



THE QUARTERLY FLYER

September 2012

U3A Rockhampton
P O box 8160
Allenstown
Rockhampton
4700

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.

Web Site www.u3arockhampton.org.au



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Hello fellow U3A Members -
The year is moving fast and it is time for our September journal already. Unfortunately our Secretary Maxy is not well at the moment and is having time off and Hazel our Assistant Secretary has stepped in to help out. We hope you are feeling better soon Maxy, as we do miss your cheerful face. Thanks Hazel for all of your hard

work in the meantime. What would we do without you.

Our two new activities, the History Group and the Photography group are doing well. I have been attending both of these activities and if you are keen on either of these subjects you will learn a lot.

As I am writing this report the planning is under way for our U3A Concert for Seniors Week. We have such a lot of talent amongst us that I am sure it will be a very successful afternoon again.

Our constitution has not been updated for many years and Arch Finlayson has very kindly been working very hard to modernise it and it is just about ready to go to the Department of Fair Trading. If anyone wants a copy please ask one of the Committee. When this is finalised Arch has volunteered to update our By-laws. Thanks Arch for your help.

I would like to thank everyone who helps in any way to the running of our group as every little bit helps make our U3A branch so successful.

Ann Findlater

President

After 100 years lying on the sea bed, Irish divers were amazed to find that the Titanic's swimming pool was still full.



CQ University from Strong to Great

Professor Scott Bowman, Vice-Chancellor & President, CQ University

Since taking over the reigns as Vice-Chancellor of CQ University in 2009 I have been passionate about making the University a great university.

Three years ago when we set out about making this vision a reality, three key milestones were identified:

1. Make CQ University financially sustainable in two years
2. Make CQ University a strong regional university in five years
3. Make CQ University a great University by 2020

There is now no doubt about our finances – they are sustainable. Domestically we are the fastest growing university in Australia and a recent article in The Australian demonstrated that our finances are the envy of many institutions in the Australian higher education sector. Yes, our international student numbers are down but we have implemented innovative strategies on our metropolitan campuses to minimise the impact of the international downturn. So our two-year goal has been met and our reputation is in ascendency.

We said we were going to be a strong regional university within five years but now I would argue that we have met this goal already. We now offer about 30 new programs which are meeting the skills needs of the communities that we serve (and beyond). Potential students love what we are doing - our Term 2 offers were up 70% on this time last year. We have made a stepped improvement in our research outputs and we are attracting some great researchers to our University. I think all of those things make us a strong regional university, so now we have modified the five year goal - we now plan to be one of Australia's strongest universities. So now to the ten year goal... To be a great University by 2020. There are many definitions of the word 'great' so therefore CQ University needs to define what we mean by 'great'. Is it:

To be Australia's most engaged university?
To be a dual sector university?
To be Australia's leading distance education provider?
To be a national university?
To be a university that gives back?
To be a research intensive university?
To be an inclusive university?
Or, is it all of the above? I have been so interested to hear what people are saying and what they define as 'great'. This feedback will become part of our action plan in achieving greatness. So now I put the question to you? What will make CQ University a great university? I'm keen to hear what you think so please send your feedback to communicate@cqu.edu.au or to Attn: Vice-Chancellor, CQ University, Building 1, Bruce Highway, Rockhampton, Queensland, 4700.

EDITOR'S REPORT

My how time flies. Time once again to get members to sit down and tell a little about themselves or family members. I would hate to pass on and not have told my loved ones about our family history. My hat goes off to Rita Diplock for her poem about Caesar the war dog and being a veteran it hit a cord within me and when Rita read it out on Long Tan day there were a couple of old diggers with moist eyes. Arch has written a few pages to, thanks Arch and also a big thank you for the hard work you have put into the constitution and by-laws. It is members like you that make this club what it is today.

I have Just come home from the U3A seniors week concert, It was a pleasant afternoon and what surprised me was the number of people who stayed around to help clean up, I am sure that our President would like to say **a big thank you.**

Hazel our assistance secretary has asked me to pass on that if you have changed you email or home address could you let her know because if you are on our email list to receive the QF by email and you don't get it check your email address. Well that is it for me I hope that this is a good read. When I took on the role as editor I told you "As you write it so it shall be printed"

Kindest regards

Jon'o

CAT NAP

The winter's chill with frozen breath
And frosty fingers coats the grass
Of windows closed to warm the room
And keep outside the winds that pass,
While blankets fuelled by power-house spark
Or bottles filled with steaming heat
Can never match for utter bliss
A purring puss curled on your feet.

Judy Whitworth



2nd from the left Rita Diplock and on the far right Brian Cleaver. Rita wrote a poem called The Diggers Dog, the story of the War Dogs in Vietnam.

The Poem was based on the dog called Caesar (picture right) and it so happened that Brian Cleaver trained Caesar before he left for service in Vietnam

THE DIGGER'S DOG

© Rita Diplock

He'd had his Twentieth birthday; he was young
and fancy free.
He had a job he liked, a loving home and family,
But he was taken from them with no recourse to
debate.
A number on a marble was the instrument of
fate.
His plans to build a future were at best now put
on hold,
Conscripted to the army, he would do as he was
told.
He was trained to be a soldier and sent to fight a
war
With no clear understanding of what he was
fighting for.
The killing fields of Vietnam had trip wires,
traps and pits

And passive land mines lay in wait to blow a man
to bits.

The army had decided dogs were needed in this
war.

They'd train the dogs and use them in a way not
done before.

They had no breeding programs and dogs must be
got with speed

So from the nearby pound came dogs bought
cheap to fill the need.

And there was one that caught their eye that they
could not ignore.

From death row for a pittance came this
matchless dog of war.

When from a helicopter he was winched down
though the air

Or riding in the trucks and tanks, he'd never turn
a hair.

With flying colours while he trained, that dog
passed every test

And when they teamed the man and dog, he



Caesar War Dog of Vietnam

knew he'd got the best.

The dog with its keen senses picked up trails he
could not see.

The soldier learned to follow on and trust
implicitly.

Unheeding of distraction with his nose down to
the ground

He'd drag his handler onward till the quarry had
been found.

Keeping youthful and enthusiastic

At times the dog would look at him, head over to one side
And with the way he did it could encourage or deride.
He'd sit upon the soldier's foot when danger lay ahead.
He did that often, often, if he hadn't they'd be dead.
And sometimes in the night when there were shells exploding near
The soldier stayed beside the dog to calm him in his fear,
And though it meant he'd have to stay with him the whole night through
He didn't think it duty; it was what a mate would do.
And every night the soldier checked his dog from nose to tail
To find the little injuries he'd picked up on the trail.
For wounds could soon turn septic, as did stinging insect bites,
The steamy jungle spawning ground for bugs and parasites.
The dog would always play a game when it was time to eat.
He'd bring his dish across and lay it at the soldier's feet.
And as the soldier made the meal he'd talk and tease his mate,
The dog would wait, tongue lolling out for him to fill the plate.
His tour of duty almost done and counting down the days
The soldier planned to keep the dog, a team of two always.
His faithful dog had earned a rest the tired soldier knew,
As he was battle weary so his canine mate was too.
His safe return back home the answer to his A cross-bred dog the guardian that kept him in its care.
But then his world turned upside down the day he was to find
Though he was going home, his faithful dog would stay behind.
He begged and argued for the dog but no reprieve could gain,
The army was inflexible; his efforts were in vain.
And when he went to see the dog the day he went away

He'd planned to give him one last meal and one last game to play.
Before he got inside the fence, the dog saw him and came
First picking up its empty dish and eager for a game.
And as he looked into its eyes it looked into his mind.
He knew the dog could tell that he was being left behind.
The soldier couldn't hold that gaze and had to turn away
For there was nothing he could change and nothing he could say.
Then right between the shoulder blades it hit him as he went,
The ringing sound of metal as it's dropped onto cement.
When later on that day he left upon an Army plane
He made a vow that one day he would find his dog again.
The joy of going home was gone and seeking for relief,
Elixir from a bottle helped to numb the soldier's grief.
Back home again and in a job, small peace could this man find.
He has a lasting legacy, a restless, switched on mind.
And when the war was over though he tried to trace his mate
Was always unsuccessful and still wonders on its fate.
And still he thinks about the dog, although by now it's dead
And then the sound of metal on cement plays in his head.
And sometimes when he drinks too much, he thinks that sound to kill,
But still it follows him around; he thinks it always will.

I wish to always hold copyright

© Rita Diplock

REPORT FROM THE U3A WRITING FOR PLEASURE GROUP

This last Quarter has seemed to flash by as all of us have enjoyed what we are doing. Some are chewing their pencils ends taking notes, or putting their keyboards to good use to express themselves in verse and prose. Each month we find Workshops to attend on different genre styles. Kim Eitel's on rhyme, metre and scanning of poetry was definitely popular. She's promised to come again. We are a friendly group and welcome folk who have a particular interest to join us. August saw a couple from Sydney U3A drop by. We learn from interaction with each other - and as Richard Bach said: "A professional writer is an amateur who didn't quit."

Judy Whitworth

U3A HISTORY GROUP

In March this year we started our History Group with 15 people attending. Since then we have met each month with some very interesting subjects. We all researched the early history of Mt Morgan and members had very interesting pictures and some wonderful stories were discussed. Then we researched the early floods of Rockhampton and district and also the history of Alselme Thozet who was one of our early pioneers to whom we owe many of the lovely trees and gardens in Rockhampton. For the next meeting we are researching the history of the very early hospitals in Rockhampton. We meet on the third Monday of each month at 2pm at Settlers Village in Pauline Martin Drive. Please come and join in with us. There is no cost.

Ann Findlater 49221581

SHEPHERDS ROCK

"Ladies and gentlemen," the driver of our coach announced, "If you look to your left and slightly to the rear you will see Shepherd's Rock in the distance."

No sooner had he said this then he realised we needed to know more. "It's about the size of your thumbnail."

We had begun to turn in the direction indicated, and might have found it impossible to identify the object in question, but this helpful corollary enabled me, at least to do so immediately. So far away it was, and so small did it appear. Taken

together, these facts should have proclaimed Shepherd's Rock to be anything but tiny. It wasn't, as I was about to discover.

My long range encounter with it took place on a daytrip between Cairns and Port Douglas. It was one incident which made my holiday in November 1979 one of the most remember able. Among other things, that vacation saw my introduction to Airlie Beach and the Whitsundays, and barramundi fishing in Lakefield National Park, which is up in Cape York Peninsula. There are several other stories embedded here, but let's return to the present one.

We could see Shepherd's Rock for only a short time before it disappeared from view. The moment it did so, the driver resumed his narration, and afforded us considerable amusement. "There's a story attached to it. Some enterprising lads from the Y.M.C.A. had the bright idea of painting it red. They thought it was just an ordinary rock."

Here was a hint that it wasn't, and confirmation came at once. "Well, they climbed the mountain, complete with paint and brushes, on which the rock stood. They received a shock I can tell you." The driver, very cleverly, had left the sting in the tail. "You see," he concluded, "Shepherd's Rock is a monolith fourteen stories high!"

By Rodney Stickleby

A FORBODING FATE

"What will we do – What will we do?"

There were dreadful rumours going round the colony. Whispers of terrible words – genocide! mass slaughter! Extermination

"I'm frightened. What will happen to us? My poor babies!" cried Mrs Foxworth

"What have we done to deserve this?" squeaked young Foxie. "We mind our business, live our lives as best we can, and keep away from those horrid people."

"Sounds like the old times are coming back" said old Mango Batts angrily. "Our ancestors were shot and killed indiscriminately. They wanted to kill us all off just because we'd eat some of their food. Well, they ruined our countryside, cut down all of our flowering and fruiting trees, then planted things they wanted to grow, and expected us to starve rather than share what they had with us"

Keeping youthful and enthusiastic

Murmurs erupted in the group as memories of old family tales were stirred.

“I came here from out west in the bush. The farmer tried to kill me. He shot my wife and kids. It was totally illegal, but nothing happened to him. There was no-one near to see anything”

“They say we smell” piped up little Fruity. “But you should smell them! It’s really awful sometimes. They drink lots of that beery stuff then get sick, and oh the terrible stink!”

Ferdinand Battington, the head of the colony flew in and hung on the top of the highest branch.

“Attention all Fruit Bats. I have heard through reliable sources one of the main reasons why this threat to our very existence has come about”

“Apparently a number of bats in our colony have a disease and they have passed it on to a few of the humans’ horses, and those horses that are sick can pass it on to the humans. Now, I don’t know how this has happened as none of us have any symptoms and none of us are sick, but that’s the story. My committee has looked into this matter thoroughly and found there is nothing we can do to prevent this disease, and there is nothing we can do to stop a mass execution or removal from our homes if the humans decide to kill us all, or move us somewhere else and then kill us.”

There were cries of horror and despair from many of the flying foxes, and a great roar of anger and protest from the younger males.

“A few horses and a few humans die and they want to kill us all or get rid of us from our homes! What about the horses that kill them? I’ve seen with my own eyes a human thrown from a horse and later dying. Did they kill the horse? - No!” shouted Felix Flying Fox “There’s always so-called accidents happening, but they still love their horses”

“We’ve never deliberately killed a human, yet they all hate us” howled Felicia Flowerater,

“And what about their cars?” cried Pawpawer Chewer “Every day humans die in car accidents, but they still drive them. If they were fair dinkum, cars wouldn’t be allowed to be used. We have this so-called disease and we accidentally pass it on to a few horses and they say they’ll get rid of us all.”

“They say that we are no use to the environment and therefore we aren’t needed in the world” said Feedy Flyer. “What about them – they do

nothing but destroy. What use are they to the world?”

“We’re not pretty and we’re not cute and fluffy like the koalas and wombats” whispered Mrs Swooper. “They think we’re ugly so we’re not worth having around. Mind you, they still manage to kill the cute and furry animals, but they say it’s not deliberate nowadays”.

There was silence in the colony as all the fruit bats pondered what their fate would be.

“What can we do – What can we do” was their cry of despair.

by Joan Brow

QUEENSLAND RAILWAY PIONEERS

On the 25th of July, 1864 a clipper ship the ‘Fiery Star’ sailed from London with a cargo of 4 dismantled A Class Locomotives, bought from the Avondale Engine Company of Bristol, and Engine Fitters from Bristol. Two of these men, Robert Lawson (my Great – Great Grandfather) and John Nimmo (my Great-Grandfather) were destined to serve the rest of their working lives driving locomotives on the Railways of Queensland. The Fiery Star arrived in Keppel Bay on the 5th November, 1864 and then sailed on to Moreton Bay, arriving there on the 20th November. Robert and John went to live in Ipswich where the locomotives were assembled. “Pioneer” was the name given to the first locomotive to set out from Ipswich on 25th April 1865.

THE “FIERY STAR”

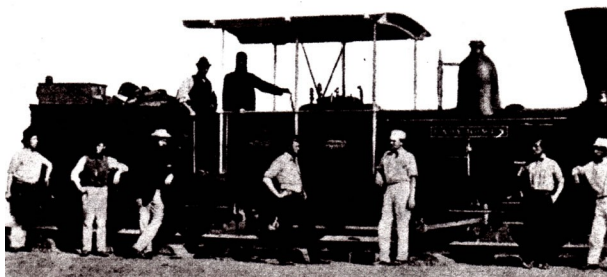


Robert Lawson was born in 1825 at Durham, England, and on 11th September, 1848 at the age of 23 married Mary Hill, age 17 in Hartlebury, Worcester. They arrived in Queensland with 2 daughters and 2 sons. Robert remained in Ipswich working as an Engine Driver until his death in 1884 at the age of 59.

John Nimmo, arrived in Queensland at the young age of 17 years, as he was born on the 3rd May 1847 in Belfast, Antrim, Northern Ireland. John was to fall in love with Robert and Mary's eldest daughter, Jane and they married in Ipswich on 19th August 1866, when she was 17 years old.

At this time the Great Northern Railway, later renamed the Central Railway, was being built leading west from Rockhampton. In January the following year, 1867, John Nimmo was appointed as the 2nd Engineman on this railway and so became a pioneer in the Central Queensland of the 1860's. John and Jane were to spend the remainder of their lives working and raising their family in Rockhampton. As was the case with many families of that era, the Nimmos had a large family. 13 children were born over a span of some 23 years; 10 daughters and 3 sons. However, they must have experienced some quite sad times as 4 of those daughters died in infancy. They must have been determined to have a daughter named Mary as 2 of the daughters who died so young were named Mary, while the third Mary lived to the ripe old age of 90 years.

The first section of the railway system ran as far as Westwood, a distance of 48.3km was completed on 21st August 1867, and formally opened for public use on the 19th September, almost 2 years after the Governor; Sir George Bowen turned the first sod, which signified the commencement of the work. At first one train per day ran up and down the line, with a one way trip taking some 2 hours to complete.



One of the 4 locomotives bought from the Avondale engine company of Bristol, England
Imagine being the crew of one of these locomotives. There was little protection from the elements due to the open design of the cabin. In summer, the heat from the sun as well as the fire box on the engine. In winter the cold winds blowing in their faces. The rain, especially on stormy nights and the constant coal ash blowing

from the chimney. This was vastly different to the air-conditioned working environment of today's locomotive drivers.

Westwood remained the terminus of the railway for a number of years. Finally, due to the efforts of the locals and their representatives in Parliament, approval was given in 1872 to construct a second section of the railway from Westwood to Comet some 177km further west. The turning of the first sod for this extension took place on 30th January 1873, with great celebration. A special excursion train took some 300 people from Rockhampton to Westwood to witness the occasion.

As sections of the railway were completed further to the west the trains from Rockhampton would run to those destinations. The section to Gogango opened to traffic in May 1874, Rocky Creek by October, and Edungalba by November 1875. This work had included the building of the tunnel in the Gogango Range. The next section of line to Duaringa included the completion of the bridge over the Dawson River, saw trains travelling to this destination by March 1876. Further sections were completed to Dingo, Blackwater and finally the railway to Comet some 224km west of Rockhampton was opened on the 1st March 1878 when an excursion train travelled from Rockhampton and some 500 people including many of the workmen sat down at a public luncheon at Comet.

In December 1877, John Nimmo was appointed Engineman 1st Class on the Central Railway, on a pay rate of 12/- (\$1.20) per day. This was probably a fairly good rate of pay when compared with other workers of those times. However, pay rates did not increase to any great degree over the years, as the records show that in 1911 his rate of pay was increased by 1/- (10cents) a day to 14/- (\$1.40).

John would have witnessed the completion of the various sections of the line and as an Engineman 1st Class operated the mail train to Pine Hill and back to Rockhampton for many years. The Central Railway to Longreach was finally opened in February 1892, having taken almost 27 years to complete.

Several branch lines were also constructed during his time and Railway Records show that he had crewed trains to Clermont, Gladstone, Maryborough and Broadmount.

Keeping youthful and enthusiastic

Train drivers in John's time were penalised so many day's pay or had their wages reduced for committing offences as a driver, and John was no exception. To illustrate this his Railway Record shows some of his offences 1887 – Left Guard behind at ten miles (Kabra) - Fined 1pound (\$2) and Wages reduced from 12/6 (\$1.25) to 12/- (\$1.20) per day.

Severely Censured for running down grades at excessive speed. Causing accident to 168 Engine. on 12th October 1891.

Fined for Breach of Staff Regulations. (Running past Herbert Creek temporary Staff Station, without staff.) 15th September 1893. Fined 12/- (\$1.20)

Censured re damage to tender 171 Engine by collision with train at Clermont. 4th March 1895.

Fined for running 14up Rockhampton to Gracemere 19th August 1898 without staff – one day's pay. - 12/- (\$1.20)

Points run through at Gladstone, 21a down, 6th April, 1905 – For running against a disc signal in daylight and making a misleading report – Severely censured.

In August 1913 he was demoted to a position as Shed Labourer on 10/6 (\$1.05) a day and the following January he was granted 12 months leave on full pay as a retiring allowance. He was officially retired on the 1st January 1915, but in April he returned to work as a shed driver in Rockhampton and retired for a second time in December of that year.

Outside his railway life he was a member of the brass band, and played with that band at the funeral of Power and Cahill, the men murdered by Griffin. The only sport he took part in was horse racing. A proud achievement in this endeavour was to win a Sires Produce Stakes with a mare called Little Nell.

John Nimmo died on the 5th July 1924, intestate as an Old Aged Pensioner, his worldly wealth as described by the Public Curator being cash of 1pound, 11shillings and 6pence and freehold property worth 125pounds. The following Monday "Battler" wrote in the Morning Bulletin, as a tribute to the life of the late Jack Nimmo; "Nimmo was a man of great vitality, and kept going until the end. He was in the General Hospital when the Carnival meeting was on, and although knocking at the border gates insisted on having his clothes, so that he could go to the races. Talk of the ruling passion being strong in

death."

by Arch Finlayson

PUMPKIN, CHICK PEA & SPINACH SATAY

Preparation time: 25 minutes

Cooking time: 25 minutes Serves 4

2 teaspoon peanut oil

1 onion, chopped

2 teaspoons grated fresh ginger

2 garlic cloves, crushed

1 long red chilli, seeds and membrane removed, finely chopped (optional)

700g pumpkin, peeled, chopped in to 2-3cm chunks

½ cup vegetable stock

1x 165ml can reduced –fat coconut milk

2 cups cauliflower florets

½ cups crunchy peanut butter

1 tablespoon soy sauce

2 teaspoons brown sugar

1x400 can of chickpeas, rinsed and drained

1/14 cup chopped coriander

60g baby spinach leaves

Boiled rice, to serve

1 Heat oil in a large saucepan and cook onion for 4-5 minutes till soft. Add garlic, ginger and chilli and cook for 1 minute, stirring to combine. Add pumpkin and stir to combine.

2. Pour in coconut milk and stock, bring to the boil, cover and simmer for 8-10 minutes until pumpkin is just cooked.

3. Add cauliflower, cover and cook for 3-4 minutes until cauliflower is tender. Add peanut butter, soy sauce, sugar and chickpeas, stir to combine and heat through. Stir in coriander and spinach leaves.

4. Serve satay with rice.

Chickpeas are high in soluble fibre which can help in maintaining healthy blood sugar and cholesterol levels.

Nutritional Information per serve: 1635 kilojoules (390 Calories); Protein 18g; Fat23g;

Carbohydrate 30g; Sodium 921mg; Potassium 1235mg; Calcium 112 mg; Iron3.6mg; Fibre 12g.

Judy Whitworth

An old nun who was living in a convent next to a construction site noticed the coarse language of the workers and decided to spend some time with them to correct their ways.

She decided she would take her lunch, sit with the workers, and talk with them.

She put her sandwich in a brown bag and walked over to the spot where the men were eating.

Sporting a big smile, she walked up to the group and asked, "And do you men know Jesus Christ?"

They shook their heads and looked at each other very confused.

One of the workers looked up into the steelworks and yelled out, "Anybody up there know Jesus Christ?"

One of the steelworkers yelled down, "Why?"

The worker yelled back, "'Cause his wife's' here with his lunch.

Internet

Married 40 Years

After being married for 40 years, I took a careful look at my wife one day and said, "Forty years ago we had a cheap house, a junk car, slept on sofa bed and watched a 10-inch black and white TV, but I got to sleep every night with a hot 23-year-old girl.

Now ... I have a \$500,000.00 home, a \$35,000.00 car, a nice big bed and a large screen TV, but I'm sleeping with a 63-year-old woman. It seems to me that you're not holding up your side of things."

My wife is a very reasonable woman. She told me to go out and find a hot 23-year-old girl and she would make sure that I would once again be living in a cheap house, driving a junk car, sleeping on a sofa bed and watching a 10-inch black and white TV.

Aren't older women great? They really know how to solve an old guy's problems.

Internet

Remember with old age comes wisdom and knowledge. Knowledge that the tomato is a fruit and wisdom is not putting it into a fruit salad

Jon'o

SURVIVING RETIREMENT

I don't feel the urge to socialise

I ask for nothing more

I'm content sitting in the sun's warm rays

Shining on my lounge room floor.

I get much satisfaction from my hobbies

Creating cards and writing verse

Every different life style
From all those years I was a nurse.

Sometimes I feel creative

And I play on my keyboard

I'm no Richard Claderman

But then I'm never bored.

I enjoy oil painting

And in a mad outburst of art

I filled all my lounge room walls

Probably not smart!

Pot plants are a gentle hobby

I've embraced with my heart and soul

I think that I've got hundreds

Almost out of my control.

I sit up sometimes til one am

Writing my thoughts on life

Remembering the good times

And remembering the strife.

I suppose none of what I've written

Is of any consequence

To anybody that I know

To me it makes perfect sense.

Keeping your mind and body occupied

Would seem to be desired

Maintain a healthy life style

These will always be admired.

It's taken many years

To find the person that is me

At times I almost gave up

And thought 'just let it be.'

Of all the things that I love most

There's one that I love most

Reading a good book tucked up in bed

With my feet as warm as toast!

Life's simple pleasures I believe

Count for more than wealth can buy

It's said the best things in life are free

This, my friends, is not a lie!\

By Yvonne Riek

AGING WITH A COMPUTER

Australia is being linked together by the National Broadband Network. You'll see it advertised on TV, in the newspapers and online, so what does it mean to you.

Looking back and at the progress and the speed of development, there is no way most individuals could be expected to keep up with the technology. I have always said to my classes, just do it, use

Keeping youthful and enthusiastic

the computer like a pencil, don't worry about how or why and if the 1 in 100,000 happens and something does go wrong, then like a pencil, fix it when it breaks.



Prior to the Internet as we know it today, I introduced a form of computer digital communication to Glenmore State Primary School year 6/7 students, where we were able to communicate with similar aged students at Little Lillies English School in Bangalore India, around about 1993/5.

Little Lillies English School was run by R Remesh callsign VU2RMS while my callsign is VK4CNQ.

The students were amazed that line by line our messages were sent up to a orbiting OSCAR satellite (Orbiting Satellite Carrying Amateur Radio) via a network of Amateur radio ground stations. With special software installed on the school computer, my VHF hand-held radio and a Terminal Node Connector, packets of data were transmitted to the satellite, stored and downloaded over Bangalore. Packets from India came back and downloaded from OSCAR to us at Glenmore. The transmissions were error free, but very small compared to today's Gigabyte Internet capability.

So you might ask .. where did the Internet come from. .. In late 1962 experiments started, but it wasn't until 1965 that a successful link was set up between two computers. The Internet, then known as ARPANET, was brought online in 1969 under a contract let by the renamed Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) which initially connected four major computers at universities. E-mail was adapted in 1972 and the @ symbol from the available symbols on a teletype was used to link the username and address. These basic protocols are still in use today.

We now have many graphical browsers but the

first was developed in 1993 and called Mosaic and a year later Netscape came on line. This proved to be the most successful graphical type of browser and server until Microsoft developed its Microsoft Internet Explorer.

The Internet was exciting, experimental and to some extent you were privileged to have the facility.

I remember visiting a friend who had just set up the Internet at home with a 1200baud modem and we thought it was fast compared to the Amateur Radio link at 300bauds. Dialup modem speeds more than doubled over a period of years but didn't go past 56000bauds. Dialup was serviced over a standard pair of domestic telephone lines and was influenced by the resistance of the line caused by damage and repairs.

With the introduction of Broadband a whole new transmission of Internet packets was developed. The cable entering your house was not designed for anything but voice and now it carries the ADSL Internet transmitted via an induced piped field around the two pairs. This then allows the house hold phone to be used at the same time as using the Internet. The Internet carrier tone is filtered out of the phone line, while the Internet line is unfiltered.

Once a fibre optic line is installed to your house with the NBN, it will be possible to get virtually instantaneous Internet, telephone, TV and many other Data services connected. The signal bounces through the fibre tube with no resistance and multiple frequencies can be used at the same time, all in the space of one fibre which is smaller than a millimetre in diameter.

Never give up, everyone needs computer skills and the sooner you start, the easier it will be.

Nick Quigley OAM

*A six year old goes to the hospital with her mother to visit her Grandpa.
When they get to the hospital, she runs ahead of her mother and bursts into her Grandpa's room*
*"Grandpa,
Grandpa," she says excitedly, "As soon as my mother comes into the room, make a noise like a frog!"*
"What?" said her Grandpa.
"Make a noise like a frog - because my mother said that as soon as you croak, we're all going to Disney Land! Internet

MY NEW COMPUTER

(c) Rita Diplock

I've got a new computer, bought on sale at bargain price,

But when i went to use it found I needed some advice.

The program was the latest one, not like my old XP.

They said I wouldn't find it hard and catch on easily.

For some days I did battle and you won't believe the fights While trying to make sense of its morass of bits and bytes.

I thought I'd got a bargain with its price so much reduced,

But all it's done for me so far is get me all confused.

I wrestle with this monster and keep on persevering.

Its winking blinking little lights seem as if it's jeering.

Deep within its heart I think someone installed a devil

Whose chief delight in life is to ramp up my stress level.

They told me it was easy but I haven't caught on yet.

It has sorely tried my temper and made me fume and fret.

So until I have some lessons to learn how it is used

It sits there smirking silently and I am not amused.

Regards

©Rita Diplock

The following was found posted very low on a refrigerator door.

Dear Dogs and Cats:

The dishes with the paw prints are yours and contain your food. The other dishes are mine and contain my food. Placing a paw print in the middle of my plate and food does not stake a claim for it becoming your food and dish, nor do I find that aesthetically pleasing in the slightest.

The stairway was not designed by NASCAR and is not a racetrack. Racing me to the bottom is not the object. Tripping me doesn't help because I fall faster than you can run.

I cannot buy anything bigger than a king sized bed. I am very sorry about this. Do not think I

will continue sleeping on the couch to ensure your comfort. However, Dogs and Cats can actually curl up in a ball when they sleep. It is not necessary to sleep perpendicular to each other, stretched out to the fullest extent possible. I also know that sticking tails straight out and having tongues hanging out on the other end to maximize space is nothing but sarcasm.

AND, for the last time, there is no secret exit from the bathroom! If, by some miracle, I beat you there and manage to get the door shut, it is not necessary to claw, whine, meow, try to turn the knob or get your paw under the edge in an attempt to open the door. I must exit through the same door I entered. Also, I have been using the bathroom for years - canine/feline attendance is not required.

The proper order for kissing is:

Kiss me first, then go smell the other dog's or cat's butt.

I cannot stress this enough.

Finally, in fairness, dear pets, I have posted the following message on the front door:

To all non-pet owners who visit and like to complain about our pets:

PLEASE NOTE:

(1) They live here. You don't.

(2) If you don't want their hair on your clothes, stay off the furniture.

That's why they call it 'fur'-niture.

(3) I like my pets a lot better than I like most people.

(4) To you, they are animals To me, they are adopted sons/daughters

who are short, hairy, walk on all fours and don't speak clearly.

Remember, dogs and cats are better than kids because they:

(1) Eat less,

(2) Don't ask for money all the time,

(3) Are easier to train,

(4) Normally come when called,

(5) Never ask to drive the car,

(6) Don't hang out with drug-using people;

(7) Don't smoke or drink,

(8) Don't want to wear your clothes,

(9) Don't have to buy the latest fashions,

(10) Don't need a gazillion dollars for college and

(11) IF they get pregnant,

You can sell their children

Internet

Keeping youthful and enthusiastic

Being an animal lover I find the above so true.

Jon'o.

GARDEN LOVERS MORNING TEA

Another wonderful morning tea took place on Friday 25th May 2012 at Athelstane House.

The weather was not as had been programmed for this special day, but the drizzle and rain failed to deter either the staunch helpers or our faithful supporters.

The large crowd was delightfully entertained by the U3A CHOIR, U3A IN VOICE and our very own JOKER Phil Morissette.

After the official opening by the Cancer Council Ambassador and survivor Terri Gordon.

The Little grey cells were severely taxed by Valda Carter's quiz this year!

Our fabulous Catering Corps presented a tempting array of food for our enjoyment at morning tea and with a new format of service a much more leisurely atmosphere prevailed.

The winners of the raffle donated by Shirley Sherwood, and the lucky door prize by Bunning's bore their trophies away at the end of the morning with much triumph and the fast paced Multi- Draw made an exciting event.

Thanks to everyone's generosity we raised almost \$1,400.00 this amount included the additional raffle of the donated Bonsai Plant, held the following U3A general monthly meeting.

What a heartening result, despite such financially challenging times:

all due to those who donated Gifts, Time, Expertise and their donations.

Well done everyone !!

per Virginia.

FOOD LOVERS REPORT

We at food lovers wish to impart on our fellow U3A members that we are having the time of our young lives what with home cooked meals mains and sweets and you know that the cooking is done by people who also like food, a home cooked meal with a chance to have a chat a cupper or a wine if you bring your own driver.

For those who can't make it Nick will post the recipe's on our site asap after the day. Some of the chefs like to do meals that our Mum used to do. I don't know about you but when I go out for

a meal there is not too much that sticks to the ribs any more. It goes without saying that we would like to see more people attend. For your \$10.00 x 2 courses plus chat you also get to help cook set tables and sweep floors or wash up. From 9.30 to about 14.00 can't think of a better way to fill in a Friday morning.

Hope to see you there

Jon'o

One day, God was looking down at the earth, and saw all the misbehaving (too much sex, illicit drugs, prescription drugs, alcohol and risqué emails) that was going on.

So he called one of his angels to go to Earth.

When he returned, the angels told God, 'Yes, it is bad on Earth; 95% are misbehaving, and only 5% are not'.

God thought for a moment and said, 'Maybe I should send down another angel, to get a second opinion'!

So, God called another angel and sent him to Earth too.

When the angel returned, he went to God and said, 'Yes, it's true. The Earth is in decline; 95% are misbehaving, but 5% are being good.'

God was not pleased. So he decided to e-mail the 5% who were good, because, he wanted to encourage them, give them a little something, to help them keep going !

Do you know what the e-mail said?

No?

Okay, just checking with you.

I didn't get one either

Internet...

Well good night gentle people I hope that this was a good read. Wish onto others what you would wish for yourselves.

Goodnight

Jon'o