

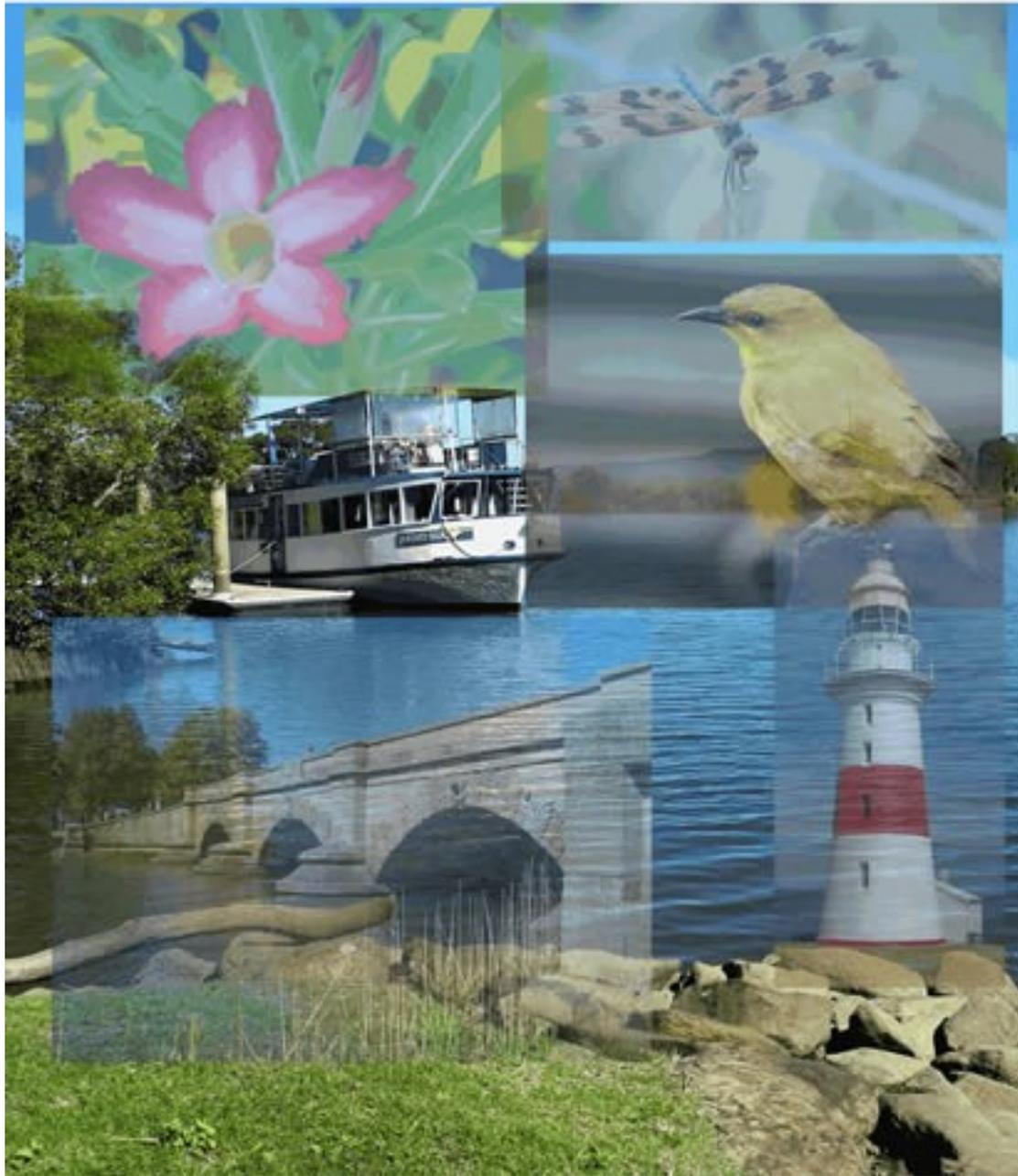


THE QUARTERLY FLYER

June 2014

Photography Group

Volume 2/2014



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 Rockhampton - P O Box 8160 – Allenstown – Rockhampton - 4700

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

It is hard to believe that five months of the year have gone already and it really is true that the older you get the faster it goes. We all try to squeeze so much into our lives when we retire and it is so wonderful to see our U3A members so busy learning the things we never had time for when we were in the workforce. It would be great to see some new activities and with so many new members this year there must be some people who have new ideas. Hopefully a tennis group will be underway by the time you read this. Please keep giving us your ideas in our Suggestion Box which is on the table at our monthly meetings. The Committee does take notice of what you say.

I would like to welcome our new Secretary Joan, and also Arch who has taken on the role of Publicity. We still need an Activity Coordinator and a Journal Editor. Nick Quigley has kindly offered to put this journal together for us and I do sincerely thank him for his kindness.

On behalf of the U3A Singing Group I would like to thank Glenda Smith for playing the piano for the choir to practice as Glenda McDonald has had an injury to her hand. We really do appreciate your help Glenda S.

Ann Findlater
President

U3A Rockhampton Photography Group



Photo by June Findlater on a Nikon Coolpix P7100

The group got together in June 2012 out of a need to improve results from our individual digital cameras which was a challenge as most cameras have small differences from lenses to megapixels to zoom multiples to shutter speeds and on it goes. We had a great amount of assistance from Wayne who is also a member of the Rockhampton Camera Club. Wayne gave us technical advice and practical info on taking better photos.

Our group meets every second Thursday at the COIN rooms above the Southside library where we show around 15 of the photos we've each taken as a selected subject from the previous fortnight. This can vary from individual efforts with a given subject name i.e. "water" or a group outing to Keppel

Sands, Mount Morgan, Lake Mary or a walk around our historic buildings in the city. Our combined results both in technical and physical appearances have improved noticeably over the period with many of our U3A members having the pleasure of viewing examples of our efforts at the Show and Tell meetings towards the end of the year. New additions to our group are always welcome and shouldn't feel as though they will be left behind as we we can accommodate everyone.

<http://www.u3arockhampton.org.au/Cameracalb.htm>

Philip Morisette

The U3A Writing For Pleasure Group may be comparatively small but it is a very vibrant one. We still meet in the School of Arts on the first Wednesday of the month but have added an Inspirational Outing on the 3rd Wednesday. To date these little gems of time have been spent at the Gardens – beside the Murray Lagoon, overlooking the Japanese Garden and at the Aviary and Zoo.

In the relaxed atmosphere our minds deviate

from the norm. Our first Assignment was to write a short story in exactly 100 words - to be shared at our next get-together in the City. It isn't as easy as you first think. Challenged, each of us went home, emails and phone calls ensued, and when told that Joan had written two, I made sure I did three! Our diverse efforts were remarkable. My own subjects were: '*Penny Whistle*', '*The Mysterious Power of Magic*' and the '*Balm of Gilead*'. Quite crazy, but everyone is enjoying the experiment enough to want to continue the mid-month outings, and some would have it each week!

We are not elitist and welcome other members to join with us on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of the month. We all have differing goals, but we share and encourage each other in them, and keep on writing for pleasure.

Judy Whitworth

LAVENDER MEMORIES

I remember from my childhood that my Grandmother grew lavender in her flower garden and in the back vegetable garden as well. It enthralled me that she used it in so very many different ways in the home. Sometimes when she was baking biscuits she'd chop some of the leaves and flowers into the mixture. She cut the biscuits into different shapes. I always thought the heart-shaped ones tasted better than the plain round or club-shaped ones.

When we were working in the garden she'd automatically pick off a sprig of lavender for each of us to and rub on our arms and legs to keep the flies and mosquitos away, and if we did get stung we rubbed the flowers on the bite to help make it feel better.

There were always those little bowls of potpourri scattered throughout the house, and she put little sachets of the dried flowers in the linen cupboard and dresser drawers to

keep the moths away and the scent from them permeated our clothes. I liked the smell .. and even now that smell brings back memories of Grandma Greenwood, her house and garden, in Davis Street.

Even further back in history lavender was used medicinally to soothe, sedate and suppress. It has a strong anti-bacterial action and heals cuts, and was said to kill diphtheria and typhoid bacilli as well as pneumococcus. The oil is still used in aromatherapy and massage. I have the recipes for home-made lavender oil, lavender and honey gargle, lavender vinegar as well as a simple furniture oil and polish that has the heavenly smell of lavender.

There are many different varieties of lavender. More than 40 species are grown in here in Australia. I found this quote that underlines that statement.

Lavender – A Gardener's Delight

“Among the roses soft in hue

Lie beds of fragrant lavender blue

Awash with violets, pinks and cream

An enchanted setting in which to dream.”

Memories of the lavender from my childhood merge with those of today. I still

use a lavender scented disinfectant when mopping my floor and wipe down the kitchen benches with lavender vinegar on my sponge. It is a habit I've maintained.

Judy Whitworth

LEST WE FORGET

The crescent moon and glittering morning star hung above us almost like a military decoration in the soft predawn darkness at Alton Downs. Sprinkled among those attending were some proudly wearing medals of family members who had served in the various wars as well as those who'd gained them in the service of their country. Beginning with the posting of the catafalque

party at the cenotaph, the service proceeded with quiet dignity as we remembered those who had gone to war in the cause of freedom. The services held to honour the memory of these men and women each Anzac Day is not to glorify war, but to remind us of the kind of men this country produced; good, decent and mostly young and at the beginning of their lives, many with a thirst for adventure. Without their sacrifice we might be speaking a different language today.

On the fields of battle the Australians earned a reputation as fierce fighters yet showed a kind side to the citizens of the countries they were amongst. Many friendships were forged in the trenches as these men looked after each other. The comradeship they knew was of a special kind, born of necessity to survive. Rows of crosses in foreign countries mark the resting place of the many who paid the ultimate price, determined to preserve their country's freedom.

As I sat in the half dark I thought of how much the Australia the Anzacs knew has changed since they took up arms in freedom's name. As a child at school, on parade our country's flag would be proudly flown. Now there are some who would burn it. We started the day with The Lord's Prayer. You knew your neighbour and he could mostly be depended on to do you a good turn. Values and attitudes have changed, and not always for the better.

I thought of the many names on cenotaphs and memorials around Australia, the majority of them young, brave and carefree when they left home and still young when they died. We in Australia are blessed to have never known civil war or been invaded by an enemy nation. I like to think that if the necessity arose we still have many young people of the kind we remembered at the Dawn Service who would take up the call.

I hope war never touches this country that I love.

I look around this land I love and wonder
would I know
Among the faces all around, which one was
friend or foe.
And should those Anzac spirits rise and stand
tall from each grave
As they look round this wide brown land they
gave their lives to save
To answer to the call once more, I wonder
would they win.
I fear they'd find to their dismay, the enemy
within.

Rita Diplock
30.4.2014



2014 Committee - Back - Nancy Crapp, Nick Quigley, Elaine Ross, Christa Tollner, Phil Morissette, Arch Finlayson
Front - Joan Copper, Ann Findlater, Hazel Halliday

This Quarterly Flyer was a pleasure to compile although it did take some juggling. The cover is a collection of our photography groups submissions. We are lucky to have such talented people within our group and I thank Ann Findlater, Judy Whitworth, Rita Diplock and Joan Brown for sending in written contributions.

Thank you to Jono Elson for taking up the Editor position since June 2012

Nick Quigley OAM



U3A member Christa Tollner at the Presentation evening at the CQ University with our student bursary winner Amy Weise. Amy received our Bursary to help her with her studies as a Paramedic.

PIPER GEORGE FINDLATER VC



One of the Gordon Highlanders ' most famous Victoria Cross recipients was Piper George Findlater. George was born at Turriff, Aberdeenshire, Scotland in 1872, the son of a crofter who had a meal mill which provided a living for the family of 6 sons and 5 daughters.

In 1888 at sixteen years of age, George who was big for his age joined the regiment and was sent for basic training to Castlehill Barracks in Aberdeen. He was then drafted to Curragh Camp in Ireland where he studied music with the intention of being a regiment piper. After service in Ceylon, Piper Findlater was transferred to the 1st Battalion in India and faced his first action at the Malakand Pass where a tribesman ' s bullet clipped his boot. In 1897 tribesman of the north west frontier of India, now part of Pakistan, began attacking British Forces in the area. The tribes were the Afridis and Orakzais, and the Indian Government mounted an expedition against their attackers. The tribesman's village stood near the top of an almost vertical ridge which could only be reached by an extremely steep narrow path. To reach the village, an open area of ground on the edge of a pine forest had to be crossed by the attacking force. The open ground was 300 yards long and lay only 500 yards from where the tribesman overlooked the narrow path. On 18th October 1897 the village of Dargai had been captured by the 3rd Gurkhas and King's Own Scottish Borderers. The fighting had been hard and ten men were killed and 53 wounded. The attacking troops had no supplies or water so it was decided to abandon Dargai much to the disgust of the soldiers who had fought so hard to take it.

On the 20th October, 1897, it was decided to retake the position. The attacking force was in position but, when the Gurkhas made their charge across the open ground covered by fire from the infantry, only 3 companies were able to get through the hail of bullets. The Gurkhas

tried in vain to reinforce them. On reaching the edge of the open ground beyond the pine trees, the Highlanders took cover. Lieutenant Mathias addressed the Highlanders, saying the hill must be taken at all costs. The bugle sounded "Advance" and five regimental pipers began to play their pipes. The Highlanders with fixed bayonets advanced onto the open ground into the hail of the tribesmen's bullets. Major McBean fell wounded through the thigh and, dragging himself to the shelter of a rock, continued to encourage his battalion on. Another piper was shot through the lung and Piper Findlater went down, hit in the left ankle. A second bullet hit the piper's chanter while a third bullet went through his right foot.

Propped against a rock and with injuries to both feet, Piper Findlater kept playing his pipes. The tribesmen retreated, Dargai had been taken but at the cost of 36 men killed and 159 wounded, including the Gordon's Colonel. The Highlanders lay down among the rocks where they spent a cold miserable night without food or water. The officers and men had not been issued with rations for 2 days and after a period of 40 hours they were given bully beef and biscuits.

The action at Dargai caught the public's imagination and the attack on the Heights by the Gordons was re-enacted in the music halls and Piper Findlater was hailed as a national hero. Piper Findlater was invalided home and received his Victoria Cross from Queen Victoria at Netley Hospital where he was recovering from his wounds. Another three VC's were awarded for the action at Dargai, Private Edward Lawson, Lieutenant Dingwall and Private McMillan.

Despite being something of a national hero, George was forced to busk on the streets to earn some money after leaving hospital. Embarrassed, the Government decided to give a 50 pound annual pension to VC holders instead of what had been a one off 10 pound

payment.

Piper Major Findlater rejoined the Gordon Highlanders and served briefly in World War 2. He retired to his farm in Turriff and died in 1942 and is buried in Forglan Cemetery, near Keith in Scotland.

The famous Gordon Highlander's Victoria Cross is now kept at the Regimental Museum.

Written by Ann Findlater

A CASUALTY OF THE GREAT WAR (25.2.14) © Rita Diplock

My father was the only member of his family to migrate to Australia. Fortunately Mum's family lived near us so there was no lack of relatives and family connections as we grew up. Apart from Dad's brother, an irregular correspondent in England and their mother, we knew almost nothing of Dad's family. As a child this silence on family didn't register until one day I asked Dad what had happened to his father. He grew serious before telling me his father had died when he was very young. From his manner I sensed not to ask any more. It wasn't until some years after Dad died and my brother became curious about Dad's family we learned why Dad had been so secretive about his origins. Although we had the address of Dad's parents, which was where he was born and his date of birth, every avenue my brother pursued to get a copy of Dad's birth certificate proved fruitless. It was then I recalled Dad once saying that his father had gone away during the war and had presumed it was to fight. Contact with the British Army gained the information they had three men with Dad's father's name, which we knew was Fred, but the birth dates were different. It was suggested that we had the wrong date and should check further. This was very frustrating, but a woman from the Genealogical Society was able to help.

This woman told my brother that Dad

would have had to have given the Australian Government his birth details to receive the Age Pension. Armed with this knowledge Stan hurried to Centrelink. Despite being named for his father and proof that he was indeed his father's son Stan found he could not access Dad's information. Centrelink's privacy policies extended to all clients, both living and dead. Dad's birth details could only be given to his nearest surviving next of kin, our mother.

Straight away Mum made application and after approval for them to be released, waited for them to be mailed to her. When they arrived Mum tried ringing us, but we were all out that day. It was our father's birth name and the name of his father that stunned my mother. Dad's name was not the one by which he was known, the name we all bore and was on our birth certificates. Now we knew why all enquiries had found only dead ends. It then took more years before the full story was revealed. Brought to England by his parents when he was a small boy, Dad's father grew up there and England was his home. He married an Englishwoman and they had three British children. Because he was a German national, my grandfather was interned for the duration of World War I. With no means of supporting her family, this being in the days before welfare, my grandmother and her three British children ended up on the street. This would have happened many times up and down the length and breadth of the country, all in the name of patriotism and fear that these people might betray their adopted country.

Unable to find help for herself and her family, my grandmother went at last to her local Member for Parliament. He gave her no practical help, but gave her some advice which she would have considered seriously before following it. He told her to anglicise her name. By altering a few letters, she gained protection for her children from the strong anti-German feeling prevalent, but I wonder

how my grandfather felt about the change to his childrens' name.

Once we'd found Dad's birth name – a very German one, we came to another dead end. Along with many others, after the war Dad's father was deported to Berlin and his family never saw him again. After the death of their brother, Dad's sister in England visited us, but the subject was never mentioned. It shows the depth of my father's hurt in keeping his secret and taking it to the grave.

I could picture a frightened little boy of eight years with his brother and young sister watching their father taken away, being put on the street and their mother working at menial jobs to support her children. They lost their home and their name and it would have been impressed on them that the old one never be mentioned.

There were many casualties during the war caused by other than bullets and bombs.

APPLIANCES AND GADGETS FROM THE PAST

Written by Gladys Arlott

Edited by Joan Brown

“To have a gas stove was a mark of wealth” was the heading on the page. This was right, but some folk had a coke stove which was cleaner so long as they didn't use wood in it or the house would fill up with smoke. Different types of wood would burn with less or more smoke.

In the earliest days of my life, many cooked outside over bars with a piece of tin on one side to protect from wind, and a camp oven was used – a big round iron pot with a lid on top. After that, it was the black iron wood stove, and if you paid a bit extra, you could get one with a water fountain attached to the side so you could have hot water. A big iron kettle had to be kept filled as the water could boil dry if the fire was kept going. Iron pots were used on the stove and if they weren't

kept really clean, they would be black underneath and you would often get black marks from them on your clothes and teatowels. Then came the gas stove and you had to have gas piped in to a meter and up to the stove.

For ironing you used Mother Pott's Irons, heated on top of the stove. They had holes into which the wooden handle clipped and you usually had an old sack bag to rub the iron on and a cloth to make sure it was clean. Most spat on the iron to see if it was hot enough. Later, people had petrol irons which had a little tank and an iron tube with holes in the iron and you would have to pump the iron with its inbuilt pump and then light it with care because sometimes it could blow up and cause a fire which you had to be mighty quick to put out.

Kerosene tins were handy. You cut the top off and put handles (wire) into them. They were good for heating water in on the wood stove for bath water and washing. Some had a copper boiler outside with a fire under it for washing, or an open fire with bars & kero tins to boil the clothes in and you had a big round washtub on a bench.

There was no bathroom at the house in West Rocky where I grew up. We battled in a wash tub either in the bedroom or kitchen with a screen around you. We used to make our screen with chains and a sheet or towel draped over them.

Lamps were glass with the bottom holding the kerosene and a glass chimney. You had to keep the wick trimmed and clean, and replace it when it was too short.

Big empty golden syrup tins were handy for billycans or biscuit tins, as well as the big Arnott's biscuit tins to use as cannisters. Most foods came in tins, not so many bottles. You used big vegetable dishes for vegies to the table and huge big meat plates for the joints,

and gravy tureens.

There were cruet sets (salt, pepper, sauce & mustard) for the table centre, also salt dishes with a tiny spoon differently shaped to a teaspoon.

The kitchen dresser (for china dinnerware) wasn't closed-in like these days. Cups mostly hung on hooks. It would be nothing to find a frog sleeping behind a plate. Saucepans usually hung on nails round the back & sides of the stove, and a box of split wood on the floor at the side. There was a stove ring, lifter and poker and scraper to scrape the ashes out, and the bellows to blow up the fire.

The boot last was a must. Some resoled the shoes and this gadget had three heads or shapes to put shoes on. It was a heavy iron thing with two foot shapes and one heel.

We had hand basins and big jugs for the bedroom and also the chamber pot for under the bed.

From the good old days came the electric lights to light up the streets. Prior to that was the gas light at very few street corners. Men used to have to go round and light these lamps – four sided in a frame with strong glass sides on a fairly high post, and they would have to put them out at ten o'clock.

Then, of course came the electric iron and the fridge. Not many had the kerosene fridge as ice boxes improved from the tiny box which only held small things. Then came the radio instead of the crystal wireless and that advanced to the radiogram to play your records on.

Everything in the home gradually improved to make work lighter. The wood wash boiler to the gas then the electric washing machine.

Floors were just wood, scrubbed on your hands and knees with a bucket of hot water, scrub brush and cloth to wipe it clean. Painted floors and stained floors came later

with scatter rugs.

We oldies and some not so old who can remember, used to say nothing was nicer than a roast dinner cooked in the old wood stove, and how nice it was to sit by the fire on a winter's night and watch it burn down to hot coals and then make toast on a long fork called a toasting fork – long wire handle with three wire spaced prongs to poke into a thick slice of bread and hold it over the hot coals till it was toasted nice and brown, then eat it with honey or syrup dripping over it, and a hot cup of cocoa before going to bed. If it was very cold, some folk would put a thick block of wood in and closed up the stove doors hoping it would burn all night and help warm the house up. No such thing as radiators until, I think, the early forties.

University of the Third Age (U3A) movement is an unique and exciting organisation which provides, through its U3As, life-enhancing and life-changing opportunities. Retired and semi-retired people come together and learn together, not for qualifications but for its own reward: the sheer joy of discovery! Members share their skills and life experiences: the learners teach and the teachers learn, and there is no distinction between them.

<http://www.u3a.org.uk/>

LAST HELLO

Some time ago we chanced to meet
Just greeted each other down the street
We talked for a time – he was moving quite
slow

Maybe we could have talked longer
But we didn't know
That would be the last time we'd say hello.

It has been some time since he's danced
'round the floor
And he has been missed – now we'll see him
no more.

So if you meet an old friend when you're
down the street
Take some time to chat, just take the weight

off your feet
Because you just never know
It could be the last time you say hello.

Elaine Ross



6960 Raveningham Hall

David Mitcham uses a NIKON coolpix P510 Camera

Introducing Elaine Ross U3A's new Editor

Those who attended the May general meeting will be aware that I will be your new journal editor. Just to be very succinct, during my working life, I have been employed in positions that have mandated lots of coordination and lots of writing (including organisational newsletters). Also I have been on community and sporting committees and organised large functions. I enjoy writing short stories and creating impromptu poems when the mood inspires.

Many thanks to Jon'o and Nick for their words of wisdom and for their selfless contribution of time and energy into the production of the Quarterly Journal. While it has been suggested that the name of the journal could be changed, I am open to suggestions regarding this and will have more to contribute in time. Hopefully, the learning curve ahead is kind and not too bumpy. **I look forward to your contributions. Please email them to zebu3@outlook.com**

U3A Activities 2014

[Revised 5th May 2014]

*Legend: * = Continues all year*

NA = New Activity

SA = Shared Activity

NB ~ Identified costs are mainly for venue hire. Materials are extra, depending on what you use.

Activities	Times	Venue	Contact	Phone
Monday				
General Meeting ~ monthly 1 st Monday (excluding January)	9.30am	Frenchville Sports Club, Clifton Street, North Rockhampton (Lunch to follow)	Ann	4922 1581
Bushdancing SA*	Weekly 7.00pm - 8.30pm	Rockhampton Pipe Band Hall Gladstone Road, Rockhampton Cost ~ \$5	Shirley Leonie	4936 4792 4922 5887
History Group	3 rd week 2pm.	Settlers Village Community Centre Pauline Martin Drive -off North Street	Ann	4922 1581
Tuesday				
Aerobics Resistance Training SA* Swimming	8.45am - 9.30am 7.30am - 8.30am Initially, then Any open hours	Community Sports Centre, Yaamba Road, North Rockhampton Cost for all 3 activities on any single visit ~ \$6	Sports Centre Jill	4923 2159 4928 7715
Aqua Aerobics SA*	Weekly 11am - 12noon & 6pm - 7pm	Caribee Swim Academy, 135 Menzies Street, North Rockhampton Cost ~ \$6	Jodie Shirley	4926 1650 4936 4792
Investment Group Discussion	3 rd week 10am	255 Elphinstone Street, North Rockhampton	Arch	4928 6653
Mah Jong	Weekly 1pm	Women's Health, Bolsover Street cnr Derby Street, Rockhampton	Kathy	4933 4601
Singing Group	Weekly 10.00am	284 Upper Dawson Road, R'ton.	Glenda	4922 3662
Tai Chi *	Weekly 8.00am	Botanic Gardens, near Lagoon, Rockhampton	Virginia	4921 1602
Wednesday				
Book Lover's Group	4 th week 10am	Settlers Village Community Centre Pauline Martin Drive -off North Street	Sally	4926 1574
Embroidery	1 st & 3 rd weeks 1pm - 4.30pm	CQU room (beside CQU Campus Reception)	Pat	4927 4493
Speech Group ("In Voice")	1 st & 3 rd Weeks 9.30am -10.30am	200 Frenchville Road, North Rockhampton	Valda	4928 2119
Writing for Pleasure	1 st week 9.15am -11.15am 3 rd week 9.15am-11.15am	School of Arts, Bolsover Street, Rockhampton. Botanical Gardens	Judy	4927 4468

Activities	Times	Venue	Contact	Phone
Thursday				
Aerobics Resistance Training SA * Swimming	8.45am - 9.30am 7.30am - 8.30am Initially, then Any open hours	Community Sports Centre, Yaamba Road, North Rockhampton Cost for all 3 activities on any single visit ~ \$6	Sports Centre Jill	4923 2159 4928 7715
Aqua Aerobics	Weekly 9.30am - 10.30am & 5.30pm - 6.30pm	Caribee Swim Academy, 135 Menzies Street, North Rockhampton Cost ~ \$6	Jodie Shirley	4926 1650 4936 4792
Discussion ~ Current Affairs	3 rd week 3pm - 5pm	255 Elphinstone Street, North Rockhampton	Arch	4928 6653
Photography Group	Every 2 nd Week 3pm [from 13/2/14]	COIN ~ New Library, Bolsover Street, Rockhampton.	Phil	4928 7769
Friday				
Armchair Travel	3 rd week 9.30am -11.30am	Athelstane House, Ward Street, Rockhampton	Jackie	4922 7976
Garden Lover's Club	4 th week 9.30am	Different Garden each month ~ advised at General meeting	Virginia	4921 1602
Line Dancing	Weekly 2pm – 4pm	Square Dancing Hall, Kingel Park, Fitzroy Street, Rockhampton Cost ~ \$6	Sue	4922 3421
Pencil Drawing	1 st week 9.30am -11.00am	7 Gardenvale Court, Hillside Estate, (off Norman Road) Nth Rockhampton	Keith	4928 9505
Tai Chi	Weekly 7.30am - 8.30am.	Kershaw Gardens (Knight Street) Cost ~ \$2.	Shirley Pam	4936 4792 4928 1130
Saturday				
Aqua Aerobics SA *	Weekly 7am - 8am	Caribee Swim Academy, 135 Menzies Street, North Rockhampton Cost ~ \$6	Jodie Shirley	4926 1650 4936 4792
Personal Arrangements				
Computer Classes	Weekly ~ 2 hours	CTC, New Library, 1 st Floor, Bolsover Street, Rockhampton. (course length varies ~ keyboard, mouse, Win XP/Vista, email, web Word 2010, PowerPoint,digital photography,digital trivia)	Christine or RRC	4936 8212 or 1300 225 577
Family History & Genealogy	By appointment	Consultation at tutor's or person's home	Helen	4928 2233
Heraldry	By appointment (contact tutor)	190 German Street, Norman Gardens, North Rockhampton	Ken	4928 3687

