

Something to

# CROWABOUT

e-Magazine of the

**Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.**

Incorporating

**WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB**

*Member of ASCCA (Australian Seniors Computer Clubs Association)*

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## **Tales of a Railway Family in the 1930s & 40s**

**From the Memoirs of  
Gordon Clarence Hodges**



Members of Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc and Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Computer Club wish to thank Wagga Wagga City Council for its support .

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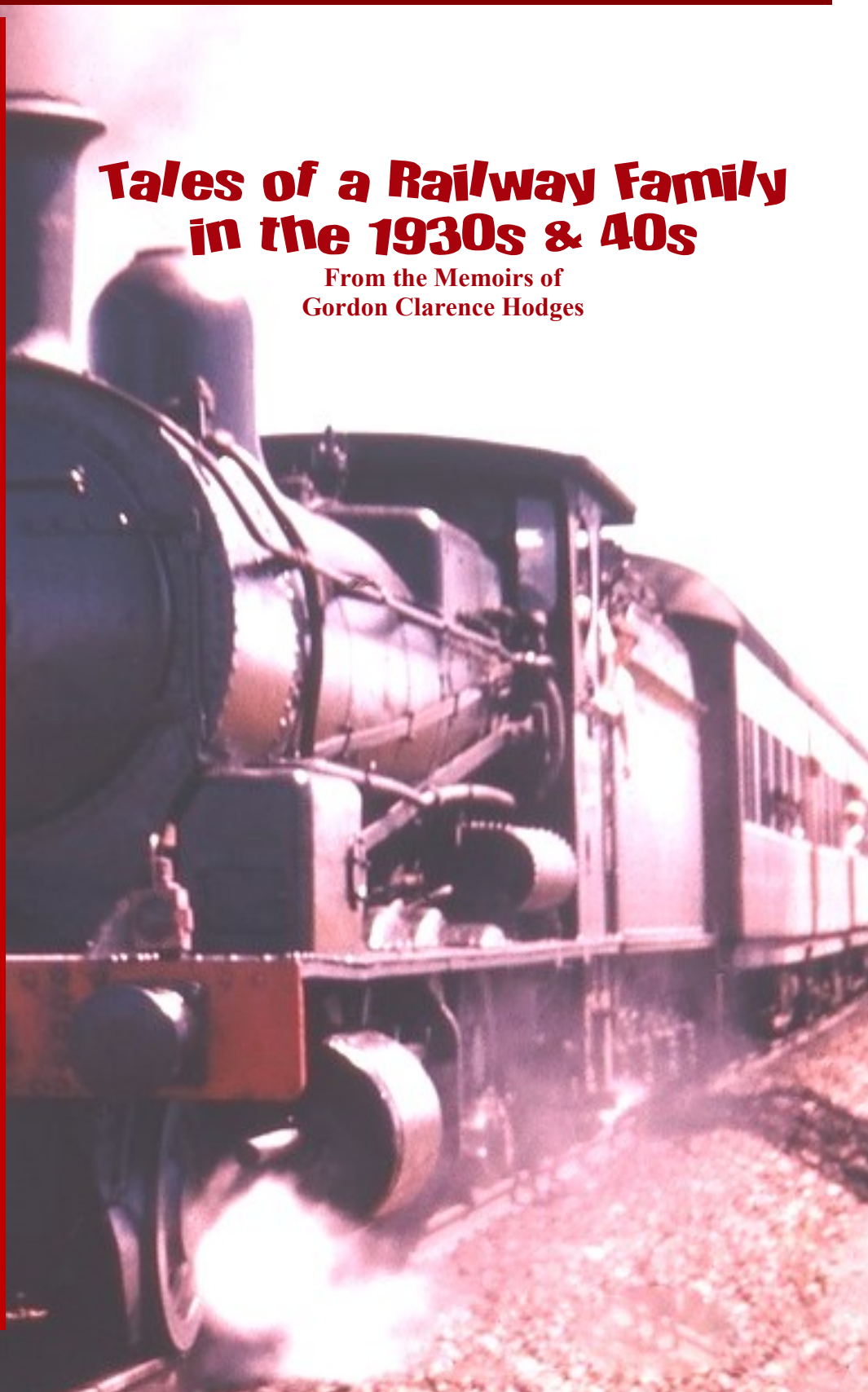
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## Editor's Notes

As the editor of any publication, but particularly one such as this with a 'staff' of one it can sometimes be problematic finding content applicable to our readers' interests. So it was with great appreciation and satisfaction that I received the lead story in this issue from one of this club's members.

Gordon's memoir is just the sort of material that resonates with a seniors' magazine — telling it how it was for our generation so that those who follow will realise just how different life was before their time. For over 100 years the railway was the largest employer of Australian workers. It has been said that there are very few Australians who don't have at least one relative or ancestor that worked for the railway in some capacity. I know I did.

I was disappointed I had to edit so much from Gordon's memoir to make it fit as there was enough material to fill the entire magazine.

Elsewhere you will find a report on April's 'Mystery Trip' which took us through some beautiful country - looking forward to our next trip!

Can't be many clubs around Wagga that offers so many activities for \$5 a year. See you at the Club,

*Barry*

## Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's

### Weekly Programme of Activities

Day	Activity	Time	Cost
Mon.	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
1st Mon. Of Month	Public Meeting Day Guest Speaker	1.30 pm	\$2.00
2nd Mon. Of Month	Indoor Bowls	12.30 pm	\$2.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$5.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Games & Fun round-robin	1.00 — 3.00pm	\$2.00
Thursday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Thursday	500 Cards	1.00 pm	\$2.00
Thursday	Line Dancing	9.30 am - 11.30 am	\$2.00
Thursday	Craft	1.00 - 3.00 pm	\$2.00
Friday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 per hr.
Friday	Indoor Bowls	1.00 - 3.00 pm	\$2.00

## Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2014

President	Jim Weeden	69331394
Vice President	Barbara Moorhead	69712940
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	69315926
Assistant Treasurer	Gwen Beazley	69310268
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69331394
Assistant Secretary	Robyn McClure	69250273

Additional Committee: Bev Morley, Velma Spears, Fay King, Phyllis Ward, Dawn McDermott, Lise Chan, Helen Murley, Ellen Downey, Dudley Downey, Barry Williams.

## WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2014

Chairperson	Judy Robertson	Ph: 69316125 jroberts@dragnet.com.au
Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph: 69253065 barrysonia@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Enid Pendergast	Ph: 69218089 Enid.pendergast@gmail.com

Additional Committee: Dawn McDermott, Velma Spears, Bev Morley, Jim Weeden, Marlene Bowen, Robert Stakenburg.

**Bi-Monthly Bus Trip:** Normally 3rd Wednesday of month, destination decided at monthly meeting and bookings taken that day with payment.

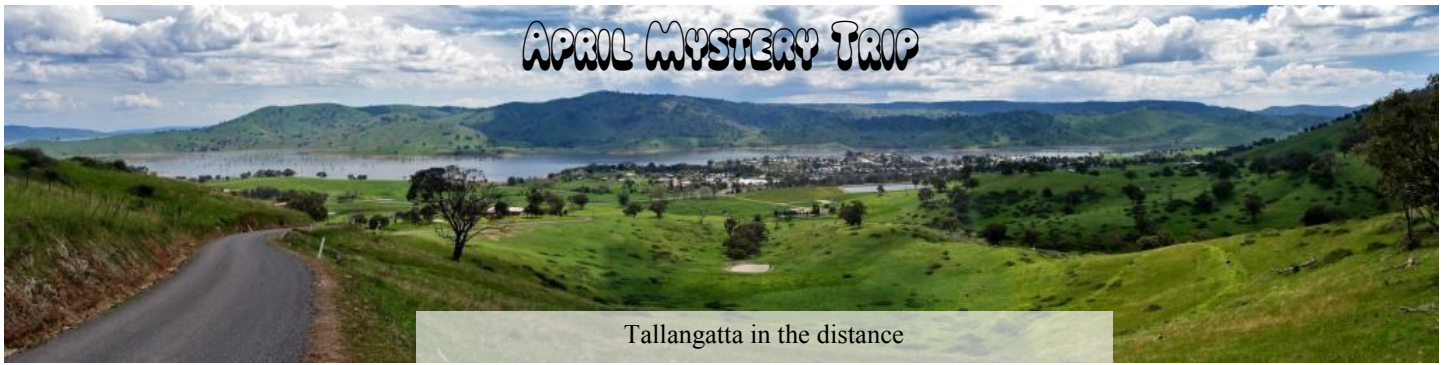
**Annual Bus Trip:** Normally in October for 5 days.



## Reminder

General Club Meeting is held on the **1st Monday** of Month. Computer Club Committee meets on the **2nd Monday** of Month

# APRIL MYSTERY TRIP



Tallangatta in the distance

The Club's April monthly trip was a 'Mystery Trip'.

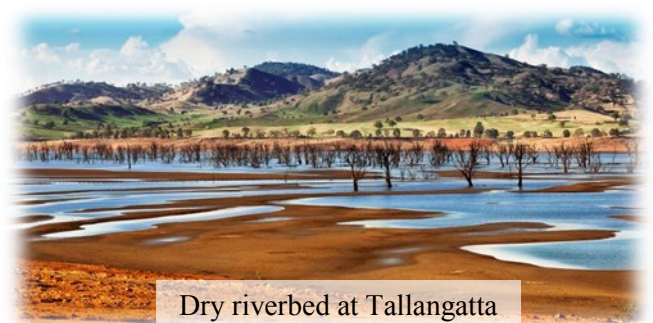
With Eric our bus driver at the wheel we headed south to our unknown destination. Eventually we passed Albury and entered the picturesque Kiewa Valley, with Eric giving cryptic clues as to where we were going. The final clue, something about a "tall girl" gave the game away for we were indeed heading for Tallangatta – "The Town That Moved". "New" Tallangatta town centre had a certain 50-ish look about it as it was in the 1950s that water backing up from the increased capacity of the extended Hume Dam (the height of the dam was raised nine feet in 1956) made it necessary to relocate the town to higher ground.

The flooding of Tallangatta necessitated an eight-kilometre journey to higher ground for 104 houses, two pubs, four petrol stations, two general stores, three halls and four churches. They even took the trees that now stand in the new town's park. Much of the town centre was built in the 1970s.



Moving house at Tallangatta

Most of the homes were of a traditional Australian design consisting of two rooms with a lean-to that was tacked on the back when the kids arrived. These were jacked up and put on trucks, often resulting in the extension "dropping off" during the journey. According to some residents, this wasn't such a bad thing with a new kitchen or bedrooms provided as part of the compensation deal in the event of such an occurrence.



Dry riverbed at Tallangatta



Site of 'Old' Tallangatta

On the way home we passed the site of the old town and because the water was at a low level, it was still possible to make out, quite clearly, the streets and to see the remnants of the old buildings. It was very easy to see the foundations of the NSW Bank which once stood on one of the town's street corners. It was easy to see where Towong Street and the former Murray Valley Highway ran through the valley.

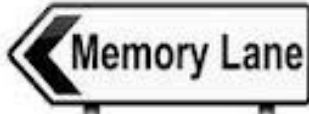
When we first arrived in Tallangatta we stopped at the Victoria Hotel where we were served a lovely lunch. On leaving we noticed a mysterious if somewhat familiar blue box!!!

When questioned, the girls; Wilma, Velma, Barb and Sonia mumbled something about an inter-galactic trip, time warps and somebody called Dr Who. Nah! It couldn't be— could it?





**MEMORIES OF HOW IT WAS.**



**Older Than Dirt Quiz:**

Count all the ones that you remember, not the ones you were told about.  
Ratings at the bottom.

1. Sweet cigarettes
2. Cafes with juke boxes
3. Home milk delivery in glass bottles
4. Party lines on the telephone
5. Newsreels before the movie
6. TV test patterns that came on at night after the last show and were there until TV shows started again in the morning.
7. Peashooters
8. 78 rpm records
- 9.. 45 RPM records
10. Hi-fi's
11. Metal ice trays with levers
12. Blue flashbulb
13. Cork popguns
14. Wash tub wringers
15. Air rifles
16. Getting the cane in school
17. Saturday matinee
18. Billy carts
19. G I lime soft drink
20. Radio serials
21. Tram travel
22. Free milk at school
23. Darning socks
24. Family holidays
25. Push lawn mowers

20 years later and all of these things fit in your pocket.



If you remembered 0-3 = You're still young  
 If you remembered 3-6 = You are getting older  
 If you remembered 7-10 = Don't tell your age  
 If you remembered 11-14 = You're positively ancient!

**A Walk Down Memory Lane!**

*Fun to remember these things....*



Date Due	Donor's Name	Date Returned
06/10/68	Charles Danna	7/25/68
03/30/68	J. J. ...	4/15/68
7/27/68	J. ...	8/15/68
4/25/67	...	4/25/67
11/22	...	...
1/4/61	...	...
1/25/60	...	...
10/22/59 P	...	...

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# Computer Hints & Tips



## 3 Dangers Of Logging On To Public Wi-Fi

You've heard that you shouldn't open PayPal, your bank account and possibly even your email while using public Wi-Fi. But what are the actual risks?

Well, your home Wi-Fi is (hopefully) encrypted; the Wi-Fi at the coffee shop isn't. This means you're at risk of people monitoring your online activity, or worse – unless you know how to protect yourself. Here are a few dangers, and how to avoid them.

### Unencrypted Browsing Is Public

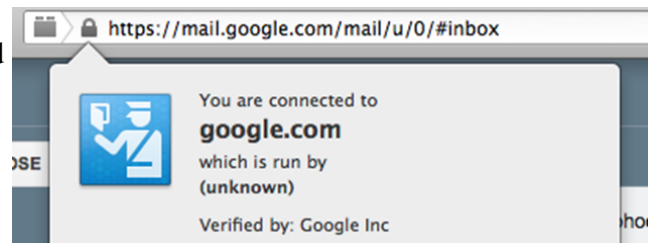
Wi-Fi uses radio waves, and radio waves are anything but direct. They broadcast, and this means that anyone within range can see everything you're doing online, if they have the right software.

This means that, without protection, anyone who wants to can see: Every site you visit; every bit of text you send out; your login information for various sites.

The danger here is clear, so naturally you're going to want protection. At home, you can encrypt your Wi-Fi network – this prevents snooping by making all of your traffic unreadable with a key. Public Wi-Fi, however, usually isn't encrypted – you can tell this is the case when you don't need to type a password in order to connect.

Does this mean you're defenceless? No.

Your first line of defence is OpenSSL, a kind of encryption offered by many websites: Google, Facebook and most banks, to name a few. This technology encrypts the traffic between you and another site, meaning no one will be able to snoop on that activity. You'll know OpenSSL is on when you see "HTTPS" in your browser's address bar, like this:



### Your Fellow Users May Be Infected

Of course, snooping isn't the only potential danger on a public Wi-Fi network: there's also the risk of malware. Your fellow coffee shop patron might be running Windows XP SP1 without any malware protection, putting your computer at risk of infection.

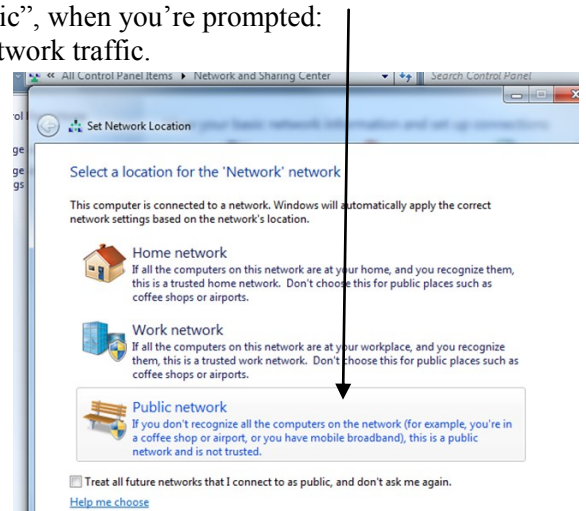
This is why it's essential to make sure you've got a firewall running when you connect to a public Wi-Fi network. In Windows, the simplest way is to set all public Wi-Fi networks as "Public", when you're prompted: This will turn off your computer's local file sharing, and block most network traffic.

### The Wi-Fi Network May Be A Trap

Sometimes free Wi-Fi seems too good to be true; sometimes, it is. If you're connected to a Wi-Fi network, and have no idea whose network it is, beware: the hotspot might exist entirely to steal your personal data.

Setting up a Wi-Fi network is neither hard nor expensive, and scammers have started doing so in the hopes they can steal passwords and other personal information. If you connect to a network called something like "Free Wi-Fi", with no password required and no welcome screen, it might be a trap.

Connect to one of these networks and you'll think you're connecting to the Internet as-per-usual, but in reality you're falling for an elaborate phishing scam. You won't be able to tell, but you could be entering your email username and password into a fake version of the site you think you're visiting, giving your password to a scammer in the process. OpenSSL can't protect you in such cases – everything will appear to be working as usual.



How can you protect yourself from such networks? The best way is to connect to Wi-Fi networks only if you know who's running them. Ask business owners what the name of their network is, to ensure you're connecting to something legitimate.

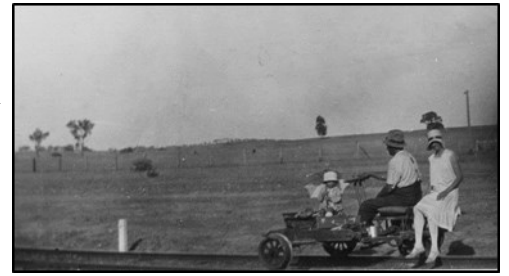


# Tales of a Railway Family in the 1930 & 40s

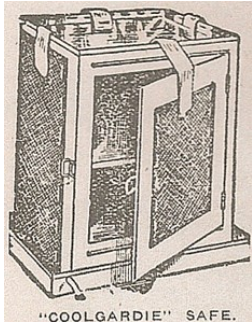
(From the Memoirs of Gordon Clarence Hodges)

Dad & Mum lived at Bogan Gate in tents. Dad worked on the railway as a fettler, and when I was about to arrive into this world Dad put Mum and my brother in the tray of a pull trike which he pulled all the way to Parkes, about ten miles. I was born (1933) in a small house; they called it a nursing home. Dad pulled the trike back into Parkes to take us all home.

Mum cooked on an open fire in a tin shed, it must have been terrible in summer, and to wash our clothes Mum used two kerosene buckets and a big dish. Mum boiled the clothes in the buckets on the open fire.



We left Bogan Gate and shifted to Parkes into a little house built out of round timber. The outside was covered in tin; inside was lined with hessian with newspaper glued on to it. The windows you had to prop up with a stick, and there were no screens. There was no stove, only an open fire to cook on.



We had a cool safe for putting food in. This was built like a cupboard with the sides and door covered with gauze and hessian. The top and bottom shelves had tin trays, with the top one filled with water. Rags were hung over the sides which acted as a siphon keeping the safe cool. The bottom tray when full was emptied (via a small tap) and emptied back into the top tray and so on. Keith and I loved to play in the water in the bottom tray, and we would get our bums smacked.

At Parkes we lived opposite a goat dairy farm; Mum had a job milking the goat herd.

Well, Dad was transferred to Trider near Broken Hill and we were back to living in tents for a while. Then we moved into Broken Hill and took up residence in a small miner's home. It was about this time our sister Joyce arrived into the family.

One house we lived in the verandah was gauzed in and it had a straw thatched roof. One day the cat got a small snake, killed it and took it up on to the straw roof. Mum had put me out on the verandah and somehow the snake fell through the roof into the pram. Mum came out to check on me, saw the snake and went into a real panic. I was stripped and checked to see if I had been bitten. The snake was removed and I was put back in the pram.

Then we were on the move again. Dad was transferred to Morundah near Narrandera so we packed up and away we went. Dad rented a house near the school; Dad and Mum told us about the dust storms near Parkes, Bogan Gate, and Broken Hill.

Morundah is where I can sort of remember things; the dust storms were so bad we had to close the house up and we would all sit in the middle of the room with wet towels over our heads till the dust storm had passed. And then the work would start. The clean-up was terrible. Everything had to be taken out side; with curtains, bedding, clothing and furniture made dust free and ready to be put back inside. After the ceiling, walls and floors were cleaned, there was so much dirt inside we had to shovel it into the wheelbarrow and take it outside. We did not have enough water in the tanks to wash anything, only ourselves. These storms happened a lot in the summer months.

I can remember we had two rituals in our household. The first one was Friday nights; we all had to line up including Dad and Mum for a dose of liquorice powder (shit powder) and we only had one toilet, and by gee you had to hang on and wait your turn.

Dad had the saying that if your bowels worked every day with a good clean out once a week you never got sick. If you got sick out would come the castor oil bottle, so we never got sick very often. If we had a chest cold Mum would make up a poultice and put it on our chest. Our chest would be bound up with strips of old sheet. This would go on for 3 or 4 nights till our cold broke. Vicks was a good stand by.

Dad was a believer in kerosene, Metho and Rawleigh's balm for any cut, scratches and sprains so that was about it for our first aid; no doctors.

The other ritual was Saturday night's bath time. The copper was lit, and filled with water. Mum and the girls took turns first. We had a large round galvanised tub. The water was emptied out onto the garden when the women where finished, fresh water was put in for Dad and the boys; Dad first, Keith second and me last.



Keith would wait till I had my bath and he would whisper to me and say, 'I peed in the bath'. Because water was scarce, we had a good wash in a dish every other day, Mum always made sure we did.

We lived next to the school at Morundah which was about 5 minutes' walk from the shops. Keith and I took turns to go to the shops for a fresh loaf of bread, a big tin loaf. One morning I was sent to get the bread. It was when Wirth's Circus was in town and on my way home with the bread (no plastic bags in those days) a camel started to follow me. The faster I ran the faster it walked. I made it to the fence so I threw the bread over and I fell through the fence. The camel didn't get me or the bread, but when I picked it up it was covered in grass and seeds. I tried to get as much as I could off, the bread didn't look good, and Mum didn't believe me when I told her my story. The camel had gone back to the circus, nowhere to be seen, so I copped it, but we still ate the bread.

During summer on a Sunday after lunch we would walk down to the creek for a swim. Dad taught us to swim. He would put us on his back, take us out to the middle and dive underneath the water and leave us. We would have to dog paddle to get back to the bank. We soon learnt to swim

While we were at Morundah Bruce was born in Narrandera.

Wirth's Circus would come to Morundah, leaving part of their Circus there and take the big Circus to Narrandera. It used to travel around most of Australia by train in those days.

The next place Dad was transferred to was Harefield near Junee, so we packed up and shifted there. It was like a circus, furniture, sheds, livestock, pet dog and cat and of course us kids all on the train to be unloaded at Harefield. We moved into a little 2 bedroom house (which is still there today 2011). We had a lot of fun in that little house. I can remember one day there was a goanna in the chook house and Mum ran down with broom in hand and made a big swipe at it and as soon as the broom hit the ground the goanna ran up the broom. Poor Mum fainted. The goanna ate the eggs, and we never saw it again.

A few weeks before bonfire night all us kids would start collecting rubbish from around the neighbourhood and build a great big bonfire in the railway paddock. When the night arrived everyone in the little village would turn up. Eats would be put out for everyone to help themselves.

The moment would come to light the bonfire, which was just what we kids had been waiting for. When the fire had burnt down a bit we would pull a burning log out and we would start to let off our crackers. We only had a few crackers, mainly tom thumbs and a couple of other types, but we used to have a lot of fun.



On one of these nights the Station Master's son Billy dropped a lighted cracker in a box of fireworks and a way went all the crackers. Everyone scattered to get away, the only one that got hurt was the boy's mother. A cracker landed in her hair and burned her scalp. Well, that finished the night so home we went.

Every Saturday night all the families would go to the hall, the adults would play cards and we kids would play outside. Just before going home we would have supper. The women would bring a plate, and there was always plenty to eat. These were great nights.

I started school at Harefield when I was four and half years old. One of my best mates at that school was Bill Pascal and still is today. We had some great times at that school, Bill and his brothers and sisters used to come to school in horse and spring cart covered in canvas. I would ask Bill for a ride home every day and he would say no, I never did get a ride in that horse and cart.

The Kirks lived at Harefield. He was a fettle and worked with Dad, often coming to our place for a visit. He smoked a pipe, one of those that hung down on his chin and his dribble would run down on his shirt front. He always wore a vest and when he wasn't smoking, the pipe was in one of the vest pockets. Sometimes he would pull boiled lollies out of these pockets and give some to us kids. We would have to scrape the tobacco and what else was in his pocket, but by gee they always tasted good.

Mr Kirk liked to catch goannas. He would chase them till they started to run up a tree and he would grab them by the tail and hit them with a pick handle. He would then cut the tail off at the base of the back legs. When he arrived home he would boil them to get all the fat which he would use for medical purpose. He would give Dad some. We used it on the cow's tits, pig's ears and about anything to do with the animals. Well, one thing it didn't hurt them.

While we lived there, the creek flooded and the school was in danger, so the railway men came to the rescue. They tied ropes together and Dad being a good swimmer swam across to the school and tied the rope to the verandah post. The men on the railway line pulled it tight. One at a time we grabbed hold of the rope and hung on till we got to the railway line. We were all safe including the teacher. Then we were taken up to the railway station on pull trikes and then we were all allowed to go home.

Dad and his friend Dave went to Wagga Wagga to enlist in the Army during the early part of the war. They had to take a cut lunch; we were all very sad, but they returned home that night. They were exempt because they were needed on the railway, (Thank God.) Both joined the Volunteer Citizen Army, Dad looked real smart in his uniform and tin hat. They had to go out at night to make sure everyone had their windows covered and no light was showing. We had to cover all windows with thick black material.

Dave was the Ganger here and was transferred to Ingleburn. Dad was promoted to Ganger at Harefield, so we bought Dave's house. Dad applied for a railway loan which was granted, and we moved into our own house.

This was the first home Mum and Dad owned, it was up the road a little bit right near the railway line and near Dad's trike shed, which is where Dad and the fettle started work.

Dad's life changed. He was boss and had to do a lot of book work. Mum and Dad did it together, Mum did all the writing, answering correspondence and keeping books up to date. Dad used to do all the signing of his name, sometimes mum would forget and sign her name, so she would have to rewrite.

The house (now ours) was three bedrooms with a verandah on the side. The house yard was big plus a paddock on both sides. Dad also fenced alongside the railway line. We had 3 cows with calves, 2 to 3 pigs and sometimes a lot of young piglets, chooks, chickens and ducks and sometimes a turkey to fatten up.

We all had jobs to do around the little farm, as I used to call it. We also had a dog, cat and young lambs that the farmer gave us. The toilet was outside away from the house. The toilet was a big hole in the ground with the toilet put over it. It was portable because when the hole was full, you just dug another hole and shifted the toilet over it. It was one of these toilets where Keith dropped 3 little

kittens down. After I came out Dad went in and heard the kittens, so I got the blame. I was lowered head first into toilet with bucket to get the kittens, which I had to wash and clean them up and to this day they still think I did it.

While we lived at Harefield I was sent to the farm at Yathella (Uncle Joe's and Aunty Lilly's) for all school holidays.

The day started about 5.30 am; 7 days a week. We would feed the animals, milk the cows, give the calves some milk and on our way back to the house we would feed the chooks, turkeys and the pigs.

We would separate some of the milk to get the cream to make butter, wash the separator up and go in for breakfast. After we finished we would head back up to the shed. On our way we would let the chooks and turkeys out. This was something I didn't like as I would have to go and find them and bring them home. Nearly always they would be at the far end of the paddock, and I had to get them penned up and fed before dark. Then I would go back up to the shed, about 7.30 or 8pm. We would go home for our tea. We had to wash ourselves first so I would be ready for bed. Sometimes I would fall asleep at the table, and this went on every day of the school holidays, I was always glad to go home.

About this time Dad brought a Silent Knight fridge. It was run by kerosene and you had to light a wick. This was the tricky part. You had to have this just right, if not it would smoke. This happened a lot and it nearly always happened of a night. We had to all get out of bed and wait outside till we were able to clear the smoke out. The kitchen colour changed from cream to black, but after a while Dad managed to get it right. We were able to wash the kitchen and get it back to cream. If the fridge wasn't freezing, dad would get the men to help carry it outside, turn it over a few times and then carry it back inside, light it up and it would work like a charm



Dad brought a cabinet wireless that was run by a car battery and at night we would always listen to the news, "Dad and Dave" and "Fu man Chu" and in the morning at six o'clock Dad always tuned into country and western and the news before unplugging the battery. I can remember one night the battery was flat and Mum and us kids went across the road to the Wrights to listen to our serials. When they were finished we went home. It was very dark and "Fu man Chu" had been very scary. When we got to our back verandah there was a bloke sitting on a chair. Mum sang out "you old fool Clarie, you are frightening the kids". Just then the bloke on the chair moved, Dad started to laugh we were so relieved. Dad had put a coat over the chair, tied a broom at the back and put a hat on it. Gee it looked so real and it really scared us, so we never went over the road to the Wrights again.

We were given an old blue push bike, and because it was war years you could not buy tyres or tubes. We got that many punctures the tubes wouldn't stay up, so we were told to mix sugar and water and pour it into the tube.

We nearly filled the tubes with this mixture and it lasted for a while. Then we were told to pull the tubes out and fill the tyre with grass. So we would sneak into the farmer's wheat crop across the road and fill the tyres up with grass. It would last for a few weeks, and then we would empty the grass out. By this time it was just like chaff, so we would start all over again. The tyres finally gave out, so the bike was hung up in the shed.



One time we went to Uncle Alf and Aunty Dorrie's place at Manildra near Parkes for a week so Dad could help him kill a big pig, so out came all the gear. On the train we got, arriving late at night. All us kids either slept with someone or slept on the floor. Up the next morning for breakfast which was bacon and eggs, toast and porridge. We were used to it the other way around but never mind. Dad and Uncle Alf killed the pig two days before we left to go home. They didn't waste anything, not even the squeal which they put in a bottle and put the cork in. Every time we wanted to hear the pig squeal we would pull the cork out. They gave us boys the pig's bladder to clean and pump up, so we could use it for a football. We had a lot of fun kicking it about. Mum and Aunty Dorrie cleaned and boiled up the pig's head and made pressed meat out of it. The men cut up the pig, salted most of it and then put it in the butcher's big fridge. The next morning Dad rolled our share up in newspaper and packed it in the big port (suitcase). Our clothes were rolled up in our bed roll and away we went.

Half way home we noticed the fat was starting to show through the port. Dad had a look and said it was the salt helping the fat to melt. He didn't like our chances of getting it home before it spoilt but we did and nothing was lost. It sure had Dad worried.

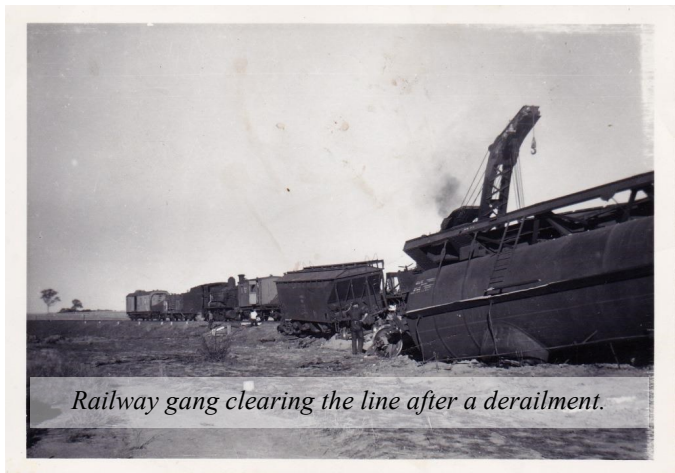
We all had jobs to do before and after school, mine was to separate the milk and wash the separator up, feed the calves with the separated milk plus the cat, dog and piglets, and put the calves in with their mothers for the day. On my way to school I would take the cows and calves to the long paddock (open road). After school I would collect the herd from the long paddock, take them home, feed them, lock the calves up for the night, feed them and the fowls and pigs, chop up some kindling so Dad could light the fires next morning, fill up wood box, help with the dishes, do my homework from school and then off to bed. But we always had time to play.

We all wore sandshoes to school winter and summer. My feet used to get so cold going to school I used to take my shoes off and when the cow dropped a steaming heap I would stand in it for a while. HA<HA<HA.

I had to have teeth pulled so Dad took me to Wagga about 9.30am one morning on the mail train. We went to the dentist under the 2WG sign. The dentist had four small rooms. I was put in one and he gave me the needle to numb my gums. He went from room to room, then back to me. I had 6 double teeth pulled, and then Dad took me to the Memorial Gardens, sat me on a seat and left me to do some shopping. Mum had filled my pockets with some clean rags, talk about spit blood. Dad arrived back with lunch but all I could do was drink cordial which we brought with us. We had to wait for the Albury mail train which arrived about 6.30pm. We arrived home at 7pm, and I went straight to bed. My mouth was sore for a week; Mum looked after me, with soups, jelly and custard.



During the war we all helped Mum with her war effort making camouflage nets with green string, it was all set up in the lounge room and any spare time we would do some for Mum. We would sit on the verandah at night and watch the searchlights from Wagga flashing around the sky.



*Railway gang clearing the line after a derailment.*

Well, the time had come for Dad to shift again. This time to Hoskins Town near Bungendore, so we packed up. But this time it was different. We pulled the house down in section, Mum, Joyce, Doreen and Bruce went to the farm, while the fettleers, Dad, Keith and me pulled the house down and got it ready. Keith and I got the job of pulling all the nails out of the timber and straighten them because we needed the nails for when we put the house back together.

The time arrived. The train pulled in and everything; house, sheds, cows, calves, pigs, chooks, furniture and all us kids, Mum and Dad were loaded for Bungendore. Dad had rented a house there for us. Dad went on to Hoskins Town and unloaded everything else.

We lived in a very old brick house which had a fire place in every room. It was next door to a cafe, and in the back yard there was a big Mulberry tree. When the fruit was ripe Mum made some beaut pies; we all had red tongues, red faces, red spotted clothes and the trots.

Boy, talk about belly aches. The owner of the cafe had lost a leg in an accident and he used to hop everywhere. He used to give us a treat now and again, ice cream he got in .900 mm cylinders, which, when they got to about .50mm from the bottom he would give them to us. The only way we could get the ice cream out was a long stick, we thought it was great. We had to wash the container clean for him; he was a very nice man and he was great to have next door.

The house was almost completed at Hoskins Town, so we shifted in. Dad had worked so hard to get it finished for us. It took about 6 months, and during that time we only got to see Dad Sunday nights.

It was great to be together in our old house again. Hoskins Town had a Post Office and a school; it was great place for us kids. Across the road from us was an old Cobb and Co Coach-house owned by Mr and Mrs Walsh. They also owned a farm, and were really nice people.

Mrs Walsh only had one leg, she hardly ever came outside, she taught me how to make mats and bedspreads out of ladies stockings. Mr Walsh let us run about his farm; he also had a small pony which we all rode around the farm. She was a cunning little pony, you would be cantering along and all of a sudden she would stop and you would go over her head and land hard on the ground. By the time you got up she would be heading back home to the stables, and guess what, yes we would have to walk home. Several times this happened to me but I went back for more.

One time as I was running through the long grass I cut my foot really bad, blood was spurting out of it. Dad saw it and grabbed hold of my foot and put a big piece of rag on it and bandaged it real tight. A fellow down from us had an old car, canvas top no sides. He took Dad and me to Queanbeyan about one and half hours' drive. The old doctor cleaned and stitched me up, he didn't give me any needles to deaden it; when all was finished he gave me a tetanus shot. He didn't clean it too good because for weeks after I was pulling out pieces of grass. I was to go back and get the stitches out, but Dad took the stitches out and I had to put kerosene on it, Dad's medical cure.

It was about this time in my life that I started to go with Dad on weekends, to help with the odd jobs the farmers paid Dad for. They would get Dad to do some fencing, building sheep and cattle yards, and clearing scrub land.

A neighbour Mr Walsh had a buggy, but it had no top on it, it had two seats which would take 4 people facing each other, the coachman had his seat up front. Sometimes Mr Walsh would harness the pony up and take us for a drive, we thought we were the ant's pants.

The Walsh's gave me a little chicken, the mother had been killed and she had only hatched out one chicken. So I looked after it, feeding it until it grew into a large rooster. It followed me everywhere. One day Dad came to me and said, "that the rooster had to go, we've got too many". I said I would ask the Walsh's if they would like to have him back. They said no, so Dad said we would have him for Sunday's dinner. I had to go along with Dad's word. So, the rooster was prepared for Sunday's dinner, but I didn't eat any rooster, I was too heart broken. One thing I learnt from this was never get too attached to pets.

Dad was transferred to Nubba, a little place between Harden and Cootamundra.

We started at our new school, which was about six miles from where we lived. We walked to and from school five days a week, carrying all our lunches in a sugar bag, which is a small version of a wheat bag.

Joyce, Bruce, Doreen and I went to school at Nubba; Keith rode his bike to Harden High School every day. We had a lot of fun mixed with work and also we had our share of hard times. We kids went rabbiting most weekends; we would set traps and dig them out of their burrows, sneak up behind them and hit them with our shovels. Afterwards we would skin them, peg them out on wire to dry, and then bundle them up and sell them.



*Weekend working on a farm.*

We ate a lot of rabbit, poor Mum used to cook them several different ways, stews, curries, baked etc. Doreen, Joyce and Bruce often went rabbiting, some of the tales they can tell you, and Joyce was the best "sniffer" to find the rabbits in their burrows, better than the dogs. They also had a ferret and nets. They, with Dad's help were kept busier digging the ferret out than digging the rabbits out. After a while we had no more ferrets. Boy do they stink. We also went mushrooming when the seasons were right. We would pack them in cardboard boxes. We had to put paper in the bottom and then a row of mushrooms another layer of paper and so on till we filled the box. Then we would send them to Sydney by train to the markets. This extra income helped to give us a few little extras which helped Mum and Dad.

At this house we had a small orchard of apples and quinces, but they only grew small fruit because we didn't have the water to give them. Mum made tarts with them and they were very good, Mum was a good cook. We had an old emu that came around and cleaned up what fruit was left. We all liked to watch him eating the fruit. He would swallow them whole and we would watch them going down his long neck, it looked so funny. We only saw the emu when the fruit was on, where he went afterwards we never found out.

To go to school we walked through the farmer's paddocks and he told us if we saw any little lambs that had no mother we could take them home and rear them. At one time we had about twelve to look after, so the farmer that lived across the road from us gave us a cow on loan so we could milk and feed the lambs. When we reared the lambs, every now and then one would disappear and we would have mutton on the menu. It took us a long time to wake up to where our lambs were going, we were upset but we had to be fed.

Just after we left the first house we lived in at Nubba, a man fell out of the Temora Mail Train onto the other line and was run over by a goods train, he was cut to pieces and spread over a small area, Dad and the fettlers had to help the police pick up all the body parts and put them into bags. That played on Dads mind for a long time.

Dad finished work on the Bethungra Spiral and was transferred to Buladgero about six miles from Cootamundra so we packed up and left Nubba. Mum became the gate keeper opening the gates to the road traffic and closing them. We kids helped Mum when we were home.

After we had settled in I went into Cootamundra and got myself a job at The Cootamundra Daily Herald as a newsreader, printer and paper boy. My wages were one pound ten shillings a week. Out of that I gave Mum five shillings a week and I bought my first bike from Ray Crowe and paid him five shillings a week till I paid for it. With what I had left I had to buy all my needs. I was all dressed up going to the pictures when the boss saw me and wanted me to help him and I said that I couldn't so he told me not to come to work on Monday because I was sacked, so on Monday I went to Conkey's Abattoir and got myself a job and it paid four pounds ten shillings a week.

I left Conkey's and went to Sydney to live, working at a roof and brick making place at Maryland.

Leaving there I went to work at a sausage casing factory at Ingleburn, working there for about nine months before I was called up for National Services at Ingleburn Military Camp.

When I had finished my service I went back home to Cootamundra and lived with Dad and Mum until I married.

My first job after the Army was out in the shearing sheds as a rouseabout. The contractors name was Ferge Leonard; we travelled around to quite a few sheds in NSW.

One shed we were at there was a cook who always had a smoke in his mouth with a long ash hanging off it. I was sent one morning to get the morning tea and he was rolling out the dough to make apple pies for lunch when I saw the ash fall into the dough. He just kept on rolling.

Another cook we had liked to drink beer all day and he used to perspire a lot. I saw him making a cake one day and his perspiration was dripping into the bowl so I didn't eat any more cake.

The best cook we had was a lady who lived at Harden. All the meals she cooked were really tasty and she would have something different every day.

We picked up another cook who couldn't stay off the grog- he only lasted four days, so we rouseabouts had to take turns to get the meals. They were only plain meals, nothing fancy. Within three days we had another cook.

At one shearing shed we were at near Lake Cargelligo, we were flooded in for three weeks. There was no work as the sheep were too wet. Meantime there was an outbreak of gastric and we all had a needle. There were not enough toilets so they dug a trench along a fence so we could hang onto because we were all so weak.

When we went back to work it rained again and we were flooded in again. So, they brought in a bullock team with a big wagon and we loaded all our gear on and they took us across the flooded creek to where we had left our cars.

I was home one weekend and I was told that a Painting Contractor wanted a young bloke so up I went and talked to the boss Bill Thurlow and got the job as apprentice, it paid three pounds a week.

I worked for Bill for nine and half years.

Something I would like to mention about Dad, he worked so hard on the railway and on weekends he worked for the farmers to support us, he always had time for us, and when I look back into my childhood I can see how blessed I am to be born into such a loving family and I cherish my childhood days, Mum was always there for us and she had all the love she could give us as she never had any love given to her when she was growing up, so we were very blessed.



*Life is sweet, Gordon & Kath Hodges.*



# The Crows Joke Page

**An old priest** became sick of all the people in his parish who kept confessing to adultery. One Sunday, in the pulpit, he said, "If I hear one more person confess to adultery, I'll leave the priesthood!" Well, everyone liked him, so they came up with a code word. Someone who had committed adultery would say they had "fallen". This seemed to satisfy the old priest and things went well, until the priest died at a ripe old age. About a week after the new priest arrived, he visited the Mayor of the town and seemed very concerned. The priest said, "You have to do something about the sidewalks in town. When people come into the confessional, they keep talking about having fallen."

The Mayor started to laugh, realising that no-one had told the new priest about the code word.

Before the mayor could explain, the priest shook an accusing finger at the mayor and said, "I don't know what you're laughing about, your wife fell two times this week."



### The drink you don't want...

A little 3-year-old girl was playing with her miniature tea set. Her father was in the living room and her mother was out shopping. The little girl came out to the living room and offered her father a cup of tea, which was in fact just water. He thought this was really cute, so she did it several more times. When the mother came home, the father had the mother stop and watch the little tea ritual, as her daughter brought the father another cup of tea (water) and he drank it. The mother said, "Very nice. But has it occurred to you that the only place she can reach to get water is the toilet?"



### The 80 year old who is still on the pill...

The doctor that had been seeing an 80-year-old woman for most of her life finally retired. At her next check-up, the new doctor told her to bring a list of all the medicines that had been pre-

scribed for her. As the young doctor was looking through these, his eyes grew wide as he realized she had a prescription for birth control pills.

"Mrs Smith do you realise that these are birth control pills?"

"Yes, they help me to sleep at night".

"Mrs Smith, I assure you that there is absolutely nothing in these that could possibly help you sleep"!

She reached out and patted the young doctor's knee." Yes dear, I know that, but every morning I grind one up and mix it in the glass of orange juice that my 16-year-old granddaughter drinks.

And believe me; it helps me sleep at night"!



### Muldoon's Dog

Muldoon lived alone in the Irish countryside with only a pet dog for company. One day the dog died and Muldoon went to the par; "Father, my dog is dead, could ya be saying a mass for the poor creature?"

Father Patrick replied: "I'm afraid not. We cannot have services for an animal in the church."



"But there are some Baptists down the lane, and there's no tellin' what they believe. Maybe they'll do something for the creature."

Muldoon said; "Do ya think £5000 is enough to donate to them for the service?"

"Sweet Mary, Mother of Jesus," cried Father Patrick, "Why didn't ya tell me the dog was Catholic?"

### Irish pharmacist

One day an Irishman goes into a pharmacy, reaches into his pocket and takes out a small Jameson's Irish whiskey bottle and a teaspoon.



He pours from the bottle into the teaspoon and offers it to the chemist.

"Could you taste this for me, please?"

The chemist takes the teaspoon, puts it in his mouth, swills the liquid around and swallows it.

"Does that taste sweet to you?" asks Paddy.

"No, not at all," says the chemist.

"Oh that's a relief," says Paddy.

"The doctor told me to come here and get my urine tested for sugar."

Submitted by Yvonne

# Bits AND Pieces

So you think you've had a bad day #1



## I Will Be Here

I cannot ease your aching heart,  
Nor take your pain away;  
But let me stay and take your hand  
And walk with you today

I'll listen when you need to talk,  
I'll wipe away your tears;  
I'll share your worries when they come,  
I'll help you face your fears

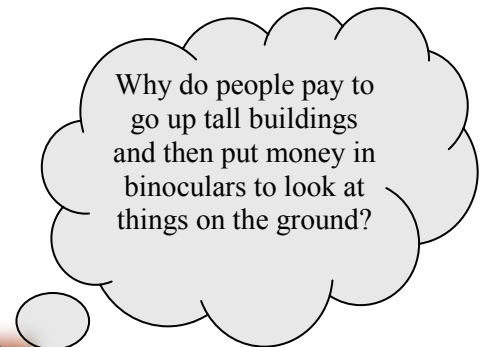
I'm here and I will stand by you,  
On each hill you have to climb;  
So take my hand, let's face the world  
And live just one day at a time

You're not alone, for I'm still here,  
I'll go that extra mile;  
And when your grief is easier,  
I'll help you learn to smile!

by Anonymous

## YES, I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN

- The life of the party ... even if it lasts until 8 p.m.
- I'm very good at opening childproof caps with a hammer.
- I'm usually interested in going home before I get to where I am going.
- I'm awake many hours before my body allows me get up.
- I'm smiling all the time because I can't hear a thing you're saying.
- I'm very good at telling stories; over and over and over....
- I'm aware that other people's grandchildren are not as cute as mine.
- I'm so cared for ... long term care, eye care, private care, dental care.
- I'm not grouchy; I just don't like traffic, waiting, crowds, lawyers, loud music, unruly kids, Toyota commercials, Kevin Rudd, Tony Abbot, any other politicians, barking dogs and a few other things I can't remember.
- I'm sure everything I can't find is in a secure place.
- I'm wrinkled, saggy, lumpy, and that's just my left leg.
- I'm having trouble remembering simple words like.....
- I'm realizing that aging is not for wimps.
- I'm sure they are making adults much younger these days, and when did they let kids become policemen?
- I'm wondering, if you're only as old as you feel, how could I be alive at 150?
- I'm a walking storeroom of facts ... I've just lost the key to the storeroom door.



How beautifully grow old.  
How full of light and colour are their last days.



## ILLUSION

### Family of Birds Illusion

In this image you can see some birds hovering around the bark of a tree, while inside the tree are two chicks with their mouths open waiting to be fed. If you look again however the image also becomes the face of a young lady.

