



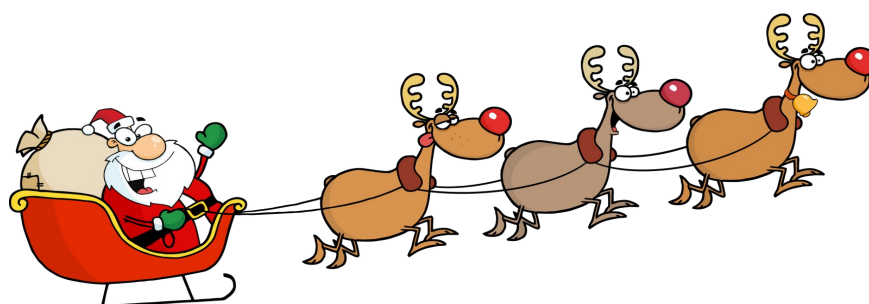
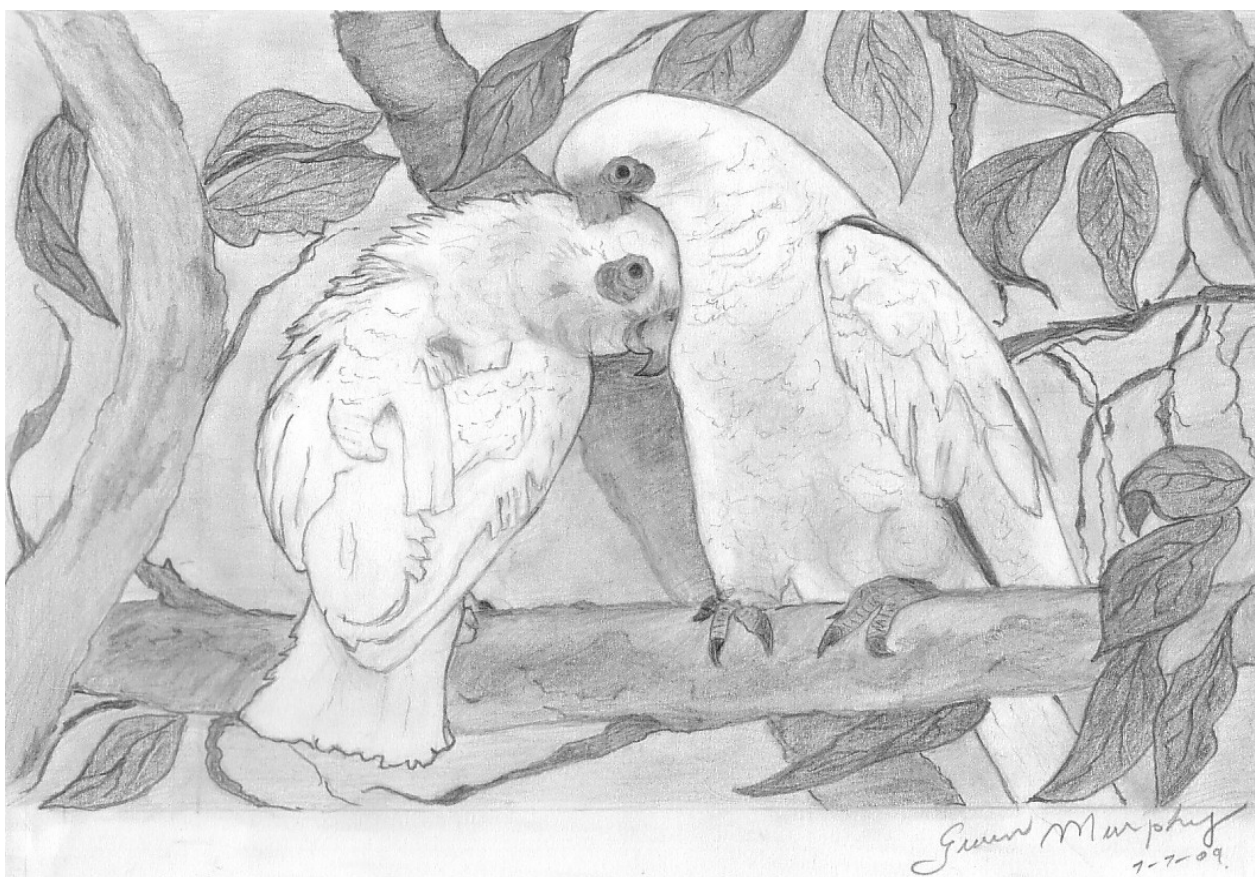
THE QUARTERLY FLYER

December 2013 - Volume 4/2013

U3A Rockhampton
P O box 8160
Allentown
Rockhampton

General Meeting - 1st Monday of Month at
Frenchville Sports club
No joining fee
Annual membership fee is \$15.00 per year,
payable before end of June, \$7.50 payable to the
end of year.

U3A Pencil Sketching





Our longest serving members with a special cake marking 25 years of U3A in Rockhampton. Cut by our President Ann Findlater with three members from the original roll. On the left standing **Judy Whitworth** and sitting **Elizabeth West** and on the right our **President Ann Findlater** cutting the cake and **Bill Benson**

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Well Christmas is almost upon us again and as usual the past year has flown so quickly. We have all enjoyed many U3A activities together during 2013 and made many friends along the way. I was thrilled to get a call from a lady who was a guest at our meeting a couple of months ago, who told me that she was made to feel so welcome by some of our members as she had walked into the meeting on her own and didn't really know anyone there. It is so nice to get feedback like this as I have often wondered if people felt welcome when they first came along to a meeting. This lady will join as a member in the near future so I look forward to seeing her again.

Our November meeting was our 25th anniversary, as Rockhampton and District University of the Third Age began back in November 1988. We have three members who joined in the first couple of years so it was wonderful to have them help me cut our anniversary cake. Betty West, Bill Benson and Judy Whitworth have been very active in U3A over the past 25 years and what a great contribution they have made. Our U3A has certainly come a long way over the years and I only wish some of our other early member could have seen just how prosperous we have become.

Our Mystery Tour in September was another feather in Nancy's cap as she always gives us a surprise on the day and didn't let us down again when we had morning tea at the prison, lunch at Olson's Caves and then on to Canal Creek to view the monument to the Dakota plane that crashed in 1943 during the second world war. Bravo Nancy!

I would like to thank the members who have helped with the 25th anniversary display at the city library. Some of you went to such a lot of trouble with photos and posters of the different groups. Also thanks to the group who helped set up at the library. I was so proud of our display and I feel sure that the general public who viewed it would have been impressed.

I wish you all a wonderful safe Christmas season with your families and friends and a very prosperous 2014.

Take care until we meet again in the New Year.

Ann Findlater

President

Editors Report

Well folks, This is my 2nd last editors report that I will be making, I have advised the committee that I will not stand for reelection next year.

What is required is a couple of mates who can get together and compile the information that is given to you, give it a go. I have taken a story from the U3A October 1991 Newsletter about a under aged boy who signs up in the AIF very sad, reminds me of an Uncle of mine, Eric who was under aged and got a lady from down the street to sign his application to join form, any way he went overseas to Tobruk and was in the 2/13 infantry Battalion, whilst he was in the middle east he picked up a disease that left his skin black and blue like somebody had taken a baseball bat to him. Thinking about these things and about the young men and woman returning home at Christmas from Afghanistan, we hope that all goes well for them and they are made more welcome than the Vietnam Vets were?

Disclaimer

Jeanette Finlayson wishes to disassociate herself from the poem "What a bloody Rippa" which appeared in the last Quarterly Flyer. She did not write the poem and had no part whatsoever in its submission to the Quarterly Flyer.

U3A PRESIDENTS

1988 - 89	Meg Goodsell
1989 - 90	Glen Cousins
1990 - 94	Dick Hudson
1994 - 95	Graham Moss
1995 - 98	June Edwards
1998 - 04	Nancy Crapp
2004 - 07	Norma West
2007 - 11	Chris Tollner
2011 - 12	John Elson
2012 -	Ann Findlater

From our records. Submitted by A Findlater

A Royal Tribe

This year, like the last, is a red letter one for our Queen. She celebrates the Diamond Jubilee of her coronation and the birth of her third great-grandchild, Prince George Prince of Cambridge.

He is third in line to our throne. A special Historic Commemorative Souvenir lists the line the of succession to the fortieth. All are descendants of King George V and Queen Mary, but not all of these are mentioned.

King George was a grandson of Queen Victoria, who has many more descendants, one being the duke of Edinburgh. Queen Mary was a great – granddaughter Victoria own grandfather, King George III. He in turn, was descended from King James VI & I. One could go back further, to King Henry II, Alfred the Great, and the kings of Wales Scotland and Ireland, as well as England.

There is a strongly held belief that all the above are sprung from the great King David. His descendants, Christian and non- Christians, constitute a veritable royal tribe.

Such vast numbers are prophesied in **Jeremiah** ch33v22. They would be: as the sand of “the seashore” and as innumerable as the stars.

Every Christmas we celebrate the birth of another baby the Divine head of great David royal tribe. He is our Load and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Loin of the Tribe of Juda and the Root of David (**Revelation** Ch. 5 v 5). He will receive the throne of his father David at his Second Advent, to reign over the House of Jacob fore ever (**Luke** Ch. 1 v32 & 33).

The patriarch Jacob / Israel prophesied on his deathbed: “The sceptre shall not depart

from Judah nor the lawgiver from between his feet until Shiloh come... (Genesis Ch. 49 v10).

It stands to reason. Jesus obviously didn't take up the throne or wield a sceptre at his first Advent.

This indicates the throne of David exists in the world today, despite appearances to the contrary, and occupied by a representative of the tribe of Judah. I believe that person is our beloved queen. My late mother and father shared my belief.

Mum would have turned ninety – eight on 13 October, the day of Prince George's christening. This welcomes the newest member of the Royal House of David into our Christian community.

These are very deep and sacred things, and remind us that Christmas is not merely another occasion for a good time. Let's us therefore ponder these things and rejoice in the religious significance of the season.

That being so, I wish one and all a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Rod Stickley. ©



From the U3A Garden Club

With a thought to honour former members in the journal.

2006 garden club Roy Bishop in Garden Club Picture passed away in November.

Iris Munro - door greeter (left) passed away October.

Marjong 2013

Marjong is very popular ,we have over 20 members on our books,we continue to meet at The Women's Heath Centre on Tuesday 1pm-4pm cost is \$2 per week plus we have been requested to put a gold coin donation in their Money box to help with the cost of electricity,

cleaning etc.

The \$2 that we pay each week pays for our tea /coffee and biscuits for afternoon tea. Once a month we have a special afternoon tea to celebrate members birthdays that are in that month. Our Christmas Luncheon is on December 10th before our final game until February 2014. We welcome new members and help is given if required. Wishing everyone a very HAPPY CHRISTMAS and BEST WISHES FOR 2014.



Christa Schabel – Tollner - joined U3A in May 1995

In my earlier years, I was employed as a Hairdresser in Hospital and Nursing Homes. I had a customer by the name of Iris Sinclair, who was a founding Member of the U3A and a wonderful Artist.

June Edwards was President at the time and our meetings were held at Coker Hall, with Cyril Coker being on the executive, also teaching Pencil Drawing for many years.

In 1996 Ann Allick, Jan Turner, Mary McLelland, Kaley Jeffcoat, Beryl Brown and myself, attended weekly lectures at the CQU on History, Geography, Humanities & very much enjoyed some years together.

We had Musicals, led by Betty and John Bennet. When Sister Nancy Crapp was still working at the ICU, I told her “when you retire, you should join the U3A.” She did and has held a Position ever since, even President in 2002 and continues to serve us well.

Chris Tollner joined the U3A, in May 2001 When Chris later became President of U3A, we became very involved in CQU with the leadership of the Vice Chancellor, Professor Scott Bowman, who became our Patron.

We have witnessed the Uni grow from strength to strength, and are proud to be a part of the U3A, being involved with, and enjoying many of, its activities.

We are happy to witness the 25th Anniversary of U3A, We hope it continues to grow and give pleasure and learning to many.

Christa Tollner October 2013
OCTOPOEMS

1. A SEASON
2. THE WEATHER
3. A PLACE
4. A COLOUR
5. CLOTHING
6. A PIECE OF FURNITURE
7. MUSIC OR MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
8. FOOD

ROCKHAMPTON

The warm rain of our winters

Chill with the winds that blow

Rockhampton's sunny skies are clouded for a change

Greying the lights cape between our two mountain ranges.

No raincoats here – just bare heads and pretty umbrellas

As we escape outdoors from rooms draped with drying clothes

Geckos flash and castanet about indoors

Scurrying rapidly behind picture frames seeking both food and shelter

CINQUAINS

1ST LINE: ONE NOUN BEING THE SUBJECT OF POEM

2ND LINE: TWO ADJECTIVES DESCRIBING THAT NOUN

3RD LINE: THREE VERBS DESCRIBING THE ACTION OF THE FIRST

4TH LINE: FOUR WORDS THAT EXPRESS OWN FEELINGS OF THE SUBJECT

5TH LINE: USES ANOTHER NOUN FOR THE INITIAL SUBJECT

FOOTBALL

SMOOTH, LEATHERY

FAST-MOVING, HIGH-FLYING, SWOOPING DIRTY UNEXPLAINABLE CONTACT GAME.

SPORT.

AEROPLANE
SILVERY, TUBE-SHAPED, FLYING,
TRANSPORTING, LIFTING
HANGING HIGH IN THE AIR TRAVEL
SUPERMARKET
AIRCONDITIONED, STERILE
CONFUSING, LURING, DEMANDING
AISLE MAZES OF PURCHASES SHOP

MYLIFE

I was born - So I am
and I know it
I've lived as I've suffered
and learned
I've made a small mark
on earth here
So that you won't forget
what I learned.
I've left children behind me ...
living milestones ...
to celebrate my journey
through life
Hopefully you'll learn
from mistakes that they've made here
and not make them their own.

THE SCARECROW

Sticks, sacks, straw, still empty clothes –
Guarding the green, the brown, the fields
of wheat –
They are inert, but with an impression of
movement –
Movement to terrify the ravening birds –
It's all an impression –
An impression of life –
An impression to terrify –

SEASHELLS

Seashells on a sea shore
Shiny, dull, sand-bitten
Colourful, grainy forms
That once held life
They echo the voices of the sea.
Seashells, once homes for small
creatures,
Moulded in silver, plaster or gold
Grace necks, breasts, wrists or ankles
because we,
in our own frailty, cannot outdo

The mastery and beauty of God's
handiwork.

Composed By Judy Withworth©

The Age of Innocence

Born in 1935, at the tail end of the Depression
and a few years later World War II, I grew up in
this time not knowing much of what was
happening. I knew I couldn't go across the
Fitzroy Bridge in my early schooling until after
the Americans came in their thousands. Still we
didn't know much of what was happening.
Strange sounding names for towns far away and
our Uncles and Cousins going to war seemed so
distant. Elders never ever told us too much and
we had a shelter in the backyard and sirens.

As I grew older I started work. The war was
over and Stewarts Factory looked good to me.
Then I moved to Heilbronn's and then Lucas's
where I eventually became Head Corsetiere.
Those were happy days. Worked all day,
danced all night! We rode the bus or bikes into
the city dances with one being on somewhere
every night of the week, also country dances
being held usually on weekends. On Sunday
there might be a church picnic with a hayride on
the back of a truck or a tennis game. Saturday
was reserved for Guides or Brownies that taught
us not only knots but how to behave!

Marriage was on every girls mind after a
certain age when all ones friends were getting
married. I was a Bridesmaid for all of my
girlfriends and then when I met Frank after
several other romances, we fell in love and
married. We strived hard to get a house with
Frank working two jobs. Every house in the
street was the same! The children came,
playing out on the dirt road and in the back
paddock they would go and get Crawchie from
the creek We grew our own vegies and fruit
which we preserved and we cooked every meal!
Our kids were healthy and sometimes dirty but
the old Pope Washing Machine did the job. We
didn't have much money but we shared with our
neighbours and looked after each other's kids
when needed. Birthdays were celebrated with a
special cake and cordial.

Our children grew up honest and reliable and
courteous! As Frank and I aged, the children
moved into houses of their own. Now I have
great grandchildren and I wonder if theirs will
be, An Age of Innocence!

Dell McDowell©

This was written for our History Class where we were portraying our “Family History”.

MY FIRST TYPEWRITER

I’ve been ‘thinking’ with my keyboard since I was about 13. Our family had the use of a portable typewriter that had come into my Grandfather Greenwood’s possession quite a few years before that through an auction of stolen goods while he was ‘in the Force’.

This typewriter travelled with him from Station to Station as he was transferred until it came into our branch of the family at his retirement in Rockhampton at the age of 60. Sixty was the gazetted age for retirement of Government Officials in that era. He was a Senior Sergeant then. I was told years later in Yeppoon by someone who’d trained under him that he could have held a much more senior rank had he been less honest!

He had built a wooden case for this ‘portable’ that he painted grey. As modern keyboards go it was a true antique with raised keys, a platen and a handle to line space that was calibrated for single line, line-and-a-half, and double line spacing. It was not built for speed as the keys tangled if you went too fast for it, but it made a comforting sound that told everyone listening that you were busy getting the job done.

My Mother used it for all her correspondence as her handwriting was quite illegible although it looked beautifully neat. That statement is an oxymoron if ever there was one. Nowadays I cannot understand my own writing unless I can transcribe it within hours of writing it down, which is why I’m leaning towards using a laptop for Workshops, etc.

I used to practice on it at home on Grandpa’s machine while

doing my Secondary School Commercial Course learning from an extremely strict old teacher how to touch type, and it was more than thirty years before an electric typewriter took supremacy in my Office. This became ‘old hat’ and ‘unrepairable’ to be phased out by a Word Processor a bare five years afterwards. In turn, various Desk Top computers with only a two-to-three-year life span followed in its place. Now I’m beginning to favour a laptop because of its portability. I can work in any room in the house and take it out with me.

Thus the cycle of portability continues.

Composed By Judy Withworth©

Photos from Cherith Weis's collection





the Journal of the U3A 20th Anniversary. Thank you Judy Withworth and also a big thank you for all the material you let me have. Ed.



Two frogs

Two frogs fell into a deep cream bowl,
One was an optimistic soul,
But the other took a gloomy view,
We shall drown he cried, without more ado.
So with a last despairing cry,
He flung up his legs and said "goodbye",
Said the other frog with a merry grin..
I can't get out but I won't give in..
I'll just swim around till my strength is spent,
Then I will die the more content.
Bravely he swam till it did seem,
His struggling began to churn the cream,
On top of the butter at last he stepped,
And out of the bowl he leapt'.

What of the moral? 'T'is easily found,
If you can't get out...keep swimming around.

Author unknown

Submitted by A Findlater ©

For those who understand, no explanation is needed. For those who do not understand, no explanation is possible.

One day I had lunch with some friends. Jim, a short, balding golfer type about 80 years old, came along with them---all in all, a pleasant bunch.

When the menus were presented, we ordered salads, sandwiches, and soups, except for Jim who said, "Ice Cream, please. Two scoops. I wasn't sure my ears heard right, and the others were aghast. "Along with heated apple pie," Jim added, completely unabashed.



This is a picture that was used on the cover of

We tried to act quite nonchalant, as if people did this all the time. But when our orders were brought out, I didn't enjoy mine.

I couldn't take my eyes off Jim as his pie a-la-mode went down. The other guys couldn't believe it. They ate their lunches silently and grinned.

The next time I went out to eat, I called and invited Jim. I lunched on white meat tuna. He ordered a parfait.

I smiled. He asked if he amused me.

I answered, "Yes, you do, but also you confuse me.

How come you order rich desserts, while I feel I must be sensible? He laughed and said "I'm tasting all that is Possible.

I try to eat the food I need, and do the things I should. But life's so short, my friend, I hate missing out on something good.

This year I realized how old I was. (He grinned) I haven't been this old before."

"So, before I die, I've got to try those things that for years I had ignored.

I haven't smelled all the flowers yet. There are too many trout streams I haven't fished. There's more fudge sundaes to wolf down and kites to be flown overhead.

There are too many golf courses I haven't played. I've not laughed at all the jokes. I've missed a lot of sporting events and potato chips and cokes. I want to wade again in water and feel ocean spray on my face.

I want to sit in a country church once more and thank God for His grace.

I want peanut butter every day spread on my morning toast. I want un-timed long distance calls to the folks I love the most.

I haven't cried at all the movies yet, or walked in the morning rain. I need to feel wind on my face. I want to be in love again.

So, if I choose to have dessert, instead of having dinner, then should I die before night fall, I'd say I died a winner, because I missed out on nothing. I filled my heart's desire. I had that final chocolate mousse before my life expired.."

With that, I called the waitress over. "I've changed my mind, " I said. "I want what he is having, only add some more whipped cream!"

" A WILL to SUCCEED"

In calm waters a sailing boat becomes still, but with the careful skill of the sailors every little breeze is captured.

Today the Lady Nelson is powered by a Diesel motor, carries Global Positioning navigation, special radio communication equipment and all the comforts of home. Sails are used as the predominant source of motion, however while manoeuvring in a difficult area, the diesel may be used.

Lets look back 194 years. No chain saws to cut the trees, no electric drills to drill the thousands of holes required to build a vessel of this magnitude, no motorised winches, no gas in the galley, no refrigeration, no radios, no satellites - so what did they have ?

They had the "WILL to SUCCEED", they knew no other way of doing it, they worked together and it was hard all the way.

The original Lady Nelson was launched in Deptford England in 1798. The vessel was 16 metres long, 5 metres wide and drew 1.8 metres with the keel raised. This sliding keel was a relatively new invention and was designed to allow a vessel, fairly large in size, to enter shallow waters.

The original Lady Nelson became His Majesties Armed Survey Vessel and sailed to South Australia, a voyage of eight months. She was the first ship to sail through Bass Strait and after twenty five years of sailing to and from Australia, she entered Australian maritime history.

The events which took up the next 26 years of the Lady Nelson's life were varied and exciting. New ports were discovered, settlements established and cargoes carried. One of her passengers, Governor Macquarie, said she was the safest boat he had ever sailed.

Fate struck in 1825, a crew with other thoughts on their minds lost control of the vessel, it ran aground and was burnt by local natives.

Nick Quigley

20 Jul 1993

Merry Christmas, enjoy a safe New Year and we'll see you all at the first meeting in 2014