

Final edition of *Meridian*

By Dennis Blewett

This is the final *Meridian*. It has become increasingly apparent to me that the journal - in this age of instant, electronic communication - is no longer an effective means of keeping club members in touch with what is currently taking place in the club, and alerting them as to what is about to happen in the near future.

Meridian has been published every three months, which has also precluded it from being a vehicle for on-going discussion.

When I became editor, ten-and-a-half years ago, there was optimism about the club, a belief that it would inevitably grow, and play an important part in the activities of people fifty-five and older, particularly those living in the Woden Valley. The welfare of older people is properly a responsibility of government and clubs such as Woden Seniors should surely be seen by government as valuable allies, rather than an irritant, as a drain on resources. Support was assured, we believed; if the club did not exist, the ACT Government would need to invent an alternative.

So, there was confidence that the club would expand, and *Meridian* sought to capture that optimism, and nurture it.

Those days are gone. *Meridian*'s value has been as a record of what has happened three months (or more) prior to publication. Matters of immediacy can be accessed on-line.

So, time to go. *Meridian* joins the *Bulletin*, *Newsweek*, and many others! Of course, many publications remain available on-line. Perhaps that is the future for Woden Seniors?

Finally, thanks must be extended to the Hellenic Club, which has generously paid printing costs during the past ten-and-a-half years, and to Luton Properties, whose advertising in *Meridian* has largely paid for the only other cost to the club, mailing.

Happy Christmas, and best wishes for a prosperous, happy New Year to all

Another Christmas upon us, and 2012 about to give way to the New Year. Many of us will have had the opportunity to wish fellow club members a happy festive season and all the best for the future at this year's Christmas lunch function (*Meridian* goes to press directly after the Christmas Fair, and before the lunch).

Woden Seniors' President, Vice-President and members of the Management Committee wish to take this opportunity to wish all members a very happy Christmas, and may 2013 prove to be a happy, fulfilling year for us all.

And thank you to everyone who has contributed to our club's success this past year, and we look forward to renewing friendships in 2013.

Christmas Fair an important fund-raiser



This year's Christmas Fair (Saturday 1 December) again attracted many visitors, and proved to be a valuable fund-raiser for the club. Above, images from the Fair, the chocolate wheel, barbecue, police presence, and plant, books and jewellery stalls.

Wind farm visit

By Sue Allen

On Wednesday 21 November 15 club members, together with members of Spiral, were taken by bus to the Woodlawn Wind Farm past Bungendore. We were fortunate that the Infigen Company provided the bus from our club to the wind farm. As we drove north of Bungendore we could see the array of wind turbines, which are part of the Capital Renewable Energy Precinct.

The Capital Wind Farm which we passed first, has 67 turbines powering the equivalent of 60,000 homes per year. With these on the horizon we finally turned into the Woodlawn precinct, passing farm houses and finally reaching a marquee that had been set up for this day when the company runs continuous group visits to the farm. Prior to us had been a group of children and it was interesting to see their artistic responses to these tall, elegant structures.

After afternoon tea (minus the tea and coffee as they had run out of hot water) we proceeded up the hill to look inside one of the turbines, which had been turned off.

I must say I was surprised at both how windy it was (I probably shouldn't have been!) and also how quiet the nearby turbines were. This was one of the reasons I wanted to go on this expedition; to hear the noise levels of a working turbine. Infigen Energy quoted the sound decibels as similar to the ocean surf, and I must say it was similar. But then the one we were standing underneath was turned off.

Inside the turbine was simple, a ladder to the top and next to that rising up through the centre is a two-man lift that begins part of the way up and finishes just before the top. This lift runs with access to the ladder at all times. A technician said he could climb to the top in 5min 25sec. He said, while his legs were OK, his arms and fingers cramped from holding on to the rungs.

We were told that some turbines have been struck by lightning, despite earthing systems to disperse the energy. But apparently this strike damaged a blade and it had to be replaced.

There are 23 turbines on the Woodlawn site all 80 metres to the height of the hub with rotor of 44 metres making a total rotor diameter of 88 metres. The tower itself is made of steel and the blades of fibreglass/epoxy. The blades rotate at 15-18rpm or the equivalent of one rotation every 3-4 seconds. These 23 turbines supply 23,000 homes a year after being fed in via a 330kv transmission line that feeds into a grid that serves Eastern Australia.

It was an extremely interesting trip and I would recommend a visit if one is offered again. As we drove back we passed the site for the Capital

Solar Farm, which will occupy an area of about 100 hectares.

Wendy, the civil engineer with Infigen, who ably guided us through the tour, told us that the solar farm will complement the wind farms.

Thanks to Wendy, Laura and Marju from Infigen, who helped us organise this trip and a special thanks to Michael Smedley from our club, who initiated the trip and helped with organisation all the way through. Polly as always, played an important communication role to ensure we all were in the right place with the paperwork completed at the right time. A good day out for all.

The future of newspapers

By Grahame Hellyer

I have to admit to reading the newspaper in bed of a morning.

But will I still be reading a paper newspaper in the future, or will it be the news on my tablet or iPad, or perhaps an eBook reader?

The current situation is that I do both! I get the *Canberra Times* delivered each day and the *Sydney Morning Herald* on the weekend. But I can also read the *SMH* on my ASUS tablet on other days, and when I open a browser on my computer or tablet the home page is Google News - Australia Edition, which lists the news from Australia and around the world (that is, it is not American focused). If I see news items I want to read I can choose articles from media outlets all over the world including newspapers, TV broadcasters - like the ABC or BBC - or AAP and Reuters. Many of these even include video or voice recordings relevant to the news item.

On tablets there is software available (Apps) which, with a tap of the finger, can take us to a selection of newspapers or magazines (for example Currents or News360.) Many magazines now offer subscriptions to read them on a computer or tablet - these cost less than a subscription to a paper copy. Some newspapers do not allow access beyond the heading unless you do take out a subscription (eg, *The Australian*.)

Newspapers provide commentary and discussion, humour, letters to the editor, puzzles, political and other cartoons. It is nice to be able to flip through the pages and find articles of interest, but you can also read them if you go to the newspaper's web site (unless the newspaper restricts them to paid subscribers.)

We always need to remember, however that a newspaper is not really giving us all the news, just those items which it feels are topical on that particular day for its particular readers. For real coverage of important events around Australia and the world it will be necessary to read more than one paper. This is where on-line media is really valuable in giving a broader perspective.

As more and more people become digitally literate perhaps there will not be enough buyers of the paper versions to make printing a paying proposition - after all, most of the newspapers' profit comes from advertising, so provided they can show the advertisers that people are reading on line they will save money by not printing at all!

I hope that day is still some way off.

What people actually said in American courts

Attorney: What gear were you in at the moment of the impact?

Witness: Gucci sweats and Reeboks.

A: How was your marriage terminated?

W: By death.

A: And by whose death was it terminated?

A: Is your appearance here this morning pursuant to a deposition notice which I sent to your attorney?

W: No, this is how I dress when I go to work.

A: Doctor, how many of your autopsies have you performed on dead people?

W: All of them. The live ones put up too much of a fight.

Sunday by the Lake: Grandparents Day Community Festival

By Sue Allen

It was when I heard Buddy Holly playing and found myself singing along that I knew I was in a '60s time warp. Surrounded by grandparents, families, singers, dancers, ukulele players in their purple shirts, rock and rollers with their flaring petticoats and brightly-coloured skirts, and members of the four Canberra Seniors Groups, I knew I was in my element.

On a glorious day at the end of October, members of the Woden Seniors joined the above groups to celebrate Grandparents Day by selling both Christmas food, Christmas decorations and jewellery made by members. Some of us arriving at 8am to set up marquees in the park at the rear of Tuggeranong 55+ Club found a hive of busy workers setting up for the day. The lake backs the park, and in such a setting you knew it had to be a good day. The other three seniors clubs provided cooked food, so they nestled in close to the building tethered to the power leads, while we set up our marquees to have a perfect view and a great sound site to hear all the music from both the stage and the hall where a number of groups performed.

The day was funded from a grant from the government and Lindsay Burge from the ACT Ministry of Ageing acted as event organiser working with members from each of the seniors clubs. Planning began many months ago, and came together very well on the day. Other sponsors included Radio 2CA, Sea Scouts, Communities@Work and the Bendigo Bank, all offering a range of support to help make the day the success it was. Lindsay arranged some great bands including the Borderers, Second Movement, Heart and Soul Singers and the Tuggeranong Ukelele Gang.

What a sight it was to see grandparents and little children swaying, dancing or rocking to a range of music.

I must say the ukuleles always make me smile and I was so pleased when the group succumbed to the

All's well that ends well, or is it?

By Dennis Blewett

Twenty-three tickets were sold for this year's Woden Seniors Concert, which took place at the Canberra Southern Cross Club.

The concert was organised by Woden Seniors' special events sub-committee as a fund-raising event for the club, and the Southern Cross Club provided afternoon tea as well as the splendid Top of the Cross venue.

The concert featured soloist Anthony Smith (who played Rachmaninov's Prelude in D flat major), the combined Canberra Grammar Schools clarinet ensemble, and the Woden Valley Youth Choirs (Concert, Junior and Intermediate).

The event was widely publicised - Luton Properties again proving itself to be a good friend of the Seniors - and 400 tickets were made available, of which 20 were bought, and sold, by our club.

Twenty gone, three hundred and eighty to go. And then, the day before the concert, special events sub-committee chair Anne Murray received a phone call from the Southern Cross, to be told that only a further three tickets had been sold. What to do?

request for yet another encore. The Irish /Scottish Group the Borderers held us captivated and the songs sung with the choirs, playing to a full house as people enjoyed their sets. The Rock and Rollers who had danced and entertained us in the hall, continued to do so by dancing to the music of the Borderer's right to the end of the day.

The large marquee cover ensured the audience could sit in the shade and enjoy the wide range of entertainment while eating the wonderful food provided by the clubs.

We raised \$600 selling our Christmas cakes, gingerbread and jewellery, which could not have been done without the help from all those who made cakes and jewellery and also those who came and helped sell all our goodies to the appreciative public or helped us set up and pull down the marquees. We also were able to advertise coming events and the wide range of activities offered at Woden

It was decided that the Southern Cross should offer the unsold tickets free, and so it was that sixty-four people attended the concert on the Sunday afternoon. Those who had bought tickets were offered their money back, although people generously declined.

Not only that, but many people donated money to the club.

"I was given \$20 notes, and even \$50 notes", Anne Murray told Meridian, "and so generous were people that in the end we had almost \$800".

So, there we are. All's well that ends well. After a fashion, anyway.

But this is a story that ends with a question. Where to for the special events sub-committee? One would think that concerts are off the agenda.

Footnote Two days after the concert, we had the Melbourne Cup afternoon. Twenty people attended. This is not to blame members, who clearly should not be expected to attend functions unless they want to. But, equally, one might ask, "Why continue to organise events that have little appeal?"

Seniors. Another great combined effort by the seniors clubs of Canberra and, for us, a positive opportunity to showcase our club in the public arena.

Don't mention the war

Angela Merkel arrives at Passport Control at Athens airport.

"Nationality?" asks the immigration officer.

"German," she replies.

"Occupation?"

"No, just here for a few days".

I am a marvellous housekeeper. Every time I leave a man I keep his house. - Zsa Zsa Gabor.

There is nothing wrong with a woman welcoming all men's advances as long as they are in cash. - Zsa Zsa (again).

Two great talkers will not travel far together - *Spanish proverb*

Club member JENNY GREGORY officiated at the recent Paralympic Games in London as a Technical Official (Judge) for the shooting competition. In the following article, Jenny tells of her experience.

London Paralympic Games

My late husband's interest in Olympic target shooting from the mid-1970s led to the whole family's immersion in the sport, an interest that continues to this day.

As time progressed, as well as competing, I became interested in and undertook the many training courses to act as a judge, beginning at local and then national competitions and culminating in what for me was the life-changing experience of officiating at the Sydney 2000 Olympic and Paralympic Games. Since that time I have concentrated my activities in the Paralympic competition area and have been fortunate to be invited to officiate in Athens, Beijing and now London, as well as at many World Cups and World Championships in the between-Olympics years.

So, off to London. I can't tell you anything about the events other than shooting as, of course, that was the purpose for my being there and it was a full-time occupation. I always tell enquirers that if they have been watching any of the Games on TV or even seen something in print, they have seen more than the officials and even most of the participants in the various events! Sadly, all the excellent facilities for the shooting competitions in London (for both the Olympic and Paralympic Games) were temporary and are already history as they were dismantled immediately after the Games.

The statistics show more than 2,400 athletes from 164 participating nations competing in 20 sports, at 20 venues over 11 days of competition, supported by an incredible team of 70,000 volunteers and of course a complement of something over 200 International Technical Officials - an unimaginably large event. All these facts and statistics are possibly interesting, but do not in any

way convey the most outstanding feature of the Games and that is the feeling of excitement, the atmosphere, the constant ebb and flow of people living and enjoying an experience to the maximum. For all the competitors it is an amazing opportunity to be not just someone with a disability, or even someone with a disability who can participate in a sport, but for the period of the Games to be amongst their peers as one of the world's elite sportspeople and to be celebrated for what they can do.

My arrival in London followed the normal pattern for these events; all accredited participants are met at the airport and taken through the formalities on a "fast track" system, then transported to the accommodation. This year, as was the case in Sydney also, the Paralympic officials were able to be accommodated in the Olympic Village; this does not happen for the Olympic Games officials (the Village is already full of athletes) but the smaller numbers at "the Paras" mean that the officials can be fitted in. This in itself is a quite wonderful experience. The accommodation was, of course, all brand new and consisted of houses, apartments and units which are, as is the usual practice, now being sold to private owners or to the local Council. Our apartment was in what was termed the "Countryside" section; there were superbly designed gardens all around the blocks with lots of advanced trees, safe walking areas and common green areas for play, exercise or just relaxing. As teams entered the Village they were welcomed in a lovely outdoor space with a ceremony including flag raising and anthem playing.

Each block of apartments had a Service Centre staffed 24 hours a day by volunteers who did everything from providing Games and tourist information and accompanying us on the walk to and from the Opening Ceremony to taking our washing to the laundry and even to making at least one bleary-eyed official a cup of tea at 6am every morning! The Village Green area with its shops, post office, bank, tourist information, a room for religious observances and a medical centre was always

alive with people coming and going, all delighted to be where they were and doing what they were doing. I loved seeing the groups of anything up to seven or eight vision impaired athletes hurtling around the Village, one hand on the shoulder of the person in front and led by just one sighted colleague and all with the happiest grins. And of course the trains of people in wheelchairs, each holding on to the one in front, and "driven" by one power chair at the front (remember, we don't call them "electric" chairs!) and making perhaps just a trip to the Post Office an occasion for much hilarity.

Feeding the thousands of athletes, team support staff and officials was a gigantic undertaking. During the period of the two Games, there was a main dining hall (no cooking or even boiling water allowed in the accommodation) and what a dining hall! It covered an area about the size of a football field and was open 24 hours a day, serving an enormous range of ethnic meals - African, Indian, American, Asian and Halal as well as a large central section devoted to the "Best of British" and each day, as well as the staples, there were new choices of assorted specialities - and famously of course a Maccas which did a roaring trade. Dotted around the Village were a dozen or more "refreshment stops" - little sheds about the size of a bus shelter where passers by could pick up a coffee, a smoothie, some fruit, muffins or energy bars. The daily Village Voice publication told us that 1.2 million meals were to be served during the Games, that 880 double decker buses could fit inside the Dining Hall, and that 232 tonnes of potatoes, 19 tonnes of eggs and more than 1000 tonnes of meat would be consumed. All, of course, free to Village residents. From all this it is obvious that it is not just an army which marches on its stomach.

The Opening and Closing Ceremonies were widely broadcast and I'm sure most readers will have seen some footage on TV. Of course this can't compare to being in the stadium; the atmosphere is absolutely electric, and as well as the entertainment it's marvellous to see the athletes entering the stadium behind their national flags and so

obviously excited and proud to be there.

My assigned duty at this year's Games sounds impressive (Chairman of the Jury of Appeal) but as many Jury of Appeal members can attest, we are often perhaps more rightly referred to as the Jury of the Unemployed, meaning that if there are no further protests after any original protests have been ruled on by the appropriate Section Jury, then of course there is no Appeal. Happily that was the case this year; there were in fact only four protests, mostly about range conditions e.g. light and shade on targets and programming all of which were resolved without further issue. This doesn't mean I just had a holiday of course - there are a million "backroom" details which have to be attended to and I had time to assist with these.

Followers of Australia's medal counts will perhaps know that we did not win any Olympic shooting medals (we have in fact won only nine in the history of the Games) but that happily we did win one in Paralympic Shooting - Natalie Smith, a fairly new competitor from Melbourne, won a silver medal on the first day of competition in the 10m Women's Air Rifle event, a cause for great celebration among the many Australians in London.

After many years, months and days of preparation and anticipation, the 10 days of competition flew by, each day a different event with different requirements and issues for the volunteers who set up the field of play, meet greet and manage the public access, assist the media, set up and conduct medal ceremonies, produce results - I couldn't begin to list the range of duties covered! and for the range staff and officials who conduct and supervise. Most of the volunteers and range staff were, of course, also at the Olympic Games so as always our Paralympic competition benefitted from the training given at what we usually refer to as our "Test Event", i.e. the Olympics!

I leave each competition for shooters with a renewed enthusiasm for what I do there and, if it were needed, a reminder of why I do it - and that is quite simply because I love and enjoy every aspect of it!

Images from Melbourne Cup Day at the club



Heidi Elkers, Rose McNeice and Pam Rhemrev



Carol Everitt is spoilt for choice



Margaret Bourke selling sweep tickets



Margaret Kennedy enjoying a glass

Looking into the past very rewarding

By Margaret Wright

Over the past fifty years, I have accumulated boxes of old family photos and documents and "things". I seem to have become the repository for many family treasures.

I have been gradually trying to identify and preserve as many as possible so that our children will be so grateful for all the detective work and expense that I've put into preserving their past. *They* shouldn't have to ask, "Who do you think you are?" for they will *know*!

My latest find was a faded old photo of what looked like a large building in progress, with two proud men standing in the foreground, with three young girls in long skirts and summer hats. Eight men dressed in waistcoats, watch chains and jackets, sporting substantial moustaches and smoking pipes, stand nonchalantly on the high flimsy scaffolding, with no thought of Health and Safety.

I can just make out the sign with a lighted magnifying glass: *Morris Bros, Builders & Co.*

I recognise my great grandfather, Walter Morris, with his brother

Sidney and my grandmother as a child.

A stone wall with sandstone capping has been breached to enter the building site, and the house has still quite way to go.

My intense curiosity forced me to want to identify the building and to see whether it is still standing today.

I had the old photo digitally enhanced and enlarged and I sent a copy to the Isle of Wight County Press, knowing that the Morris branch of my family is from Cowes, famous for yachting.

I suggested that the house might be in Park Road, and that the breached wall could be from a large estate that had land sold off for houses in the late nineteenth century. My grandmother had told us how she and her sisters had enjoyed going for "walks around the walls".

When my photo and letter were published, I received a letter from a clearly excited present occupant of the house.

He had been puzzled at finding, many years ago when redecorating,

the signatures "W. Morris 1906" and "S. Morris" under wallpaper under the stairs. He photographed them at the time.

He now knows that they were the builders.

He never had original deeds for the house, because Cowes was badly bombed during the war, and most records were lost.

He sent me photos of the signatures of my great grandfather and great great uncle, and I am delighted to have these and to see how the house looks today.

The old stone wall is still there, with a fine gate at the breached opening, but the ancient oak trees from the large estate, so majestic in the old photo, have gone.

Management Committee

President: Paul McGlew

Vice-President: Anne Murray

Treasurer: Heike Elvers

Secretary: Gail Giuliano

Committee Members: Sue Allen,

Pat Birrell, Grahame Hellyer,

Richard Hickman, Ken Riordan.

Public Officer: Raphaela Stukoff

SELLING YOUR PROPERTY?

If you plan to sell your home or other property, you are welcome to contact Noel Lane of Luton Properties (LUTON), for a confidential and informative discussion.

Luton offers -

- Premium services and,
- For members of Woden Seniors discounted selling fees

We are a major supporter of Woden Seniors.

Noel Lane
6287 1600
0412 334 725

noel.lane@luton.com.au Experience more at luton.com.au

LUTON

Outcome never in doubt

By Dennis Blewett

Recently I viewed again *Hope and Glory*, filmed in 1987, which tells the story of an "ordinary" British family during the Second World War.

Events are seen through the eyes of 10-year-old Billy, who sees things quite differently to his family, air raids evincing excitement rather than fear. Billy and his friends collect, and trade, servicemen's buttons and cap badges, and cartridge cases and shrapnel. A highlight of the war is the descent of a barrage balloon into a neighbourhood back garden, and Billy's prayers are answered when a bomb falls on his school.

Got me thinking about my "own war". Leeds largely escaped the blitz, but I remember the grown-ups listening to the radio, and commenting "Coventry got it last night", or Hull or wherever. There was one major raid on Leeds, and neighbours made their contribution to winning the war when they extinguished an incendiary bomb that fell in the street.

This is an appropriate point to confess to a grievance. Each street had a designated fire warden, and whoever was chosen was issued with a stirrup pump, and buckets for water and sand. Now Kenneth Simpson's father was fire warden in our street, and Kenneth's house had an SP painted on it in big white letters. I made it clear - crystal - to Kenneth that, although his father had been singled out for quite inexplicable reasons, this did not mean that Kenneth could even as much as touch the stirrup pump. A grave injustice had been done, and in no way should it be compounded.

The sky was never clear of military aircraft (there were no other), and there were more servicemen, and women, on the streets in the city centre than civilians - forming long queues outside cinemas, taking seats as they became vacant. I see now a long queue outside the *Odeon*, waiting to see *The Black Swan*. Why do I remember this? Because - a rare treat - I was taken to the city centre to see the film (normally I got to see movies only when they reached the suburban cinemas). But *The Black Swan* was special - a "pirate film", and films featuring swordplay were my favourite, notwithstanding my fascination with "the war" (I was disappointed with *In Which We Serve* - took much too long to get to the fighting, and when it did the Germans sank our ship; Noel Coward was

soppy too - no Errol Flynn for sure).

Pathe News before the feature film was always encouraging, ending on a high note, assuring us that Adolf was "on the run". Radio programs also invited us to disparage Adolf. For example, Tommy Handley's *ITMA* was named after a phrase commonly used when describing Hitler, "It's that man again". A figure of fun, as was William Joyce - Lord Haw Haw.

When I first attended school I routinely carried my gas mask, and the windows had net glued to them to prevent glass flying should a bomb fall on the school, and we had air raid drill, and every morning we were each given a bottle of milk. No-one ventured out at night without a torch (pointed down, never skywards where enemy bombers would assuredly see the beam), because the "blackout" was strictly enforced.

In the early months of the war I had a fear of being "evacuated", but I was assured that whatever happened our family would stay together. My father was not "called up". His was a reserved occupation, and he scarcely had a day off for years. A naturally aggressive man, he was quick to take umbrage when questioned about not serving in the forces, and particularly resented other family members in their khaki, Air Force blue and (particularly) my uncle in his eye-catching Naval uniform (my Uncle George led a charmed life, three of his ships being sunk). After much consideration, I decided that I too would join the Navy when I was old enough, although my mother was unenthusiastic, comforted by the belief that it would be "all over" before my time came.

An aunt lost her fiance, an RAF pilot (his name was Arthur Morris, like the Australian cricketer), and subsequently married a soldier who had had a "quiet war" - he was taken prisoner in France in 1940, and spent the subsequent five years in a German prison camp.

I cut photographs and maps out of the four-page *Yorkshire Evening Post* (delivered through the front door letter-box), and pasted them in a used exercise book - I particularly remember grainy photos of the *Graf Spee* and the *Altmark* and maps with arrows illustrating the Eighth Army's advance through north Africa.

Then there was "Arc Royal Week", to raise money to replace the sunken aircraft carrier (one of George's ships). And I clambered over a Lancaster bomber on a site adjacent to the bus station, and dropped a coin into the cockpit.

I remember being taken to a hospital for wounded servicemen to see a family member, and passing

wards with young men lying in their beds. Ambient patients wheeled comrades unable to walk. Everyone appeared so optimistic when my mother and aunt stopped to talk, and always had a cheerful word for the seven-year-old boy accompanying them.

It was a scene replicated in a park close to where I lived. Opposite the park was a rehabilitation centre for servicemen, and when the weather was fine servicemen in their hospital blue visited the park, those unable to walk helped by those who could, and often accompanied by local girls, their laughter infectious. Air raid shelters were dug in the park at the beginning of the war, although fortunately we never had to use them.

We were well fed during the war - or at least our meals were nutritious (Britain had never been healthier, and probably has not been as healthy since). We were urged to "Dig for Victory", of course, and playing fields and other forms of open space were turned over to "allotments".

I was not aware of hardship - even my "sweet ration" was generously supplemented by parents and grandparents who "didn't really like sweets anyway". Some things, such as sporting equipment and books, were difficult or impossible to obtain. I yearned for my own copy of *Peter Pan* after it was read to us at school (my sister was christened Wendy and had she been a boy she would have been called Peter, at my insistence). Even here I was fortunate, as my mother hunted through Leeds bookshops to find me a copy. She was similarly determined - and successful - when I wanted my own copy of *Treasure Island*, although she failed to unearth *Tom Sawyer*.

An outstanding memory is of an excited crowd in Lewis' department store gathered around a handsome black man - the first black man I saw - in the uniform of an American soldier. He was Joe Louis, heavyweight champion of the world.

All teachers were female until, towards the end of the war, Mr Flatley became our teacher. An ex-paratrooper, he had been invalidated out of the forces, and walked with a pronounced limp. We looked at him as though he had descended from Mars. He was also a magician, producing a cricket bat with Wally Hammond's autograph on the blade. After countless entreaties, he told us what it was like to jump out of an aeroplane, although he did not satisfy our curiosity as to the number of Germans he had killed. I felt sure it must have been *hundreds* before they got him.

War was that simple to a boy, and the outcome never in doubt.



Group of happy, and fit, participants at the YMCA Wednesday morning fitness class.

Magic tin donations top \$15,000

More than \$15,000 has now been donated to charities by Elizabeth Halfnight's Tai Chi enthusiasts, helped along with valuable support from participants in other classes.

The latest swag of loose change which has been poured into the "magic tin" carried the total past the \$15,000 mark!!

Participants in Woden Seniors' two Tai Chi classes very generously support the "Tai Chi magic tin", which collects donations of any spare cash.

These classes are first thing on Wednesday mornings (7.25am-8.25am), as well as on Thursday

afternoons (2pm-3.15pm). Also helping top-up the magic tin" are the participants at Elizabeth's other three T'ai Chi classes on the northside of Canberra who also make donations.

Médecins sans Frontières, Oxfam, World Vision, TEAR, Red Cross, and Rotary projects have all been assisted.

Thank you to all participants in Elizabeth's enjoyably challenging T'ai Chi exercise classes for your dedication to helping yourselves to keep trim, taut and terrific, and so relaxed. And a very big thank you to those who have contributed since 2003.

Brain Study

If you can read this you can forget about Alzheimers

7H15 M3554G3

53RV35 7O PR0V3

H0W 0UR M1ND5 C4N

D0 4M4Z1NG 7H1NG5!

1MPR3551V3 7H1NG5!

1N 7H3 B3G1NNING

17 W45 H4RD BU7

N0W, 0N 7H15 L1N3

Y0UR M1ND 1S

R34D1NG 17

4U70M471C4LLY

W17H0U7 3V3N

7H1NK1NG 4B0U7 17

HELLENIC CLUB MEMBERS ONLY



ACTH 09/00008.1

TUESDAY - 11:00am • Total Prize Pool \$5,200

WEDNESDAY - 7:30pm • Total Prize Pool \$5,200

SUNDAY - 2:00pm • Total Prize Pool \$6,000

ALSO FREE PARKING & COMPLIMENTARY TEA AND COFFEE



HELLENIC CLUB OF CANBERRA ph: 6281 0899 hellenicclub.com.au
for the information of members and guests