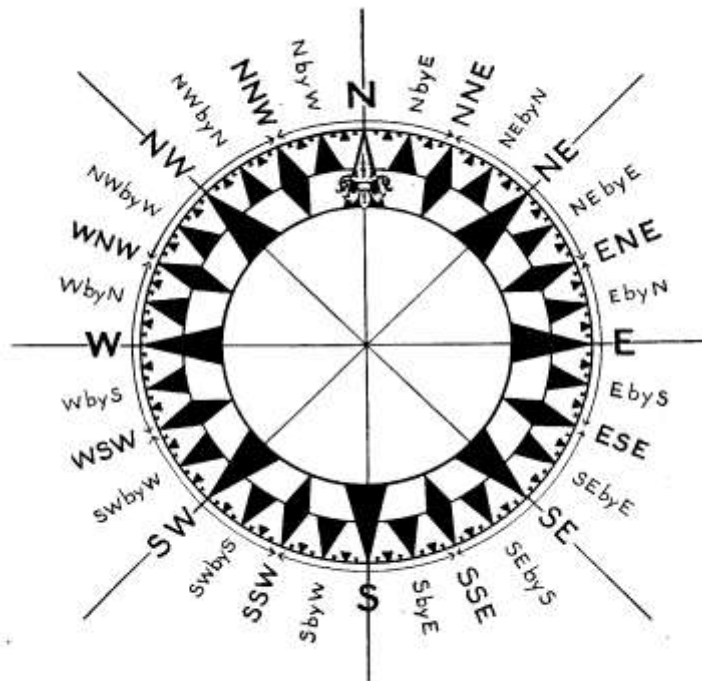




**AUGUST 2009**

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## **Editor's Note**

Mike Day's story comes to an end in this edition. He has given me many a laugh as I typed my way through page after page of his life and sorted through the endless photos and documents at my disposal.

We are still in desperate need for more articles; any snippets you can pass our way will be appreciated. Tony's story is a good indication of what we are looking for.

Have any of the ladies any input on the "Secret Women's Business" mentioned in a previous newsletter?

## **Next Meeting Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> September 2009**

*Mick & Jill Surfleld*

## **Skipper's Log**

The Annual General Meeting was held at the last meeting with the Committee being re-elected.

Following the meeting 24 people gathered at the Port Dock Hotel for the annual lunch. After some table shuffling we tucked into our food and the tongues began to wag. I am sure that a great time was had by all.

## ***Tony***

## **From the Almoner's desk**

Well winter is almost over and springtime is just around the corner, so let us hope all the coughs and colds and winter ailments will disappear.

So pleased to report that John Tamkin is doing well after a spell in Flinders Medical Centre following a heart attack and a bout of pneumonia.

Other good news is that Eddie Nicholls is also much better after a few health problems. Eddie hails from the Birmingham area and we enjoy a number of nostalgic telephone chats.

To everyone on the sick list our very best wishes.

Cheers everyone.

## ***Anne Withey***

The next meeting will be on Sunday 27th September, please bring along morning tea to share as this will be more of an informal meeting.

## ***Anne Iles***

A Kindergarten teacher was observing her classroom of children while they were drawing. She would occasionally walk around to see each child's work. As she got to one little girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was. The girl replied, "I'm drawing God." The teacher paused and said, "But no one knows what God looks like." Without missing a beat, or looking up from her drawing, the girl replied, "They will in a minute."

A short piece from Tony:

"A while back I wrote a short story about my first ship - a tramp steamer. It sailed from K.G.5 to North China and back taking seven to eight months to complete. Well my next ship was the Assyria, a Cunarder, going from London to Montreal most of the year but had to change to New York and down the coast when the St Lawrence River was frozen up. The first two trips were to Quebec and Montreal.

On arrival I went ashore with a mate looking for the International Club up the main drag. I couldn't find the place so decided to ask a man walking toward us. Could he please direct us to this club! Well he stood in front of me and gaped, my first thought was that he didn't understand me. He then said, please say that again, which I did. Then he stopped another man walking by and said 'Hey listen to this guy' and asked me to say it all again. They both gaped at me saying, 'Where are you from'. I said 'London,' they said 'What London Ontario?' 'No' I said, 'London, England'. So the first man said 'You mean that little country across the water?' To cut this story short, this man, who I had no idea where he was heading for before I met him decided to take us to the International Club and stayed with us until 3.a.m. buying drinks provided he could listen to us talk! We left the next day to return to the U.K. noticing ice bergs floating down the St.Lawrence River which was starting to freeze over.

The next trip was to New York, my first time to this wonderland of skyscrapers. It is the city that never sleeps or not until 4.a.m. when all the streets are cleaned and hosed down. Most shops on 42nd Street were called cities i.e. Tie City, Record City, etc. etc. At the time I had some mail to post but could not find a post office - no such thing - so I asked a policeman as one does! 'Ya gettum at da drug store' he said still swinging his baton. When I found this drug store a lady behind the counter enquired as to my needs. When I started to speak she stared at me then directed me to a box with a winder type handle on the side. She instructed me to place my 10 cents in the slot and turn the handle and out came three 3 cent airmail stamps, no change as this was tax. She informed me that America was truly a mechanical country. I piped in and said that where I came from in England the stamp machine was in the wall, you put your money in and the stamp comes out automatically plus change! She stormed off in a huff! All those memories of many years ago are still so clear in my mind.

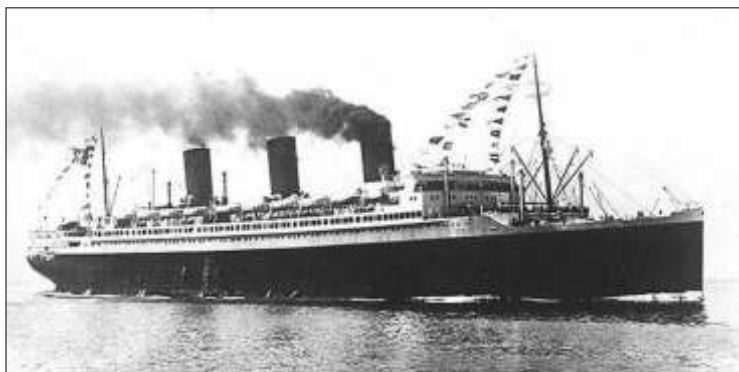


Golden Eagle

Does anyone remember a paddle steamer in the UK called the Golden Eagle? It was built in 1909. On the 3rd of September 1939 she left Gravesend in Kent with evacuee children. In June 1940 she rescued about 1,700 troops from Dunkirk in three crossings and supported the Normandy landings in June 1944.

The transatlantic passenger liner SS Ile De France was built in St Nazaire, France. Her maiden voyage was on 22<sup>nd</sup> June 1927 from Le Havre to New York via Plymouth.

At the outbreak of the Second World War she was in New York and the CGT French Line had no intention of putting her at risk. However in early 1940 she was put on loan to Britain to transport war materials. After the fall of France she was formally seized by the British and used for troop carrying flying dual flags of Britain and Free France. She was handed back to the French Line in 1947 and scrapped in Osaka Japan in 1959.



Ile De France

## Annual Vindicatrix Lunch July 2009



There was a good turn out for the annual lunch at the Port Dock Hotel, this was the original meeting place when the SA Vindicatrix Association was first formed. As you can see a few of the crew had a quick tour of the brewery and a tasting afterwards.

### More Landlubber Tales

Starting around about mid June 1972 I got in touch with a club in South Sydney with thoughts of meeting a female partner. I was also looking for a change of living and arranged with a local real estate agent to inspect a house advertised for sale in the country near Buxton NSW. It was about 120 miles away in the Goulburn region. We went by car one Sunday in late November but the owner had withdrawn it from the market. As my temporary UK driving licence had expired I started taking driving lessons.

I was made redundant at Westinghouse Brakes at the end of December. The club I had joined only introduced two ladies in six months, both of whom were not in any respects agreeing with what I had put down on my original application. One of them I met after a phone call but she and I agreed at the moment of meeting not to carry on with the meeting. During January 1973 I applied for a large number of jobs through four job agencies and phone contacts. As I didn't have a telephone in my house in Blacktown I used public phone booths which took time. I used my plumber neighbours phone number as contact for any replies. I was registered with three agencies. I answered a newspaper ad for a position with Australian Hydraulics at Rydelmore at the end of January and was told to wait for a telegram which I never received. The CES never offered me any jobs. Australian Hydraulics advertised again early in March and I applied and started there that same month. The company re-organised at the end of April and my department was taken over by the sales department and I was again made redundant. It was only a week until I got a job for a short time with Berger Paints in their stock and

sales department. This lasted for three weeks until they finished stocktaking. I was out of work for the whole of June and used this time to fix new gutters on my house, meet another girl from the club, who again was not what I had asked for. I continued with weekly film shows at a RC church and played soccer with a congregational church team. As mentioned in the previous newsletter I started work at Able-Lemon as a stores clerk and dispatch supervisor.

There was a long period when I didn't get any word from the club so I told them to take my name off their records. Two weeks later they phoned me at work to say that they had just interviewed a lady who lived in my area and was more in keeping with my application requirements. I said I was finished with looking around and didn't want to continue with any more meetings. They gave me her phone number, and told me she was from Cairo, Egypt, spoke seven languages and had lived in England for ten years after Nasser chased Europeans and non-Egyptians out of the country. She had lived in the Sydney area for two years with her twin sons following the death of her husband, owned her own house and ran a fish and chip shop. For years I passed her place on my way to play tennis each Sunday. I telephoned her and arranged a meeting at her house where she introduced me to her daughter Silvana and two sons Valentino, married to Sandra and Oscar and his wife Lilian. The twins were not there and I didn't get to meet them until a week before Christmas which was two months away, as they were living with Silvana. The lady's name was Giovanna but she was working in a factory on shift work under the name of Jeanne and a different surname. We caught the bus and train to Sydney (nearly an hour), then a bus from the city along all the Northern beaches so we could talk. The contact between us after that day was by phone from my workplace to her daughter Silvana at home as Jeanne was always in the fish and chip shop nearby. She bought the twins, Tony and Charlie a petrol mini-bike each for Christmas and asked me to help Silvana's husband Joe take them to their house the day before Christmas, that was the first time I saw the boys. Christmas time I spent as I had done ever since arriving in Australia with my sponsor's family in Lidcombe

On my way by scooter to play tennis on Sundays, I sometimes called in as I was passing her house. During the first couple of months of 1974 we met at restaurants around Sydney's western suburbs, took the boys for a ride on the Centennial steam train through Rookwood cemetery one Sunday. The vintage train was run in aid of the spastic centre appeal. Other outings were to see stage show of 'Allo Allo' with most of the cast from the TV show, and major films showing in Sydney.

In February, during one of our restaurant dinners we became engaged. We talked about our two houses and decided to live in the one which didn't sell first. I put my place on the market at the end of February. We arranged our wedding for 20<sup>th</sup> April 1974 at a large Roman Catholic church (Jeanne and her family were Maltese/Italian and were all Catholic). It turned out that the church was being repaired inside so the wedding was switched to a smaller church in the same area.

The service was at 3pm and after a week of sunny weather; it began to rain just before the ceremony. Our reception was held at Sydney airport 15 miles away, the rain and wind was so bad that Jeanne and I, being driven in Joe's car had to occasionally stop. Only a few of her family and my best man attended. We flew to Adelaide and spent our honeymoon at The Victor Hotel, in Victor Harbor, visiting the whale museum, going down to the Murray mouth by boat and through the barrages and day trips to scenic spots and to Adelaide. After the honeymoon we returned to my house in Blacktown NSW. Tony and Charlie were still living with their sister in Fairfield as Jeanne was still working nights at Comalco, near Liverpool and travelling by two trains. I was working at Abel-Lemon over the Lane Cove River at Concord and travelling by scooter or train. The walk from the Comalco factory was along a secluded footpath to the railway station and as there had been a lot of robberies and attacks I used to ride across from home about 10pm to meet Jeanne coming out from work at 11pm. The station rail and platforms were twenty feet up so I could not get the scooter up the steps (no ramps). I rode home after the train left and Jeanne caught a taxi from Blacktown Station about midnight.



Whilst in Adelaide we had looked at a few houses with the intention of moving to SA, we finally chose one and signed a contract but the vendors were unable to get a loan to buy another property so the sale was unable to take place. In the meantime we had two lots of people interested in buying my house but nothing came of it. One evening Silvana and Joe turned up at our door with the boys in their pyjamas because they kept playing up and Silvana had had enough. We had to get them registered into the Blacktown Roman Catholic School the next day and Jeanne had to take time off work. The boys went to school on the local bus which passed the house and the school, Jeanne was at home when they arrived in the afternoon as she didn't leave for work until 6pm and I usually got home by 5.30pm if not working overtime.

In September Jeanne was ill and I had to call the emergency doctor one Sunday afternoon and first thing Monday at

8.30am. It lasted a week. Jeanne started work again on afternoon shift which meant I had to go to Comalco when she finished her shift to escort her to the station and didn't get home until midnight, by which time the boys were in bed. The last weekend in September a Greek family inspected the house and decided to buy it. I had to leave for work earlier on Friday morning for stocktaking and at 7.30pm Jeanne had a fall at work so the boys had to go back with their sister who had brought her mother home from work. I had another early stock-take next morning so I got a lift to Blacktown Hospital where Jeanne was to have an X-ray.

The following Monday we contacted the solicitor regarding my adoption of the twins which we had been working on for a couple of months but with no finalization. He said a cheque was in the mail from the people buying the house and that they wanted a couple of weeks before they could exchange contracts which was done on the 18<sup>th</sup> October. We were due to move on the 27<sup>th</sup> November. It was a hectic time packing and giving items to family members who came to help over two weeks. I sold some furniture and TV's with the house. The boys' two mini bikes were collected to go to Silvana who was buying Jeanne's house and was living there. We had a wedding to attend (Jeanne's nephew) ten miles away, then Tony and Charlie's birthday party and a school picnic all in November. I sold my scooter locally, booked a removal van on Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> November for Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> November. We hired a caravan to go to Tino's house block on the 27<sup>th</sup> November. My work place Christmas party was held on Friday afternoon 20<sup>th</sup> December. All my unsold furniture, bedding and personal belongings went to the garage at Jeanne's house, now occupied by Silvana and Joe.

My notice was given to Abel-Lemon and I finished work on Friday 3<sup>rd</sup> January. We had an evening flight booked with TAA for 4<sup>th</sup> January, and a two roomed upstairs flat behind Adelaide Central Markets was to be home for a few weeks whilst we looked for work and a house. I managed to find a job on the first day with General Electrics at Enfield, Nth Adelaide as a storeman/clerk for three weeks before being transferred to their branch at Daws Park south of the city for four weeks. After that I was with Hortico garden fertilizer products as storeman/dispatcher for a month. In the meantime we rented a house at Christie Downs, close to where Jeanne had bought a deli from four young girls. It was behind a shopping centre and had very little stock so Jeanne organized a proper continental deli range of goods for sale. A new green Datsun 120y station wagon was bought one Saturday morning in the city, I had the clutch pedal moved slightly away from the accelerator pedal as it was too close for my foot. It was delivered to Christie Downs that afternoon, registered and RAA insured, I was taking driving lessons as I didn't have an Australian driving licence.

I got a job in a factory at Edwardstown with Key Ltd and as it was a 7am start the manager employed men who were not able to get jobs easily and had no transport. He had two very old cars which he lent to his employees for picking up others who lived off the public transport routes. I used to get collected at my door at 6am and we picked up four others at various houses in other areas on the way to work. The car reeked of petrol fumes all the time and the driver was a speedster and it was a 1 in 6 downhill winding road to work. After a few weeks of putting up with that I started driving our station wagon, it was three weeks before passing my driving test, I picked up one of the six original chaps who lived nearby who had a licence.

We needed the van to collect stock from the warehouse each Wednesday evening and also to take the boys to school until a bus service started. After a few weeks living in a rented house Jeanne had found a house she liked through an agent. It was almost on the beach and full brick. When I got home one evening the agent took us down to see it and we agreed to buy it. Pooling all our bank accounts, including the boy's and opening a new account with a local bank we moved in, our furniture and goods had been delivered to the rented house from Sydney. The house was one street back from the esplanade but the block in front was a triple size area and used by the Christies Beach council as extra car parking space (on grass) when the surf carnival was held each year. Tony and Charlie were in their element, swimming every day, fishing in rock pools and playing games on the sand with a local friendly dog which had discovered them. The Roman Catholic school was five minutes walk away from home and after school one of their friends' parents brought them to the deli where they had their tea and did their homework in the shop. I applied for and got a job in a plumbers supply firm located about two kilometers away and I used to cycle to work most days. I was with them for fourteen months in the store and delivering goods, like sewer pipes, plumbing fittings etc to shops or serving over the counter. From mid September 1977 I was on the dole, mainly because CES didn't have any positions for my age and qualifications. I wrote over a hundred letters to firms advertising positions and during the day drove down to Main South Road, parked the van and called at every place for three blocks. Then I drove to the next three blocks and down side roads in the Edwardstown industrial area.

A new shopping centre of nine shops was built at the end of the street where we lived and we applied for the corner shop when it was being built as the firm building the complex had advertised the type of premises they envisaged; butcher, newsagent, fruit and vegetable, deli, hairdresser etc. Jeanne sold her deli in Morphett Vale and we bought the corner shop so she could set up a continental deli. The walls of the shop were glass from ground to roof on two sides (it was an internal corner with a passage to the rear of the shops and toilet) made up in prefabricated sections three metres long. I

tilled the floor whilst they were erecting them. After putting in a large cool-room/drinks unit, a four compartment ice-cream bar, a cold plate window display and a four compartment hot food dispenser, I also made a long row of cupboards with a perspex top for the long dividing wall between us and the next shop.

Jeanne and I decided to take a holiday before the shops were finished and ready for occupation as once the deli was opened there would be no chance of going away on holiday as it was to be seven days a week, 7am-11pm. We booked a week in Tasmania, leaving the boys to look after themselves and to let us know how the shops were progressing. We were to drive to Melbourne, take the ferry over to Burnie and drive all over Tasmania. I had been there twice on my bicycle using my tent or youth hostels but this time we intended to use motels. When we got to the tourist office in Melbourne on the Wednesday we were told the ferry had been fully booked. They offered an overnight stay in the Octagon hotel on the bank of the Yarra in Melbourne, free parking for a week undercover and a flight over the next day to Launceston with a hire car for the week, but our accommodation was planned for us each night at hotels so we had to keep to a scheduled route and times. We got a brand new apple green Datsun sedan at the airport and had a great tour of most of Tasmania from the north coast towns of Burnie and Launceston (three days there) down the east coast via the middle forest region and Princess Falls, two stops down the east coast to Hobart, three days there and back to Launceston via the mining area at Smithton and the most southern point of Tasmania. We stayed in the Pirates motel in Penzance and each room was named after a well known pirate. We sent souvenirs back to Charlie and Tony every day; they were still at school as it wasn't a holiday period for them. They cooked for themselves as they were used to Mum's cooking. The overnight stop after Melbourne was close to the parking station and that evening was the hotel's happy hour night when visitors took part in the fun. They had a dance competition where participants were up on stage. One was a Greek dance and the couple who lasted the longest won. Jeanne knew all the Italian and Greek dances having been born in Egypt with Maltese and Italian parents so we entered with about twelve other couples and after each couple dropped out we found ourselves alone and won a bottle of wine and free dinner.

Back at Christies Beach, we bought the stock for the deli from a warehouse in Adelaide and from Greek, Italian and French suppliers; we also purchased foreign language newspapers. Italian cakes and gelati came from George's bakery in Adelaide. Just after that I got a job from the CES in February 1978. It was on their cards and when I was being interviewed at the desk they went away to check with the firms manager so I turned their computer screen around and made a note of the firms address and the manager in case CES didn't send me. However, I got an interview and finished up getting the position. It was a TV antenna distribution firm from Melbourne which also sold aluminium outdoor furniture and assembled shopping trolleys sent from Melbourne. As well as being the store-man I dealt with counter sales and the assembly of shopping trolleys, filling orders for country TV antennas and dispatching them. The manager did his country run to the Barossa and Murray River area once a month phoning in the orders to me. The only other member of the firm was the secretary/clerk who was a young Italian girl. My wife used to phone every Wednesday with a list of items for the deli for me to buy at the warehouse and Greek cake shops on my way home. The Italian lass knew all the meats and pastas etc so I had to decrypt her spelling as she took the orders from Jeanne if I was busy. That lasted until 13<sup>th</sup> January 1982, which was about the longest employment I had in South Australia. The Melbourne firm was going through a down-time so I was made redundant after helping to move to smaller premises. I then started at another TV antenna firm of Hills the following week but was unable to do some of the stores work up ladders owing to my height and reach. My next position was two months later at Somerton Park as typist, order/sales clerk in a steel wholesale two man operation. The manager went to head office each fortnight and I was on my own using the forklift to unload sheets of steel to replace stock sold and dispatched. One afternoon I was loading pallets of steel sheet for dispatch and caught the top of the forklift rails on the roller shutter door just before the manager returned from Melbourne at 5pm. We got the roller door men to fix it by 7pm and then I was sacked.

Whilst out of work, I spent most of my time with Jeanne in the deli, using the phone and writing job applications. I got the job of keeping the shopping centre car-park washed down and pruning the trees and shrubs for the owners who paid me \$80.00 a week. I was unemployed in a permanent capacity after losing the steel store job until March 1983 but had a part time job looking after a block of three story flats on the Esplanade at Seacliff. I did the cleaning of the flats when tenants left, painting them and repairing any damage. I also looked after the garden area from 7.30am to 10.30am five days a week. Whilst doing that job I got a job as storeman with Expandite-Rawplugs selling all types of industrial fixing items. That was from March to July 1983, I did the flats work from 6.30am to 8.30am on my way to work at Expandite where I started at 9.30am. and after work in the deli until 11pm. From July 1983 I had worked at various places which involved repair of electrical domestic goods like fans and toasters, injection moulded plastics, almond knocking, weekend work assembling domestic fans for an urgent order to France, bandsaw operator on aluminium castings for pipe connections and foundry work.

The deli was sold when Jeanne reached retiring age in 1984 and we bought three blocks of land at Sellicks Hill, two for \$6,000.00 each for the boys which were alongside each other, one at \$6,500.00 further away for us. Building of the new house started in August and I photographed all stages of building weekly. We also sold our house at Christies Beach and

rented a flat at Christie Downs. The house was not finished until March 1985 after a number of rectifications to faulty and not carried out work. It was whilst living at Sellicks Hill that I did the almond harvesting between Sellicks and Aldinga. I also got a new job at McIlwraiths plumbers supplies at their branch near Port Adelaide and after a few weeks travelling all that distance every day we traded in the old station wagon for a Nissan Bluebird 2000 but a couple of weeks later General Electric, who owned McIlwraiths started making cuts in staff all over Australia and I was made redundant. It was then that I started on the Veteran Affairs pension because the CES said I was too old to get a new job and was entitled to go on pension five years early.

Jeanne was advised to move nearer to urgent medical resources so she went back to the Christie Downs flat where Charlie and Tony were still living and we put our house up for sale and I stayed there until it sold. I found a job at Lonsdale as a bandsaw operator in an aluminium castings factory, I was put off for not making a quota one week, but the furnace had not been working full time as the management had not been able to buy raw material. I filed a claim for wrongful dismissal and went back on the pension. With my portion of the sale of the house at Sellicks Hill I bought a block of land near the old house intending to build on it later. The boy's had sold their blocks a year or two after they had been given them. Jeanne was in and out of hospital a lot and the flat was too small for all of us. I rented a flat at Glenelg after going back to work with an electroplating firm in Edwardstown just a couple of weeks before the Sellicks house was sold. Whilst there I fell off the roof of a little canteen built inside the factory while I was getting new wire baskets down for the cyanide tanks we were cleaning. I broke my ribs and right shoulder blade and finished up in Flinders hospital for ten days and then a couple of weeks back with Jeanne and Tony, (Charlie and his partner had rented a house and moved out). I had to give up my flat at Glenelg.

The local Messenger newspaper had an advert for a house in Pinnaroo at only \$14,000.00 on a double block; it had reverse cycle air conditioning and hot water off peak service. We were having Sunday lunch when I read it and Jeanne suggested we go and check it out there and then. It was being painted inside and we picked up the girl vendor on the way into Pinnaroo. She was moving to Peterborough to work in the hospital and was about to lose a deposit on a house there and was willing to settle for less if she got cash. I bought it on the spot and we went back home. I stopped the man doing the repairs and painting as he was living in his caravan on the site. The following week I moved in and carried on with the painting and installed a shower as Jeanne would not be able to climb in and out of the deep bath. Jeanne went to Sydney to stay with her sister and brother for six months and took a lot of her things with her. I drove to and fro between Adelaide and Pinnaroo buying materials as required for the house.

Tony moved to England with his friend and became the manager of a country pub south of London a week after arriving, he was already a qualified barman from working in Hindley Street. He stayed for six years in London's Soho area after leaving the pub. Jeanne flew back to Adelaide after six months and Charlie picked her up from the airport. A week later she got a flat near Charlie in Seaford. She was fairly sick when she came back from Sydney and was constantly in and out of Flinders hospital.

I commuted to and from Adelaide weekly and one very hot day in late January 1993 Charlie turned up in Pinnaroo with his mum who wanted to be with me. Whilst in Sydney for Christmas she had been given two months the live, she left there on 2<sup>nd</sup> January. He went back the same afternoon to work a late shift. Jeanne asked if there was any place cool to go to as I wasn't really air conditioned to cool just then. I took her to Senior Citizens and the day after it was suggested she went to the Hospital day care centre where a few Pinnaroo people went whilst their spouses were at work. I went to collect Jeanne at 4 o'clock and was told to take her to the doctor the next day. He put her into hospital straight away to treat her leg ulcers. Her daughter had been looking after her in Sydney and I drove there to fetch Jeanne's goods she had taken six months before. I had a full van load to pick up. Silvana was moving to another house and asked me to shift her furniture at the end of the week so I spent a week there, phoning Jeanne each day to see how she was and tell her when I would be back. I got back to Pinnaroo on Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> February at 4.30 in the morning and visited Jeanne during the afternoon. She had been transferred from a single bed ward in the hospital to a four bed room in the geriatric wing so had been getting some company. It was a couple of days before she decided where she wanted her things taken, to her Seaford flat or Pinnaroo house. The next day was her 70<sup>th</sup> birthday so we had a bit of a party in the ward. I had taken one of my spare telephones with a long lead as the board behind her was out of order and we had to use the one diagonally opposite and cover the lead across the floor with carpet. She was able to call her five sisters and brother and Silvana and Charlie also phoned. She phoned her son Tino in North NSW and talked to him and his wife.

The next day 18<sup>th</sup> February I visited Jeanne again from noon until 2pm then went to draw my pension and buy food etc for myself then went back to Jeanne at 3pm. She died in my arms at 4.15pm of a stroke. I got the Roman Catholic priest for last rites as he was in the hospital that afternoon, then I phoned one of her sisters and Silvana from the matron's office at 4.30pm. The following day I spent phoning the rest of the family, including Tony in London and her eldest son Oscar in Perth and also the funeral company. Jeanne was taken to the funeral parlor in Adelaide in the morning and I left after

lunch to go to Charlie's place and the funeral parlor. Tony was back from England but I didn't know until I saw Charlie. That was Saturday and we left for Sydney in Charlie's car after leaving mum's Chihuahua dog with friends of Charlie. The funeral was in Sydney and the casket had already been sent by air to the firm's west Sydney parlor where Jeanne and all her family relations lived around that area.

We arrived at Silvana's early the next afternoon. At the last minute Jeanne's sister's had asked for a viewing which was arranged for Wednesday evening. The funeral was at Liverpool at noon on Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> February and the reception was at Ingleborn five miles away at 1.30pm. We left for Sydney and Pinnaroo at 3.30pm after filling two twenty litre cans with fuel, and arrived back at Pinnaroo at 5am the following day. We slept until 10 o'clock then left for Jeanne's flat at Mitchell Park half an hour later to collect personal items and to start moving her belongings and furniture out. Tony took the lounge suite for a flat he had just rented and I loaded up the dressing table which was part of my bedroom suite that I had loaned to mum. I left for Pinnaroo late in the afternoon, ripped a tyre at Murray Bridge and stopped for a meal at Tailem Bend, getting home at 8.30pm. I had picked up the dog at Charlie's before leaving and had to buy dog food on the way at Tailem Bend. All I wanted was to get a meal and turn in. I left all the unloading until the next day and took the dog for a walk and bought more dog food. He was a miniature black Chihuahua that I used to put in a pocket in my jacket to go into some shops.

On my own in Pinnaroo I joined Senior Citizens and took part in all sorts of activities run by Lions Club, Council, RSL and was a member of LAP (Learning Assistance Program) where I spent an hour on two days a week with selected pupils who were a bit behind with their class work. I took them out of their classroom (only one person each term) to change their environment and get them doing something of their own choice as a relief from normal study. Watching television was one of my occupations in the evenings and recording some programs. It was that which brought VINDICATRIX to my notice while watching the ANZAC march. I got in touch with Ralph Cook through the RSL in May 1997 and joined at the end of May. Most of the rest of my life's doings revolve around Vindi Boys.

*Mike Day*



### **The World's Shortest Fairy Tale**

Once upon a time, a guy asked a girl 'Will you marry me?'  
The girl said, 'NO!'

And the guy lived happily ever after and rode motorcycles  
and went fishing and hunting and played golf a lot and  
drank beer and scotch with his mates and never made the bed,  
his apartment was a shithouse and he always left the  
toilet seat up and farted whenever he wanted.

THE END