary and Fred. Ruth was about 16 when she

came. I think she was there when Kate was a baby.

They were all clever. Ruth made up her mind she was going to learn to milk a cow. I used to milk three cows and then I finished hers, but she was determined to learn. By the time she was there six months she managed it.

Bill was the oldest boy. Tom tried to mould him into a farmer but he wasn't interested in farming at all. He wanted to go to college and be a missionary. Tom got together with Pastor Materne, the Minister in Point Pass, and said, 'What are we going to do with Bill? He wants to be a missionary and how can we arrange that? We can't afford to keep the family and pay his tuition fees.'

Pastor Materne helped us to get Bill into college, and Bill was up in New Guinea for years and years after that.

If Gary had stayed with us a bit longer, he would have been a good farmer. He was the one that was interested in the farmwork.

In his younger days old Mr Stoll had been a baker by trade in Haifa in Palestine and he couldn't take to farmwork. He wouldn't go near a horse or an implement to do any farmwork, but he'd look after the fence and the sheep. The dust off the flour affects people's health and you hear there's lots of people that can't stand the baking business too long. He had to give that up so he bought an orange garden in Haifa.

Mr Stoll was quite energetic, even if he couldn't do much on the farm. As soon as the meal was finished he'd get out in the garden. I had babies and little children to look after. He carted wheelbarrows full of sheep manure and cow manure in the garden, and staked the beans, and it was the best vegetable garden I ever had.

After they had been there 12 months, Mr Stoll got in touch with some of his people that had been in the camp with him. They were down at the Barossa, and they got him a job there amongst the fruit trees and getting him amongst the fruit suited him better.



Cats, Snakes and Cows

We always had cats, because you've got to have cats on a farm to keep the mice down.

They always had a name. One was called Rawleigh because it was a tiny little kitten when the man from Rawleigh Medicine came around selling medicine. It was a very speckly little cat, and he said, 'What a lovely little cat'. We thought it was a real little patchy one, and it was always called Rawleigh after that.

Another cat was black. I said, 'What are you going to call that little black one?'

One of the girls said, 'I haven't had an inspiration yet'. And that cat was called Inspiration.

They called another black one that used to run around and chase its tail, Wheely.

We always used to have the haystack outside in the paddock because Dad reckoned it was much better feeding the cattle out in the paddock than in the stable. What they don't eat has got more time to thaw out and they'll eat it later on.

One day I came down to the haystack to feed the cows and there was Wheely pussy and the snake lying there together dead. So whether Wheely killed the snake or the snake killed Wheely, I don't know.

There was always a snake or two around in the summertime. If they were out of the house yard, I used to let them go. If I saw them too close, I used to kill them.

Tom said, 'You've got to kill a snake with wire. It's no good trying to kill it with a stick because that won't bend. Or you might hit just past the snake.'

So around every gate and on different places on the fence, we had a long, strong piece of wire hanging. If I saw a snake I'd grab that. When you hit a snake with wire, you break his back. Then you'd give it a whack and finish it off. But we didn't get too many around the house.

We went out once in a while. Tom had four brothers living over

Black Springs way, so we used to go to Uncle Alf's for dinner and Uncle Jack's for tea, and then a couple months later if we went over we used to go to Uncle Bill's for one meal and Uncle Ben's for another because they sort of lived in a row, the four of them. Because it was much better property there they didn't have such big farms and they lived closer together.

It was usually a bit late when we came home. I'd get the children to bed and then I wanted to go and milk the cows. I'd always get told off. 'Leave the cows where they are.'

I said, 'I am going to milk the cows if they are here otherwise they have too much milk in the morning'.

Tom used to say, 'I've never yet heard of a cow busting her milk udder with not being milked'.

But they had a habit of lying close to the gate, so I'd go out and when I saw them close handy, I'd get them in and milk them.



Food

Tom didn't like vegetables. He'd eat meat and potato and put salt on his meat. Plain cooking.

I always used to put a bit of vegetable on the plate for him, and he might eat it, he might not. Even if he was a big man, he was a small eater. I often wondered that he kept on with his work like he did with the little bit that he ate. But he used to like his morning and his afternoon tea. He'd eat a piece of bread and jam.

I had a baking day every fortnight. I'd usually make two or three different kinds of biscuits in one day. I made anything I could find in the recipe book. I used to make Ginger Nuts but they didn't turn out as good as they should have. I always had to have a tin of Nutties because they were Graham's favourite. When he would come in from work he'd go in the pantry and grab the tin. 'Oh, Nuttie biscuits are gone.' So I had to make Nutties again.

The Heinrichs must have always bought Anchor Tea in four pound tins. When I came there was a whole row of four pound tins. I used

to keep biscuits in them.

Before Christmas I used to bake honey biscuits. My honey biscuit recipe used about two pounds of honey. They used to keep a long time. When other biscuits ran a bit short, I'd say, 'Oh well, there's still some honey biscuits in here'.

We used to have a number 3 wood stove and that had big oven slides. I used to make two slides when I'd make kuchen. I put half of the slide away for a week. Tom liked it stale, because then he could dip it in his tea and eat it. He didn't like it fresh.

I always had a sultana cake in the cellar because they all liked sultana cake. I had an old camp oven in the cellar that had one leg broken off, so I kept the sultana cake in it and it kept really well. We would cut a piece off and bring it up. When it was gone, we'd go and get another piece, and I'd bake something else in between.

I made kuchen quite often. When the bigger girls started going to school they had to put the cups out for morning tea for the teachers. Cynthia came home one day and she said, 'I feel sorry for the teachers. They only get bought biscuits every day for their cup of tea.'

I had quite a big tin. One day when I made kuchen, I put a lump of kuchen in and cut it up. I said, 'You take that along and see whether the teachers will like that for a change'.

They were that thrilled with it. So every now and then when I had a biscuit day, I filled the tin up with biscuits and they'd take it in for the teachers. Everybody knew the tin with the roses on it. 'Oh, a good morning tea this morning.'

The teachers always remembered it at Christmas time too. One year they sent me a pair of face towels and a couple of times I got a plate, cup and saucer. Even when I was at Toorak Gardens and I was cleaning up, I came across a couple of postcards they sent me for Christmas. They must have appreciated it because the tin always

came back empty.



Electricity

Tom was the first one to have electricity in the district. He had his own generator even before we were married. But we always had to ‘start the engine’ to keep the power up. When I wanted to do the ironing with the electric iron, we had to have the engine going, otherwise it would make the batteries flat. When they put the electricity through from Robertstown, ours was the last place that got it along there about 1963.



The children grow up

When Cynthia left secondary college she came home. I only had four or five cows and Tom said if she didn’t want to do learning or go into any business, ‘I’ll buy a milking machine and we’ll keep a few milk cows. She can do the milking and she can have the money she gets out of it.’

It wasn’t even that long ago she still said, ‘This wristwatch that I bought with my first money is still the best watch I’ve got, even if I’ve got two others’.

By that time we had a workman, Barry. He was always poking around with the machinery and Graham was always with him. Barry bought himself an old Oakland buckboard and by the time the two of them finished with the utility after 12 months there was only four wheels and a seat and a steering wheel left. They’d always take a bit more off and a bit more.

Annette was the only one that went into Burra to play a bit of basketball while Dad went rifle shooting.

Tom liked reading. He always used to read the weekly paper. Maxine was our bookworm. When she was young she did the usual things that children do, went to school and did her homework. As she got

bigger she was always reading when she came home from college. The girls used to say, 'When Maxine comes home, she'll give everybody a job to do and she'll take a book and sit in the corner and read'.

Kate was three years at college. She didn't like study so she decided she was going to come and help me at home. She didn't like gardening. I don't know if she didn't like making her fingers dirty or what. So when she came, I said, 'You do the housework and I'll do the gardening'.

Tom was always proud of his six daughters. If people used to chuck off at him, he used to tell them, 'You're only jealous because you haven't got that many girls'. He never said anything about wanting more boys.

He was proud of his girls that they were so popular and when they grew up, everybody wanted them if they needed help. I used to have to keep a diary of who was home and who wasn't. I suppose I was proud of them too. They were just my girls and everybody wanted them.



Tom's death

Tom never complained of being ill. He never said a word. He worked all harvest time. It happened to be a year where we had a very big harvest. That was the first year of bulk handling with new silos in Burra. The silos filled very quickly and within two weeks they were full. We had bought a new tip truck. Tom would keep reaping on the harvester and Graham and Bill would cart two loads of wheat to Port Adelaide each day in the tip truck.

We were very late finishing the harvest that year. It was January. When the harvest was finished they cleaned up all the implements, washed them down and then it was a fortnight's holiday.

That year they couldn't have their fortnight off because the harvest had been so big and took so long that as soon as it was finished, they had to get the sheep in. They'd sort out what they were going to keep for lambing, for ewes, and which ones they were going to sell.

Tom had a couple of agents out there that could help him, and he came in for dinner. He always ate his meals. He never was a big eater. He said he didn't feel like dinner so he went and lay down.

After I served up dinner for the other men, Tom had been vomiting. I said, 'You can't go on working if you're not going to eat'.

'Oh', he said, 'I'll be alright. I have an upset stomach or something.'

He looked a bit sick to me. But like most men are, he went back in the sheepyard with the men afterwards. I told him, 'You've got to go to the doctor'.

He said, 'No, I'll be alright'.

Next day I rang the doctor because we knew him very well. I said, 'I don't think he is well. He didn't eat anything for dinner and he was vomiting and he won't come and see you. Can you come out and see him?'

He said, 'I'll come out at four o'clock after I finish the surgery'.

So I filled the copper and lit it up because we had no hot water and you had to light the copper for a bath. I went up when it was time to take lunch for the men. I said to Tom, 'You've got to come down and have your bath now. Dr Miller is coming out to see you soon after four.'

And he didn't object to it. That made me surprised. I thought, 'He must be feeling bad'.

He brought all the lunch things down and I got the bath ready with hot water and made him go to bed. Then the doctor came out and examined him, and I said to him, 'Well, what's the verdict?'

He said, 'You want me to be frank with you?'

'Yes, of course', I said. 'Tell me what it's all about.'

'Well', he said, 'I think the situation is serious. I want him to go to Adelaide to see a specialist, Morrie Brown.'

He said, 'I'll go back and ring up Morrie Brown and ask him how soon he can see you'.

He must have got through straight away because it was only a little after five when he rang. He said, 'You can get your husband to Rua Rua hospital in Adelaide tomorrow morning and Morrie Brown will see him straight away'.

I think Bill took Tom down. He was very good. I couldn't go because I had too much family to look after at home.

At the weekend some of us went down to see him, and Dr Brown

called me aside and told me all that he had found. He said that Tom had cancer of the gullet.

He said, 'I don't think we can operate on it but we could put a bypass on it. If we put a bypass on it it'll either take and he'll keep on living and if it doesn't take, it'll be the other thing, but there's nothing else we can do.'

He said to me, 'Your husband has said he'll have the operation. I told him, explained it to him and he said, "Yes, go ahead".'

I said, 'Well, if he is in favour of it. You must know, and I can't do anything about it.'

So that's what happened.

We went down on the Sunday to see him. He was quite bright that day. He said he was going to have the operation and, 'I'm starting to get hungry now and when I get over this and come home I'll eat half a sheep'.

When you're on the farm and you've got all those things to see to, you can't stay down in the city. Maxine was now a teacher at Immanuel College and Del boarded there while she studied at university.

Tom had the operation but he never spoke again.

The doctor said he had this big lump of cancer in the gullet and they couldn't take it away.

Tom couldn't speak. He didn't try to write. He just whispered a few times. I had to put my ear right down to his mouth to hear it, not that I could understand.

I stayed down with Maxine. She found me a place with one of the chaplains at the college. I stayed down the last week and used to go in every day to see him. I couldn't do anything. Tom just lay there and Dr Brown used to come in, shake his head. And he says, 'I'm sorry, but there's nothing we can do for him'.

I had been with him all day and Maxine came in from the college towards evening to see us. She said, 'Are you going to stay here or come home?'

I could see that he wasn't very well at all, that he was fading. But I'd been sitting there all day with him, so I said, 'We'll get a breath of fresh air'.

I said to Maxine, 'I'll come back to college with you and we'll come back after tea'.

We left and we hadn't had tea yet when the hospital rang up to say that he passed away. They should have known at the hospital that he was so close to it but they didn't.

Tom wasn't afraid of dying. He said, 'We know we've all got to die sooner or later. If it happens to us, we've got to accept it.' He said, 'When you're ill and if the time comes, you've got to be ready'. He was always very much that way with his religion and we've learned that our Lord suffered and died for us.

Tom used to say, 'We've had a good life together and we worked for it and you can see the results'.

When we started out he said, 'Don't think that you're marrying a rich man, because we've got £4000 behind to catch up'.

Later he would say, 'You're well provided for now, and the family. If I go first, which is quite possible because I'm older, you just carry on. What is supposed to be, will be.'

He wasn't ill for very long and I was pleased that he didn't have to suffer very long. When Ross was so ill for nine years and Cynthia looked after him, I would think to myself, 'I wonder how Tom would have fared'. I think he would have made a bad patient. He was impatient, always wanting to do his thing and keep going. I suppose when it comes to you, you've just got to accept it. You can't do anything else about it.

He was buried on Maundy Thursday. Then we had Good Friday. On Sunday we went to church. On Easter Monday everything was arranged for shearing.

The girls, Graham and Bill Pens had to get the sheep ready. I had to do the cooking because those days we had to cook the shearers breakfast, dinner, and tea.

I had to keep going. Certainly I missed him, but I had too much work to see to, to sit down and cry over it. And Tom didn't want me to because he told me more than once, 'Life's got to go on'. I felt that he expected me to carry on and so I had to. I prayed for help and guidance to do for the family as he had wished.

I had a couple of real good male friends who always supported me and gave me advice. They told me what a wonderful woman I was to keep going like I did, and if there's any time I want help, sing out and they'd be willing to help me. Graham was old enough then, he was just past 23 when his father died, and we had a good workman. Bill Pens must have been with us for 20 years and he and Betty were like family. He and Graham always worked together well and so we just kept going. I never, ever gave a thought to getting married again.

When the children grew up and left home I missed Tom most.



Adelaide

I was on the farm at *Dutton's Trough* for 31 years. My husband died in 1964 and when my own children were big enough and Graham wanted to get married in 1968, I moved to Adelaide.

I didn't want to go. Maxine, Kate and Stephney all reckoned there would be more chance of them getting a job in Adelaide than in the country and that I should come. Maxine and Stephney could board at home instead of at college, so I knew I had to leave the farm. It was no good wanting to live with in-laws. Finally I had to give in, in October 1968.

Tom had bought me a farm at Auburn and he said 'If I die before you and you want to retire, you sell that farm and retire wherever you want'. So I had to sell that farm at Auburn. That was a real good piece of land and I bought a house in Toorak Gardens.

I had another 29 years at Toorak Gardens. I had a big house and a big garden. I didn't like it at first, but I had very good neighbours and friends. The people were very nice, the girls weren't that far away, and I used to get a lot of visitors. I stuck it out until I was 90 and then I just couldn't anymore. Of course the girls were all married by that time. They had all spread out and were far away and didn't come home often enough to keep the big house going.

I got to love that place. It was much harder to leave there than to leave the farm.

Tom used to say, 'We've worked together and we've had a good life'. He would have been very proud to see how the family has grown, and so am I. He always said he was happy with our marriage.

People told him it wouldn't work out because I was a good bit younger than he was and he was expecting too much of a young woman. He was quite proud that he proved everybody wrong. Then it worked out better than anybody thought.

I have much to be thankful for.

On 21 June 2002, three months after telling this story, Rose died peacefully in her sleep. She was 96.

R E C O L L E C T I O N S

EARLY DAYS

When I was older I had to stay home and help Mum and give Rose a chance to go out and earn some money.

Esther Kent (sister)

I was the youngest sister. Rose and I always got on very well together. She was the kindest and most generous lady you could meet. She was tough. When she said 'No' she meant it, and nothing would change her mind.

Dorothy Mitton (sister)

Mum was very good, but she had a lot of kids. Rose did more for me in some ways than Mum did. After I got out of school and Rose married Tom, I went over to *Dutton's Trough* and gave her a hand. I've never forgotten her kindness and how she taught me what to do and how to do things on the farm.

Norm Wittwer

(Rose's brother, now deceased, from his speech at Rose's 90th birthday)

DUTTON'S TROUGH

Dad was a quiet man. Whatever he said, went. He was our figurehead and we all respected him.

Cynthia

When we were on the farm we would always stay in the kitchen after tea. In winter when the fire had died down and all the tasks were done we would open the oven door of the wood stove which was then supported with purpose cut lengths of wood. We would stick our feet in the oven to get them warm before dashing across the verandah to go to bed.

Stephney

I spent a lot of time at *Dutton's Trough* sewing clothes for the little girls. They all wore aprons and they had to be bound with material cut on the cross. Not an easy job. I sewed all their dresses until Winns put out a catalogue and we'd pore over it for hours of an evening, choosing best dresses for them. That saved me a lot of sewing.

Rose had the most amazing amount of energy I've ever known anybody to have. I'd be so tired some evenings after sewing and baking biscuits all day, I only wanted to go to bed, but she'd bring out material and she would decide what was to be done the next day.

Dorothy Mitton

19th August 1940

Dad was about to go to rifle shooting in Burra as he did most Saturdays. Mum was experiencing slight pains, being nine months pregnant, and Dad wanted to take her with him, but she said, 'No, I'll be alright'. However Dad insisted she come along and stay at the hospital for the afternoon and he would collect her on the way home. When he arrived to pick her up he was welcomed with the news that he was the father of a little boy half an hour after she arrived at the hospital – just as well he insisted!

Told by Chris Heinrich (Graham's Wife)

In 1948 I had been working at *Dutton's Trough* for only two weeks when Tom took ill with appendicitis. Tom was very ill and it was 'touch and go'. Uncle Jack Heinrich came and helped out as I hadn't been there long enough to know the run of the place.

At first, Betty and I lived in two little rooms 'out in the garden' at *Dutton's Trough*, with our three month old baby, Judia. This eventually became Graham's rooms. After several months we moved down to Bown's house – a short distance down the road in one of the paddocks. Later, we moved to a new property that Tom and Rose bought adjoining *Dutton's Trough* called Rosalea. While we lived here, we had Janice and Gerald, our twins.

Bill Pens (workman and friend)

At first the school bus to Burra Primary school was driven by young male teachers. Then Bill got the job with me as co-driver. Bill collected the children from World's End, and when he got to our gate, I'd get on with my three children and we would swap. I'd pick the remaining children up on the way to Burra and I'd keep the bus there as I was a full-time teacher at the school. Then we reversed the procedure on the way home if Bill had time, otherwise I'd 'do the run'. We did that for 17 years. The bus numbers fell from 28 to 7 as the children grew up, went to college or families left.

Betty Pens

Cyn and Annette had rag dolls and Del and I had Tabitha and Bluebell. So many times poor Tabitha got sick, died and was buried. She is probably still buried in a shoebox somewhere in the *Dutton's Trough* garden. I still have Yankee Doodle and Mum even made nice brown cotton pants for him when his blue plastic ones split.

Kate

(Regarding the doll story on page 2.)

Every few months it was haircut day. All the children were lined up, and Bill would cut their hair. He still remembers the time he nicked Annette's ear and made it bleed.

Bill and Betty Pens

R A B B I T S

During the late 1950s we had rabbit plagues. Each summer after harvest, three to four weeks were set aside to trap rabbits. Some were caught in traps and others were netted in dams and waterholes by the hundreds each morning. We would get up at 5 am to help Dad and Bill catch, bag and kill these rabbits. We would get extra pocket money if we hand-caught rabbits in the garden, around the house yard, or ran them down along the fences which were often covered with 'roly poly' prickles at that time of the year.

Annette

Dad and Bill would sell the rabbits at the Burra Cold Stores and we'd share the money. They used to be two shillings (20 cents) a pair, and that was good money for a bunny.

Cynthia

GETTING INTO TROUBLE

One day, Cynthia, Annette, Maxine and I got up to something and Mum came after us with the handy spandy*. We took off and we older three were able to scramble over the big old gate and get away, but Maxine got caught and she got a hiding. Mum said that she'd get the other three when we came home, but we sang out that we weren't coming home. 'You'll come home when you're hungry', she replied. Well, we got hungry, we did come home and we all got a hiding!

Graham

** The handy spandy was a cane hanging behind the kitchen door, used in times of necessity!*

At the meal table, we must have got a bit much to bear at times. Mum would get the handy spandy and hang it over the back of her chair. As soon as any of us looked like misbehaving, she'd reach back for the stick as she looked over her glasses, and there'd be dead silence and we were all immediately perfectly behaved again.

Del

On the rare occasion that one of Mum's brothers (Uncle George) came up to the farm from Adelaide for a visit, cousin Carl and I went up to the fowlyard during the afternoon, collected the eggs and had an egg throwing competition! Later that evening Mum sent us to collect the eggs because she wanted fresh eggs for tea or maybe breakfast, but we returned with only two or three and said we couldn't find anymore. After some interrogation we were sprung and both of us 'got the stick' for our efforts.

Graham

I used to smile to myself when the bigger children quarrelled. Rose would bounce out and send each on a job in different directions and say to me, 'That fixes them'.

Betty Pens

J O B S F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

On Saturdays everybody had jobs to do according to age. Schoolbags and cases had to be cleaned out and shoes had to be polished and shined. The older ones had to collect 'morning wood' and fill the large box in the engine room so that there was enough to start the wood stove fire each morning. There were a lot of gumtrees around the farm, so this was not a hard task. In summer time, when all the jobs were done, we could go up to the spring creek, play in the water, catch frogs and make dams.

Annette

Sometimes when we found a dead chook in the farmyard, Mum would get Kate and I to take it down to a creek in the cow paddock to dump it. If it had been dead a couple of days, it would be pretty smelly, so we would tie about 20 feet (6 metres) of string to its legs and drag it behind so that we couldn't smell it so much.

Del

When I was little, my allocated task was to collect morning wood. Morning wood is the small kindling wood that is required to start a fire. I would go around all the large gum trees in front of the house and then later on to the trees near the shearing shed and collect arm fulls of morning wood and stack it near the kitchen door for Mum to set the kitchen fire. Even now I still collect morning wood to start our slow combustion fire. Shane just says 'that's a Heinrich thing'!

Stephney

SHOPPING AND COOKING

Mum saved the water of boiled potatoes to mix with the next lot of yeast for baking bread. She'd mix the dough in a big tub then put it in the armchair with rugs and feather doonas to keep it warm so it would rise. More kneading, then into huge bread tins. Even when Mum had the electric stove she always baked bread in the wood stove and I remember that wonderful smell. There were always two double and two single loaves. The warm crust with vegemite – I can almost taste it now.

Kate

Dad rarely went shopping. Mum was busy with children, so every three-four months Mum would send away to a warehouse for a huge grocery order. It would arrive by train to Burra and when we got it home it was like Christmas unpacking all the cartons and putting it away down in the cellar.

Annette

Tom didn't like vegetables. I can tell you how Rose got Tom to have vegetable vitamins – she showed me when we lived with them. She used to get the cooked vegies, mash them all up and put them in the soups or stews. She laughed and said 'He doesn't know the difference'!

Betty Pens

One comment of Mum's which really struck a chord with me was about her parents being too busy to show affection. She and Dad were just the same. She certainly did not physically demonstrate her affection to us children, but it was evident from the practical things she did. When we were at college, the second week of the holidays was always spent baking to fill the biscuit tins. She had the ingredients for each person's favourite kind. Almond nuggets were made for me. She would have everything that was needed for the baking and we would do it while she retreated to the garden.

Maxine

ROSE'S GARDEN

Rose always had a wonderful garden and in summertime she was known to get up two and three times a night to shift the hose from one spot to another. The water soaked through the whole garden.

Dorothy Mitton

We all know how Mum loved her garden, but how she hated the snails that got to her vegies. Sometimes she'd get us to take a bucket and pick up all the snails we could find. I didn't particularly like doing that, but I got some weird enjoyment watching them squirming when Mum tipped boiling water over them, and all this green, frothy, slimy stuff came out!

Del

When we left school, Annette and I took over the housework and the cooking, and Mum would be in her garden. When Maxine was coming home from boarding school for the weekend, Mum would write a letter asking her to get her various plants in Adelaide to see if she could grow them at *Dutton's Trough*.

Cynthia

Mum really hated the sleepy lizards getting into her strawberries, and when they did, look out! She used to chop their heads off with the spade. Cynthia had to dig lots of holes behind the mulberry tree and the lucerne trees to bury dead lizards, cats and chooks. Later on, whenever we saw a 'sleepy' anywhere, we called them a 'strawberry'.

Del and Cynthia

I had been in Burra Hospital for about a week following our first-born Lisa's birth and the doctor said I could go home. Of course I was delighted and a little apprehensive and the midwife asked if I had help at home. I proudly said, 'Yes. My husband's mother is there and will probably be there a little longer.'

I was thinking, 'The house will be spick and span and the meals cooked. All I'll have to do for the first few days will be to look after Lisa and myself. How lucky would I be!'

Wrong! The house was very dusty and ordinary, but the garden, well, that looked like Rose's Botanical Garden, World's End! Weeks later we had so many vegetables we could have fed an army.

Chris Heinrich

SPECIAL EVENTS

We had one birthday party when we were all going to school. Mum and Dad hired a passenger bus from Burra and Graham, Annette, Maxine and I brought out half a dozen friends each. We raced around the yard, played a few games, then we had afternoon tea (sandwiches, little cakes, chocolate crackles) and then they all went back to Burra on the bus. It was good fun.

Cynthia

One of our happy memories was of the years the Heinrichs, the Pens and the Jeffreys took an annual picnic up the river to visit the Niemz family. (Roy Jeffrey was the Stock and Station agent with Farmers Union.) Rose always cooked a leg of mutton which Marj Jeffrey wouldn't allow anyone to carve except Roy, because he had been a butcher. Beautiful watermelon was dessert. Bill remembers the fun of jumping and sliding down sand-hills with the children and fishing and walking and all of us generally enjoying ourselves.

Bill and Betty Pens

Amos Niemz would take us out in his rowboat on the lake, which we called the lagoon. One year Cynthia fell out of the boat and there was a panic to get her out of the water. We used to bring back half-cases of peaches and other fruit from the Niemz's. We loved going on those picnics.

Del

At the Show Mum always got first prize for bread and Mrs Stoll always got second. Mum also used to win a lot of prizes for vegetables. I remember loading and unloading big cabbages, pumpkins, bunches of rhubarb and beetroot. There was a man who always tried to get more first prizes for the vegies than Mum. I think they got the same in one year, but he never won more.

Kate Hage

Christmas was always very special in our home. We would help Aunty Annie with the Children's Christmas Eve service at Point Pass church and then have supper and presents with her. That afternoon we were all supposed to have a sleep because it was to be a late night.

Carol evenings at *Dutton's Trough* during the 1960's were a huge success. Approximately 100 people would gather for carols and fun in the wool shed and later in the new car shed for those evenings.

Annette

BEING PRACTICAL

In the garden was a huge patch of violets growing under the loquat tree, approximately 3 metres by 3 metres, in which Graham would crouch for a considerable time diligently picking beautiful sweet smelling violets, until he had a huge bunch, which could only just be held in one hand (and just slipped into a cheese-glass of water upon delivery) for a certain young nurse in Eudunda. She was always the envy of her colleagues and after a few hours her room would be wafting of violets for days to come. It obviously did the trick because a short time later that same young nurse found herself travelling to Adelaide to select a diamond ring, which the violet-picker had proposed, with Mum and Grandma Wittwer in the car too! That was really romantic, we thought not at the time, but if the car was going to Adelaide it had to be full!

Graham (told by Chris Heinrich)

When we went to Burra Primary school we had to take a basket of ingredients once a week for Domestic Arts (cooking classes). We had to pack the basket the night before to pick it up on our way out. I often forgot to take my basket so I would have to ask one of the others to carry my case while I ran back. Mum usually kept a watch out to see if anyone was coming back for something forgotten. If it was me, for my DA basket, she would bring it out to the gate to meet me, but there was never the offer to take me in the car to catch up with the others. That would have been indulgence and we had to be responsible for the consequences of our actions.

Maxine

Having purchased a second-hand tractor and having to take it to Adelaide on two occasions for repairs, Dad (Tom) thought he would cut his losses and buy a new Case tractor. Mum objected greatly saying 'You have just got it going. You should keep it.'

Dad said, 'No, it is going to give us more trouble'.

Mum still objected so Dad told her, 'Graham and I are going to buy the new tractor and here is your cheque for your one third share of the value of the old tractor'!

The tractor was bought by Dad and myself and Mum got the cheque to keep the peace!

Graham

MUSIC

Mum and Dad were quite proud that Del and I kept up our music. When I was about 18 months out of college, I started playing for the Methodist church. I'd practice on the pedal organ in our sitting room. Sometimes if I was practising, Dad would ask me to play a favourite hymn. I had to play 'Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven' a few times for him.

Cynthia

OTHER MEMORIES

I'm sure I was the only teenager to follow *Blue Hills*, but I had no choice. If Mum was down the garden or anywhere, I always had to call her at 1:00 pm. She hated missing it. I'm not sure if we had lunch then, but we didn't have portable radios so she had to come up to the kitchen.

Kate

Mum used to suffer severe headaches, at which time she would only have a cup of hot water at mealtime. We children knew that at those times we had to be quiet. As a sufferer of the 'Heinrich' migraine I suggested once that it was actually a 'Wittwer' migraine. When I tried to discuss it with her once she firmly denied this.

Maxine

TRAVEL

Mum said that Dad had promised her a honeymoon to Hawaii. She was quite definite about this, but it never eventuated. So in 1974, when Mum was 68, I took her to Indonesia, Singapore and Hong Kong. She was amazed at the markets, and had never experienced staying in four-star hotels like the Inter-continental in Jakarta and the Sheraton in Singapore. It was a far cry from the People's Palace in Adelaide where she and Dad stayed on rare occasions.

In her 70s, Mum travelled to Fiji and New Zealand. She visited Ayers Rock with Aunty Dot and proudly displayed her certificate saying that she had climbed 'nearly to the top'. Given the opportunity, she was quite keen to explore.

Stephney

Travelling was not so easy in those early days and was also expensive. I never felt that I really knew Rose until she lived at Toorak Gardens. I always found her most hospitable, helpful and generous.

Esther Kent (sister)

ROSE'S KINDNESS

'Generosity' is one word which springs to mind when I think about Mum on the farm. She would share the produce of the garden. When she was in Toorak Gardens, she was eager to share things Cynthia would bring from her farm like milk and cream and mushrooms. She couldn't believe it when I told her that my 'town' family found real cream too rich as they had become accustomed to the 'diluted' supermarket product. I think she considered this to be somewhat ungrateful.

Maxine

I remember with much love the warmth of Rose's hospitality to us at Toorak Gardens. We were assured of a bed, and the meals seemed to appear naturally and without much effort.

Stella Buchecker (sister)

Tom always said that we all worked together so well that he and Rose would help us buy our own farm. In 1950 the property adjoining Rosalea came up for sale, and the land title was signed by Rosa Sarah Heinrich, Anton Gotthelf Heinrich and William John Pens as Tenants in Common. We ran the property as partners. In 1956 Bill and I moved to Carinya and in 1959 we finished paying Tom and Rose back. We bought their shares out, the place was transferred to Bill and he immediately put it in both our names. So Tom and Rose kept their promise and we were very grateful for their help.

Betty Pens

Imagine my shock when I went to Rose's house in Adelaide one day and said 'Let's go shopping'. She said 'I can't walk much anymore, my knees are bad'. Life was never the same. She was kind, generous and hospitable beyond words.

Dorothy Mitton (sister)

Obituary

ROSA SARAH HEINRICH
30.04.1906 – 21.06.2002

Rosa Sarah Heinrich was the oldest daughter of Carl Heinrich Wittwer and his wife Louise Wilhelmine nee Schaefer (one of a family of nine). She was born April 30, 1906 at Australia Plain and was baptized in May at St Peters Lutheran Church, Point Pass.

She received her early schooling at Australia Plain which belonged to the Lutheran Church, the teacher being Elizabeth Georg, daughter of the then Pastor Georg. There was one hour of religious instruction in German every morning, but soon the war broke out and all German and religion was stopped, and the education department took over the school.

In 1919 she received her Confirmation instruction at Point Pass from the late Pastor J. Zwar and was confirmed by him on October 19, 1919 in St Peter's Church, Point Pass.

After her schooling she helped her parents on the farm, and was also much sought after to help families in need of assistance.

On June 24, 1937 she married Anton Gotthelf Heinrich in St Peter's Church, Point Pass. Pastor J.E. Materne chose for that occasion the text Psalm 37 v 5 'Give yourself to the Lord, trust in Him and He will help you'. Rose took this as her motto throughout life.

After their marriage, they settled on the Heinrich homestead, Dutton's Trough, World's End, where they worked together on the farming and grazing property. Her main interest was looking after her husband and family of seven children, six girls and one boy. She was also a keen gardener, and it was quite a joy to her when people visited and admired her garden, and there was usually something for them to take home.

She was a faithful member of St Peter's, Point Pass, and also a member of the

Guild, but there were times when distance and family commitments prevented regular attendances. When her children were going to school at Burra, she became involved with the various committees, and during the war years there were always many fundraising functions which needed help and donations.

Her beloved husband died on March 23, 1964 after a very short illness. She stayed on the farm with her son until he got married in 1968. As two of her daughters were at Immanuel College she went to live in Adelaide and joined St Stephen's Lutheran Church, but she never felt comfortable in the city, and as she got older her eyesight and hearing were failing, so she was quite content to stay home and look after her garden. Her family and friends were always welcome when they called to see her. She also joined a group of ladies from the Church and once a month they spent a day at the Lutheran Emergency Care Centre sorting second hand-clothing.

Written by Rose on 1 November 1992
and read at her funeral on 25 June 2002.

Honey Biscuits

from Rose's old black recipe book

2 lbs honey

2 lbs white sugar

6 eggs

2 teaspoons mixed spice

1 teaspoon ground cloves

1 teaspoon cinnamon

4 teaspoons bi carb soda

a little salt

flour – enough to make a stiff dough, about 4 lbs

Put honey in a dish and warm it in oven, then add sugar, eggs, flour and spices. Work well together.

Roll out small quantities, cut into shapes.

Can put an almond on top.



I'll name the girls, you name the boys

When Rose Wittwer was 32 years old, she received a letter from Tom Heinrich asking her to work as a housekeeper on his farm, *Dutton's Trough*, at World's End, South Australia.

A week later she received another letter saying that he didn't really want a housekeeper, what he needed was a wife. Would she consider getting married?

Rose had never met Tom.

After two sleepless days and nights, she decided 'It can't be any worse than going to work for other people'.

They agreed that if they had children, Tom would name the girls and Rose would name the boys, but even this simple plan did not unfold as expected.

Over 60 years later Rose tells her story in her inimitable, no-fuss manner.

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