

# LIFE IS FOR LEARNING

*Your Committee, who work tirelessly to make U3A a success, are happy to answer any questions or take up any suggestions you may have. Please feel free to contact us.*

<b>President:</b>	Brent Morrell	0427 963 386	<b>Publicity:</b>	Diana March	0499 822 661
<b>Vice President:</b>	Marian Woodberry	0412 649 766	<b>Grants:</b>	Tony Guster	0447 781 820
<b>Secretary:</b>	Daina Braddock	0412 416 892		Anne Chase	0448108 249
<b>Treasurer:</b>	Shirley Sims	0413 189 377		Judith Hennig	0407 838 220
<b>Courses:</b>	Anna Harper	0427 519 472		Bev Hartigan	0438 507 606
<b>Web Master:</b>	Terry Marter	0427 618 145		Susan Luchich	0428 617 953

## FROM THE EDITOR

Diana March



It seems such a long time since I last compiled a newsletter but I'd like to thank Judith Hennig for stepping in and producing the last one about the Riverland Rendezvous.

I have been fortunate enough to travel quite extensively in the past three months, completing a long distance walk through Portugal and Spain and visiting our son in beautiful Vancouver. We thoroughly enjoyed our Alaskan Inside Passage cruise, awe inspired by the huge glaciers and hearing the sound of a "calving" glacier. Sadly, even in this region there are significant signs of glacier retreat.

I know the rest of the Committee have worked hard to make our new "home"

(the RSL building in Strawbridge Street, Berri) feel welcoming. It is wonderful to have a place where we can meet, run our activities and provide a support service to our members.

Through grants and membership subscriptions, we have been able to purchase a high quality printer, a data projector, a whiteboard and a range of art supplies. If you haven't yet taken part in one of the activities why not make an effort in Term 4.

There is a fantastic opportunity to join a highly-regarded visiting photographer exploring "ageing with ZEST". This community project looks fascinating and all you need is a mobile phone or ipad/tablet—or a regular digital camera. Why don't you register to take part. (See page 2 for details)

## COMMITTEE MEMBER

Judith Hennig



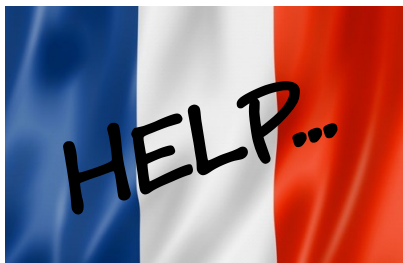
Both sets of my Grandparents were amongst the first settlers in Winkie—my mother was born in Renmark and Grandfather Tucker hangs in the Berri Library along with the councillors of the first Berri Council.

My Father, a retired army lieutenant, cleared land and established a fruit property at Gurra Gurra. The 1956 flood destroyed all and we moved to Western Australia. However, my heart belonged to the Riverland and after many interesting jobs in different states and a wonderful career in teaching Ceramic Art and Antique Porcelain Doll reproduction in Sydney, I returned to the Riverland.

Our families live interstate, so that gives us a good excuse to take up the nomadic lifestyle each winter. We have camped extensively throughout remote Australia and last year we spent four months making our way down the Western Australian coast, camping beside idyllic waterholes, on the beach and inland rivers. It was difficult to settle when we returned home.

Fortunately, I had U3A to look forward to! I am beginning my third year on the committee, an exciting learning curve to assist this wonderful organisation and broaden my skills. I've undertaken several courses and tutored a rewarding 6-week Scrapbooking course ... which ran for 8 months. Needless to say, it was popular.

I must create, so currently I spend my time creating photo books of my holidays and family history. I have completed six with three more on the production line. The photo books involve learning more about photography, design, creative writing and researching. U3A offers courses in most of these activities. This keeps me mentally active but alas by its nature, not so physically active...which I must remedy...well after the next book is finished.



## BEGINNER'S FRENCH

Owing to the popularity of the conversational French class, we are seeking a tutor to facilitate a beginners group. You do not need to be a native French speaker or even have high proficiency in French—making mistakes is part of the learning.

If you, or anyone you know, could assist can you please contact U3A's course co-ordinator, Anna Harper on 0427 519 472. There are a number of people on a waiting list who would dearly love to learn basic French.

Merci—Helen Simpson

## A PICTURE PAINTS A THOUSAND WORDS

*Daina Braddock, art tutor*

The art students (some now in their third year) are continually unleashing their amazing creativity—previously dormant or unrecognised talent!

As the tutor, I have found this to be both inspirational and motivating, encouraging me to become more creative myself.

The creative output of these classes goes on display at least twice a year: in Sprouts coffee shop in Berri and at the Chaffey Theatre in Renmark. This year's coffee shop exhibition has been very successful with 5 pieces of work from different U3A Riverland artists being sold. Well done exhibitors!

The Chaffey Theatre exhibition will be hung on Tuesday 10th October in time for Rose Week and will remain there for approximately a month. If you are looking for keenly priced, original and

interesting art work to adorn your walls, this exhibition is a must see. Come and support our budding artists.

Following last year's successful field trip to Hans and Nora Heyesen's home and studios, "The Cedars", in Hahndorf, I am organising another excursion.

This year we are going to visit the studio and gallery of the well known South Australian portrait artist Robert Hannaford and his talented partner Alison Mitchell in Riverton.

The trip is scheduled to take place on Tuesday 31st October. A 20 seater bus has been booked and the event is open to any U3A Riverland members and/or their friends and partners. The cost for the bus is \$30. Because seating is limited, it will be on a first-come basis. If you are interested, please let Daina Braddock know so that your name can be added to the list. There are a few takers already.

More details about the excursion will be available closer to the date.



**Would you like to see your photographic images projected onto a building in Renmark?**

You are invited to submit photographic images for an outdoor digital projection event in Renmark, celebrating what gives ZEST to the lives of older people.

This event will be held on Friday 27 October 2017

A workshop with renown photographer Sam Oster will be held on **29 September** at the **Chaffey Theatre, Renmark, 10am—1pm**

To book a space for the workshop contact Lyn at COTA SA : **Freecall 1800 182 324**

All you need to bring is your mobile phone or tablet/iPad (or digital camera) and thoughts on what gives your life ZEST

## PODCASTS

### Have you heard the term "Podcast"?

Podcasts are simply broadcasts that are available from the Internet which you download onto a computer or portable device like a smart phone or tablet. This means you choose where and when you listen to the podcast.

Podcasts can be produced by anyone wanting to communicate with others and cover a myriad of interesting topics. No matter what you are interested in there'll be a podcast that suits you. For example Ted Talks feature fascinating speakers from all over the world who cover an incredible array of topics from health, science, environment, politics, technology and ideas on building better communities and self improvement. These talks are usually no more than 15 minutes and many are very uplifting and inspiring. Oprah Winfrey is another offering podcasts called SuperSoul Conversations. There are even podcasts on how to declutter your home, history, and crime. Podcasts are available to you, whenever and wherever it suits you to listen.

All you need is a listening app downloaded onto your device, access to sufficient Internet and a whole new fascinating world awaits— sometimes even in video form.

**If you would like to learn more**, email Anna at [u3acoursesriverland@gmail.com](mailto:u3acoursesriverland@gmail.com) If there is sufficient interest we'll arrange a session on how to access this audio medium. If you are already a podcast listener and would like to assist others in using this medium, feel free to contact me.

Anna Harper, Course Co-ordinator

# CREATIVE WRITING

The Riverland Rendezvous hosted a creative writing competition encouraging writers from across U3As in SA to submit either a short story or a poem - or both

Both sections were won by members of U3A Adelaide Hills and we congratulate Meralyn Nagel for her short story "On the Edge of Darkness" and Bev Smith for her poem "Moana Landscape"

The Riverland U3A Creative Writing group meets twice monthly on a Monday at the Renmark Community Centre. If you would like to begin or further develop your writing skills please contact the convenor Brent Morrell on 0427 963 386.



## ON THE EDGE OF DARKNESS

by Meralyn Nagel—U3A Adelaide Hills

**T**he hot morning Territory sun beat down on the slow moving river. A group of aboriginal women, some carrying babies on their hips, others guiding toddlers along the high bank, were looking for birds' eggs. A small eight year old girl skipped ahead. Her mother called a warning to stay up on the bank.

Across the river, at a wharf, high out of the water, a group of tourists clambered aboard a boat for a cruise up the river to view the wildlife, especially the crocodiles.

As they got under way, the tour guide began his talk about the creatures they would see.

"Will we see a crocodile?" asked Maureen, self-styled leader of the group, impatiently.

"You will see all the crocodiles you want today, look along the bank over there. We have counted twenty or thirty crocs in a hundred metres along here."

Sure enough, the bank he pointed to was littered with what, at first glance looked like driftwood, cast up haphazardly by the tide, on the grey mud bank.

One of the crocodiles as if on cue, opened his huge jaws, displaying rows of sharp vicious teeth. Cameras clicked, the passengers gasped.

"Did he do that just for the tourists?" asked Maureen.

"They don't do anything for anyone but themselves, they are wild animals in the true sense. He was opening his jaws to cool his brain. That's the only way they have of regulating their temperature. By the way, don't put your arm or a camera out of the boat. These fellows can leap two metres out of the water. If they grab

your arm, they will pull you in and there's nothing we can do to help you."

Several people snatched their arms in, looked around and laughed uncomfortably, not really sure if the tour guide was serious.

"How many of them are there, do you think?" asked Maureen.

"Lady, you can be sure they are all around and underneath our boat now."

Not to be silenced, she asked, "What do they eat?"

"Fish, small animals, cows when they come down to drink and people when they can get them."

Silence now, while everyone considered this.

"Are we safe on this boat?" Maureen asked again, shakily this time.

"Well, they haven't attacked a boat, but a couple of locals some years back, tried to cross the flooded river at the crossing. They got into deep water and the ute they were driving was washed downstream two miles. We never found them not even a trace.

The boat chugged along in silence, everyone absorbing this information.

The grey mud banks on either side were littered with crocodiles.

The little eight year old aboriginal girl padded along the top of the bank, dust rising from her bare feet with every step. Her brightly coloured dress the only spot of colour in the mud grey and dull green landscape.

She didn't notice the piece of driftwood floating mostly submerged on the surface of the muddy river. It kept pace with her, occasionally coming above the surface to reveal two eyes, watching.

A sparkle in the mud caught her eye, it was off the path and her mother's words came to her, "Don't go off the path."

The sparkle was too enticing. She jumped down to the mud bank and bent down to look at it.

A surge of water rose from the river. From its depths the crocodile, with his jaws open, lunged towards the girl with startling speed.

She stood, shocked and terrified and without a sound the crocodile turned his head to the side and grasped her in her middle.

He slid back into the river and began the death roll. Over and over he rolled, white underbelly showing, then black ugly skin on his back, then white underbelly again, the body in his jaws now lifeless. He slid further back into the river and disappeared under the surface without a ripple. He wedged his prey under a submerged root. This would keep him fed for months.

The only sign of the drama played out was a torn piece of the dress the little girl had worn, caught on a stick at the edge of the river. Her mother found it, knew what it meant and wailed and cried.

The tourists returned from their cruise, sunburnt and hungry. They trooped into the dining room of the plush hotel and after a few drinks and a nice meal, were laughing about their fear of crocodiles.

A whisper went around the dining room telling the story of the little girl and her end. One by one the shocked diners left and returned to their rooms - most to be haunted all night with visions of the little girl on the edge of darkness as she was taken by the crocodile.



## MOANA LANDSCAPE

Bev Smith—U3A Adelaide Hills

Foraging  
in the circle  
beneath the shifting dunes,  
willow-pattern chips  
form blue treasures  
beside Hills agate,  
quartz crystals,  
crab claws  
discarded on the midden.  
Hidden behind the sea  
in hollowed camps  
and firelight,  
dusky spirits  
haunt eroded dreams.

I am the Wind!  
I am in the lucid flames!  
I dance with fire!  
I am the wild sea  
lapping the shore.  
I am Tjilbruke  
weeping;  
holding death;  
haunting the dry creek beds;  
a silent shadow  
dreaming the Onkaparinga.

Charcoal particles  
exposed  
on a southern landscape,  
bleached bones  
scattered in sand, flaked chips  
split  
in millions of bits  
embedded  
within the tribal circle,  
are fragments  
of a dignified civilization.



## DUNNY LOO

Di Turton—U3A Riverland

Today I went to see  
The ruins of my home that used to be  
I walked down to where the dunny sat out the back  
That long drop in the shack  
There is a wattle bush growing through the floor  
And one hinge supporting the door  
It holds some stories of hardship, grief and joy  
While a job we did employ  
The dunny was a talking point with guests  
The men would drink their beer and head out west  
To read the newspapers plastering the walls  
And add a joke or two or whatever they could recall

*The dunny was originally any outside toilet. In the nineteenth and the first half of the twentieth century, most Australian houses had the lavatory strategically placed at the rear of their house and often in the garden. It was usually a pit or can toilet and, understandably smelly—a good reason to build it separate from the house. In cities and towns the pan-type dunny was emptied by the dunny man, who came round regularly with his dunny cart.*

Now mum was quite particular you see  
And tried to keep the dunny germ free  
She swept the earthen floor and kept ashes to sprinkle  
In on top of our job or twinkle  
I did not know that kero she had doused  
To kill off some bugs that had moved house  
I sneaked a cigarette from her stash  
And slouched in the corner next to the bucket of ash  
I dropped the lighted match, it floated down below  
The seat began warm and there was flickering on the go  
Then what a shock! Up came the flames  
They singed the seat, crikey what can I do  
I grabbed the bucket of ashes and chucked them in to drown  
The flames that licked the seat turning it brown  
To burn down the dunny would be a mortal sin  
To burn that shack of wood and tin

I never did tell  
Of what went down that well  
But I reckon Mum did guess  
Next time she went to clean the mess

Now dunnies today are so pristine  
Inside the house and more to clean  
We cannot chuck things in we wish to hide  
'Cause it will block the pipes not so wide  
Many of my sisters toys went down that hole in the ground  
To disappear forever never to be found

I must admit the modern dunny does not smell  
Of what goes down the well  
When you get the urge there is no need to run like hell  
The loo is just there not way down the back  
So the odour can waft away further down the track  
But the modern loo has lost the culture of the old tin shack

## FRENCH CLASS UPDATE by current students

The French class, under the expert tutelage of Helen Simpson has continued to progress. Helen is forever patient and good humoured and our classes are filled with great camaraderie, lots of laughter and a delicious morning tea provided by Judy Kelly. We also have the occasional birthday celebration. Do we make mistakes—of course we do—we revel in making mistakes. Not only does it give us something to laugh about but it enables us to learn.



Banrock Station's Conservation & Wetlands  
Manager Dr Christophe Tourenq

One of the this year's highlights was our visit to Banrock Station Wine & Wetland Centre in June. Dr Christophe Tourenq is Bannock Station's Conservation & Wetlands Manager. He is a native Frenchman from Toulouse, who now lives with his family in Berri. His presentation—in French—informed us of the Wetlands Development which is linked internationally to Ramsar (an inter-governmental treaty for the conservation and wise use of wetlands).

Did we understand every word? Maybe not everything, but what a wonderful opportunity to broaden our skills. After the presentation our group enjoyed a delicious lunch, wine and great conversation ...in French, of course!

Vive la langue Française