



Cooloola Waters Circular

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The Very first Senior's Moment

How Dinosaurs became Extinct



Old Age Home or Nursing Home?

During a visit to my doctor, I asked him, "How do you determine whether or not a retiree should be put in an old age home?"

"Well," he said, "we fill up a bathtub, then we offer a teaspoon, a teacup and a bucket to the retiree and ask him or her to empty the bathtub"

"Oh, I understand," I said. "A normal person would use the bucket because it is bigger than the spoon or the teacup."

"No" he said. "A normal person would pull the plug. Do you want a bed near the window?"

ARE YOU GOING TO PASS THIS ON, OR DO YOU WANT THE BED NEXT TO MINE?

The good old days

Some parents NEVER owned their own house, wore jeans, set foot on a golf course, travelled out of the country or had a credit card.

My parents never drove me to school. I had a bicycle that weighed probably 50 pounds, and only had one speed, (slow).

We didn't have a television in our house until I was 10.

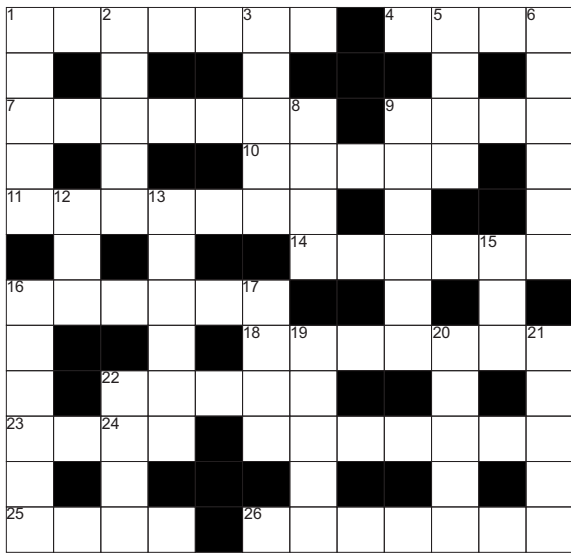
It was, of course, black and white, and the station went off the air at 10 pm, after playing the national anthem and epilogue; it came back on the air at about 6 a.m. and there was usually a locally produced news and farm show on, featuring local people...

I never had a telephone in my room. The only phone was on a party line. Before you could dial, you had to listen and make sure some people you didn't know weren't already using the line.

Pizzas were not delivered to our home... But milk was.

All newspapers were delivered by boys and all boys delivered newspapers --My brother delivered a newspaper, seven days a week. He had to get up at 6AM every morning.

Film stars kissed with their mouths shut. At least, they did in the films. There were no movie ratings because all movies were responsibly produced for everyone to enjoy viewing, without profanity or violence or almost anything offensive.

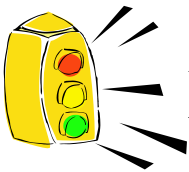


Across

- 1 Clerical coat (7)
- 4 Tent village (4)
- 7 Wattles (7)
- 9 Wheat or barley (4)
- 10 European country (5)
- 11 Ugly sight (7)
- 14 Bird (6)
- 16 Take in (6)
- 18 Countless (7)
- 22 Earth pigment (5)
- 23 Money (4)
- 24 Flower seller (7)
- 25 School near Windsor (UK) (4)
- 26 Floor coverings (7)

Down

- 1 Stop (5)
- 2 Glide on ice (5)
- 3 A professorship (5)
- 5 Nautical greeting (4)
- 6 Learned person (6)
- 8 Pace (4)
- 9 Wine (6)
- 12 Hankering (3)
- 13 Oration (6)
- 15 Number (3)
- 16 Finger of frozen water (6)
- 17 Sod (4)
- 19 Dame Nellie...; singer (5)
- 20 Best part (5)
- 21 Brief written records (5)
- 22 European capital (4)



Idiot Sighting

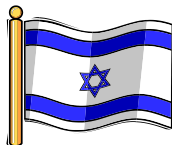
We had to have the garage door repaired.

The Sears repairman told us that one of our problems was that we did not have a 'large' enough motor on the opener.

I thought for a minute, and said that we had the largest one Sears made at that time, a 1/2 horsepower..

He shook his head and said, 'Lady, you need a 1/4 horsepower.' I responded that 1/2 was larger than 1/4. He said, 'NO, it's not.' Four is larger than two.'

We haven't used Sears repair since.



The stoplight on the corner buzzes when it's safe to cross the street. I was crossing with an intellectually challenged coworker of mine. She asked if I knew what the buzzer was for. I explained that it signals blind people when the light is red. Appalled, she responded, 'What on earth are blind people doing driving?!

She was a probation officer in Wichita , KS

I was at the airport, checking in at the gate when an airport employee asked, 'Has anyone put anything in your baggage without your knowledge?' To which I replied, 'If it was without my knowledge, how would I know?' He smiled knowingly and nodded,

'That's why we ask.'

Happened in Birmingham , Ala.



Trivia

- 🔔 The mummies of Egyptian Pharaohs were often buried in what type of transport, believed to assist them to travel to the next world?
- 🔔 How many films did Charles Chaplin make during his 53-year career, from 1914 to 1967?
- 🔔 Which band had a hit with the song, *California Dreaming*?
- 🔔 What name is given to the star that appears on the flag of Israel?
- 🔔 Which amusement park opened in Anaheim, California, on July 18th 1955?
- 🔔 Name the wife of the Phillipines dictator, Ferdinand Marcos?



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

Beef & Barley Soup

Ingredients

1/3 cup pearl barley, rinsed
1 cup water
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
4 large cloves garlic, sliced
1 large brown onion, chopped
1 cup sliced celery
1 medium carrot, chopped
1 medium swede, chopped
1½ teaspoons ground cumin
2 tablespoons tomato paste, no added salt variety
4 cups water
200g lean roast beef, very thinly sliced
1 1/3 cups very finely shredded baby wombok cabbage
1½ tablespoons pure sesame oil



Method

Place barley and water in a saucepan over a medium heat and bring to the boil. Reduce heat and simmer approximately 30 minutes or until tender and the liquid is almost absorbed.

Meanwhile, heat oil in a heavy-based, large saucepan. Add garlic, onion and celery and cook, stirring. 2-3 minutes. Add the carrot swede and cook, stirring for a further 2-3 minutes. Add the cumin and tomato paste and stir for 1 minute. Add the water, cover and bring to the boil then, reduce heat and simmer for 15-20 minutes or until vegetables are cooked.

Stir in the barley and cook for a further 5 minutes.

Stir in the beef and cook – this will only take 1-2 minutes.

Ladle the soup into bowls and serve topped with cabbage and drizzle and sesame oil.

For a change, you can make it with chicken breast or lamb fillet, tasty!

Odd Spot

If you yelled for 8 years, 7 months and 6 days you would have produced enough sound energy to heat one cup of coffee.
(Hardly seems worth it.)

When Insults had Class

"I feel so miserable without you; it's almost like having you here." - Stephen Bishop

"He is a self-made man and worships his creator." - John Bright

"I've just learned about his illness. Let's hope it's nothing trivial." - Irvin S.. Cobb

"He is not only dull himself; he is the cause of dullness in others." - Samuel Johnson

"He is simply a shiver looking for a spine to run up." - Paul Keating

"In order to avoid being called a flirt, she always yielded easily." - Charles, Count Talleyrand

"He loves nature in spite of what it did to him." - Forrest Tucker

"Why do you sit there looking like an envelope without any address on it?" - Mark Twain

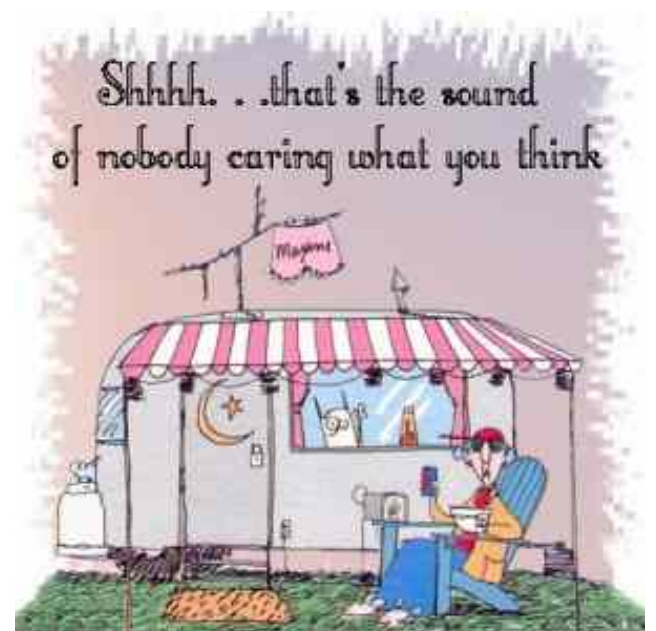
"His mother should have thrown him away and kept the stork." - Mae West

"Some cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go." - Oscar Wilde

"He uses statistics as a drunken man uses lamp-posts... for support rather than illumination." - Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

"He has Van Gogh's ear for music." - Billy Wilder

"I've had a perfectly wonderful evening, but this wasn't it." - Groucho Marx



The Colonoscopy

ABOUT THE WRITER

Dave Barry is a Pulitzer Prize-winning humour columnist for the Miami Herald.

Colonoscopy Journal:

I called my friend Andy Sable, a gastroenterologist, to make an appointment for a colonoscopy.

A few days later, in his office, Andy showed me a colour diagram of the colon, a lengthy organ that appears to go all over the place, at one point passing briefly through Minneapolis.

Then Andy explained the colonoscopy procedure to me in a thorough, reassuring and patient manner.

I nodded thoughtfully, but I didn't really hear anything he said, because my brain was shrieking, 'HE'S GOING TO STICK A TUBE 17,000 FEET UP YOUR BEHIND!'

I left Andy's office with some written instructions, and a prescription for a product called 'MoviPrep,' which comes in a box large enough to hold a microwave oven. I will discuss MoviPrep in detail later; for now suffice it to say that we must never allow it to fall into the hands of America's enemies.

I spent the next several days productively sitting around being nervous.

Then, on the day before my colonoscopy, I began my preparation. In accordance with my instructions, I didn't eat any solid food that day; all I had was chicken broth, which is basically water, only with less flavour.

Then, in the evening, I took the MoviPrep. You mix two packets of powder together in a one-litre plastic jug, then you fill it with lukewarm water. (For those unfamiliar with the metric system, a litre is about 32 gallons). Then you have to drink the whole jug. This takes about an hour, because MoviPrep tastes - and here I am being kind - like a mixture of goat shit and urinal cleanser, with just a hint of lemon...

The instructions for MoviPrep, clearly written by somebody with a great sense of humour, state that after you drink it, 'a loose, watery bowel movement may result.'

This is kind of like saying that after you jump off your roof, you may experience contact with the ground.

MoviPrep is a nuclear laxative. I don't want to be too graphic, here, but, have you ever seen a space-shuttle launch? This is pretty much the MoviPrep experience, with you as the shuttle. There are times when you wish the commode had a seat belt. You spend several hours pretty much

confined to the bathroom, spurting violently. You eliminate everything. And then, when you figure you must be totally empty, you have to drink another litre of MoviPrep, at which point, as far as I can tell, your bowels travel into the future and start eliminating food that you have not even eaten yet.

After an action-packed evening, I finally got to sleep.

The next morning my wife drove me to the clinic. I was very nervous. Not only was I worried about the procedure, but I had been experiencing occasional return bouts of MoviPrep spurtage. I was thinking, 'What if I spurt on Andy?' How do you apologise to a friend for something like that? Flowers would not be enough.

At the clinic I had to sign many forms acknowledging that I understood and totally agreed with whatever the heck the forms said. Then they led me to a room full of other colonoscopy people, where I went inside a little curtained space and took off my clothes and put on one of those hospital garments designed by sadist perverts, the kind that, when you put it on, makes you feel even more naked than when you are actually naked.

Then a nurse named Eddie put a little needle in a vein in my left hand. Ordinarily I would have fainted, but Eddie was very good, and I was already lying down. Eddie also told me that some people put vodka in their MoviPrep.

At first I was ticked off that I hadn't thought of this, but then I pondered what would happen if you got yourself too tipsy to make it to the bathroom, so you were staggering around in full Fire Hose Mode. You would have no choice but to burn your house.

When everything was ready, Eddie wheeled me into the procedure room, where Andy was waiting with a nurse and an anaesthesiologist. I did not see the 17,000-foot tube, but I knew Andy had it hidden around there somewhere. I was seriously nervous at this point.

Andy had me roll over on my left side, and the anaesthesiologist began hooking something up to the needle in my hand.

There was music playing in the room, and I realized that the song was 'Dancing Queen' by ABBA. I remarked to Andy that, of all the songs that could be playing during this particular procedure, 'Dancing Queen' had to be the least appropriate.

'You want me to turn it up?' said Andy, from somewhere behind me.

'Ha ha,' I said. And then it was time, the moment I had been dreading for more than a decade. If you are squeamish, prepare yourself, because I am

Cont. page 7

From the Armchair

Robert Graves

Part 2 of 3

by Col Brassington

He had just finished at Charterhouse gone to Harlech when he wrote, 'A day or two later I decided to enlist. In the first place, though the papers predicted only a very short war; over by Christmas at the outside – I hoped that it might last long enough to delay my going to Oxford in October, which I dreaded!' It was very thoughtless and selfish of him to even consider such a possibility. It only proves how selfish young folk can be; however after a short period of time he redeemed himself when he decided to enlist.

The Harlech Golf Club secretary suggested he take a commission instead of enlisting. He rang the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 'send him right along' was the reply. The result was that on August 11th he began his training and immediately became a hero when his mother announced, 'Our race has gone mad. There he was on the square, learning to drill and be drilled.' His OTC experience helped him there. At one point during his training he was installed in an office where he slept on a sloping desk, when he answered a phone call concerning some prisoners. In the middle of the conversation, made difficult by a thunderstorm, his sleepiness, the line got struck by lightning somewhere. An electric shock spun him around, and he could not use a telephone without sweating and stammering until some twelve years later.

He was having difficulty acquiring a posting to the front in France as this was the aim of all young officers. Fortunately he boxed a prominent fighter and acquitted himself well; this event expedited his posting to France.

Upon arriving in France he spent some time reflecting on famous British Regiments, those with long and historic posts, who had fought valiantly at celebrated battles in the country's history. Bloody struggles had abounded but none like the battle of Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had endured. They began with nine hundred men and emerged with nine hundred and one, no casualties; however, a band boy came of age and was promoted to a private. This battle is the only type that should be allowed.

Our hero had chosen the Royal Welsh Fusiliers whose past record he knew a little about; however, when the war was over this unit, like so many others, had fought numberless struggles that on occasions reduced their numbers to alarming situations. It was with this unit, the First Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers who could boast twenty six battle honours of its own, that nineteen-year-old Lieutenant Robert Graves would fight, for in excess of two years. He would be wounded several times, seen the men he commanded reduced to a handful on many occasions. In the trenches they lived, fought, died and stood firm in the face of the enemy. Most of his contemporaries whom he had known before the war were wasted in this remorseless struggle. On many occasions he asked himself why he had been spared, but he possessed no answer? There just wasn't any in this dreadful conflict; death and suffering were the order of the day.

There was little or no recognition for the efforts of the ranks within the two battalions, individual recognition in the ordinary ranks was virtually unknown.

The following is an excerpt, written concerning this unit.

The regimental spirit persistently survived all catastrophes. Our First Battalion, for instance, was practically annihilated within two months of joining the British Expeditionary Force. Young Orme, an officer, who joined from Sandhurst, at the crisis of the first battle of Ypres, found himself commanding a battalion reduced to only about forty rifles. With these, and another small force, the remnants of the second Battalion of the Queen's Regiment, reduced to thirty men and two officers, he helped to recapture three lines of lost trenches and was himself killed. The reconstituted battalion saw heavy fighting at Bois-Grenier in December, but got smashed up at the Aubers Ridge and Festubert in the following May; and again at Loos in September when only one combat officer survived the attack – a machine gun officer on loan from the South Staffordshire Regiment. The same thing happened time after time in fighting at Fricourt, the Quadrangle, High Wood, Delville Wood, and Ginchy on the Somme in 1916; and again at Puisieux and Bullecourt in the spring fighting in 1917; again and again until the Armistice.

In the course of the war at least fifteen or twenty thousand men reinforced each of our line battalions, whose fighting strength never stood at more than eight hundred. After each catastrophe the ranks were filled up with new drafts from home and with the lightly wounded from the disaster of three or four months before, and with the more seriously wounded of earlier

struggles.

In the first and second Battalions, throughout the war, not merely the officers and VCO's, did not know their Regimental history. The men had learned more about Minden, Albuhera and Waterloo, and the Battle of the Pyramids, than they had about the fighting on the other fronts, or the official cause of the war.

Robert Graves

It is obvious the common soldier in the line was regarded as cannon fodder. His loss represented a single figure recorded on a sheet of paper. The important factor was to replace him by all means possible. When it was all boiled down the war was just one huge numbers game.

How did the average soldier feel about the constant losses, the obvious disasters and the daily possibility that he may not see the sun go down? His one aim in life, slim though it may be, was to survive. He lived in mortal fear which added to his discomfiture. He knew he must kill or be killed, there was no alternative.

One lance-corporal dictated a letter home to a relative, "Dear Aunt, this war leaves me in the pink. We are at present wading in blood up to our necks. Send me fags and a life belt, this war is a bugger. Love and kisses." What an irony!

At a point in time, in the trenches in the company mess in which four of us young officers out of five had, by a coincidence, either German mothers or naturalized German fathers. Another had an uncle interned in Alexander Palace. Well Robert advised him he had three or four uncles sitting opposite, in trenches, and a number of cousins too. One of those uncles is a General. But that's all right, he didn't brag about them. He only advertises his uncle Dick Poore the British Admiral who commanded warship, Nore. I presumed that was a ship.

Roberts introduction to trench warfare nearly cost him his life. He and a senior officer were standing looking over the top of the trench when Robert moved his head and immediately a shot from the German lines nicely cleaved his scalp open. He had learned the cardinal rule, always stay perfectly still when observing the enemy's lines.

Trench life was abysmal. Most were holes dug in the ground or in a hill face. This was where a soldier slept and retained his pitiful possessions, and which he called home. Truly when the guns were silent and you were rolled up in your blanket deep in your dreams, you were actually close to happiness. However this did not occur often.



He was a lad of nineteen years of age when he first arrived in France with very little training, but he learned quickly and assumed his responsibilities. A lad responsible for men some twice his age, but his demeanor and courage won their respect. He led from the front. He quickly learned about the danger that war forever presented. It was the losses that disturbed him and he wrote many a letter advising the families concerned; it was a heartbreaking task.

Robert Graves served with distinction in France until the 20th July 1916 when he was wounded; he was left among the dead but fortunately later he was found alive and sent to a field hospital. He was then repatriated to England.

He was very disturbed, he lay in hospital but his mind was still in the trenches where he had spent most of the previous two years. He had been wounded twice but had returned on both occasions. His mind touched on the battles fought and the men that were lost, so many he could hardly bear to think of it. Many of the dead were left to rot and those who were retrieved were buried. Unfortunately their locations were often forgotten. Hundreds of men had passed through his hands, most of their names he had forgotten but not their faces. It would take time before they would slowly fade away; however, there were a few that would always stay with him.



May 2010

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
30	31					1
2	3	4 Morning Tea 10am	5 Happy Hour 5pm	6 ☾ 2 nd quarter REMY	7	8
9	10	11 Resident's Meeting 10am	12 Resident's BBQ 10am  Happy Hour 5pm	13 Pension	14 ● new moon	15 Tin Can Bay Market's 
16	17	18 Morning Tea 10am	19 Happy Hour 5pm	20 ☾ 1 st quarter REMY	21	22
23	24	25 Morning Tea 10am	26 Happy Hour 5pm	27 ○ full moon Pension	28	29