



THE HUNT FOR MRS. OLIVER

We have been very excited to have our first fizz- The Hunt for Mrs. Oliver Methodé Traditionelle Fiano- out and about over the Christmas and New Year holidays. Of course, this is the perfect time for all good fizz to be consumed. Given this, we thought we should give you all a little more background where the slightly quirky label name comes from.

The Hunt for Mrs. Oliver is named after our matriarch, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, 4th generation Marjorie Lois Oliver. We always knew that the first fizz we produced would be named after her, but a quick look into the wine trademarks showed us that both Marjorie and Lois were already taken. So, it was time to put our thinking hats on.

We held a brainstorming day- thinking about all the things that make Gran the legend that she is.

She was born in Christies Beach, to Ernest and Dulcie Hunt, in 1923. She kept a diary every day. She was the ultimate farm homemaker. Cooking, cleaning, washing, gardening, sewing and tending to all her family's needs. As a young girl she loved to ride horses, and later was a very handy golfer. She married Herbert 'HJ' Oliver in 1946, not long after he returned home from WWII. She is legendary for her bikkies, chocolate slices, lemon delicious puddings and apricot roly-polys. She knitted us all socks with leftover wool in a myriad of colours. She loved patchwork. She reported in her daily diary on the weather, how many loads of washing she had done, how many chickens she had killed, plucked and dressed, as well as the comings and goings of various family members.



She was highly respected for her lack of fear around regular Brown Snake visitations. Once, an unfortunate brown snake made its way into her sewing room. She was trying to shoo it out when it began striking at her, so she ended up lopping its head off with her dressmaking scissors. She had to '...have a bit of a sit down after that.'

Also legendary, her resourcefulness. She saved the plastic wrapping from the newspapers, margarine and butter containers, meat trays, all manner of boxes, fabric, buttons, ice cream containers, alfoil, old envelopes, wrapping paper, Christmas cards...you name it, she recycled it. I was the long suffering recipient of one of her more interesting schemes. When teenage me complained that the magpies were swooping me while I was working in the vineyard, she promptly made me a helmet out of an old ice cream container with eyes drawn on the top of it. I didn't have the heart to refuse to wear it. She also collected feathers, so my ice-cream helmet was adorned with a few American Indian style.

She always recorded the price and date she bought an item on the actual product- no matter whether it was a transistor radio or

a tub of salt. When I eventually moved into her old house on the Taranga Farm, she proudly presented me with the warranty and receipt for her much loved oven, '...in case you need to make a claim.' It was purchased in 1969. I moved in in 2004.

She always left us notes, from old envelopes cut out with pinking shears (those zig zag ones), just to make them a little bit more fancy. One year, I was heading off on my first long road trip and she made me a whole ice cream container full of bikkies. She had left little notes all the way through the container, and when I reached the bottom it said in her beautiful handwriting, '...I hope you are almost home now as you are out of bikkies.' She always had flowers around, and in particular liked to have a sprig of blue plumbago stuck to her clothes whenever it was in season. We made daisy chains together when they sprouted up in the lawn.

So, maybe this gives you some insight into where the name and the wonderful images painted by South Australian artist, Emma Hack, have come from.

Hunt, being her maiden name and Mrs. Oliver, her married name. The feathers, washing peg, needle and thread and golf tee, hidden in amongst the plumbago, eucalypt and daisy flowers- all references to her life and loves. The back label having a zig zag edge to represent the notes on old envelopes cut out with pinking shears. The little pictures on the top of the muselet (the metal bit that holds the cork in) include a brown snake, an old skool peg, a golf tee and feathers- see if you can collect all four images! The flowers are set out as a floral crown, ready to sit atop our matriarch Marjorie's head.

She is celebrating her 95th birthday this year, so as you celebrate with your loved ones and bottle of The Hunt for Mrs Oliver, we hope you will raise a glass to Gran as well!

Carina

