

ALDECC inc.



April - July 2009



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President's Report



Greetings to all Members

Our newsletter, hopefully finds everyone in good health. (It is something we all think of nowadays!) and keeping warm.

We Southerners have had a rather chilly start to winter, which has been great for all concerned (even our snow bunnies!). Some of our members have been involved with the bush fire areas helping wherever they can. We dip our hats to you all. I'm sure it has been very rewarding and satisfying for those involved.

Our committee meetings have been very interesting and enjoyable with lots of laughs and jokes.

We have had lots of discussion regarding our next reunion and after much debate, we have settled for Feathertop Chalet on February 6th, 7th and 8th with this being the first weekend in February.

We have taken all the info from the AGM into consideration, but the final decision was made to have our 31st reunion weekend in Harrierville. Prices, weekends available and times were all considered before the final vote by your committee.

Thanks to all the committee members for travelling long distances for these meetings and thanks to the Purtil's and Thornely's for hosting, feeding and bedding us down for the night. You find people on floors, in beds everywhere. A huge thans to Emily, David & Tim for their beds each time we visit.

Quite a few members have had important birthdays in 09. Happy birthday to those people!

Well folks, keep warm and well till next time.

Kind regards - Susie G.

Secretary's Report

Hello to you all

Well June has come and gone. I don't know whether it is because I am getting older or the year is getting shorter, but there never seems to be enough time in the days to do the things we like to do.

I was away in May, (yes on tour again). I keep saying that this is the last one and the kids keep saying "But Mum you said the last one was the last one". Some of us take a bit longer to work out that times have changed.

Whilst on the last trip I found that the country was a lot colder than usual. I didn't seem to work up that sweat and I was looking for a jacket at around the 5pm mark when the sun was deciding to settle for the night. The body and the brain didn't want to work together as well and my swag was a welcome sight at the end of what always seemed a long day.

I am thankful for the training, people and organizational skills that I have learnt over the years whilst travelling about the countryside taking passengers being young or old on the trips of their lifetime.

The committee have been at it again. Presently we are working on dates and venues for the next reunion. Thank you to those who have rung for a chat, or to pass on news good or bad. A good laugh or two is good for the body and the brain. Please keep the news coming.

Well I'll be away (on tour again) in early July for a couple of weeks. This is definitely the last one. I hope that you all stay well and in touch with each other.

Until next time...

Mary Purtil



Apology from the Editor.....

Due to circumstances beyond anyone's control -including no computer for over a month this edition is a tad late reaching you. There will be another edition following shortly though!



Who's Doing What — With Whom?



Trying to track down Magoo (aka Brian McLachlan) can be tricky – just when we nail him down to one address – he gets “evicted” and moves on. Always pays to stay just one step ahead of the competition Magoo.

Greg Reid was recently spotted in Mate St Albury – but nobody is sure if it was his bus he was pawning or was he buying “supplies” from the Chemist?

Maybe age is catching up – who knows – but the new look Greely is certainly a sight to behold. A new younger looking version, with a dapper haircut and immaculate beard atop a trimmed down bod – and he was barely recognisable! Watch out girls!



It seems that time waits for nobody and the younger ALDECC generation are growing up fast! Congratulations to Ashley Biar and Warrick Trease who have now celebrated their 21st birthdays, while Carrie Trease, Samantha Hillman and Laithe Biar are now officially adults after recently turning 18!!!

“80” Bill Hand has joined the growing number of fine and dubious ALDECC members in the “80's club”! Congratulations Bill!!!

Rumour has it that Red Purtill recently ran out of gas – we can only assume that it was his car – and not him!



To Ray and Bev Walker and several other members who are having a tough time of it of late with poor health and mobility problems – we hope that you are soon on the mend.

Don't forget there are people “out there” who are only too willing to help.

Mary Greenham has done a fantastic job organising and condensing 30 years of ALDECC photos!!! You will see the fruits of her labour at the next reunion. Not does it look good, but storage of these albums has just become a whole lot easier for the Secretary!



The Committee have been advised that our “old friend” Max Whitehead has had surgery for stomach cancer and is now on the mend.

Tasmania is still in tact after an extended stay from the Oakleys. Seems they finally got touring down pat and saw the sights instead of the hospitals. Keep up the good work.



Barb Conner was recently almost surprised at her big “6 0” birthday dinner—had she not spotted the bright yellow ALDECC sticker on the car parked right outside the door. A good night was had by all though!

You can always call on a fellow ALDECC member for advice – and thanks to Colin & Annette Stubbs- while in Vietnam at the time – was able to remember enough about home to recommend a great restaurant for Barb's surprise 60th birthday dinner in Melbourne, being organised from Sydney!



Our sincere sympathy to our Members who have lost members of their family or friends of late.

Our thoughts especially are with both Ian Gallacher and Bernie Greeley whose Mothers have just passed away.

A.R.C.S.C. Update:

Jeff Tucker has advised our Secretary that he has now delivered the ARCSC board to the Transport Hall of Fame in Alice Springs following a meeting held between him and Mary on 1st July.

Well done Mary on your persistence in following through with this.

to Bill Hand and the late Kevin Bryant for being inducted into the Transport Hall of Fame in Alice Springs.

A very well deserved award. We will have an update for you in the next newsletter from fellow members who will be attending the ceremony in August.



Photos of any camp grounds, pubs, lunch stops used while you were touring. Please send either duplicate copies to Mary Purtill or email scanned photos to Reen Hillman at laureen.hillman@minit.com.au

This poem was published in a local newspaper and was sent to Kevin Lamb from his sister Barbara (who incidentally was the Australian Speed Skate Champion in 1946-1947 and a member of the Australian Woman's First Gymnastic Team in the 1956 Olympic Games)

The man who sent it in was a rabbit trapper and believes that the cattle should have been left on the high plains and quotes a saying that those who fail to learn the lessons of history are doomed to repeat them. It all seems to make sense

A Thousand years of learning was wasted in his name, for the whiteman feared the fire stick, now hell was a wall of flame.
But the rain will come and the trees will green, and this day will not remember.
How the devil with his tail on fire, brought death to this land of splendour.

Stan and Ruth Tidy (by Mary Kirk)

Stan Tidy & Ruth Mcillicatt were from New Zealand and worked with the original Centralian then Centralian Staff. Stan also later worked for Australian Pacific. Stan was an excellent musician playing the mouth organ for the sing-along at the campfires. Since leaving the dusty roads of the Centre, they have lived in Denmark W.A, Perth, Fitzroy Crossing and Tee Tree.

Rod Baird and Nancy are now currently working at a caravan Park in Mission Beach. Please feel free to call in if you are up that way!

ALDECC JOURNEY BOOKS

There are still some ALDECC "The Journey" books for sale. If you know of anyone who would like one, please contact Mary Purtill.

What are you doing now??

Fact: 79,000,000 people are engaged in sex right now

Fact: 58,000,000 are kissing

Fact: 37,000,000 are relaxing after having sex..

Fact: 1 old timer is reading their newsletter

You hang in there Sunshine, you'll get lucky someday

In the next ALDECC newsletter you will receive a form which we would like you to complete and return in the "Reply Paid" envelope which you will also be supplied with.

Mary is updating all the ALDECC records and it would be a big help if we had your correct information. Eg: If we get a form from you and you are currently in the "dead book" - then we know to take you out don't we?

Your help with the completion of this would be appreciated.

LOST AND FOUND

My thighs were stolen from me during the night a few years ago. It was just that quick. I went to sleep in my body and woke up with someone else's thighs.

My ass was next. I knew it was the same gang, because they took pains to match my new rear end to the thighs they stuck me with earlier.

I couldn't believe that my new ass was attached at least three inches lower than my original. Now, my rear complemented my legs, lump for lump.

It was two years ago when I realized my arms had been switched. One morning I was fixing my hair and I watched horrified but fascinated as the flesh of my upper arms swung to and fro with the motion of the hair-brush. This was really getting scary. My body was being replaced one section at a time.

An Obituary printed in the London Times..... Interesting and sadly rather true.

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was, since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as: Knowing when to come in out of the rain; Why the early bird gets the worm; Life isn't always fair; and maybe it was my fault. Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you can earn) and reliable strategies (adults, not children, are in charge).

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place. Reports of a 6-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they themselves had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children.

It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion or an Aspirin to a student; but could not inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as the churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims.

Common Sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar could sue you for assault.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live, after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap, and was promptly awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death, by his parents, Truth and Trust, by his wife, Discretion, by his daughter, Responsibility, and by his son, Reason.

He is survived by his 4 stepbrothers;
I Know My Rights
I Want It Now
Someone Else Is To Blame
I'm A Victim

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone



An old man goes into a chemist to buy some Viagra

"Can I have 6 tablets, cut in quarters?"

" I can cut them for you " said the chemist
" but a quarter tablet will not give you a full erection. "

" I am 96 " said the old man .

" I don't want an erection . I just want it sticking out far enough so I don't pee on my slippers. "

In a hospital's Intensive Care Unit, patients always died in the same bed, on Sunday morning, at about 11:00 a.m., regardless of their medical condition. This puzzled the doctors and some even thought it had something to do with the super natural. No one could solve the mystery as to why the deaths occurred around 11:00 A.M. Sunday, so a worldwide team of experts was assembled to investigate the cause of the incidents. The next Sunday morning, a few minutes before 11:00 A.M. all of the doctors and nurses nervously waited outside the ward to see for themselves what the terrible phenomenon was all about. Some were holding wooden crosses, prayer books, and other holy objects to ward off the evil spirits. Just when the clock struck 11:00, Pookie Johnson, the part-time Sunday sweeper, entered the ward and unplugged the life support system

A woman came home to find her husband in the kitchen shaking frantically, almost in a dancing frenzy, with some kind of wire running from his waist towards the electric kettle.

Intending to jolt him away from the deadly current, she whacked him with a handy plank of wood, breaking his arm in two places. Up to that moment, he had been happily listening to his Walkman.

(Under the age of 40? You won't understand this but this is how we lived, And we are still here to talk about it.)

You could hardly see for all the snow, spread the rabbit ears as far as they go. Pull a chair up to the TV set? 'Good Night, Johnny.' 'Good Night, Dad.'

My Mum used to cut chicken, chop eggs and spread mayonnaise on the same cutting board with the same knife and no bleach, but we didn't seem to get food poisoning.

My Mum used to defrost mince on the counter AND I used to eat it raw sometimes. Our school sandwiches were wrapped in wax paper in a brown paper bag, not in ice-pack coolers, but I can't remember getting sick. Almost all of us would have rather gone swimming in the dam instead of our public pool (talk about boring).

There were no beach closures then either.

The term cell phone would have conjured up a phone in a jail cell, and a pager was the school PA system.

We all took PE ... and risked permanent injury with a pair of high top gym shoes instead of having cross-training athletic shoes with air cushion soles and built in light reflectors. I can't recall any injuries but they must have happened because they tell us how much safer we are now.

Speaking of school, we all said prayers and sang the national anthem, and staying in detention after school caught all sorts of negative attention.

We must have had horribly damaged psyches. What an archaic health system we had then. Remember school nurses? Ours wore a hat and everything.

Then there was the milk left in the sun for us to drink each day. Good wasn't it?

I thought that I was supposed to accomplish something before I was allowed to be proud of myself.

I just can't recall how bored we were without computers, Play Station, Nintendo, X-box or 34 digital TV cable stations.

Oh yeah ... and where was the Benadryl and sterilization kit when I got that bee sting? I could have been killed!

We played 'king of the castle' on piles of gravel left on vacant construction sites, and when we got hurt, Mum pulled out the 48 cent bottle of Mercurochrome (kids liked it better because it didn't sting like iodine did) and then we got our bum smacked.

Now it's a trip to the emergency room, followed by a 10-day dose of a \$49 bottle of antibiotics, and then Mum calls the attorney to sue the contractor for leaving a horribly vicious pile of gravel where it was such a threat.

We didn't act up at the neighbour's house either because if we did, we got our bum smacked there and then we got smacked again when we got home.

I recall 'Bluey' Barnes from next door coming over and doing his tricks on the front porch, just before he fell off. Little did his Mum know that she could have owned our house. Instead, she picked him up and clipped his ears for being such a dill. It was a neighborhood run amok.

To top it off, not a single person I knew had ever been told that they were from a dysfunctional family. How could we possibly have known that?

We needed to get into group therapy and anger management classes? We were obviously so duped by so many societal ills that we didn't even notice that the entire country wasn't taking Prozac! How did we ever survive??

LOVE TO ALL OF US WHO SHARED THIS ERA, AND TO ALL WHO DIDN'T; SORRY FOR WHAT YOU MISSED. I WOULDN'T TRADE IT FOR ANYTHING.

George Carlin's Views on Aging:

"Do you realize that the only time in our lives when we like to get old is when we're kids? If you're less than 10 years old, you're so excited about aging that you think in fractions.

'How old are you?' **'I'm four and a half!'** You're never thirty-six and a half. You're four and a half, going on five! That's the key

You get into your teens, now they can't hold you back. You jump to the next number, or even a few ahead.

'How old are you?' 'I'm **gonna be** 16!' You could be 13, but hey, you're gonna be 16! And then the greatest day of your life.... You **become** 21. Even the words sound like a ceremony **YOU BECOME 21. YESSSS!!!**

But then you **turn** 30. Oooohh, what happened there? Makes you sound like bad milk! He **TURNED**; we had to throw him out. There's no fun now, you're Just a sour-dumpling. What's wrong? What's changed?

You **BECOME** 21, you **TURN** 30, then you're **PUSHING** 40. Whoa! Put on the brakes, it's all slipping away. Before you know it, you **REACH** 50 and your dreams are gone.

But wait!!!

You **MAKE** it to 60. You didn't think you would!

So you **BECOME** 21, **TURN** 30, **PUSH** 40, **REACH** 50 and **MAKE** it to 60.

You've built up so much speed that you **HIT** 70! After that it's a day-by-day thing; you **HIT** Wednesday! You **get into** your 80's and every day is a complete cycle; you **HIT** lunch; you **TURN** 4:30; you **REACH** bedtime. And it doesn't end there. Into the 90s, you start going backwards; 'I **Was** **JUST** 92.'

Then a strange thing happens. If you make it over 100, you become a little kid again. 'I'm 100 and a half!'

May you all make it to a healthy 100 and a half!!"

HOW TO STAY YOUNG

1. **Throw out nonessential numbers.** This includes age, weight and height. Let the doctors worry about them. That is why you pay 'them.'
2. **Keep only cheerful friends.** The grouches pull you down.
3. **Keep learning.** Learn more about the computer, crafts, gardening, whatever. Never let the brain idle. 'An idle mind is the devil's workshop.'
And the **devil's** name is **Alzheimer's**.
4. **Enjoy the simple things.**
5. **Laugh** often, long and loud. Laugh until you gasp for breath.
6. **The tears happen.** Endure, grieve, and move on. The only person, who is with us our entire life, is ourselves. Be **ALIVE** while you are alive.
7. **Surround yourself with what you love,** whether it's family, pets, keepsakes, music, plants, hobbies, whatever. **Your home is your refuge.**
8. **Cherish your health:** If it is good, preserve it. If it is unstable, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.
9. **Don't take guilt trips.** Take a trip to the mall, even to the next county; to a foreign country but **NOT** to where the guilt is.
10. **Tell the people you love that you love them, at every opportunity.**

AND

ALWAYS REMEMBER :

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, **but** by the moments that take our breath away...

