SEPTEMBER 1989

G. K. TUCKER
SETTLEMENT NEWS.

Peach tree in spring
PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE

Those of us lucky enough to have accommodation at the G.K. Tucker Settlement can thank the foresight of Father Tucker in developing the concept for such a project.

How fortunate we are that he had the wisdom to obtain such a large area of land that has allowed almost a level of luxury in the space available for each cottage and still allows for much of the area to be unused.

The Brotherhood’s purpose today continues to be to assist people of limited means by providing facilities that offer a comfortable quality of life.

Work is now under way to consider how we utilize more of the land for people, particularly to provide accommodation to those in greatest need. At this stage some preliminary conceptual work is taking place to see whether we can utilize the back area and still retain a good area of the bush land.

This will require imaginative planning but may include the provision of accommodation units for a mixed aged housing project for people who can rent at low cost.

We also want to consider a church and community centre to meet the needs of a growing population, planned to be over 25,000 around us in the next few years.

As the concept is developed a consultation will be held with residents to consider the impact of such new developments. Change is always difficult and we have a wide variety of opinions to cater for.

I believe we have the chance to develop a very exciting concept that may be the yardstick for use of community land that many others will follow.

ADRIAN HARRIS, REGIONAL MANAGER
Residents, staff and volunteers will be interested to read the revised Goals and Objectives of the Brotherhood of St Laurence that were accepted by the Board of Directors.

GOALS AND OBJECTIVES

BROTHERHOOD OF ST LAURENCE

GOAL

As the end to which our efforts are directed, the Brotherhood's primary goal is one of social action. This means that we will continue to work for the establishment of a society in Australia which is just, compassionate and which supports its people, especially those who are poor, disadvantaged or excluded from its ranks.

We will therefore make distinctive contributions to the development of policies and programmes which will improve the economic and social circumstances of those who live in impoverished conditions.

This involves two related actions. The first is to change the attitude, behaviour and priorities of those in power through policy, research and education. The second is to run services which exemplify how things should be done on a small scale in achieving our goals in the wider society.

Therefore, social policy, research, education and our various services for the aged, families and the unemployed must all be integrated within the Brotherhood's overall action framework. In this way our primary organisational goal of social action can be realised to the fullest extent.

OBJECTIVES

As the defined portions of the goal of social action, these should be measurable, achievable, specific and owned by everyone within the Brotherhood. They consist of the following:

2.
1) To be a lobbyist and to secure those needed reforms both on policy and service practice. Our research and policy writing is not to be regarded as an end in itself, but the documented evidence of the basis on which our case for change is established.

2) To develop welfare activities as practical demonstrations of how things should be done. These will foster a spirit of innovation and reform in each of our services. In addition to being practical responses to human need, our services provide the opportunity of developing our practical service knowledge. This in turn indicates the way in which welfare work should be undertaken as integrated models for service development and social action. That knowledge will then be transferred to broader social areas and other areas of service in the wider society.

3) To build up a working environment where staff are enthusiastic about their work because of the cause with which they are involved. Job satisfaction and challenge must occur in the general work environment, not as an end in itself but because this is the means by which we improve the quality of care offered, performance levels are raised and skill levels are improved.

4) To increase our income levels from independent sponsors. Social action through policy, services and education is something which will be funded largely from BSL resources, as little will be available from government because of the nature of these activities. Furthermore, governments are likely to continue reducing their outlays for welfare purposes. The clear implication is that the generation of income from appeals and business ventures is a critically important objective.

Thus the defined portions for our social action objectives must include lobbying, offering services, enhancing staff performance and raising funds from the public.

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3.
FROM THE CHAPLAIN

APPEALS! APPEALS! APPEALS! SOMETIMES, THEY SEEM NEVER-ENDING, AND
YET THEY ARE MOSTLY NECESSARY AND DESIGNED TO HELP OTHERS IN THEIR NEED.
PERSUAS WE CAN FOB THEM OFF WITH A PENNY OR TWO, BUT HOW CAN WE GIVE
REALISTICALLY AND HELPLY WHEN THERE'S SUCH AN ABUNDANCE OF THEM?
ONE WAY IS TO SORT THEM OUT INTO CATEGORIES: OVERSEAS AID; MEDICAL;
EDUCATIONAL; SOCIAL WELFARE; POVERTY; RESEARCH; OTHER. THEN WE CAN GIVE
ACCORDING TO OUR PARTICULAR PRIORITIES, AND DECIDE ON THOSE ORGANISATIONS
WHICH ARE MOST RESPONSIBLE IN THEIR USE OF FUNDS. IT'S PROBABLY BETTER
TO USE OUR DISCRIMINATION AND GIVE MORE DOLLARS TO FEWER ORGANISATIONS,
THAN TO SPREAD OUR DOLLARS TOO THINLY. AND IT IS GOOD TO LOOK AT OUR
OWN MOTIVES FOR GIVING.

I HEARD A RADIO DISCUSSION CONCERNING FOREIGN AID, AND ARGUMENTS
SUCH AS HONOURING AUSTRALIA'S PROMISES FROM THE PAST WERE PUT FORWARD;
COMPARING OURSELVES TO OTHER WESTERN NATIONS AND THE AMOUNTS THEY GIVE;
PART OF OUR COUNTRY'S SECURITY; AND SUCHLIKE. HOWEVER, I WAS SADDENED
THAT NOWHERE IN THE DISCUSSION WAS THE SIMPLE STATEMENT - "BECAUSE THEY
ARE IN GREAT NEED" MADE. WHAT OTHER REASON DO WE NEED?

RECENTLY, ONE APPEAL ENCOURAGED PEOPLE TO TIE A RED NOSE TO THE
FRONT OF THE DONOR'S CAR! THIS REMINDED ME OF A SIMILAR APPEAL IN
BRITAIN BASED ON THE SAME THEME. ALL THE STAFF AT THE HOSPITAL WHERE
MY SISTER-IN-LAW WORKS WERE EXPECTED TO WEAR RED NOSES THEMSELVES, BUT
THIS RENEGADE AUSTRALIAN REFUSED!! NEVERTHLESS, SEEING ALL THESE CARS
AND PEOPLE WITH THEIR RED NOSES DID BRING BACK NOSTALGIA FOR MY TRIP, AND
SOME OF THE RELAXATION IT BROUGHT ME AT THE TIME: HOW NICE IT IS TO HAVE
TIME TO ENJOY PAST MEMORIES AND REALLY "LIVE" IN THEM! I SEEM TO GO BACK
TO MY CHILDHOOD WHEN I AM ON HOLIDAYS, AND, OF COURSE, I ONLY REMEMBER
THE HAPPY TIMES!! AND THEN I COME HOME AND GET BACK INTO THE SWING OF
THINGS, AND END UP RAMBLING, LIKE THIS . . . ?!

MY BEST WISHES,
Fr. MALCOLM.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO GROW OLDER

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO GROW OLDER?
IT MEANS TO GROW WISER EACH DAY,
TO APPRECIATE MORE FULLY
THE JOY LIFE SENDS OUR WAY.
IT MEANS FINDING PLEASURE IN LITTLE THINGS,
A WORD, A SMILE, A THOUGHT,
TO PLAN AND DREAM, BUT NOT FORGET
THE JOYS THE PAST HAS BROUGHT.
IT MEANS TO VALUE HAVING FRIENDS,
AND LOVED ONES ALWAYS NEAR,
TO LEARN FROM EACH EXPERIENCE,
AND TO Cherish EVERY YEAR.

By AMANDA BRADLEY.
Sent in by Army Foster.
On Saturday night, the 8th April, 1989, I found myself sitting at a festive red-clothed table in the salon of the "Lady Chelmsford", Show Boat of Port Phillip and many miles from where I first knew her as a genteel little ferry on Sydney Harbour, painted neatly in green and cream, delicately making her way across to Kirribilli, Cremorne Point and Neutral Bay and, alternatively Watson's Bay, Rose Bay, Neilson Park on the City side. She was then quite young, about three years old and I was an adventurous seven.

How different now! Here I was in the subdued glow of candlelit tables decked with flowers, about to take part in the celebration of my granddaughter's Twenty-first Birthday! The contrast lured me on to reminiscence.

Yes, I could remember very well how I and my young companions scampered up and down the little staircase leading to the top deck. How we thrilled at the sound of the engine-room bell signalling the pistons to spring into life as the deckhands drew in the gangway and pulled in the mooring ropes. We always left a few would be passengers panting on the wharf and even now and then had to fish one out as he jumped too late over the widening gap. Such benighted victims were quickly bundled down into the warmth of the engine room to dry off. But the little craft was always a lady, never rolling with laughter as did most of the passengers.

Years later I read a news item telling how a Sydney Harbour ferry took off once without the Captain and proceeded straight across from Circular Quay through the busy shipping lane, full of small craft and ocean-going liners towards Kirribilli Point on the North Shore. As that was the destination of the ferry no one noticed anything wrong. The warning alarm bell on the wharf had rung as usual, so the deckhands drew in the gangway, cast off the ropes, the engineer down in the depths of the engine room automatically started up and off she went. Passengers lounged about, looking out of the windows, reading newspapers, conversing, quite unconscious of the terrible risk of shipwreck. When the ferry dithered about near the shore, unable to reach the wharf but heading for the rocks, someone woke up and a deckhand leapt upstairs to the secluded and empty wheelhouse and safely took her in. Phew, what a rumpus ensued! And I often wonder if that ferry was the "Lady Chelmsford". Surely not, she would have discretely hooted her siren.

Well, my attention returned to the present, as granddaughter Aleta, her parents and friends went through the happy rituals of celebrating her Twenty-first. They feasted and danced to the strident music of the band, the cake was cut, the toast drunk, the birthday song was sung, the gifts displayed, as our gallant little craft slowly chugged in the happily calm waters of the Port.
And nobody knew that I was remembering how I and my young friends had so naughtily dropped peanut shells from the upper deck onto the wide-brimmed, gaudily decorated hats of the female passengers as they quite unconsciously moved about below. No doubt they took the stares of the beholders for flattery!

Surely a few peanut shells didn't matter amongst all those feathers and flowers? Of course, it could have been worse if the shells had been from prawns.

by Reece Caterson

EPITAPH
Here lies a poor woman who always was tired;
She lived in a house where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were:
"Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing;
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But, having no voice, I'll be clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now; don't mourn for me never—
I'm doing to do nothing for ever and ever.

ANON.

Submitted by NELL GAYLER.

+ + + + + +

FURNITURE REVIVER

1/2 CUP OF BROWN VINEGAR
1/2 CUP OF WATER
1 TEASPOON METHYLATED SPIRITS
1 TEASPOON LINSEED OIL.
SHAKE WELL.

* * * * * * FROM ELIZABETH ALFRED.
COMMUNITY AID ABROAD

(A VERY BRIEF HISTORY)

In 1953 one individual, Fr. Gerard Tucker, took the initiative of sharing his concern about world poverty with a small group of elderly people at a retirement settlement in Carrum Downs, Victoria. They in turn formed a group to raise money to send food to India. This was the start of 'Food for Peace', later to become 'Community Aid Abroad'.

The first full-time director, David Scott, was appointed in 1962. The emphasis began to change from relief work to long-range projects aimed at increasing production. In that year C.A.A. began work in other countries, starting with Korea and (then) Southern Rhodesia.

Over the next four years, 1962-6, groups were established in all other states and the A.C.T.

In 1965 C.A.A. began to import and sell Asian handicrafts. In 1967 the 'Walk Against Want' commenced and C.A.A. began to support projects in Indonesia, Papua New Guinea and (then) East Pakistan, followed two years later by Sri Lanka. 1970 saw the introduction of study tours. In 1972 C.A.A. became a member of the international 'Oxfam' family of development agencies. By that year the number of groups around Australia had grown to 150.


In 1982 the organisation began supporting projects in Thailand, and commenced a campaign to improve the quality of the Australian Government's overseas program.

1983 saw the introduction of the 'Aware' scheme and international support services.

In 1986 the volunteer-run shops in Adelaide and Sydney and the mail-order were brought together under 'C.A.A. Trading'.

Gwen Wiememann. (Box Secy.)

(Editorial footnote: We are grateful to Gwen for this most interesting history of C.A.A., which will be new to many of our residents. It is really a wonderful example of how God uses the small offerings of a few faithful people, and gives an increase beyond the dreams of the original donors. It reminds one of the 'five loaves and two fishes' which Jesus blessed, and which were later used to feed five thousand people.)
AT HULKI, WHEN I WAS ABOUT NINETEEN, I HAD A VERY NARROW ESCAPE FROM BEING KNOCKED OFF BY A TIGER - NOT A MAN EATER.

THIS WAS DURING ONE OF MY COLLEGE VACATIONS. MY FRIEND BERNIE HAD GONE DOWN SOUTH TO VISIT RELATIVES, MY BROTHER BILL COULDN'T COME WITH ME, SO, THE CALL OF THE JUNGLE BEING STRONG, I DECIDED TO GO WITHOUT THEM.

SOME MILES FROM OUR DAK BUNGALOW WAS A BIG MAIDAN (GRASSY PLAIN) DOTTED WITH CLUMPS OF DIFFERENT SORTS OF WILD FRUIT IN WHICH SEVERAL CHINKARA (GAZELLE) OFTEN GRAZED. I WAS AMBITIOUS TO BAG A PARTICULARLY FINE BUCK WHICH I HAD SEEN THERE, BUT HE HAD ELUDED ME SEVERAL TIMES.

I HAD OBSERVED THAT THE HERD CAME TO THAT AREA ABOUT 4 p.m., SO I DECIDED THAT I WOULD LEAVE THE BUNGALOW IMMEDIATELY AFTER AN EARLY LUNCH AND HIDE IN BUSHES ABOUT THE CENTRE OF THE MAIDAN, WELL BEFORE THE CHINKARA ARRIVED, AND SIT TIGHT TILL THE BUCK (HOPESFULLY) CAME INTO REASONABLE RANGE. SO, ACCOMPANIED BY ONE OF THE VILLAGERS WHO OFTEN WANDERED WITH US, I STARTED OUT SOON AFTER MIDDAY.

BARELY HALF A MILE FROM THE BUNGALOW WAS A NALA (CREEK) THICKLY OVERGROWN WITH DWARF PLUM BUSHES ETC. DURING THE GREATER PART OF THE YEAR THE NALA WAS MAINLY DRY, WITH OCCASIONAL POOES ALONG ITS COURSE, SOME LARGE ENOUGH TO HARBOUR A CROC OR TWO.

BEING EARLY AFTERNOON, AND SO CLOSE TO THE BUNGALOW, I HAD NOT BOTHERED TO LOAD MY RIFLE, WHICH WAS SLUNG ON MY SHOULDER.

WE DESCENDED INTO THE NALA AND WERE WALKING ALONG ITS BED, PICKING OUR WAY BETWEEN LOGS BROUGHT DOWN BY THE LAST FLOOD AND THE BUSHES WHICH WERE GROWING QUITE THICKLY, LOOKING FOR AN EASY PATH TO CLIMB THE STEEP BANK. I WAS LEADING. I PUSHED ASIDE A LOW HANGING BRANCH OF A SCRUB PLUM - THE LEAVES NEARLY TOUCHING THE GROUND - AND STOOD PETRIFIED, MY EARS RINGING WITH THE STARTLED ROAR OF THE AWAKENED TIGER -(IT SOUNDED LIKE A CLAP OF THUNDER IN THE NALA) ON WHOM I HAD VERY NEARLY STEPPED. I FROZE, PARTLY BY INSTINCT AND PARTLY BECAUSE I KNEW THAT ANY MOVEMENT WOULD BE MY LAST.

THE TIGER STARED AT ME FROM JUST ABOUT 5 - 6 FEET AWAY (I COULD HAVE TOUCHED HIM WITH AN OUTSTRETCHED RIFLE!) SHOWING A VERY COMPLETE SET OF TEETH, INCLUDING VERY LETHAL LOOKING CANINE ONES - GROWLING (BUT NOT LOUDLY). THIS MUST HAVE BEEN FOR NOT MORE THAN 10 SECONDS, THOUGH IT SEEMED LIKE HOURS. THEN VERY SLOWLY HE BACKED AWAY A FEW FEET, AND WITHOUT ANY APPARENT EFFORT, SPRANG OUT OF THE NALA, WITH A FINAL GRUNT.

I UNFROZE, SCRAMBLED UP THE NALA BANK, LOADED MY RIFLE AND SENT A FORLORN SHOT AFTER THE TIGER, WHOM I GLIMPSED BETWEEN THE BUSHES RUNNING AT TOP SPEED ABOUT 200 YARDS AWAY. I DIDN'T HAVE A HOPE OF HITTING HIM, BUT IT RELIEVED MY FEELINGS SOMEWHAT!

AT THE SOUND OF THE SHOT THE VILLAGER REJOINED ME - HE HAD CROUCHED BEHIND A BUSH DURING THE CONFRONTATION - HIS EYES STILL POPPING A BIT - "BABA JANWAR THA" (THAT WAS A BIG ANIMAL) HE SAID RATHER SHAKILY. "BABA JANWAR" WAS THE USUAL EUPHEMISM BY WHICH JUNGLE MEN DENOTE A TIGER. THEY BELIEVE THAT BY USING THE WORD 'SHER' THEY MAY HAVE AN UNWELCOME VISIT FROM ONE!
I HAD RECOVERED SOMETHING OF MY POISE BY THEN AND WAS ABLE TO SAY: "NANIN JHAI BILLI KA BACHA THA", (NO’- IT WAS JUST A KITTEN!) EVER SINCE THEN I HAVE HAD RATHER A TENDER SPOT FOR TIGERS, AND I HAVE NEVER SHOT ONE AFTER THAT CONFRONTATION.

ARTHUR RUSSELL

AN EVENING REVERIE

I THINK IT IS TIME I WENT FOR A STROLL ON THIS LOVELY SUMMER EVENING. LOOKING UP INTO MY FIRST BIG TREE I CAN SEE TWO LARGE EYES LOOKING DOWN AT ME. HE IS WONDERING IF HE HAS SEEN ME BEFORE OR WILL EVER SEE ME AGAIN.

A LITTLE DOG HAS GONE HURRYING PAST. HE HAS STAYED OUT TOO LATE. EVEN LITTLE DOGS HAVE TO VISIT THEIR MATES TO TALK ABOUT THEIR MASTER’S BUSINESS. (WHO CARES?)

THE PUSSY CATS ARE LATE TONIGHT. I THINK THEY HAVE CHANGED THEIR ROUTE. I HAVE BEEN TO SEE IF EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT WITH THE MAGPIE FAMILY. I SEE THAT THE FATHER MAGPIE HAS PUT MUM AND THE KIDS TO BED, BUT HE HIMSELF IS MISSING. I SHALL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS........

ONE DAY FATHER MAGPIE WAS SITTING ON BILL’S CHAIR WITH HIS TWO DAUGHTERS. BILL ASKED HIM TO GET UP, AS HE WANTED TO SIT DOWN. DID HE DO IT? NO WAY! THE THREE JUST STARED HIM OUT, AND WHEN THEY LEFT, BILL HAD TO HOSE HIS CHAIR. THEY KNOW THEY HAVE MORE BRAINS THAN WE HAVE, BECAUSE THEY DON’T HAVE TO WATCH T.V. TO FIND OUT TOMORROW’S WEATHER. THEY ALREADY KNOW.

I THINK I’LL MIND MY OWN BUSINESS NOW AND GO TO BED. GOOD NIGHT. GOD BLESS.

MABEL BROOKES
NOW WE ARE IN SEPTEMBER, AND SPRING, WE HOPE, IS ON ITS WAY. WE HAVE HAD A VERY WET AND COLD WINTER, WITH ICY WINDS WHICH GO RIGHT THROUGH ONE. BUT NEVER MIND, THE DAFFODILS ARE OUT IN ALL THEIR GLORY - A WONDERFUL SIGHT TO SEE, AND THE VARIOUS WATTLE AND FLOWERING TREES MAKE ONE THINK THAT SPRING CAN'T BE TOO FAR AWAY. RAE AND BILL HAVE BEEN AWAY ON 5 WEEKS' LEAVE UP IN THE SUNSHINE, HAVING A WELL-EARNED REST. DOUGAL, WE ARE SURE, WAS GLAD TO SEE RAE BACK AGAIN. HE IS A LOVELY FRIENDLY DOG, AND FOR RAE'S HOME-COMING HE HAD A HAIRCUT, SHAMPOO AND RINSE - SO NOW HE IS READY FOR SUMMER.

THE GARDEN IS STARTING TO COME TO LIFE AGAIN, AND THE ROSES ARE ALL SHOOTING AGAIN - THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL, AND ARE MUCH ADmired.

THE GIRLS IN THE ACTIVITIES ROOM ARE DOING A FINE JOB, AND THE LADIES WHO GO THERE ARE READY EACH MORNING, AND ENJOY EVERY MINUTE OF IT.

IT HAS BEEN A SAD WINTER IN ONE WAY, AS WE HAVE LOST QUITE A FEW GOOD PEOPLE WHO HELPED SO MUCH IN DIFFERENT WAYS, BUT THEY ARE AT PEACE, AND WE MUST ACCEPT THAT, SAD THOUGH IT BE. INFLUENZA HAS BEEN BAD THIS YEAR, BUT WE HOPE THAT WITH THE WARMER WEATHER COMING, THINGS WILL IMPROVE.

AT THE TIME OF WRITING, ELLIE GREIN AND ENA THOMAS ARE IN FRANKSTON HOSPITAL; BUT WE DO HOPE THEY WILL BE BACK WITH US SOON. WHEN WE VISITED THEM THEY WERE PLEASED TO SEE SOMEONE FROM THE HOSTEL. THEY ARE IN THE NEW SECTION OF THE HOSPITAL, IN A BRIGHT, AIRY WARD, WITH INDIVIDUAL T.V. SETS AND TELEPHONES AVAILABLE. ENA SAID THAT THE NURSES WERE VERY KIND TO THEM.

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL DAY HERE TODAY, AND THE PARK IS SO GREEN - EVERYONE IS HOPING WE WILL GET SOME LOVELY SUNSHINE SOON; THEN CHARLIE WOODS WILL BE ROUND AGAIN WITH HIS MOWER, DOING A MIGHTY FINE JOB. CHARLIE DUMBLE IS HOME AGAIN, ENJOYING HIS HOLIDAY WITH HIS SON.

WE ARE MOST GRATEFUL TO THE KITCHEN STAFF FOR THE GOOD HOT MEALS THEY MAKE FOR US - THEY HAVE BEEN VERY KIND TO US WHILE RAE WAS AWAY.

NO MORE NEWS, SO I'LL CLOSE NOW, AND HOPE YOU ARE ALL KEEPING WELL, AND LOOKING FORWARD TO SUMMER TIME AND THE BIRDS. TODAY IS ONE OF GOD'S HEAVENLY DAYS, SO GET OUTSIDE AND ENJOY IT! GOD BLESS YOU ALL, AND KEEP WELL.

FROM YOUR 'COURT REPORTER'.

Tears are a worthless token. When hearts they would have soothed are broken.

L.E.L.

To be born a gentleman is an accident; to die one is an achievement.

W.G.P.
WHAT TO DO IN THE GARDEN IN SPRINGTIME

HAS YOUR GARDEN TAKEN A NEW LEASE OF LIFE, NOW THAT WINTER HAS GONE?
BLOSSOM TREES IN FULL BLOOM, FLOWERS FLOURISHING, LAWN GROWING, AND THE
WEEDS! ONE OF YOUR MOST IMPORTANT JOBS IS TO KEEP THOSE WEEDS UNDER
CONTROL - THEY WILL GROW FASTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE GARDEN, IF YOU
GIVE THEM HALF A CHANCE.

WHEN THE BLOSSOM TREES HAVE FINISHED FLOWERING, YOU CAN PRUNE THEM
TO KEEP THEM IN GOOD SHAPE.
BEGIN PLANTING DAHLIAS AND GLADIOLI, FOR SUCCESSIVE FLOWERING -
i.e. PLANT A FEW AT INTERVALS; GLADIOLI SHOULD FLOWER ABOUT 2 MONTHS
AFTER PLANTING.

FOR AUTUMN FLOWERING, PLANT CHRYSANTHEMUMS AND ZINNIAS NOW.

EVEN IF YOU THINK YOUR DAFFODILS AND JONQUILS LOOK UNTIDY, DON'T
REMOVE THE LEAVES AS LONG AS THEY ARE GREEN; IT IS THROUGH THE LEAVES
THAT THE BULBS STORE UP FOOD FOR NEXT YEAR'S FLOWERS. KEEP THEM WATERED
SO THAT THE LEAVES REMAIN GREEN AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.

WATCH FOR APHIDS ON THE ROSES; SPRAY WITH SOAPY WATER, OR RUB THEM
OFF WITH YOUR FINGERS. TRY NOT TO USE PRESSURE-PAK SPRAYS - THEY ARE
SO BAD FOR THE ENVIRONMENT.

FOR A COLOURFUL DISPLAY AT CHRISTMAS, PLANT SEEDLINGS OF DWARF
MARIGOLDS, PHILOX, AGERATUON AND PETUNIAS.

IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN, YOU CAN BE THINKING OF SUMMER SALADS -
LETTUCES, RADISHES, TOMATOES, CUCUMBERS AND ONIONS.
TOMATOES DON'T LIKE LIME, BUT LETTUCES DO, SO DON'T HAVE THEM
TOGETHER. FEED LETTUCES EVERY WEEK WITH SOLUBLE FOOD, AND KEEP THEM
WELL WATERED, IN ORDER TO KEEP THEM GROWING QUICKLY - SO THAT THEY ARE
SWEET AND TENDER.

SUCCESSIVE SOWINGS OF PEAS AND BEANS WILL MEAN THAT THEY ARE NOT
READY ALL AT ONCE, BUT YOU WILL HAVE A CONTINUOUS SUPPLY. THIS GOES
FOR LETTUCE TOO.

HOPE IS LIKE A HAREBELL,
TREMBLING FROM ITS BIRTH,
LOVE IS LIKE A ROSE, THE JOY OF ALL THE EARTH;
FAITH IS LIKE A LILY, LIFTED HIGH AND WHITE,
LOVE IS LIKE A LOVELY ROSE, THE WORLD'S DELIGHT;
HAREBELLS AND SWEET LILIES SHOW A THORNLESS GROWTH,
BUT THE ROSE WITH ALL ITS THORNS EXCELS THEM BOTH.

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CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Contributed by ELIZABETH.
LIBRARY NEWS

PURELY AS A MATTER OF INTEREST, A SIX MONTHS SURVEY WAS TAKEN IN THE LIBRARY ON INCOME RECEIVED ON MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, e.g. DONATED PAPERBACK BOOKS SOLD AT 10 CENTS EACH, A FEW DONATED JIG-SAWS, SOLD AT VARIOUS PRICES (NO GUARANTEE GIVEN HERE), AND LASTLY BUT NOT LEASTLY, DONATIONS GIVEN BY SOME OF OUR REGULAR READERS.

| DONATIONS  | 23.80 |
| JIG-SAWS    | 13.50 |
| SALES       | 41.00 |
| TOTAL       | $78.30 |

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL OUR READERS FOR THEIR REGULAR ATTENDANCE AND INVITE ALL RESIDENTS, BOTH NEWCOMERS AND OLD TIMERS TO PARTICIPATE IN THE WONDERFUL MAGICAL WORLD OF TRAVEL, ROMANCE, HISTORY, MYSTERY, ADVENTURE, BIOGRAPHIES, RELIGION, AND ANIMAL STORIES, ETC., TO BE HAD IN OUR LIBRARY TODAY. RIGHT ON YOUR OWN DOORSTEP. THERE IS SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE, WHATEVER YOUR TASTES, BOTH IN SMALL AND LARGE PRINT BOOKS.

JANET C. COLLIE.

LIBRARIAN.

THERE'S SO MUCH JOY IN GIVING

THERE'S SO MUCH TO GIVE
IN THE COURSE OF THE DAY,
COMFORT IN ALL
OF THE KIND WORDS WE SAY;
CHEER WHEN WE OFFER
A GLAD HELPING HAND,
WARMTH JUST BY SHOWING
THAT WE UNDERSTAND.
THERE'S SO MUCH TO GIVE
JUST IN DAY-TO-DAY LIVING,
AND THERE'S SO MUCH JOY
TO BE FOUND IN THE GIVING.

By AMANDA BRADLEY.

Sent in by ARMY FOSTER.
WHAT IS A SENIOR CITIZEN?

(Taken from an English service magazine. Author unknown)

A "SENIOR CITIZEN" IS ONE WHO WAS HERE BEFORE THE PILL, BEFORE TELEVISION, FROZEN FOODS, CREDIT CARDS AND BALL-POINT PENS. FOR US "TIME SHARING" MEANT TOGETHERNESS, NOT COMPUTERS, AND A CHIP MEANT A PIECE OF WOOD. "HARD-WARE" MEANT HARD-WARE, AND "SOFT-WARE" WAS NOT EVEN A WORD. TEEN-AGERS NEVER WORE SLACKS.

WE WERE BEFORE PANTYHOSE, DRIp DRY CLOTHES, DISH WASHERS AND ELECTRIC BLANKETS.

WE GOT MARRIED FIRST AND THEN LIVED TOGETHER; AND THOUGHT CLEAVAGE WAS SOMETHING BUTCHERS DID.

WE WERE BEFORE BATMAN, DISPOSABLE DIAPERS, 'Q.E.1.' JEEPS, PIZZAS, INSTANT COFFEE AND KENTUCKY FRIED WEREN'T EVEN THOUGHT OF. IN OUR DAY CIGARETTE SMOKING WAS FASHIONABLE, GRASS WAS FOR MOWING AND 'POT' WAS SOMETHING YOU COOKED IN.

A 'GAY' PERSON WAS THE LIFE OF THE PARTY, WHILST 'AIDS' MEANT BEAUTY LOTIONS, OR HELP FOR SOMEONE IN DISTRESS.

WE ARE TODAY'S "SENIOR CITIZENS" - A HARDY BUNCH, WHEN YOU THINK OF HOW THE WORLD HAS CHANGED, AND THE ADJUSTMENTS WE HAVE HAD TO MAKE.

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THE MILLS OF GOD

THOUGH THE MILLS OF GOD GRIND SLOWLY,
THEY GRIND EXCEEDING SMALL;
THE MILLS OF GOD RUN OVER -
THEY GRIND FOR GOOD AND ALL.

HE WHO TAKES HIS GRIST TO THE MILLER,
MAY OFT TIMES HAVE TO WAIT;
BUT HIS LOAD WILL COME BACK SOMETIME,
AS SURE AS THE HAND OF FATE.

IF HATE IS THE GRIST YOU TAKE TO BE GROUND,
HATE WILL COME BACK TO YOU,
FOR EVERY ACCOUNT WILL BE SETTLED,
NO MATTER HOW LONG OVERDUE.

BUT IF LOVE, FRIENDSHIP AND KINDLY DEEDS
ARE WHAT YOU TAKE TO THE MILL,
TRUE MEASURE IN KIND WILL COME BACK TO YOU
FROM THE MILLER BEYOND THE HILL.

By WALTER HAWKINS.

Contributed by L. SPARKMAN.

13.
HORRIBLE HORACE

Most residents are unaware that there is a monster in our midst!
I refer to Horrible Horace, the bland looking grey machine lurking in the
back room of the office.

We all welcomed his arrival - (most up-to-date and efficient copying
machine on the market - can do anything except talk). We must be thankful
for the latter, but even lack of voice doesn't silence him, because he has
a most irritating little panel containing spiteful remarks, in bilious green
ink, such as:

"Paper Jam, Clear Tray."
"See Instructions No. L31"
"Open Door, Clear Paper Tray"
"Selected Quantity - Press Start to Continue"
"Check Paper Tray"
"Clear Glass"
"Close Top Cover".

In the meantime Helen and I are on our knees, frantically trying to
locate the jammed paper. When we have cleared that, we rise and hopefully
"Press Start to Continue." Alas, at the critical moment Horace has cunningly
changed the signal light from foolscap to quarto, entirely without our knowledge,
so that a number of copies come out on the short paper, without a quarter of
their contents.

We rectify the signal and up comes "Press Start to Continue." Horace goes
lumbering on - sneering all the way. In no time he has contrived to flash
"Clear Copier; Paper Jam". Ha - Ha!

Down on our knees we go once more. A visitor from Mars could conclude that
we are indulging in a form of worship, but not if he knew our thoughts . . .

By this time Horace has grown tired of our efforts, so he turns on a sulk
and flicks out -
"Power Lack. See No. XYZ" before stopping completely.

The service man has to be called for tomorrow, and we depart to strive
again another day.

From your editors.
A SURE WAY TO A HAPPY DAY

HAPPINESS IS SOMETHING
WE CREATE IN OUR MIND -
IT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU SEARCH FOR
AND SO SELDOM FIND -
IT'S JUST WAKING UP AND BEGINNING THE DAY
BY COUNTING OUR BLESSINGS
AND KNEELING TO PRAY -
IT'S GIVING UP WISHING
FOR THINGS WE HAVE NOT
AND MAKING THE BEST OF WHATEVER WE'VE GOT -
IT'S KNOWING THAT LIFE IS DETERMINED FOR US,
AND PURSUING OUR TASKS WITHOUT
PRET, FUME OR FUSS -
FOR IT'S BY COMPLETING
WHAT GOD GIVES US TO DO
THAT WE FIND REAL CONTENTMENT
AND HAPPINESS, TOO.

HELEN STEINER RICE.
Contributed by GWEN WIEDEMANN.

POTTERY COTTAGE
EVERY MONDAY FROM 1-4 p.m. THE COTTAGE IS OPEN, AND WE SPEND A HAPPY
TIME TOGETHER MAKING A VARIETY OF OBJECTS IN CLAY. WE ENJOY THE COMPANY
OF ONE ANOTHER, AND ENGAGE IN HARMLESS CHATTER WHILE WORKING. IT'S AMAZING
THE AMOUNT OF POTTERY MADE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR. HOWEVER, WE WOULD LIKE OTHERS
TO TRY OUT THIS CREATIVE WORK, AND HANDWORK LENDS ITSELF TO ALL KINDS OF
ORIGINAL IDEAS. SIMPLY CALL IN AND HAVE A CUP OF TEA OR COFFEE WITH US,
AND BROWSE AROUND.

IT HAS BEEN A VERY WET WINTER, AND WE HAVE HAD 'SICKIES' FROM TIME TO TIME,
BUT NOW THAT THE WEATHER HAS IMPROVED WE SHOULD BE 'ALL ON DECK' AGAIN.
REMEMBER, CALL IN AND SEE US ANY MONDAY, 1-4 p.m., EXCEPTING HOLIDAYS.

* * * * * * * *

G. W.

HOW DO YOU KNOW WHEN YOU ARE GETTING OLD?

When you sit in a rocking chair and can't make it go.
When your knees buckle but your belt won't.
LIBRARY NEWS

Purely as a matter of interest, a six months survey was taken in the Library on income received on miscellaneous items, e.g. donated paperback books sold at 10 cents each, a few donated jig-saws, sold at various prices (no guarantee given here), and lastly but not leastly, donations given by some of our regular readers.

<table>
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<th>Donations</th>
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<td>Jig-saws</td>
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I would like to thank all our readers for their regular attendance and invite all residents, both new comers and old timers to participate in the wonderful magical world of travel, romance, history, mystery, adventure, biographies, religion, and animal stories etc., to be had in our Library today, right on your own door step. There is something for everyone whatever your tastes, both in small and print books.

Janet C. Collie.
LIBRARIAN.

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THERE'S SO MUCH JOY IN GIVING

THERE'S SO MUCH TO GIVE
IN THE COURSE OF THE DAY,
COMFORT IN ALL
OF THE KIND WORDS WE SAY;
CHEER WHEN WE OFFER
A GLAD HELPING HAND,
WARMTH JUST BY SHOWING
THAT WE UNDERSTAND.
THERE'S SO MUCH TO GIVE
JUST IN DAY-TO-DAY LIVING,
AND THERE'S SO MUCH JOY
TO BE FOUND IN THE GIVING.

By AMANDA BRADLEY.
Sent in by Army Foster.
PRAYERS ARE THE STAIRS TO GOD

PRAYERS ARE THE STAIRS
WE MUST CLIMB EVERY DAY;
IF WE WOULD REACH GOD
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY.
FOR WE LEARN TO KNOW GOD
WHEN WE MEET HIM IN PRAYER
AND ASK HIM TO LIGHTEN
OUR BURDEN OF CARE -
SO START IN THE MORNING
AND, THOUGH THE WAY'S STEEP,
CLIMB EVER UPWARD
TILL YOUR EYES CLOSE IN SLEEP -
FOR PRAYERS ARE THE STAIRS
THAT LEAD TO THE LORD,
AND TO MEET HIM IN PRAYER
IS THE CLIMBER'S REWARD.

By HELEN STEINER RICE.
Contributed by HELEN CANAKIS.

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LAY YOUR TREASURES IN HEAVEN

LAY UP FOR YOURSELF TREASURES IN HEAVEN
WITH A PERSONAL SAVINGS ACCOUNT,
WHERE INTEREST ADDS UP ON A DAILY BASIS -
FOUR TIMES THE PRINCIPAL AMOUNT.
LAY UP FOR YOURSELF TREASURES IN HEAVEN,
WHERE RICHNESS IS MEASURED BY PRAYER,
WHERE YOU NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT 'AFTER HOURS' -
WHERE THE TELLER IS ALWAYS THERE.
LAY UP FOR YOURSELF TREASURES IN HEAVEN,
MAKE DEPOSITS AT ANY TIME,
WRITE FAITH UPON YOUR WITHDRAWAL SLIPS,
AND TRUST TO THE TELLER SUBLIME.
LAY UP FOR YOURSELF TREASURES IN HEAVEN,
NEVER WAIT ON A BUSH-HOUR LINE -
YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR CHEQUES WILL BE CASHED,
WITH NO OVERDRAFT FEE OR A FINE.
TREASURES IN HEAVEN MOTHS CANNOT CORRUPT,
NOR CAN THIEVES BREAK THROUGH AND STEAL;
BE ASSURED YOU NEVER WILL GO BANKRUPT,
FOR THE INTEREST IS HIGH - AND IT'S REAL.

(Adapted from an American Church
Women's Magazine)
Contributed by Hazel Pavey.
The following poem was composed by the group who meet for day activities:

**OUR SPECIAL PLACE**

FOR THE PEOPLE OF THE COURTS,
THERE’S A PLACE TO GO EACH DAY
WHERE THERE IS A CUP OF TEA AND
FRESHLY BAKED CAKES,
SMILING FACES AND INTERESTING
GAMES TO PLAY.

WE MEET AS FRIENDS IN THIS WARM
COSY CORNER FIVE MORNINGS A WEEK
TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ALL THAT HAPPENS
AND A SPECIAL FRIENDSHIP WE KEEP.

COX CRT. ACTIVITIES.