

MEMORIES OF AN APSLEY KID

G'day, my name is Bob Dungey, I was born at Naracoorte on the first of March 1949, the only son and youngest child of Fred and Jean Dungey who were partners with Len and Lorna Schluter in the Apsley general store, which after their departure in 1960 was generally known as Colemans Store, across the road from the Apsley Hall.

I have 2 older sisters, Joan and Elizabeth, we all came along at roughly 4 year intervals.

What I am writing here are just general recollections of the first 11 years of my life, not in any particular order. If you pick it up for a read you may or may not find it interesting, but to me, in hindsight they were 11 pretty special years that I wouldn't trade for anything.

My earliest recollections are around living in the house next to the store, Schluters occupied the front half and the Dungeys the back half. Looking back I realize it was a pretty rudimentary kind of a residence with interior walls made of hessian with wallpaper glued to it. It was before electricity so you will appreciate it was pretty much a drama waiting to unfold, that kind of structure and kerosene lamps for light. I recall a kero lamp getting knocked over and broken one night and mum carrying it outside, flames billowing from the lit kerosene. Fortunately that was as dramatic as it got and no major inferno ever occurred in my time.

'Toilets' was far too glamorous a term for what we had back then, let's face it, they were dunnies, no septic, out the back behind an ivy wall. Every trip there was to risk an encounter with a tiger snake, a redback or some scary creature. There wasn't much pondering time then....just get in, get it done and get out. A night visit wasn't even to be contemplated except in the most dire emergency and then it HAD to be accompanied, a dark dunny is no place for a petrified 5 year old kid to be alone. And the thing was you had to keep the company talking to ensure their presence, my bloody sisters would take me out there, get me seated then shoot through..... I wasn't happy.

It's funny how you perceive things at that age; it never ever occurred to me that our home was any less or more than anyone else's. What I do know is that when you are a 5 year old kid getting home from school on a freezing August afternoon and your mum has a warm Milo and a vegemite sandwich waiting and you could pull up a chair in front of the old Metters wood stove and put your feet on the open oven door, well, to my mind that was about as good as it could get. Home was home and it was a wonderful place.

Speaking of the Metters stove, it was a matter of course that as kids we would jump out of the bath and back up to the stove for warmth. I got too close one time and the rose patterned handle branded my bum very neatly, a brand I carried around for a few months.

My friends were pretty much every kid in town, I remember my 7th Birthday, 22 kids came and I got 22 matchbox toys. I spent a lot of time in the early years with Louis and Mary McDonald who were the neighbours on the Naracoorte side. Their parents, Erny and Melva kept a very tidy garden and home.

I seem to recall that Erny, a farmer, did a little sideline in making dentures, but I was told it wasn't for public disclosure as it probably wasn't an entirely legal pursuit as a home industry.

Us kids would meet up after school and on weekends and get up to all kinds of mischief, it must have been around the 1956 Olympics I suppose, we had a high jump, pole vault, long jump and whatever other event we could emulate in some form or other, it was full on and pretty fair dinkum. Around dark Mrs. McDonald (Melva) would call the kids to go home. She had a shrill voice and would call them pretty much until they got home. I remember getting a bit toey about it once and as she called I yelled back... 'Give em time to get there'!!!, pretty cheeky for a 5 year old.

The Grandparents of Mary and Louis were the Simpsons who lived on the corner of the Naracoorte Road – Langkoop Road, right next to the McDonalds. The thing I have a very clear memory about them is the fact that whenever a new Holden came out they were first in the town to get one. One time a Holden came out, and I don't recall exactly which model it was, but as the speedo went up it wasn't a simple needle, it was an orange disc that filled the entire gap in the speedo to indicate the speed. I remember I was just totally in awe of what the Holden people had come up with and at the time I was sure it would never be surpassed.

It's funny, as I write this I realize what a difference the names McDonalds and the Simpsons mean in our lives these days. No kids, there was no burger joint on the corner and Mr. Simpson wasn't Homer.

It was around this time that I had a Golden Cocker Spaniel dog called Paddy, he tagged along with us kids everywhere we went, into the scrub, up to the oval, watching while we played marbles...Paddy oversaw every single thing we did. Later an old blue bitsa cattle dog joined our team, I have no idea where he came from, we called him Blue and it was this old dog that I must credit with giving me my first real lesson in loyalty. My dog Paddy was getting on in years and he came down with a bad case of mange, hair loss and general illness. We had him comfortable down in the wood shed and Dad treated him a few times with Gamma Wash but to no avail. As his health failed old Blue would lie tucked up beside him and flatly refused to leave him, day after day...we would go and find old Blue looking out for his mate. Paddy finally expired and it was then we realized that poor old Blue had contracted Paddy's ailment and also expired shortly afterwards. What a great mate!

With the close proximity of the swamp we kids became extremely proficient tadpolers and there wasn't much we didn't know about their life cycle, from eggs, to taddys then the legs would appear and pretty soon a frog would hop away, if the taddys were lucky enough to survive that long.

School at Apsley was OK I guess, I was never what you could even loosely call a conscientious student but I got by. Through my school years I had basically the same blokes sharing my year. Kenny McLean, Baden Taylor, David Wurst, David Hawker, Adrian Pettit and Colin Munn. It's probably not a politically correct thing to say (a term unheard of back then) but I do struggle with the girls names of that year, but I think Helen Carroll, Helen Tucker, and Judy Robinson were among them . Helen Carroll had a blonde pony tail which I thought was among the most beautiful things I had ever seen, then there was Helen Tucker, she was a pretty good looking girl and I was smitten to the point where I would happily lose marbles to her.... Tom Bowlers, Glassys, catseyes.....you name it....just to be in her company.

'Packy' Munn, Keith Grigg, 'Goofy' Thomas, the Cormack boys , Adrian Pettit, Greg and Mick Carroll, Malcolm McCrae, Trevor Munn, Vicky Dilges, Sandra Vickery, Don McNulty, Marie Oliver, Pam Whitaker, Jimmy Etherton, Dicky and Sandra Dowling and Pam and Jenny Sherriff were some who were of a similar vintage to me around that time. Geoff and Ian Myers, Bill Woonton, Brian Taylor, Courtney Rogash and Nev Pahl (who gained the nickname 'Juicy Rabbit' because his bowling was supposedly easy to hit when we were playing cricket) were probably a year or two younger.

Friday was woodwork day at school and as we cut out our Scottish terrier letter holders from 3 ply in the little old wood work room we would invariably be visited by the legendary Phyllis Munn. Phyllis would turn up with lollies and biscuits to hand out and was a general distraction that teacher David Cooper just shook his head and gave up the fight on. Phyl new everyone's birthdate and even as I went through my 50's I would often get a birthday card from her. Phyllis was rightly an Apsley institution and she had a special place in the heart of everyone who knew her.

The one thing that terrorized me about school was to turn up on a Monday at a certain time of the year and see the school dental van pulled up in the yard. To sit in the classroom and wait for your name to be called was as near to death row as I ever wanted to get. It was never as bad as I thought it was going to be, but by hell it used to put the frighteners into me.

When we were all in grade 6 the headmaster Mr. David Cooper, took all us boys plus Francis Tucker for a camping trip to the Grampians, by far the most exotic journey I had undertaken to that point in my life. We set up our army tent and stretchers and found a little creek for our bathing and it was a great (if a cold) experience. On the first night all we boys went to bed in the tent while Mr. Cooper made his bed in his car right alongside. Being oblivious to the fact that he was in earshot us boys trotted out the greatest array of smutty grubby jokes a group of 10 and 11 year old boys had ever verbalized to that point in history. Kenny McLean went alright as I recall. Next day Mr. Cooper just gave us the word that he didn't want any repeat performances, there were a few sheepish looks I can tell you, anyway, there was no danger of a repeat performance, we had all fired our best shots the night before.

We did a lot of hiking and sightseeing, but most of all I recall being petrified about those mountain roads with hairpin bends that seemed to be right on the edge of nothingness, I always imagined Mr. Cooper's car toppling over the side, scary, we had never seen anything like it and I know a few of us boys were a bit unnerved by it all. Another special memory I have of school is those icy winter mornings when Mrs. Sherriff (wife of Ben, the local Mechanic) would bring to our school a giant pot of hot chocolate and all us kids would wrap our hands around the warm mug and there wasn't a much better feeling to be had than that warm chocolate trickling down your throat. Mrs Sherriff as I recall was a great and selfless towns personshe was one of many.

On some days the kids who travelled by school bus had to pick up the bread from the bakery on the way home....problem was that it was usually very fresh, perhaps sometimes even warm, so a half hour ride on the bus generally saw the first 2 or 3 inches of the loaf hollowed out by a hungry kid picking away at it. It something that always started out as harmless enough but was very hard to stop. The Mums would have to hack off 3 inches of crust to get to the bread.

Saturday night was generally picture night in the Apsley hall, we never went to the movies, and we went to the pictures. David Marshall was the man largely responsible for their presentation, he had the expertise with the projector and with the assistance of different offiders he kept the show going for quite a few years. It is worth remembering that this all in in a pre TV era so the pictures were always well patronized. To be honest I don't recall how often they showed them, but I know I didn't miss too many. I think it cost 2 bob (20cents) to get inand there was always two films, the lesser one first, then interval followed by the main feature, generally starring some smooth Hollywood hero like Clarke Gable and some floozy like Lana Turner. At interval everyone would rush down to Bushey's Café....or Goosh Taylors as it was for a while and load up on lollies and drinks, and then the bell at the hall would ring to tell you to resume your seat for the main feature.

My mother was a renowned pianist who for many years played for dances, balls, cabarets, and concerts in the local district, for much of the time with Edwards Orchestra from Edenhope; orchestra was probably a bit strong as a description though. It was mum on the piano, Old Jack Edwards on the drums and Johnny Edwards (his son) on the sax. They would play all over the place and I know my mum furnished the house we moved into in the mid 50's with her music money.

I have so many fond memories of the Apsley concerts from way back then....talk about by the people for the people that were never truer than when it referred to Apsley concerts. During this time it was discovered that Jack 'Jiggy' Lane had a much more than handy singing voice and he was duly recruited to the concert party. Jack was a bit light on for confidence but at the urging of all and sundry he joined the cause and rehearsed with great commitment. I will now recall how Jack described his first on stage appearance.....'I walked out onto the stage and the hall was absolutely packed, I was in shock , stagestruck...Mrs Dungey started playing my song and I opened my mouth, but for the first two verses no words came out'. With the passage of time he overcame his nerves and was an integral part of Apsley Concerts for many years.

On another occasion Hartley Smith was part of the accordion band and it seemed Hartley felt he could play with greater abandon if he just loosened up with a couple of drinks before the performance, a reasonable assumption in

anyone's language. So the accordians cranked into gear and were fairly going to town when it came Hartley's turn to feature on his button accordion. He stepped to the front and went to put his foot up on a stool as button accordion players often do.....and clean missed, and all but went arse over head, it nearly brought the house down. Legends are made of this.

It must be a very rare thing to find a genuine class act comedian in a community of Apsley's size, but Jimmy McDougal was that and a hell of a lot more. Armed with his ukulele and a priests collar he held many an audience in the palm of his hand for many a year. I reckon I learnt something about comedians then, the fact that it is very hard and pressurized work. Sometimes if I had a bit to play in the concert I would be off stage when Jimmy finished his gig , every time he came off stage he was a lather of sweat, he put so much into his craft , not so much physically but mentally and he gave the crowd everything he had. He would have held his own anywhere.

Mary Tucker and her son Francis, Linda Hamilton (later Cryer) ,the barber shop quartet (Erny McDonald , Kevin Gallagher, Duncan McIntosh, Stan Curnow, Max Taylor, David Cooper were participants at different times) Johnny Reader(Guitar playing singer),Uncle Eddy ...I can't remember his correct name, but he had serious scoliosis and was constantly bent over but he had a beautiful singing voice, the Stewart Family (all very musical) were concert regulars for many years with 'Wingy' Hamilton a regular as MC. There were many many others who participated over many years.

Percy Clarke was the man for sound and lighting, the footlights were made up of jam tins cut to suit with pretty strong globes to light the stage. The jam tins sort of had one side cut out to shine onto the stage while the back half was to the crowd and kept the light all to one direction. Percy had a PA system that provided one mic for the MC, the rest of us who were singing etc. had to do so with gusto because there was no electronic assistance. I reckon there is a book in the Apsley concerts, but I was just a kid and the details largely escape me. I know they were a lot of fun.

One time when the Apsley Colts footy team needed new jumpers my mum and a few others decided to put a concert together to raise the money, it was largely performed by the kids and the only song I actually recall from that was our rendition of the 'Battle of New Orleans', all wearing little red hats with a bit of piping on them. The new hall was on the way then but not ready so a new venue had to be found. The ideal one presented itself in the rear shed of what was 'Border Farm Supplies'. It had a big landing on the eastern end that sufficed nicely as a stage and all the hall seats were brought in to accommodate the usual capacity crowd. For those not in the know it's the big Mount Gambier stone affair just west of the pub, I don't know its title now.

Newspapers were a much anticipated commodity but didn't come in until evening on the Ansett bus. My Dad's shop had a little outlet we called the 'paper shop' on the western end where locals would gather to get the Melbourne Sun, or occasionally the Sporting Globe. They would stand around in a cloud of rally cigarette smoke in the darkness and chew that fat about the days happenings then tuck a paper under their arm and be on their way. Jack Burgess, Jack Hunt, Chook Pahl, Erny McDonald, Mr. McKenzie and Fred (or was it Frank) Sperling (the baker) to name a few were generally among the regulars.

I don't know how to describe the geography of the house we bought off Noel Hardy, but most of you will know it as where Patrick Munn had his Ostriches for a while....up there towards the golf course. So my journey to school was no longer across the road but about a half a mile or so walks. Of course one of our teachers Laurie Thomas was our neighbor on the Edenhope side so if I played my cards right I could often hitch a ride in Mr. Thomas's Vanguard Ute. On the days I did walk I would pass Gor and Auntie Mim Munn's house, Ron and Elsie Grigg, 'Jiggy' Lanes , Crooks' place was over the back (I went to school with Terry and Dianne) Percy Clarke's, Ray Pettit's , Dinger and Liz Bells , Vida O'Connor's, Snow McKenzie (I think) then the park and the pub ,the little Elders shop where the notorious Bill Pierce plied his trade and across the road to school.(I may have missed a few) I never gave a thought to who were the haves and have nots on that journey and I couldn't have cared less, they were all people I knew and liked and they knew and liked me, life was pretty good.

Speaking of Bill Pierce , I was only about 8 years old and I drew a picture for him, a farm scene with sheep, cattle, trees and a tractor and across it I scribed ...'Elders Knows the land' . Bill had it hanging in his office for a long time and just a few years ago I saw an Elders ad or calendar or something that looked remarkably similar with the exact wording on it.... And I wondered whether Bill had stored it and someone found it somewhere.

On the other side of the street, starting from the western corner was Ben Sherriff's garage, the bank, the Church, The Bakery (Sperlings in my time) the Hall, The Primary School, Goldsborough Mort, The Café and Dud Myers' bit of everything shop.

Then there was the Post Office which was run by the Carroll family, the Police station (the McCrae's) Duncan McIntosh's Drapery and clothing shop and just up the road a bit, on the western side of Taylors Shell Garage was the fish and chip shop of Italians Mr. and Mrs Jack Talleyarnus (I spell that phonetically because I have no idea of the correct spelling) Jack and his Family were my first encounter with what we used to refer to rightly or wrongly as 'New Australians'. They had two daughters Lucy and Georgina I think were their names. The family became greatly respected and admired members of the community, they worked very hard and I remember my old man saying.....'you wouldn't meet a better bloke in 3 months march'... which was a big compliment at the time. Year's later dad and I called in to see Jack and his wife in their pretty flash café in Swan Hill, I know Mrs. T put on a feed for us that had to be seen to be believed, and they were wonderful people.

Sam Sam the Butterman carted cream to Horsham I think. He would arrive in town in the evening and his red truck had a step on the back that we kids would take great joy in jumping on in the main street and having a ride to where he parked the truck around the back of the pub.

Dudley Myers was the purveyor of firecrackers when that time of the year came around and we would sell bottles, scab off mum or do whatever it took to raise a few pennies to get some crackers. The 'thrupenny bungler' was the ultimate cracker, hell; it was like a stick of dynamite, about 4 or 5 inches long and an inch thick. We kids took great pleasure in blowing apart anything and everything with them. The thing about this particular cracker was it had a temperamental fuse and it was hard to tell if it was still burning or had expired unexploded. It was this scenario that saw me come undone in a big way in the park next to the pub. Someone used to put a cow or two in the park to keep the grass down and one thing we loved to blow up was a fresh cowpat, the old saying....'the shit hitting the fan' had nothing on this little endeavor. So one day I tucked a brand new, bright red 'thrupenny bungler' into this cowpat and lit it. Well fair dinkum I reckon I waited a full 2 minutes and nothing happened, so eventually I had to go and check it out. It was as if the cracker was waiting until I got close enough....then 'KABOOM!!!'..... Yep...you could have grown tomatoes on me; I was well and truly covered...

The Footy.

My first inspiration to put this bit of literature together came about because I was thinking about Footy days when I was a kid in Apsley ... and even though I was 11 years old when I left, and without referring to any record books I was amazed at my recall of all things footy back then. These are the names that came readily to mind from that era; with apologies to anyone I miss. Bill, Gerry, Geoff and Max Taylor, Max Bell, Jim 'Blokey' Munn , John and Gerry Reader, The Smith boys, Bob, Les, Murdock and Johnny, Kevin 'Dhuala' Moore, Graham Oliver, Jimmy Harkness, Mervyn Grigg, Colin Hunt, Heck Merrett, Gil Short, Maurice Hunt, Warren Stevens, Teddy Flynn , David (I think) Rogash, Keith Carroll, Ian Ferguson, Ian Hannaford, Brian Hayman, Geoff March, Dick Hood , Gerald Griffin, Les Conolly, Charley Berrett, Stan Curnow, Les Herpich and the Cryer boys...Johnny and my all time hero Tommynumber 8 centre half forward.

Footy was a huge part of Apsley life and I recall when Reg Burgess went to Essendon the whole town shared the pride of his great success. If I couldn't get to an Apsley game I would be glued to the old radiogram at home hoping an Essendon game would be broadcast. It was usually relayed through 3LK Horsham and we would get all the Melbourne radio ads.....'you canna hand a man a better spanner. Than the one with the Sidchrome brand upon the side'..... or 'To be thrifty and dressy, be clothed by Fred Hessey'. The ultimate reward back in those days was

to get the shirt award from Fred Hessey menswear and it would be the talk of the town if Reg played a cracker and won the shirt. And he won a few of them. Noel Hardy told me the story that although he had little or no interest in the football, on a few occasions he drove Reg's dad Jack to Melbourne to see Reg play. It was a fair undertaking back then.

But back to the Apsley club, even as a kid I understood that Lorna and Jack Hunt had a huge input into our club, Jack was a trainer for many years and Lorna was always doling out hot dogs and pies to the hungry hordes. No doubt there were many others. Andy McLean as the first colts coach gave us kids a first taste of organized footy that we all loved.

The footy was a big day in Apsley and when the game was tight and the crowd excited poor old Dougal McCrae had his work cut out as a one man crowd controller. In those days the crowd would gather on the eastern side of the oval and when things got hectic in a torrid last quarter the crowd would swell to the white line....yes....right to the white line... and Dougal would come along and push them all back to the fence, but as soon as he passed they would swell right out behind him again. There was genuine and total passion for the game and the team.

I remember when Keith Carroll was appointed coach; Keith was an absolute gentleman and a very good footballer. Even as a kid I had the feeling that he and his wife genuinely enjoyed their Apsley time. Many an after game seemed to be held at our house, (the pubs closed at 6 pm.) when the troops imbibed well, but not necessarily wisely and the days exploits were expanded upon with little resemblance to the truth as the night wore on. Herd Brothers Menswear gave an award for the best player back then and it was announced at one of these do's by I believe Kevin 'Dhuala' Moore that Dook Hid (Dick Hood) had won the Herd testing!!!!

Many times at the first bounce of a game it was Merv 'Giggler' Grigg tapping down to Colin Hunt...a big floating flat punt into the Apsley forward line....and we were under way. Seems it wasn't always beer and skittles though, Colin once told me about a time he was having a very ordinary day and was struggling to get a kick. The ball came back to the centre for a bounce and Colin said to Merv...'where do you want me to get Merv?', and Merv replied...'get the bloody hell out of it; you're not worth a pie'.

Hate is a big word in sport, so I will just say that one bloke who got right up my nose back then was Jack Finke from Edenhope. A goal kicking machine. He was probably a pretty decent bloke but by hell he annoyed me. He seemed to play with a confident arrogance that said he would kick a goal if and when he felt like it. He did kick 100 in more than one season I seem to recall. I reckon he gave our full backs of the time Heck Merrett and a young Warren Stevens nightmares.

Another legendary name from opposition teams was Ray Whitaker, he was a dead set champion in all aspects of the game, but my one particular memory of him was one day at Apsley he took a mark about 75 yards out from goal and the siren went. To much derision from the Apsley crowd he elected to go back and take his kick. No one was taking much notice when he unleashed this perfect drop kick that just kept going and going. It would add romance to the story if I said it went through the big sticks, it didn't, but a couple of Apsley defenders had to scramble back to stop it.

Another was big 'Bar'.... Brian Bartholemew from Edenhope, he was a big rough bloke who put a lot of fear into a lot of blokes, but he was a pretty good footballer too.

Drop kicks (droppies as we called them) were the kick of choice for those who could execute them well and I seem to recall that Heck Merrett was a pretty good exponent of the art. Kicking out from full back he seldom fluffed one. He played some mighty footy for the Maggies over many years.

Graham Oliver was a big rawboned kid who didn't have a hell of a lot of science about his footy but boundless energy. Graham enjoyed a good social life and my mum related to me the story of how Graham was at a dance

one night and he asked a pretty girl if she would like to dance, she did the unforgivable (in those days) and knocked him back.....undaunted Graham told her..... 'well I hope your arse sticks to the seat' And fair enough too!!!

Tommy Cryer was my favourite Magpie for more than one reason. I would sometimes leave home on Saturday morning...alone, with a couple of bob in my pocket and try to cadge a ride to Naracoorte or Kyby or where ever the footy was that day, and if I was lucky I could get a ride with Tommy, which I managed to do on 2 or 3 occasions. The thing is, if it was Naracoorte Tommy would ring mum from a phone box after the footy and tell her I was going to the pictures in Naracoorte with him and Linda (Hamilton, his girlfriend). So it was fish and chips, the pictures and to top it off Tommy would let me pick the radio station to listen to on the way home in his cosy Vauxhall. I thought I was the king!!! All this when I was 9 or ten years old!! It's hard to imagine it happening now.

Malcolm McCrae was the son of our local Copper, Dougal and Malcolm was a died in the wool Footscray supporter , now Malcolm had what can only be described as a pretty exotic full Footscray outfit, Jumper complete with number 3 (Teddy Whitten ruled his life) , white shorts and Footscray sox and footy boots complete with ankle pads. Malcolm was a year or so older than me but I could not even dream to have a get up like that. You might ask in this day and age....what's the fuss?...well it was rare indeed for kids to have the full outfit back then. For us Apsley Kids it was a place of unlimited adventure, I would set off into the scrub with a mixed up bottle of Kai Ora cordial and a couple of honey sandwiches and meet up with the other kids and we would spend all day building forts, lighting campfires (in the winter) climbing trees and just living a great life. The thing that I think we are all learned from this was that we had to know where the line was as far as our own safety was concerned. We had to be responsible for ourselves and each other from an early age. Anyway, we survived, so we must have done something right.

Then there were the 'Bringalbert' days. Swimming, fishing, yabbing and generally squeezing every drop out of a day at the lake. Mum would take us out there in the old yellow Humber Snipe, as many kids as we could squeeze in.

Another fad that came and went was the Billy Cart craze. There was a handy hill up near Stewart's farm, it was kind of a big waterhole and all the kids would get into billy cart construction mode and pram wheels became prized possessions. Most Billy Carts consisted on a plank with a board nailed to it to carry the back axle, and a front board that was generally held by one roofing nail or something equally substantial, that would let the front axle swivel to facilitate steering with twine....like reins on a horse. Bolts and the like were way too elaborate for us to contemplate. The axles themselves were held on (in my case anyway) by as many 2 inch nails as you could belt into the board and bend over the axle to hold it. The duration of your billy cart day was governed entirely by how long your machine held together. Invariably I would cart mine home in three or four bits and go to work to get it ready for the next day. I recall Baden Taylors dad, Max, put a pretty fancy machine together for him. It had bolts and everything, pretty much a dream machine. We would hurl down the hill at seemingly breakneck speed, through tall thistles and trenches and rocks , hanging on for dear life and trying to steer the wicked out of control beast with a couple of bits of twine. We were an intrepid bunch indeed.

I know that this might not be a perfect record of events but they are the facts as I recall them, anyway, I hoped you enjoyed the read.

There is much more to add, and I will do so over the next few months. If you have anything to add or would like to contact me for anything in regard to this yarn feel free to contact me at bobdungey@hotmail.com or Mobile 0407495494