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## BUTLER'S ANZAC WEEKEND APRIL 25<sup>TH</sup> 2008

Lynne and I arrived at Curramulka to meet up with the rest of the clan to go the farm that we are staying at belonging to Les's brother Colin. We were last to arrive although 15 minutes early. Back in the cars the message was relayed from Glenys "guess who has the trip report"? We were last as we had been following Jeff and Sonia up the road.

The weather is overcast but no rain, a bit chilly and some wind

Present were:

Gordon and Ida Atherton, John and Sam Battle with children Courtney, Caitlin and Bradley, Trevor and Barbara Burford, Les and Eileen Butler, Greg, Tania, Aimee and Karla Butler (Les Butler's son ), Dave and Barbara Coker, Bruce and Deb Davidson, Glenys and Rob Elliott, Julie and Trevor Goldsmith, Marcia and Bob Kemp, Lynne and Peter Pyman, Grant Reid, Jeff and Sonya Stevens, Juan and Estelle Vega, Sharon and Bob White.

Les led the group to the property where we were taken to an area of mallee scrub to set up camp. John Sam and the kids are trying out their camper for the first time. The area had a great fire pit surrounded by rock walls built with large limestone rocks as well as huge rocks to sit on and a steel trough about 4 metres long for cooking the camp ovens in. It is used by the family regularly.



There is a horse drawn cart here for the kids to play with and we have been told that Colin has Clydesdale horses on the property and after lunch we will be going down to the farm house to watch them perform,

apparently they take orders like puppy dogs. Have had lunch and Les is organising a game for about 1.30, no one has been told the prize. One person from each family to participate. Peter is the stand-in for this family, once the 4 corners are in order Les spins the knife and one by one the corners are eliminated and all are out, Peter was the last one left and won the prize, except guess what, the prize, the **trip report**.



Eileen took a tumble when she was leaning on the back of her chair, she fell face first into the dirt was not hurt thank goodness, a little later her phone vibrated in her pocket surprising her so much she spilled her Ruski all down the front of her jacket, Marcia was to blame as it was her phoning to say they were at Curramulka so Les had to go into town to lead them out here.

After lunch we went to the farmhouse where Colin has 6 Clydesdale horses, mares Ester, Jenny, Dell and Bronte, gelding Lester and one baby, Mr Tim. One by one they do their

routine of walking cantering, stopping and walking backwards and only have to be given the order once. Colin has a saddle on one and we have been invited to have a ride. Courtney, Caitlin and Bradley, Aimee and Karla have had a ride and now its time for the adults, Julie, Sonia, Estelle and Juan to have a ride also myself, Lynne, it is along way to the ground. When I got off I felt like I had been split in half when you are short your legs have just enough space to partly get over the horses back

Colin told us about shoeing the horses and tomorrow he will take the kids for a ride on the cart pulled by 2 of the Clydesdale horses.



We have arrived back at camp and Les has organised to show how to plait rope using lengths of scrap hay bale binding string and the kids are fascinated and he has made a few extra for the kids for skipping ropes, during which about 6 camp oven meals were prepared along with some delicious scones by Julie that disappeared very quickly.

At



5.30 Les introduced his neighbour Greg and his 14 year old son George, and another brother Joe who together with Colin demonstrated how to crack whips. Several members had a go with mixed success.

**Saturday** Peter woke up early after listening to the rain, I had a lovely nights sleep listening to the same thing that kept Peter awake, it was a wet and windy night with the veranda filling up with water only on one end.

Happy Birthday to Greg only a young 46.



It is now off to see the country side.

There were so many of us that we divided into two groups, Les one group Greg the other doing the same trip but a little bit apart, first stop 45km Yorktown Bakery not much left by the time we get there, had timeout at the playground then on with the trip We went on some bitumen and back roads but no dust, but native vegetation starting to show through

the trees of Melaluca, Sheoak and Eucalyptus. There is still a lot of bare paddocks with a small amount of sheep. It has started raining and has been constant for a while now and the cars are dirty, We went into the town to see the aeroplane that has been reconstructed and put behind glass it is another Butler, ex air force who bought the plane and used it to fly the mail around. We stopped at Port Minlacowie and saw a pacific gull on the post, took a look at some of the lovely homes on the beach fronts at Barker Rocks, they are definitely not like the old type beach shacks that used to be there, The Bluff, and Brown Point here some of the places have had name changes also. On to Port Rickaby for lunch, it is quite



windy here and a little chilly, this port served as a grain transport area for the grain to be shipped out 1876 -1952. We are going for a ride over the mangroves now this part of the coast is very humpy and not all are going (John and Greg have decided to head back to the camp and get the fire going). As we go along Les describes how the mangroves have grown so strong here apparently fertilizer bags were cleaned out and left by the bushes till they were clean.



We have now done the humps now and are heading back to camp passing the historic Church and school where Les, Colin and his forbears were educated and married.

Oh O one flat tyre to Trevor right on the road into the property (off the main road past the dead fox). We have stopped as well as Bob and Marcie more hands less work.

It is now Saturday night and we are around the fire. It has quite a glow and guess who put her umbrella into the fire to stoke it about, no names but it starts with a M, she now has a fancy umbrella with holes in the top, one of a kind. Another person, male, who shall remain nameless but name starts with a B asked his wife to get him a coffee as he would be there at the camper shortly, when he didn't arrive wife tried to ring him (phone was in the car), went to find him, he was on the ground the opposite way to his camper, can get very disorienting and hard to see tree roots when the sun is not shining.



Historic Cooliwurty School

Had more rain this evening but the farmers really need, it saw one farmer dry seeding hope he had some luck with the rain.

**Sunday** Colin bought the horses and the dray here this morning and gave everyone who wanted a hay ride the opportunity to go around the tree area, what a wonderful way to end the weekend.

Thanks to our wonderful cooks for the opportunity to sample some goodies done in the camp ovens.

Scones and the cake Julie did with finesse, Damper by Dave sounds good doesn't it?

We will definitely take these two away again.



Thanks to Les and Eileen for a super weekend and to all of Les's family for the opportunity to be part of the bush for a couple of days, I am sure that without all the extras involved it would have been a great time but with all the extras it was a super time. I am sure that all who came would like to send a special THANK YOU wish to Colin and his wonderful horses.

We are not going home till Monday and with Les, Eileen and Grant will be able to enjoy another day, lucky us, this is what retirement is all about.

Lynne and Peter

