



Ted Dumaresq

Lori was a no nonsense teacher.
She was in charge of the Infant Room and did an excellent job.
I suspect that every member of staff admired her as she went about her work.

She was not a flamboyant teacher, preferring to hear what others may be chatting about, yet able to give a well considered opinion when asked.

In her classroom things moved ahead with purpose and the Principal was always ready to recommend her style to other teachers.

But on one particular morning the routine was to change.
For once Lori steamed into the staffroom in a most unusual manner, anxious to relate something that could not wait any longer.

She certainly caught the attention of everyone in the staff room with her animated manner.

"You'll never guess what happened this morning".

The Boss was first to speak,
"And just what was it that happened?"

"I was sitting in front of the class, marking the Roll while they were sitting on the floor going through our Show and Tell.

I was only half listening when Jodi who was ready and keen to speak stood up."

"Go ahead Jodi" I said.

I was not giving her any attention and she was bubbling on when suddenly I heard "and Dad was chasing Mum round the table and she had no clothes on".

"I didn't know what to do".

What did you do? queried the Boss.

I just said "What did you do Jodi?"

"And what next"? he asked.

Jodi said, 'We just went on eating our Rice Bubbles.
It happens every morning".

Famous Quotes

Even on the springboard to success, you have to bounce a little. (Zig Ziglar)

When you fall into a river, you're no longer a fisherman. You're a swimmer. (Gene Hill)

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be; custom will soon render it easy and agreeable. (Pythagoras)

Don't think of it as failure. Think of it as time released success. (Robert Orben)

Man's mind stretched to a new idea never goes back to its original dimensions. (Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.)

Pilot funnies

The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire.

As the carrier sailors say, there are more planes in the ocean than submarines in the sky.

If the wings are travelling faster than the fuselage, it's probably a helicopter -- and therefore, unsafe.

When one engine fails on a twin-engine aeroplane you always have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash.

Without ammunition, the USAF would be just another expensive flying club.

What is the similarity between air traffic controllers and pilots? If a pilot screws up, the pilot dies; If ATC screws



Any teacher who has served in a country town knows that any excuse to celebrate an occasion is welcome. I don't recall what this celebration was about which was held in the Cowangie Hall. A well known resident of the district and Murrayville's School Council related the following story.

The first time I met him he was shearing at a very large sheep station in outback western NSW. Of the many shearers working flat out on that extremely hot day, he was the first I encountered as I entered the shed. Approaching him, I, more or less, as was my customary greeting, enquired, "Well how'd ya be?" Glancing up he gave me a very derisive steely gaze, one of incredulity at my naivety.

"How'd ya be? How'd ya be? How would you be working your guts out in this hell hole of a shed with the temperature 115 degrees in the water bag; blinded by sweat running down into your eyes, a throat as dry as wood chips, shearing these burr ridden bulky, wrinkly, merino rams, blunting my combs and cutters, a shearers' cook who hardly knows how to boil an egg, and what it means to feed a bunch of hungry shearers.



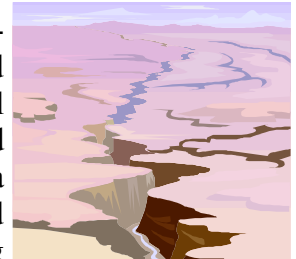
Bloody hell! He muttered – how'd ya be?"

With the wind completely taken out of my sails I meekly replied, "Yes I suppose it is tough yakka." So with a further withering look, born out of frustration and the heat, he laconically replied, "Fellow you wouldn't have a bloody clue."

I didn't need to hear any more, so with my tail between my legs, and well and truly put in my place, I wandered off to have a word with the classer.

In the early forties I was serving in the Western Desert, at the height of the Rommel led advance as a war correspondent and was gathering a story on the morale of the men serving at the fronts. During a lull in the shelling I noticed a digger lying behind a sand bunker and wandered out for a word. His eyes were fixed on a Lewis machine gun and he was wearing several days growth as he gazed out over the desert waste land. As I quietly approached I enquired, "How'd ya be?"

With one swift movement he swung the gun around and pointed it at me. Momentarily I thought I was a gonner. Fortunately he recognized me at the last second, and with a withering glare he replied, "Not you again with your glib silver tongue. Tell me how'd you be lying out here in this hot desert sun, with a mouthful of dust and sand, a tin hat as heavy as lead on your head, shells bursting all around, longing for a cool drink when all you've got is a bottle of hot water and living on bully beef and rock hard army biscuits, when only last week a courier delivered me a letter saying my wife of seven years had left me for another fella. How would you be? I'm asking you, how would you be?"



How could one answer that? In my mind I conceded he had made his point. Not wishing to add more salt into his wounds, I quietly moved on.

Well as Ned Kelly said as he stood with the hangman's noose around his neck, "Such is life," so is the way with all flesh and in due course my time came and believe it or not I found myself promoted to that great happy land in the sky. There I was cordially welcomed by St Peter who told me to make myself at home and presently I would see the boss and his son. I wandered off full of heavenly bliss and the wonder of it all and certainly was not aware what was to suddenly dampen the ecstasy at being free of the ties of earthly responsibility. But could I possibly be imagining things? There appearing in front of me was an extremely worried haggard looking angel seated nursing a huge harp. Yes you've guessed it, it was the great Australian whinger. Piously I enquired, "Brother, how'd you be?"

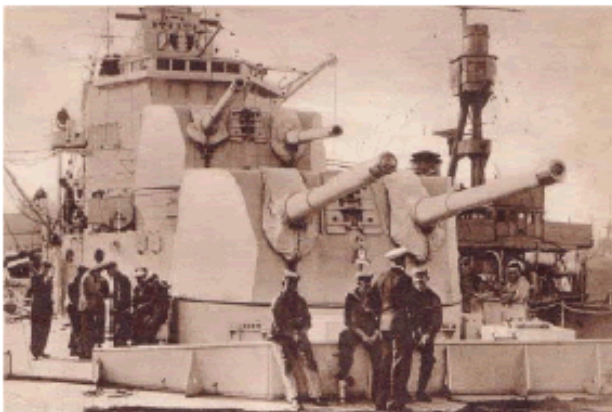


The old fire and belligerence had left him but apparently old habits die hard as he replied, "Brother, how'd you be?"



This time however he smiled benignly, as he replied, "Brother how'd you be, with an oversized halo that keeps falling down over your ears and eyes blinding you, a whopping great night shirt that trips you up every step you take, all women and men looking the same, heavenly manna and holy water your only sustenance leaving you with a deep longing for a good feed of steak and eggs, and this great harp that refuses to stay in tune so that I'll be late for the practice of the great heavenly choir being held shortly. Moses and Abraham are directing the performance to welcome new angels and seraphs and they want it to be a great success as the boss and his son will be present. What a time to ask your age old question! Now that you are one of my mob, you won't have to ask, "How'd you be?" any more. You'll most certainly know and I can suffer in peace."

Doug Russell, the teller of this tale returned from service in New Guinea after World War I, lived in Carlton for a while but hated coming home from work on cold wet nights, so decided to go bush. When I knew him he was Manager of the local gypsum mine and lived in a small sun bleached cottage among the Mallee scrub at Cowangie. The last word I heard of him, he had moved to Ceduna, in South Australia.



HMAS Sydney



TO ALL SHIPMATES

There are no roses on a Sailor's grave
Nor wreaths upon the storm tossed waves
Nor Last Post from the Royal's Band
So far away from their native land.
No heartbroken words carved in stone
Just shipmates bodies floating there alone
The tributes are the seagulls sweeps
And the teardrops as a loved one weeps.

Lest We Forget

Submitted by Ian Cheesewright



John Ragan

each 3 x 3 box, as well as each row and each column, must contain all the numbers 1 to 9.

Easy

	6	8				7		
				1	6	3		4
			8	9				
								9
4	8			6			3	2
7								
				7	3			
3		4	1	2				
		7				4	5	

Medium

3					1			
2	8			7			3	5
	4	5						
	5	3		2				8
	2						4	
8				9		2	6	
						1	5	
4	3			5			2	6
			7					9

No solutions provided—
you're on your own with
these two ~ enjoy!



From: Brian & Jean Williams [bjwill1@optusnet.com.au]
Sent: Sunday, 30 March 2008 10:58 PM
To: Undisclosed-Recipient;;
Subject: An Early Etching.

Attachments: Gran and Grandad plus T Model.jpg [see inside back cover]

Now, all you Listed Favourites, the attached is a genuine 1910 etching or daguerrotype of an elderly couple taking delivery of their first horseless carriage. They are in an advanced state of expectation of future speedy travel on traffic-free highways.

I regret to inform you, that shortly after this image appeared in the Autumn edition of "The Well Connected and Famous", the police impounded the vehicle for doing burnouts at the corner of Spring and Collins Streets, Melbourne.

The owners are being prepared to appear on 'Enough Rope', the venue being Pentridge College, Coburg.

Don't miss it.

"The Whistle Blower"

Language to enjoy

Submitted by Helen Worlodge

Those who jump off a bridge in Paris are in Seine.

A man's home is his castle, in a manor of speaking.

A backward poet writes inverse.

Dijon vu - the same mustard as before.

Practice safe eating - always use condiments.

Shotgun wedding: A case of wife or death.

A man needs a mistress just to break the monogamy.

A hangover is the wrath of grapes.

Dancing cheek-to-cheek is really a form of floor play.

Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?

Condoms should be used on every conceivable occasion.

Reading while sunbathing makes you well red.

When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.

A bicycle can't stand on its own because it is two tired.





The faun no longer rollicks in half light's dewy dawn.
 The deer no longer gambols in the woods.
 The foal and calf have vanished from banks of first Spring grass.
 The hart no longer pants for cooling streams.
 The eagle's aerie's empty and the hare has left the lawn
 and peacocks vain no longer preen their plumes.
 The ducks and swans and waterfowl are lost in whispery mist
 As far off shadows lengthen nearing night.

No longer do I frolic along long ocean shores
 nor gambol lone and carefree in the waves.
 Nor scramble up the sandy dunes and down the other side
 nor search for crusty sea-shells in the rocks.
 No longer do I tread the beach where once I swiftly ran
 nor feel the wind-swept sea breeze on my brow
 No longer do I scramble in green hills, leafy vales
 Nor smell the sweetened splendour of the grass.

But I can sense the lingering of the shadows they have left;
 feel the remnants striving in my soul;
 see the panoramas of the places I have been
 and smell the new-leaf freshness of the bush.
 I can hear the songs of magpies, warbling in the dawn
 and see hot vivid sunsets in the west.
 Watch the lengthening silhouettes of straggly eucalypts
 born of bloated moon on desert plain.

So I guess these waning pleasures and the comforts that they bring
 aren't really lost in time's past reminisce.
 Simply there in limbo waiting, to be recalled in retrospect
 to give us console when the moments come.
 For that time has crept up on us when mem'ries being made
 (and all the ardent striving they've entailed),
 have now become beyond us and all that's left ahead
 is the warmth those pleasant mem'ries made.



Submitted by Ian Cheesewright

A man and his wife were having an argument about who should brew the coffee each morning.
 The wife said "You should do it, because you get up first and then we don't have to wait as long to get our coffee."
 The husband said, "You are in charge of cooking around here, and you should do it because that is your job and I can just wait for my coffee."
 Wife replies, "No, you should do it, and besides it is in the Bible that the man should make the coffee."
 Husband responds with, "Now, I just can't believe that, and if you can show me, I'll just accept that I will do the coffee."
 So she fetched the Bible, and opened the page, in fact she showed several pages, where at the top it stated quiet clearly:~
 "HEBREWS"



**Retired Victorian Principals Association
20th Anniversary of our Association**

Thursday 15th May 2008 at 11.00am

**ANZAC HOUSE, 4- 6 COLLINS STREET,
MELBOURNE**

ANNIVERSARY MEETING AND LUNCHEON

All members are urged to attend this special occasion. It should NOT be missed!

The 2 course luncheon menu will befit this special celebration.

Enjoy *tea/coffee & biscuits on arrival (from 10.30am)*

A lovely hot meal

cheese & biscuits

wine at bar prices

Highlights

- Annual AGM procedures
incl. election of new
Management Committee
- Celebration of our
Association's history
- Your input for the future
- Guest speaker: ~ our own
inimitable Joan Hamilton

**\$35 per person ~
Please return form below**

a new dawning



Please return this 20th Anniversary Meeting / Luncheon form by Friday 2nd May 2008 to Treasurer Wilf Thorsen

I / We shall be attending the Meeting at 11.00am
the Luncheon

Name(s) _____

Contact Phone: _____

Moneys enclosed @ \$35 each: \$ _____

WILF THORSEN
12 EGAN ST
DIAMOND CREEK 3080

Cheques made out to: ~

Retired Victorian Principals Association

Retired Victorian Principals Association

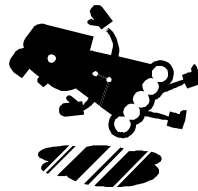


Thanks a lot, Roger!

11 People on a rope

Eleven people were hanging on a rope under a helicopter, ten women and one man. The rope was not strong enough to carry them all, so they decided that one had to leave, because otherwise they were all going to fall. They weren't able to name that person, until the man gave a very touching speech.

He said that he would voluntarily let go of the rope, because, as a man, he was used to giving up everything for his wife and kids, and was used to always making sacrifices with little in return.



As soon as he finished his speech,

all the women started clapping.



MINUTES OF GENERAL MEETING NO. 19 AT ANZAC HOUSE,
THURSDAY October 4th, 2007 at 11A.M.

1. **Welcome:**

President Helen Worlidge welcomed all to our new venue and we heard from Harold Fletcher, Alan Hewitt, Harry Buckland and guest Ron Major who is heading back to school next Monday. Of course following Geelong's success at the Grand Final, Brian Williams regaled us with some great footy anecdotes.

2. **Apologies:**

H. Bartlett, B. Bewsher, I. Cheesewright, D. Crickmore, M. De Bortoli, N. Denny, R. Ebbels, R. Fry, I. Gatliff, D. Gordon, M. Hookey, L. James, M & N Landt, H. Potts, J. Romeril, J. Ragas, J. Solomon, M. Veitch, H. White.

3. **Minutes of Last Meeting**

The minutes of the meeting held on Thursday May 3rd were confirmed on the motion of Brian Williams and Margaret Reid

4. **Treasurer's Report: Wilf Thorsen**

The treasurer presented and spoke to the financial statement.

There has been an increase in printing costs but all agreed the higher quality and colour has resulted in a superior magazine.

Moved Wilf Thorsen seconded Jim Finnegan that the Treasurer's report be accepted.

5. **Report from Editor:**

Chris Cairney reported that John achieved great results with the latest edition of the magazine even though he was preparing for his overseas trip. Well Done John!

A big thank you must go to Colin Crawford who mails out the magazine to all members.

John Bone explained that the group he belongs to have their monthly newsletter printed by Vie Roads and it might be worth considering them for the printing of our magazine.

6. **Membership Report:**

Norm provided the report. In his absence Margaret Reid made a plea to all members to use the personal approach to bring along new retirees to our association.

Vern Wilkinson asked if there was anyone who was familiar with database computer programs to offer their services as a support for Norm. It would be much appreciated.

7. **Report on Excursions: Alan Morris & Ray Dennis Docklands Tour**

Alan detailed next Wednesday's tour of Federation Square and Docklands. It will be a great chance to explore our own city at little expense.

Golf Day

Ray Dennis has had a small number of golfers interested in playing at Malvern & Werribee Park. We hope these events will draw more numbers in the future.

8. **Combined Council Report: Brian Williams**

Brian presented the report and explained that as Murray Landt has had to resign as our representative on Council we will have Brian, Margaret Reid and Ray Dennis who will attend meetings in the future.

The main focus of Council is still lobbying to change the method of indexation our pensions.

Moved: John Bone Seconded: Joan Hamilton that all reports be received and accepted.

9. **General Business**

(i) Master School Portraits

David Good the Managing Director of Master School Portraits wants a retired principal in the Bendigo, Shepparton & Wodonga area to promote his company on a casual basis.

We can advertise in the magazine.



(ii) **Venues for Meetings** All members present were enthusiastic about Anzac House. Some members would prefer a hot meal and this would be investigated.

(iii) **State School Relief**

As Murray Landt can no longer attend the meetings we hope that David Tydeman can represent us in the future.

10. Personal Anecdotes

Joan Hamilton, Harold Fletcher, June McDonald, Beryl Pollock, Harry Buckland, Vern Wilkinson, Paul Baker and Margaret Reid provided us with some excellent and humorous anecdotes. A most entertaining session.

The raffle for State Schools Relief raised \$105.00 and was won by Helen Worladge with the minor prizes going to Wilf Thorsen and Ray Dennis

NEXT MEETING:

Thursday May 15th 2008 at 11 a.m. at the Anzac House

ATTENDANCE AT THE R.V.P.A. GENERAL MEETING OCTOBER 4th 2007

1 . Atkins, Margaret	19. Hamilton, Joan
2. Baker, Clare	20. Hill, Moira
3. Baker, Wal	21. Mc Donald, June
4. Beer, Eddie	22. Major, Jenny
5. Bone, John	23. Major, Ron
6. Buckland, Harry	24. Melvin, John
7. Burgess, Fran	25. Morris, Alan
8. Byrne, Mary	26. O'Bree, Maureen
9. Cairney, Christine	27. Pierson, Brian
10. Crawford, Colin	28. Pollock, Beryl
11 . Daniel, John	29. Reid, Margaret
12. Dennis, Ray	30. Sankey, Arthur
13. Dumaresq, Pauline	31. Thorsen, Wilf
14. Dumaresq, Ted	32 . Wilkinson, Vern
15. Evans Don <i>Meeting Only</i>	33. Williams, Brian
16. Finnegan, Jim	34. Worladge, Helen
17. Fletcher, Harold	
18. Fletcher, Joy	