

# **Eulogy – Dulcie “Doll” Cockshell**

**10<sup>th</sup> May 1915 – 31<sup>st</sup> January 2020**



**Written by Helen Huxtable**

Dulcie Elva Verona Bartsch (our Mum, Nanna, Great Nanna and Great Great Nanna) was born at Mannum on the 10<sup>th</sup> of May 1915, to Ida & Carl Bartsch, the youngest of 11 children consisting of 3 boys and 8 girls – no television back then clearly.

Before Mum was born, the family had moved all over South Australia going where their father could find work – in the mines at Broken Hill, breaking in horses in Central Australia and working on farms and share farming. After Mum was born, her father and 3 brothers worked on farms in the Pyap West area and also carted logs with 3 horses and a trolley to load on to railway trucks. When Mum was about 7 years old they lived on a farm in a pug hut.

It was a hard life and out of necessity, her mother was very resourceful when it came to providing for her family – even making their own small goods with the childrens help. Unfortunately when Mum was 10 years old her mother died. Her father and brothers went to Coober Pedy opal mining and Mum went to Adelaide to live with her sister Vean and her family for the next 12 months. She then came back to live with her sister Rose, her husband Harry King, and their family at Bayah where they had a shop. Up until then Mums schooling had been by correspondence. She then went to the Pyap West school, travelling with her nephew Paul King in a sulky pulled by a grey horse named Polly. They had to go 5 miles over a very rough road with lots of hills and because Polly was a very old horse and couldn't go very fast, they had to leave home at 7am so as to get to school on time. During school holidays Mum went picking sultanas at 6 shillings or 60cents for a hundred buckets

On leaving school Mum worked for different farming families. The good times included playing tennis, going out for tea on a Sunday, singing around a pianola, following the football and going to dances with girlfriends and always accompanied by chaperones of course!

And there were bad times – at some places of employment having to start work at 5 in the morning and working until 10 at night making bread and doing all the cooking, washing and ironing for the family and farm workmen, even having to walk out to the paddocks with lunch for the workmen when they were reaping wheat and the like.

She eventually came in to Loxton and worked for a Mr and Mrs Bickford who had a bakery opposite the hotel and looked after their 2 little girls and also helped out in the shop. While working there she met Lloyd Cockshell whom she married 6 years later. He took her home from the pictures – on a dare!!! 3 years later she went to work for Lucy and Clem Scott – Mr Scott was the Manager of Landseers. Mum had many happy memories of her time spent there and remained friends with them over the years until they sadly passed on.

Mum and Dad were married in the Church of England here in Loxton on February 28<sup>th</sup> 1939. I was born in November of that year and we lived in a furnished house near where the old saleyards used to be opposite the railway station. When I was 3 years old we moved to a house in First Street which Mum and Dad purchased and Dad progressively renovated over the years. My brother Malcom was born almost 4 years after me and 6 years later our sister Wendy Kaye was born but sadly she only lived for 30 hours.

As we were growing up, Mum worked very hard to help provide for the family. She worked long hours, sometimes 8am to 10pm including weekends at Brookberns Cannery for many years. She later worked at the Loxton Hotel doing housekeeping and working in the kitchen.

In 1973 sadly Dad passed away in his sleep 9 days after his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday. Mum continued to live in First Street until 1991 when she sold the house and purchased a unit at the Riverview Rest Home.

Mum travelled quite a bit, going to Western Australia, Alice Springs, Canberra and many other places including a trip on the Murray Princess with me.

She loved gardening, playing bowls which included her being a member of the Ladies RSL Bowling Club, and she also won some trophies and was Club Patron for a few years. Also there was CWA, Probus, Senior Citizens and playing cards with her friends which she really enjoyed most of which was done with her neighbour and good friend Jean Jaeschke. She also loved her handicrafts – I am sure most of the family received numerous coated coat hangers as gifts, she also used to cut up old bread bags and use that to knit covers for pretty much anything and she also loved crocheting afghan blankets.

And then there was cooking – and boy did she love to cook. She baked her famous shortbreads, forcer biscuits and gingerbread men for Peg's Shoppe for many years.

And was always helping her family whenever and however she could.

In December 2002 Mum sold her unit at Riverview and moved into Room 1 Banskia House at the Loxton Hospital Complex and in December 2007 she moved into the high dependency unit in Melaleuca House where she was very well looked after. In fact she only spent one visit in the hospital for illness the whole time she was there.

Turning 100 in May 2015 was a highlight for her as all she wanted was that letter from the Queen and we made sure she got it and then some. Letters also came from the Prime Minister, Governor General and local politicians.

Mum loved her family dearly and was extremely proud of everyone – Malcom and Joy, their family Wendy, Patrick, Zachary, the late Haley; Susan, Tony & Emma; Brett, Aldona & Ophelia. And me and my family - Michael, Annie, Donshae, Richard and baby Lewis and Cindy, Michael, Dylan and Daniel.

We loved her dearly and will miss her but we know she will now be happy being back together with Dad which was what she had always wanted.

May she rest in peace.