

# IDLE CHATTER Mark II

Newsletter No: 12

Thursday 18<sup>th</sup> October 2012

This newsletter is an initiative of the Quandialla Centenary Committee

**Sponsored by Trevor & Marlene Taylor**

## **Another Wonderful Letter**

The following letter dated 5<sup>th</sup> May 2012 was sent to Kay & Dennis Burns and they have given me permission to share it with Idle Chatter readers.

I am writing to express my appreciation for your kind gift of a souvenir bottle of the Bland Hotel, Quandialla wine, which was handed to me recently by Moira Sanderson on her return from a recent holiday in your company. That such a thoughtful gift should be placed in my hands on virtually the eightieth anniversary of my birth in the Bland Hotel was for me both a remarkable coincidence and unexpected delight. It now stands in a conspicuous position in my study as a constant reminder of the place which my now dearly departed parents always referred to as "dear old Quandi".

Obviously my recollections of those times are very vague as I was only three or four years of age when the family moved away but I do have an early memory of being nursed by my great – grandmother and a local 'nanny' whose surname I seem to recall as Lemon. My late sister, Ellen, was similarly born in the hotel, but in 1934 and our older step-brother Keith New attended the Quandialla school. My mother jokingly would tell me as a child that I was born in the pepper trees at the northern end of the hotel and that my sister was born in the cosmos which used to grow around the tank-stand at the rear. Years later my step-brother married Nell Smithers who lived with her mother in a house out of town on the Wyalong road.

I have passed through Quandialla on several occasions during my travel around the country and am familiar with certain names from the past such as Jack Napier, Ernie Battenally (that's a phonetic spelling), Quint and Bill Graham who I recall meeting years ago and strangely enough (reminded by your surname), Jock Burns, who may be relation of your husband. I think he may have visited my mother in Sydney during the war and I seem to recall he was in uniform.

The last time I was in Quandialla, I visited the Bowling Club and was shown a set of wooden bowls situated above the main entrance door which had belonged to Dr. Blamey, the doctor who delivered both my sister and me.

I'll refrain from troubling you further with these childhood reminiscences which tend to come flooding back at the mention of the town and I hope you'll excuse me if I have bored you witless thus far. Moira has informed me that there are to be celebrations in 2014 and it would seem to be a good time to revisit, even though the present townspeople would no longer recall those days. I have, however, promised to take my son there for a visit as he will be the inheritor of our family tree documents. I hope I may have the pleasure of making your acquaintance at that time.

Thank you so much for your gift, which I shall continue to treasure because of the sentimental association.

Yours sincerely,  
James Giddens

## **THE FUTURE – CENTENARY NEWS**

### **QUANDIALLA CENTENARY MEETING**

When: Wednesday 31<sup>st</sup> October 2012

Time: 7.30 pm

Where: Bland Hotel

**ALL WELCOME**

## NOW

I know you don't want to hear this, but CHRISTMAS is just around the corner so why not do some shopping for those hard to buy for relics I mean relieves at the **Quandialla Preschool "Octoberfest" Twilight Fete** this Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> October starting at 5pm. Enjoy the market stalls, jumping castles, face painting, chocolate wheel, food, drinks, Art of Espresso Coffee Cart plus buy lots & lots of tickets in the Major Raffle.

*Remember you have to be in it to win one of the many prizes.*

While I am talking about Christmas, I would like to give everyone a heads up that Quandialla will be holding the **Mailbox & Town Xmas Displays** again this year. Sorry that we missed last year but I was running back and forth to Cowra with my Mum who was in hospital at the time. So.... Start thinking about what you might do. Flyers will be sent out soon.

**WANTED:** The Deery family are hosting a hoard of relatives on the 1<sup>st</sup> weekend in November and one couple would like to camp at the showground but are having second thoughts about snakes and tents. So would anyone out there have a caravan that they could hire/lend for this weekend. Please phone Mary & Bill Ph: 6347 1377 if you can assist.

**TO ALL OUR YEAR 12 STUDENTS:** I'm a little late but on behalf of Quandi I would like to wish you all the best in your HSC Exams and hopefully you will achieve the results you have been working so hard for.

**GUESS WHAT:** You will never guess so I will have to tell you. I got a chance last Friday to have a pick of the board in the Joker Card Jackpot at the Bland Hotel. Well, let me tell you I was filled with both excitement (maybe I could win the jackpot) and dread (I don't drink beer). There was no pressure on me as there was over 40 cards to choose from and it would have been a miracle if I had guessed right, but still my knees were knocking as I pointed to the card that I thought was going to give me \$1220. You will be pleased to know I kept smiling when the keeper of the keys turned the red card around and said "you've won a pint" (John was happy).

*So you guessed it, we will be back next week trying to get another crack at that joker.*

## BLAST FROM THE PAST

 Extracts from IDLE CHATTER

**This same day in 1956**

**Extract from IDLE CHATTER NO. 26**

**THURS. OCT 18<sup>th</sup> 1956**

**ISSUE NO. 26** Six months of Idle Chatter. 65,000 words. Some good, some bad and some utterly stupid. If I was editor of one of the smaller newspapers such as the Sydney Morning Herald or the Telegraph I would no doubt issue a special supplement proclaiming the good which had been accomplished, but as it is I sometimes wonder if I.C. does anything else other than keep me out of mischief. My thanks to those people who have been the butt of my remarks. They have taken them in the spirit with which they were written -- purely in fun. To the Junior Farmer Club, the Bowling Club and the CWA, I am indebted. They will understand why, and last but certainly not least I am grateful to the many who have responded to my modest advertisements. You wouldn't think so to look at me, and no doubt there will be quite a few who will ask why, but I have to eat. By now, many of you will have guessed that news is scarce and that I am trying to take up as much space as is possible, and by gum! Chum, you'd be right.

**GOLF PARS.** Since winning a trophy I have been inundated with inquiries as to how this can be accomplished by the not-so-good player. Having reached the pinnacle of perfection I pass on to the beginners some of my specialised knowledge. Firstly I say, ignore the things your mates tell you. Take the saying "keep your eye on the ball". Have you stopped to think how utterly stupid that instruction really is? Fancy getting on your knees and bending over until your eye is on the ball. That's not all though. How, for the love of Mike, are you suppose, to take a swing and whack the ball in this undignified position, and even if you were a contortionist and managed to do so, what a gooey mess. No boys, don't listen to them. Before I close this subject I will impart a little knowledge which only comes with experience Few golfers know there are He-clubs and She-clubs. Take for instance the long one with a hunk of wood on the end. This is called (amongst other things) a driver. Now when you take pains to line up the ball, and rather than go straight down the fairway it curls to the left or to the right, then, and then only, do you know that you have got a lady driver. It is common knowledge that lady drivers are unpredictable, so toss it away friends. Lessons in the art of throwing them away can be had by appointment with Messrs Reeves and Powderly (Champion club thrower awayers) Heaven help me if one of those lady drivers catches me crossing the street.

70% of No 26 1956 I.C. was written in the above vein and I am still laughing. Next week I have already earmarked Mr Mitchell's report on the Golf Club's visit to the Bowling Club. Can't wait until next week... Cheers **Sue Priestley**