



GOOD

Company

ISSUE 2

“Heart-warming amusement for Seniors”

Compiled by Bob Holland

ENTERTAINMENT and enjoyment is found in many forms, and those of us who consider ourselves past being able to engage in a lot of physical activity, well we often rely on newspapers, magazines, books, TV, radio and the like, as well as the company of family and friends to fill that void.

GOOD COMPANY is none of those, but it will provide readers with a good measure of amusement, entertainment and enjoyment during times when you don't want to feel alone or isolated.

GOOD COMPANY is a bit of everything, and its

aims are many. Among them are to simply provide you with some old-fashioned enjoyment, to stir your emotions, but in a good way, also to revisit some old memories that occurred during your lifetime, and most importantly, to bring a smile to your face, maybe even make you laugh, and finally, **GOOD COMPANY** will give you things to talk or reminisce about with others.

I sincerely hope you enjoy **GOOD COMPANY**, so settle back now and enjoy what I have for you in this issue.

Go well! – Bob

Bob Holland is a retired publisher, 76, widowed, but committed to try and make a difference in the lives of older people like him. For more about him, go to www.seniorshappylife.com.au

IN THIS ISSUE...



Let's play dress-ups!

NOSTALGIA - Those were the golden years



1949 Show offs!

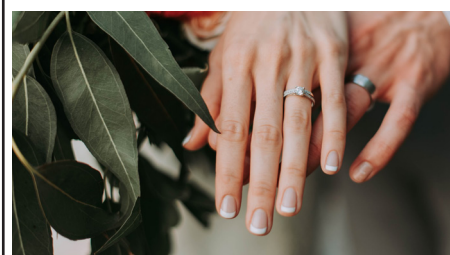
TRIVIA -
Who
says
I'm not
beautiful?



“HOT” Aussie rod



A Bush Pastor's Yarn



... AND SO MUCH MORE!



The humble egg – who would have thought?

IT'S a hobby that sounds almost macabre to modern sensibilities, but egg-collecting from the nests of wild birds, was one of the most popular hobbies of — not just wealthy Europeans — but Australian country kids for generations.

Therefore, if you were a boy growing up in the bush 70 or more years ago, you more than likely, spent your free time shimmying up trees and scouring through the undergrowth, in search of different types of eggs.

It is amazing how many people, shared similar escapades as a youth, before the practice fell-out of favour about 70-years ago.

The study of bird's eggs, is called "oology" and, according to the Natural History Museum at Tring in the United Kingdom, the preservation of eggshells for study and display, has been around for at least 350 years.

The pastime was particularly popular during the 1800s among elite gentlemen collectors and naturalists with government and museum-sponsored expeditions to document unique species all over the world, fuelling a natural history collecting "mania".

Which is exactly what it was; Charles Bendire, a 19th-century ornithologist and US army major, once braved enemy fire to snag a rare bird egg from a tree, cushioning it in his mouth while he scrambled down to safety.

Upon finding that the egg was stuck in his mouth, he had his men remove one of his teeth to free



it. Another egg enthusiast, Frances J Britwell, was strangled to death by his climbing rope while trying to reach a nest in a tall pine tree on his honeymoon... or perhaps it was his angry bride?

The Foundation of Vertebrate Zoology says that wealthy collectors amassed incredibly-large collections of bird material. Lord Rothschild of England, who was wealthy-enough to loan money at least twice to the National Bank of England, amassed the largest collection of birds eggs of any private collector on the planet between 1880 and 1931.

He had more than 300,000 specimens, collected from all over the world. Rothschild started his own museum in Tring, making his collection available to researchers. This is now the Natural History Museum.

The collection of wild bird's eggs, is now only permitted with a licence, due to the unscrupulous over-collection, though the hobby was still extremely popular, until changing views on the exploitation of wildlife, saw it banned in most countries from the 1950s.

The amazing thing about birds' eggs, is that almost every species has its own shape, size, thickness, and external colours and patterns.

The elephant bird (*Aepyornis maximus*), an extinct flightless bird of Madagascar, also known



"Eggsellent, Mr Bond!"

as the Roc, laid the largest-known bird eggs.

Some of these eggs measured as much as 34 centimetres (13.5 inches) in length and 24 centimetres (9.5 inches) in diameter. The largest egg produced by any living bird, is that of the North African ostrich (*Struthio camelus*). The average size is 15–20.5 centimetres (6–to 8 inches) in length and five to 15 centimetres (4–6 inches) in diameter.

The smallest mature egg, measuring less than one centimetre (0.39 inch) in length, is that of the vervain hummingbird (*Mellisuga minima*) of Jamaica.

Generally-speaking, the larger the bird, the larger the egg.

However, when compared with the bird's body size, the ostrich egg is one of the smallest eggs, while the hummingbird's egg, is one of the largest.

The Kiwi of New Zealand lays the largest egg, relative to body size, of any living bird.

Kiwis are comparable to chickens in size, but their eggs are comparable to ostrich eggs in size. The egg of a Brown Kiwi is 14–20 percent of the female's body weight; weighing up to half a

kilogram, ouch!

An interesting fact from The Foundation of Vertebrate Zoology, is that Ian Fleming, legendary creator of the fictional spy, James Bond, was an avid bird-watcher.

While he was living in Jamaica, he came across a bird guidebook written by a man by the name of James Bond.

Fleming thought that because his name was "ordinary", he asked if he could use it for his fictional novels. The real 007 was actually an expert ornithologist. In the movie, "Die Another Day", the actor portraying James Bond, Pierce Brosnan, was seen examining the book "Birds of the West Indies" which was written by James Bond in 1936.

Apparently, this is just one of the many small tributes dedicated to the ornithologist in the series.





David Hughes and Megan Hodsdon

“WHO says grown-ups have to stop playing?”

Megan Hodsdon and David Hughes are among a number of Australian’s who have taken up cosplaying. A portmanteau of ‘costume play,’ cosplay largely grew out of science fiction and comic book convention, where attendees had long enjoyed dressing up as their favourite characters. Once a niche activity, today you’ll find more and more people donning elaborate outfits at festivals and an increasing number of cosplay events and competitions, some quite lucrative.

Megan says her interest probably goes back to when she and David first met each other as young university students.

“We met through Scottish country dancing,” says Megan. “I went to university with the attitude that I’m going to try everything. I took up canoe polo and I took up dancing.”

“And I got to third year in University and realised I was paying \$500 a year for clubs and societies

Heard of Costume Play?

by Jonathan Roe

and decided that, as I had a Scottish heritage, then I should investigate the Scottish country dancing,” says David, who has since gone on to also explore Highland Dancing, Irish Step Dancing and Ceili dancing.

“I think that was obviously the start of dressing up and going out and doing things,” says Megan.

But although the historic costuming associated with Scottish Country dancing piqued their interest, it wasn’t until around 2015 that they began to regularly cosplay at events.

“My first serious event was Iron Fest in Lithgow (NSW),” says Megan. “We didn’t dress up the first time we went there. My brother had given us tickets for Christmas one year and we went and just went Wow! There’s everything here, every group you can imagine! We straight away went right, let’s start let’s put costumes together. It has really gone from that event.”

Megan and David have around 20 different costumes and go to at least 20 events each year, all over the Country. The couple start planning their calendar early each year as there are events almost every weekend.

“It is remembering what you were, what you were excited about when you were 15 and going back to being excited by those things again,” says David.

“Absolutely yeah, I think there is that push back to enjoying your adulthood too though. You don’t have to take everything too seriously, you can get out and just have fun.”

*“The healthiest response
to life is joy.”
— Deepak Chopra*





MAKING NEWS BACK THEN...

From the Sydney Morning Herald in 1937

FASTER AIR MAILS - Reduction of One Day

THE Postal Department advised yesterday that, following the introduction of the new flying boats on part of the England-Australia route, the time for the transport of mails from Sydney to London would be reduced from 13 to 12 days. The time from London to Australia however, would remain unaltered.

It has been found practicable

to carry the mails entirely by air, cutting out the rail link between Paris and Brindisi. Instead of calling at Paris, the new route from Croydon to Alexandria will be via Marseilles and Rome.

A feature of the new service will be a more expeditious service of air mails to Rome and Marseilles.

From the Sydney Mail April 27, 1938

Policemen With Many Jobs

THE official titles held by the solitary policeman stationed at Birdsville, on the Queensland-South Australian border, total about 90. He is the "Poohbah" of that part of the country, and what he says is law. So far is he away from headquarters that when his leave occurs he takes it out of Adelaide instead of Brisbane. His duties, apart from police and court work, comprise registrar of births, deaths, and marriages, clerk of petty sessions, inspector of slaughter houses, stock inspector, licencing inspector, State insurance agent, Public Curators' agents, relief work official, officer in charge of workers' compensation, protector of aborigines etc. There are several lesser "Poobahs" in the great outback that begins a hundred miles or so west of Charleville - notably at Nocundra, where the lonely constable has about 70 different titles. Up north at Coen and such-like places, it's much the same. - "Strutt."

If you're wondering "What's a Poohbah or Poobah?" I found two spellings and two descriptions. Poohbah - a person having much influence or holding many offices at the same time. Poobah - a person who holds several positions, especially ones that give bureaucratic importance.

From Sydney Mail April 27, 1938

Turtles of the Barrier Reef

IN his diary, Captain Cook described the green turtles of the Great Barrier Reef as the "finest in the world".

These amphibians are also the world's most remarkable egg-layers.

Recently, at Lady Musgrave Island, near the southern end of the reef, a turtle nest was discovered containing 231 eggs!

Only once before, so far as it is known, has a larger batch of eggs been discovered in a single nest.

Three years ago, on Heron Island, near Lady Musgrave Island, a nest containing 287 eggs was found, and these eggs had been laid by the turtle in exactly 15 minutes!

The female turtle goes ashore to lay eggs every two weeks or so during the breeding season (the hot summer months), and in the aggregate she lays anything up to 10,000 eggs, or even more.

On one occasion a large turtle was dissected in Queensland, and she contained a total of 1200 eggs in various stages of development, ranging in size from a small bead to a ping-pong ball.

There was also a mass of immature eggs, and this mass must have represented another 2000 eggs at least.

When Lieutenant Fowler, one of Captain Matthew Flinders officers, was marooned for three months in 1802 on Wreck Reef (North Queensland), he also counted 1940 eggs in a green turtle he had captured for food.

The mature turtle eggs are about the shape and size of billiard balls.

They are white and have a soft glutinous shell, which is extremely tough, but which, strangely enough, shrinks up when exposed to the air for any length of time. - P.



Where'd I leave the secateurs?

by Bob Holland

GETTING old brings with it some new and interesting challenges, challenges that will make you either laugh or think you're losing it. My experience suggests I should laugh when I do those seemingly silly things that I never once did.

How often do you hear an older person say they walked into their pantry or a particular room in their house only to say to themselves "Why did I come in here?" or done other funny things. I'm still pretty with it but recently I was looking for my glasses only to realise I was wearing them! Like I said, and unless there's a more important reason you don't know about, better to just laugh and move on.

That leads me to tell you about a funny experience I had recently.

It was the first sunny day of spring and I decided to weed the garden beds out the front of our home. I grabbed the things I needed out of the garage, garden gloves, a bucket for the weeds, secateurs and a weeding fork. We also have a green bin for green waste, but it was out the front of the house ready to be emptied.

I took my time with the weeding and had several breaks along the way, when I took a break I left my tools where I was working.

Fast forward to 3 o'clock and after finishing, I picked up all my tools to put them back into the garage. It was then that I realised the secateurs weren't there. No dramas I thought, I must have left them on the lawn somewhere. A quick search didn't find them, then I realised at one point that when I moved from one garden bed to another, I had put the weeding fork and secateurs in the empty bucket to move. It then crossed my mind that I had taken the weeding fork out to keep weeding but had left the secateurs in the bucket. I must have emptied the secateurs into the green



waste bin with the weeds I had since put in the bucket. Simple! The green waste bin was fairly full, but I managed to rummage through it well enough, but alas no secateurs. Where could they be?

I'm very good at finding lost items, I don't panic, I think clearly and over the years I have found most things that I or my wife have mislaid. One exception to that was a lost black bra several years ago. I used all my Sherlock Holmes powers of investigation and virtually spent hours over several days turning the house upside down but couldn't find it anywhere. It was almost two years later when my wife pulled some rarely used sheets out of the linen press that the black bra fell out of them.

Meanwhile, back to the secateurs.

By this time, thinking of silly options started to kick in, I was wondering if someone may have simply taken them as they lay unattended on the lawn, or maybe a neighbour's dog or one of the many magpies in our area might have taken them. Good sense kicked in quickly and I discounted all those wild options, but still, where could they be?

I then spent almost an hour checking all the garden beds again, running my hands under and around bushes, through leaves and so on. I then tipped the green waste bin out and went through it with a fine-tooth comb, but still no secateurs. It was getting crazy but, fact was they weren't to be found. Losing a pair of secateurs is not a big deal but the challenge of solving the mystery is what



had me in, and not being able to solve it was a dint to my pride. But like they say, it is what it is and I had to finally accept that, and I did, sort of.

Having given up, I decided to go for my regular afternoon walk, where I met up with my friend Graham, also out for a walk. I had a great time telling Graham of my experience and then laughing about it.

While watching tele later that night, my mind returned to the puzzle and then something dawned on me.

Remember I said the green waste bin was out the front of the house ready to be emptied?

It was emptied around noon and up until that time, I had been tipping the weeds from the bucket into it. After it was emptied, I brought it closer to where I was working and continued to tip the weeds from the bucket into it.

Mystery solved! Obviously, I HAD left the secateurs in the bucket, then put more weeds on top of them and then tipped them into the green waste bin BEFORE it was emptied. That was the one little happening that I had completely overlooked in my search.

My secateurs are now in green heaven, retired and resting peacefully with other lost garden tools, possibly relatives, but none-the-less, all having fallen victim to early retirement in a similar way.

Like all of them I suspect, I slept well that night, knowing my excellent record for finding lost items was still intact.



“Keep smiling, because life is a beautiful thing and there’s so much to smile about.”

— Marilyn Monroe

“Goodbye and God bless” — the golden years of radio drama

by David Dixon

RADIO was king, until the “box in the corner” — television — transformed all our lives.

AS a teenager growing-up in Sydney in the 1970s, I used to love listening to the ABC radio dramas still being produced at the time, on an old leather-bound AM radio my Aunt had given me.

In her tiny weatherboard house in the heat of the night during the summer holidays, I would follow the murder mysteries, detective thrillers, and sci-fi classics, that were still being produced even then by the national broadcaster.

Most of us have probably forgotten how much the “wireless” dominated home entertainment in Australia, before the rise of television in the 1960s.

However, radio had been slow to come to Australia, with many years of trials and tests, before it was commercially-available to the average listener.

While experiments in radio communication had been occurring in Australia, mostly under the watchful eye of its inventor Frank Marconi, from the turn of the century, it was only after the establishment of the ABC (Australian Broadcasting Commission) in 1932 that the flame of community interest in Australia, was finally lit.

Independent commercial radio stations then sprang up all around the country, from our largest cities, to even the smallest bush towns.

By 1939, more than a million Australians had “radio licences”. These were required at the time to legally-own the giant black and tortoiseshell Bakelite units full of valves and wires, that held pride-of-place in lounge-rooms across the land.

Only four countries had larger audiences in



Australia's most popular radio show, Blue Hills ran for a full 5795 episodes from 1949 up until 1976.



relation to their population than Australia with radio now the companion that provided the latest news, easy-listening music, quiz competitions, and panel shows.

The emphasis was on the upbeat, the fun, and the entertaining, with radio legend, Jack Davey at one time hosting five radio quiz shows a week

Stage comedian Roy Rene, and his alter-ego, drunkard layabout, Mo McCackie, was another radio star with sponsored programs like Calling the Stars, Colgate Cavalcade, and Atlantic Shows hugely-popular in the 1940s and 1950s.

Fine baritone voices like Leonard Teale and Alwyn Kurts — both later to star in the iconic Australian television police drama, Homicide — also cut their teeth on radio serials like Tarzan, Superman, and Raising a Husband.

However, it was the radio serials that Australians really fell in love with — tales of country domesticity and drama — some running literally for decades.

Actors and actresses, who would actually dress in character and wear stage make-up, even though they were unsighted by their listening audience, became household names.

The most famous series, Blue Hills, developed out of a wartime family drama, The Lawsons (which itself ran for 15-years) in 1949, and ran for a full 5795 episodes right up until 1976.

Other series included Steel Rudd's comic creation, Dad and Dave, which was broadcast for 15 years from 1936; When a Girl Marries which ran for 3290 episodes from 1946 to 1965; the American Portia Faces Life which from 1952 to 1970, and Dr Paul, "a story of adult love" which ran five days a week from 1949 to 1971.

Women writers and actors were, surprisingly for the conservative times, highly-prominent and successful in radio dramas. This included famous voice actresses, Amber Mae Cecil and Ethel Lang; legendary American-born radio executive and producer, Grace Gibson; and Blue Hills writer for all its 27-year run, Gwen Meredith.

Yet Queenie Ashton was the Blue Hills star all Australians knew and loved, first playing Lee Gordon as the Doctor's wife, and then graduating to "Grannie Bishop".

Radio was so popular in Australian homes, bringing a sense of shared community and



proximity to a tiny nation spread over a giant continent, that many radio shows became part of people's lives.

A Melbourne paper in the 1940s declared a sense of "mourning" at the final episode of a well-known serial at the time. Some were so popular that "novelisations" were produced as hard-copy fiction for devoted followers.

While glamorous stars to many Australians, most of these radio actors had come from work on the stage rather than film, and their sense of no-fuss camaraderie meant that getting the job done as quickly and professionally as possible, was the key.

Actors and production teams earned a reputation for recording many episodes in as short a period as possible.

One radio producer of a popular series later recalled that the cast would usually assemble at 9am, read their scripts for 15 minutes, rehearse for 15 minutes, prepare sound effects and props for another quarter hour, and then record their weekly allotment of five episodes of 15 minutes each — a week's worth of listening — before lunch!

But just as film had largely-replaced live theatre as the main form of drama in people's lives, so the advent of television in Australia in 1956, was predicted to prove the demise of radio drama.

However, due to a television at the time being so expensive, costing more than £200 (about \$7000 in today's terms), many radio shows survived and even thrived for years and even decades after television's rise.

One of the last successful series, The

Castlereagh Line, followed the trials and tribulations of 19-year-old Carlotta Clemens, who leaves her dearest friend and the safety of their home in Brisbane, to take a job as governess on a remote Queensland cattle station.

The series ran from 1982 for 910 episodes and was aired on more than 100 stations nationally and internationally, more than any Australian radio serial ever, and can still be heard on some small country stations to this day.

The ABC also continued making radio dramas, until the close of Radio National's Airplay program in 2012.

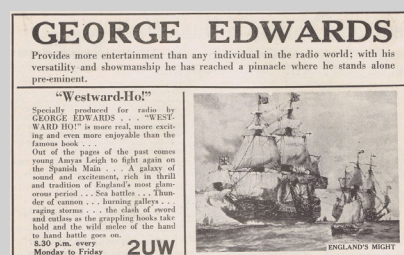
Even now, many travellers sick of the banal nature of commercial radio, subscribe or buy BBC radio murder mysteries, Sherlock Holmes, Hercule Poirot, or Miss Marple to wile away the travelling hours.

To understand the intimate appeal of a radio play, as opposed to the noisome and intrusive nature of much television drama, we can go back to the final episode of Blue Hills.

We hear Queenie Ashton (awarded a Member of the Order of Australia for her work in drama over more than 60 years), concluding the series as Grannie Bishop in 1976.

"We don't have to see people every day of the week, to imagine them in their surroundings or even to live their lives with them.

"We can still use our imagination ... they can still be in our minds. They can still be with us and, so you see, and it isn't really very hard to say goodbye. To say goodbye, and God bless."





PICTURES FROM OUR PAST



1923 Advertising

This photo was taken looking west from Hyde Park in Sydney. You don't see advertising displayed in this fashion now.

PHOTOS: STATE LIBRARY OF NEW SOUTH WALES



Showtime! Popular then and still popular today. This was the Royal Australian Show in Sydney on April 6, 1949. Haven't fashions changed since then too?



Up the ladder to fight the fire...

Fire-fighting competitions were popular in Australia at a time when most fire-fighting units, even in our larger cities, were largely part-timers or even volunteers.

Events like this one held in the late 1950s, provided valuable training for these units, as well as a form of fun competition for spectators and competitors alike.



CWA's there for the country, through good times and bad...

Country Women's Associations of Australia (CWA) have played a vital role in keeping rural communities going, through both good and bad times.

This pic is both a happy and in some ways, a somewhat sad occasion, by modern standards. It is a picture of a community nurse in the NSW Central West in 1929 who, upon getting married, was forced out of the workforce, a common occurrence at the time.

Grateful local mothers and other members attended the event to offer the midwife a rousing farewell before she headed-off, no doubt, to "make a home" for her new husband!



A Bit of this... A Bit of that



Highest mountains in each state or territory across Australia

NSW	Mt. Kosciuszko	2228m
Victoria	Mt. Bogong	1986m
ACT	Bimberi Peak	1912m
Tasmania	Mt. Ossa	1617m
Queensland	Bartle Frere	1611m
Northern Territory	Mt. Zell	1531m
South Australia	Mt. Woodroffe	1435m
Western Australia	Mt. Meharry	1253m

Hottest and coldest days

Hottest	50.7 °C (123.3 °F)	2nd January, 1960
	Oodnadatta, SA and	
	Onslow, WA	
Coldest	- 23 °C (-9.4 °F)	29th June, 1994
	Charlotte Pass, NSW	

WHAT WERE THE TOP 20 GIRL'S NAMES IN 1930?

1. Margaret (1477)
2. Patricia (1161)
3. Shirley (944)
4. Joan (740)
5. Barbara (648)
6. Mary (601)
7. Betty (593)
8. Dorothy (511)
9. Judith (488)
10. June (475)
11. Marie (450)
12. Valerie (417)
13. Pamela (377)
14. Elizabeth (373)
15. Helen (365)
16. Norma (357)
17. Beryl (339)
18. Elaine (330)
19. Joyce (317)
20. Beverley (310)



**UGLY OR
BEAUTIFUL?**

This is clever, it's an oldie but a goodie.
Turn the drawing upside down to see an
amazing transformation.

**YOU KNOW WHEN
YOU BUY A BAG
OF SALAD & IT
GETS ALL BROWN
& SOGGY?**

**COOKIES DON'T
DO THAT**



UNREAL AD

CHEATERS

"CALORIE FREE" CHOCOLATE

Exclusive to the **Fantasy Confection Company**

CHEATERS is ideal for chocolate over-indulgers of all ages.

At last, you can enjoy all the chocolate you want, without the guilt!

Available from 'Dream outlets' across Australia

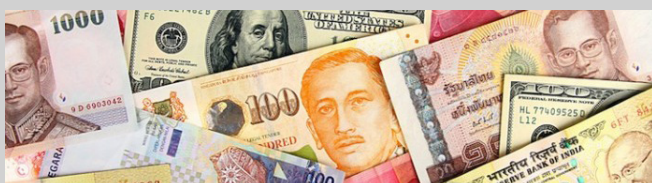
TRY SOME TODAY!

Disclaimer: Lack of flavour, taste and texture may offend some users.



FOREIGN CURRENCY

How are you on your foreign currencies? Here's a few for your trivia questions -



Argentina	Peso
Brazil	Real
Canada	Canadian dollar
China	Yuan
France	Euro
India	Rupee
Japan	Yen
New Zealand	New Zealand Dollar
Philippines	Piso
Russia	Rouble
Thailand	Baht
Vietnam	Dong

WEIRD WORDS

For those who love trivia in all its forms, check out these weird words which you're sure to remember and use very soon.



Biblioklept One who steals books

Acnestis "The part of the back (or backbone) between the shoulder blades and the loins which an animal cannot reach to scratch" (Oxford English Dictionary)

Meldrop "A drop of mucus at the nose, whether produced by cold or otherwise" (English Dialect Dictionary)

Octothorpe The symbol #

Nauseant An agent that induces nausea

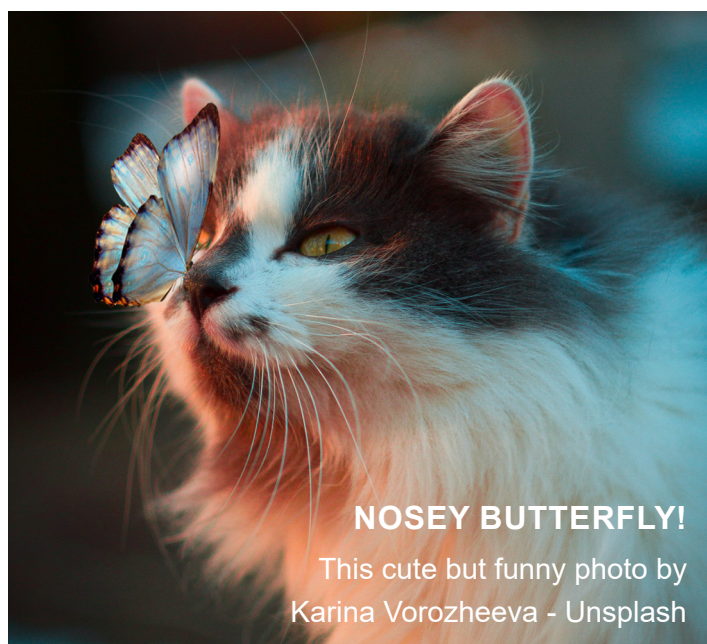
Obelus The symbol ÷

Amatorculist "A little insignificant lover; a pretender to affection" (Samuel Johnson, A Dictionary of the English Language, 1755)

Peristeronic Of or relating to pigeons

Pot-valor Boldness or courage resulting from alcoholic drink

Agelast A person who never laughs



NOSEY BUTTERFLY!

This cute but funny photo by Karina Vorozheeva - Unsplash



A Bush Village Wedding to Remember

By: The Past-it Pasta (whoops)-Pastor

(A true story by a retired 87-year old Pastor)

FOR me, the one to officiate at this wedding, it all started many months before, with a casual enquiry in front of the village Post office: 'Bob, do you still conduct weddings?' A simple reply of 'yes' apparently started the wheels turning.

I seem to have no way, out of my preference, to keep real names under wrap so with the nature of small village life being what it is, anyone from the wider area around our little village who should pick this up and read it, would immediately recognise the bride and the groom.

All of a sudden, out of the blue I was told by an excited bride to be: 'We've set the date'. When I was told the date, obviously Rose and Peter were going to tie the knot and it looked as if I was the man for the job. They had been together for well over 20 years, and I guess many of us newcomers to the village presumed they were already husband and wife. The immediate problem though was that we had only a couple of weeks before the prescribed one month's notice required for the marriage application form had to be signed.

Like many of us today, with American and other overseas programmes on Telly, and other entertainment we are likely to be influenced by, it is easy to presume that all you need is a Minister of Religion or a Celebrant to turn up on the day, say the right words, fill in a certificate and then it's all over, settled.

The next few weeks kept us on our toes getting Birth Certificates, divorce documents and other related information together. It all came together smoothly, which was my personal desire, as this couple were near neighbours and close friends. There had also been pressing health issues and the evidence of the commitment to one another, demonstrated on Peter's part by the fact that almost single-handedly, he had built Rose a lovely new home. A special feature during this process for me, was that Peter loved country music which he played loudly while ever he was on the job. It was what I regard as real country music - Jim Reeves, Johnny Cash and others from way back. Because I suspect, of uncertain health at the time, it seemed to me that one particular song was becoming his theme song. It was Jim Reeves singing 'One Day at a time, Sweet Jesus'.

The day arrived. It was a typical western February summers' day. Sunny, from the outset, and very hot. Temperatures had been up into the 40s and during that week were generally in the high 30s. The time set was 4pm, allowing plenty of time for travelling family and friends.

They hired the small cement rendered Anglican Church on the hill. It was fully exposed to the late afternoon western sun and only had a few windows, very small with little opening for breeze and fresh air. There were only power points for fans or anything else needed.

Everything was well-planned and organised, although a few details were kept secret. I had told Peter that I wanted him and his men there before 3.50pm.

Right on time, resplendent in hired tux, he and his groomsmen were in place just as a few folks were already settling into the pews. They were assembled in front of me, slightly to my left, exactly as planned.

When Peter realised that others were coming in, and because he was concerned for the comfort of some, particularly any elderly people, he suddenly took his leave and became the usher. Soon the



place was chock-a-block full, and still filling. Just on official starting time I had to take control and sang out at the top of my voice, 'Peter! I want you here right now!' pointing to the spot where he was supposed to be. He complied, still looking back over his shoulder to see if everyone was comfortable.

I now expected the bride to enter, if not right to the minute, fairly soon. But! Having heard a sound only a few in the know were waiting for, Peter sings out at the top of his voice, 'OK, everybody out!' we all have to see how Rose arrives!' Despite the fact that so many were crammed into that little building, it seemed to me that the exodus was instant, and there I was, in my collar and tie and dark blazer, ready to proceed with a wedding in a hot, totally empty building! I followed the rest out, only to see that Rose had, in her beautiful dress and with her lovely flowers, just got out of the side car of a big Harley Davidson outfit.

Whew! Now we can get back to the reason we were all there. So again, on Peter's instruction, almost all of us proceeded back into the church. By this time, more had arrived, so there was now an impressive overflow crowd.

Soon I was back where I belonged, and so was Peter. Then Rose entered to the sound of a guitar/accordion duo playing suitable music. There at last in front of me, was the complete wedding party. The tension I usually feel officiating on such occasions was fast diminishing and I was starting to enjoy the whole occasion. I started into the introductions, and with only just a few words out of my mouth, Peter said at the top of his voice: 'Stop everything! I'm not going to marry this woman until we're engaged!' He then dropped to his knee as he took a little ring case out of his pocket, and looking up into Rose's eyes said, 'Rose, will you marry me?' to which of course Rose responded in the affirmative, both verbally and with a hug and kiss, as he placed an engagement ring on the relevant finger.

This was becoming increasingly a lot of fun, but still enjoyable as a very serious expression of two people making public, their commitment to one another in front of family and friends.

We proceeded with the vows and then as they anticipated, a brief few thoughts from me about where God fits into the whole picture of love and marriage, and the challenge to include Him in their future relationship. Everything went as expected until----during the signing of the registry, up front



before the whole congregation, the musicians started playing Peter's song, 'One Day At A Time'. A few in the congregation started humming the tune, then a few others started mouthing the words, and then having signed the documents, while I was leading Rose through the signing, Peter also started to sing, out loudly. While the witnesses were signing, I found myself joining in, and then we were all singing, 'One day at a time, Sweet Jesus, that's all I'm asking of you!' That day we really lifted the roof with our singing.

But there's more....

My wife Enid may be the only one who remembers this. After we had settled down after the singing, and before I formally introduced our friends Peter and Rose as husband and wife, I concluded the service with a brief prayer and benediction blessing. Now, Enid hadn't been really well over the previous few days, and as we had had plenty of surprises over the previous hour, I guess she just wasn't ready for another one. As I usually close my eyes when I



lead in prayer, I didn't of course see that many in the congregation, not used to a church atmosphere perhaps, had their eyes still open, and were preparing for the next phase of the proceedings.

All of a sudden Enid, also with eyes closed, got a nudge in the back and opened her eyes to see a small, generally unfamiliar object being passed to her. It was however, the statement that her ears picked up that really caused her to take notice. It was still before the events of 9/11, but news reports that included one particular word, usually grabbed her attention. She heard the words, 'Here Enid, here's a bomb'.

It took her more than a few seconds to realise she was being given a streamer bomb, so that the bride and the groom would be bombarded with colour and inconvenience as they proceeded down the aisle under a shower of streamers.

Talk about a fun time! We enjoyed ourselves in ways we could not have imagined. There couldn't have been more laughter or great enjoyment at a well-rehearsed and produced comedy show, and yet the real purpose of our coming together for Rose and Peter's sake was not over-shadowed.

Unfortunately, because Enid was not well we had to leave the reception early, but not before an elderly guest told me in very picturesque language, that I can't reproduce, but meant 'I'm not kidding you Bob, that's the best, most enjoyable wedding I've ever been to'. He then thanked me for it all. It wasn't me, the fun was all of others doing. I was just the preacher who was invited along for the ride.

What a day! What a blessing though, and what a special memory for our little village, Mumbil. 💕



Shark-fin EK a classic model from the boom- time 1960s

The EK Holden was the first new GMH model released in the 1960s and was a clear-break from the smooth, rounded, utilitarian Holden's of the early post-war years.

With its classic shark-fin rear lights, stylishly aesthetic body-shaping, two-tone colour scheme, stainless steel trims, as well as chrome special badges, it foretold an era of increasing affluence and national self-confidence.

Like the FB series that it replaced, all EK models were powered by a 138 cubic inches (2260cc) inline six-cylinder engine commonly referred to in Australia (due to its paint colour) as a "grey



motor" that produced about 75-brake horsepower.

With a production run of 150,214 vehicles, the EK sold well in several overseas markets including New Zealand, South-East Asia, and the Pacific Islands.

The EK was replaced by the more boxy, contemporary-looking Holden EJ series in July 1962. However, it has remained exceedingly popular as a classic model from the now-lost age of Australian motor-car manufacturing.



Known as The Flame, this is a 1932 Ford "pick-up truck" that has been fully re-painted and rebuilt with a 1960s 350 Chevy (V8 Chrome) motor and automatic transmission.

Ford pick-up truck to Aussie hot rod

The first "hot rods", now often called "custom cars", appeared in the late 1930s in southern California, where people raced these modified, high-performance vehicles on dry lake beds near Los Angeles.

This type of racing gained popularity after World War II where it was then imported into Australia, becoming particularly popular in the 1960s and 1970s among urban, working class men.

Today, unique vehicles like this are more usually prestige display cars owned by dedicated owners for exhibition at major events and shows.



Remember
these?



Globite
Travel Bags

Hula
hoops



Captain Fortune



Car indicator



Fairy
bread



Flares



Bob and Dolly Dyer



Push
mowers



Desks



Trams



GOOD OLD-FASHIONED LAUGHS

TICKET-COLLECTOR: "Your ticket is for Liverpool and this train is going to Penrith."

Pompous Dame: "Well, can't you speak to the driver?"

MISTRESS: "You serve on the left and take the plates from the right."

New maid: "Why ma'am, are you superstitious?"

DOCTOR: "You say you are bad-tempered? I expect you know that science has discovered that your bad temper is caused by an ugly little microbe."

Patient: "Speak more quietly, doctor. She's waiting in the next room for me."

LADY: "How much would you charge to alter the shape of my nose?"

Plastic Surgeon: "£50 madam."

Lady: "Isn't there some way of doing it that would be less expensive?"

Surgeon (sarcastically): "Well, madam, you could try walking into a telegraph pole."

CHORUS GIRL: "They advertised for a chorus of 80."

Unsuccessful Applicant: "Yes – and they looked it."

"I UNDERSTAND Bridget, that late last night you had a policeman in to supper and that he finished the cold mutton."

"Well, ma'am, you can't expect me to start cooking hot meals for any policeman at that time of night."

AUTHOR: "You find fault with the end of the story? What's wrong with it?"

Editor: It's too close to the beginning.



Funny Dunny Business

It's amazing what lengths companies will go to in an effort to get us to buy their products. Here's a collection of slogans that toilet paper manufacturers have used over the years, some of them are pretty basic while others are quite clever, even humorous. What's your favourite? Enjoy!



- Feel the softness
- Add value to your washroom
- Increase your hygiene care
- Make a smart choice
- Representing your house
- Made according to your comfort
- The comfortable lifestyle
- Be smart be fast
- Your new partner
- The secret of a comfortable life
- Feel beyond imagination
- An artistic paper for every day
- See life from a different perspective
- A piece of heaven
- Decide where you belong



A few feel good quotes...

Unless someone like YOU cares a whole awful lot, nothing's going to get better. No, it's not.
- Dr Seuss

It's better to walk alone, than with a crowd that's going in the wrong direction.
- Herman Su

The greatest healing therapy is friendship and love.
- Hubert H. Humphrey

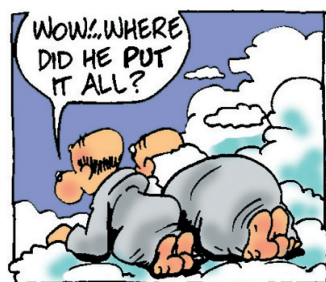
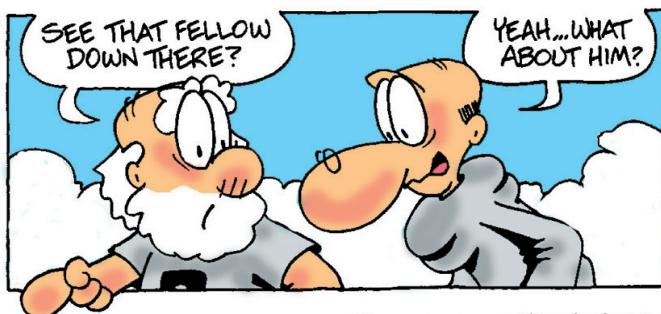
We must let go of the life we've planned, so as to accept the one that is waiting for us.
- Joseph Campbell



"The best portion of a good man's life is his little nameless, unencumbered acts of kindness and of love." — Wordsworth

"Life imposes things on you that you can't control, but you still have the choice of how you're going to live through this."
— Celine Dion

“ We dance for laughter, we dance for tears, we dance for madness, we dance for fears, we dance for hopes, we dance for screams, we are the dancers, we create the dreams.
— Albert Einstein **”**



Used with permission of the cartoonist