



"WATER OFF"



**NEWSLETTER OF THE
RETIRED FIREFIGHTERS'
ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA
(VICTORIAN BRANCH) INC.**



August 2006 Vol 10 No 3
Inc/No: A16839F

Canberra to Melbourne, Thursday 20-04 to ANZAC Day 25-04-2006

Four members of the Fire Services Museum, Fred Kerr, Harry Purcell, Peter Bullen and Graham Duncan, set out to support the MFB Running Club in their endeavor to run from Canberra to Melbourne arriving at the MCG on ANZAC day. This story, written by Peter Bullen, describes the trials, tribulations and comradeship of this group on this journey to recognize the sacrifice of the ANZACS.



Above: *Runner under escort through a country town, the Fire Museum's Hotchkiss in front followed by a MFB Station car and CFA Pumper.*
Photo: Peter Bullen

A phone call from my son Glenn to say the MFB Running Club run from Canberra to Melbourne is on again and he couldn't make it this year to help the museum support the runners. "What are you doing?" "You should go dad." So I cashed in some time in lieu and four of us from the Fire Services Museum met at the Newport workshops at 0700hrs on the Thursday before ANZAC Day.

The truck was already loaded and ready to go thanks to some of the other members. We loaded our gear, Fred and Harry into Fred's Discovery. Graham and I climbed into the Leyland with the Hotchkiss on the back and headed towards the Hume Highway. A couple of quick pit stops along the way and we stopped for lunch as we went through Albury. As we finished lunch and prepared to move on we made our first contact with the runners. A camper van pulled in behind the Leyland. Harry greeted this big burley runner by the name of Kieran, like a long lost son. I found out that there was a good reason for that. As we left Kieran said "See ya later dad." Tarcutta was our next contact with the runners when the station car and another camper pulled in behind us as we were changing drivers.

Travelling in the Leyland is a unique experience, if not the driver, the job was to gently place the rubber boot around the gear stick into the hole in the floor to minimise the noise and fumes each time the driver changed gear. (This problem was fixed when we got to Canberra with the help of some copper wire.)

All was quiet for a while as we put the klms behind us cruising along at a mind blowing top speed of 80kph on the flat and considerably slower up hill. The Leyland would actually slow down if there was a hill in the distance to conserve it's energy, just in case it might have to go up the hill.

It was going up one of these hills that the Mk5 pump glided by with a quick flash of the yellow beacons to let us know who it was that was making us feel like we were going backwards. I must admit though we did take on a B-Double and win. The result might have been different if he hadn't missed a gear as he was passing.

(Continued on page 4)

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“GENERAL MEETING”

Notice is hereby given of our next General Meeting to be held at the Carlton Football Club Social Club,
(Melway 29 G12)
1030 Hours, Wednesday 16th August 2006

AGENDA ITEMS.

Minutes of last General meeting.
President's Report.
Secretary/Treasurer's Report.
Guest Speaker: Members of the MFB Peer Support Group.
General Business.

Please come along, bring your partner and have your say in the running of the Association. Join in the fellowship of your old friends and make new ones.

Lunch and beverages available.

JOHN BROWN
SECRETARY/TREASURER
Ph: 03 9336 2492

OFFICE BEARERS

President, Mike McCumisky
Vice President, Ian Fowler
Sec./Treasurer, John Brown

General Committee;

John Laverick
 Ken McGillivray
 Bob McNeil
 John Schintler
 John Wallace
Auditor; Theo Teklenburg

Diary dates 2006

August 16th.	General Meeting
November 15th	Annual General Meeting
November 18th	Luncheon Malvern Town Hall
November 27th	Geelong Reunion, Shell Club

Valē

Bob Boothroyd (MFB)	Mary McKimm (MFB)
Len Cave (MFB)	Peter Miller (MFB)
John Harris (MFB)	Don Muir (MFB)
Arthur Henning (MFB)	

We offer our condolences to the families of these members who have gone on to a higher duty.

SICK LIST

Stan Cameron	Clarrie Hart
Jim Casley	Ron Kennedy
Ron Cass	John McLoone
Bruce Gee	Alf Powell
Ernie Goodall	Graeme Simpson
Terry Harman	Kevin Sullivan

We wish these members a speedy recovery

Note: If you know of any member who may be ill please notify a committee member. We endeavour to keep you informed, but can only do this with your help.

Call a Friend

Around the corner I have a friend,
 In this great city that has no end,
 Yet the days go by and weeks rush on,
 And before I know it, a year is gone.
 And I never see my old friends face,
 For life is a swift and terrible race,
 He knows I like him just as well,
 As in the days when I rang his bell.
 And he rang mine but we were younger then,
 And now we are busy, tired men.
 Tired of playing a foolish game,
 Tired of trying to make a name.
 "Tomorrow" I say! "I will call on Jim
 Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
 But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,
 And distance between us grows and grows.
 Around the corner, yet miles away,
 "Here's a telegram sir," "Jim died today."
 And that's what we get and deserve in the end.
 Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Remember to always say what you mean. If you love someone, tell them. Don't be afraid to express yourself.

Reach out and tell someone what they mean to you. Because when you decide that it is the right time it might be too late.

Seize the day. Never have regrets. And most importantly, stay close to your friends and family, for they have helped make you the person that you are today. There's a big difference between having a career and having a life. Be sure not to confuse the two. At the end of your life, you will never regret not having passed one more test, not winning one more verdict, or not closing one more deal.

You will regret time not spent with a spouse, a friend, a child, grandchild or parent.

A Glittering Memorial

A woman's husband dies. He had left \$50,000 to be used for an elaborate funeral.

After everything is done at the funeral home and cemetery, she tells her closest friend that "there is absolutely nothing left from the \$50,000."

The friend asks, "How can that be?"

The widow says, "Well, the funeral cost was \$6,500. And of course I made a donation to the church -- that was \$500, and I spent another \$500 for the wake, food and drinks -- you know. The rest went for the memorial stone."

The friend says, "\$42,500 for the memorial stone? My God, how big is it?"

The widow says, "Four and a half carats."

Signed Off

A Mafia Godfather finds out that his bookkeeper has screwed him for ten million bucks. This bookkeeper is deaf. It was considered an occupational benefit, and why he got the job in the first place, since it was assumed that a deaf bookkeeper would not be able to hear anything he'd ever have to testify about in court.

When the Godfather goes to shakedown the bookkeeper about his missing \$10 million bucks, he brings along his attorney, who knows sign language. He asks the bookkeeper: "Where is the 10 million bucks you embezzled from me?"

The attorney, using sign language, asks the bookkeeper where the 10 million dollars is hidden. The bookkeeper signs back: "I don't know what you are talking about."

The attorney tells the Godfather: "He says he doesn't know what you're talking about."

That's when the Godfather pulls out a 9 mm pistol, puts it to the bookkeeper's temple, cocks it, and says: "Ask him again!" The attorney signs to the underling: "He'll kill you for sure if you don't tell him!"

The bookkeeper signs back: "OK! You win! The money is in a brown briefcase, buried behind the shed in my cousin's backyard in Queens!"

The Godfather asks the attorney: "Well, what'd he say?"

The attorney replies: "He says you don't have the guts to pull the trigger."

GEELONG REUNION Date For Your Diary



**Monday 27th
November**

**Shell Club
Bacchus Marsh Rd.
Corio**

Contact:

Bill Icke 5244 1822
John Wallace 5278 4734

LETTERS

Dear John

I would like to thank you for the the photograph and article of my Wife and Myself on our 60th Wedding Anniversary, also the person who sent it to you.

I find the reading of your articles on the earlier years of the Brigade interesting I was in the first intake for the 40-hour three shift system, which came in March 1950.

They started recruiting in January, 3 Months before it started.

With My Kindest Regards and Thanks

Yours

Wally O'Shannessy

THE DASHER

I have never met anyone who loved a fire like this bloke. I will call him "Dash". In the early days of the 50's, before hose reels were introduced, this bloke would be swinging the beater, two to everyone else's one. At a fire, he would take the branch and bore in. Even when he achieved officer rank, he loved taking the branch.

One particular night, we had a fire in a lounge room, after quieting the fire down, Dash saw the lounge chair still burning. Picking up the chair from the back, hands on each side, he made a dash for the door, only to get jammed. With the chair flaring, he called for help. With one firey pushing at the front and one pulling from the rear, we finally got him clear.

Even as a Senior Station Officer, he stilled grabbed the branch. At a fire involving horse stables, there he was, covered in soot, looking like Al. Jolsen, still holding on to the branch. Proving how much he loved the job, he left over 3000 hours sick leave and had only one sick day on a Statutory Declaration in 37 years of service.

Tinkering Ted's Early Tee

Our man Ted is very well know for his work with motor mowers

He was having a little trouble with his wind up alarm clock so he decides to service it, takes it out to his shed and pulls it apart cleans it and sprays it with WD40 puts it all back together and the jobs done

He sets it for 0600 hrs on golf day, alarm goes off and out of bed gets our Ted, showers, gets dressed and into kitchen for breakfast, looks at the time its 12.30 am. Back to bed he goes.

Later in the morning when he returns from golf he tells the bride what happened expecting a bit of sympathy, no such luck, she jumps on the phone to the siblings and blurts "Guess what your father has done now"

May we suggest he sticks to motor mowers and don't tell the bride about any more of his stuff ups

A Shower From the Tower

It was a hot and windy day in the middle sixties, not a cloud in the sky, one of the firey's was sent up Eastern Hill's Tower to report on a large grass and scrub fire in the Western Suburbs. After being up there for a fairly long time and as most of the gear was out, he needed to go to the toilet.

Unable to leave his post, he decided to use a channel running along the tower. While relieving himself, he heard several curses coming from below, looking over the balcony, he saw the four most Senior Officers looking up to see where the moisture was coming from. He was immediately ordered down and faced the four angry officers.

No wonder he looked so pale, when he told Laurie Fellows his story.

"Big Fred" Revisited

Whilst as a "Subbie" at No.33 Station in the early 60's, I was informed by D.O. Jack Bramwell that Mr. Young (Big Fred), then the Third Officer, was on his way down to inspect my station.

Of course, by the time Mr. Young arrived, the station appliance and gear was perfect. I met him at the front door and he said "Let's take a look at your Billiard Room - Billie". Straight past the shining hose carriage, over the highly polished floor and straight up the stairs to the Billiard Room . He threw back the cloth and said to me "I just want to check the spots on the table". Luckily, all spots were in place, he then said " I am pleased to see the spots are in the right places, because these blokes tend to bang the ball hard down and if there is no spot there, you finish up with a BLOODY GREAT 'OLE."

Down the stairs straight to his car and off he went. Inspection Over.....

Bill Bates

Investment Advice

In 2001 if you had bought \$1,000.00 of One-Tel stock, it would now be worth about \$9.00 to you as an unsecured creditor if you are lucky.

In 2002 if you had bought HIH stock, you would have about \$6.50 left of the original \$1,000.00.

In 2003 if you had gone overseas and bought ENRON you would have less than \$5.00 left.

But, if you had purchased \$1,000.00 worth of Beer only one year ago, drank all the beer, then turned in the cans for the aluminum recycling price, you would have \$24.00.

Based on the above, the best investment advice is to drink heavily and recycle.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Welcome to our new RFA Members. We hope you enjoy our quarterly Newsletter.

Our editor John Laverick is always looking for copy and space fillers, so if you have any interesting stories about your time in the Brigade, or news from other organisations you have been involved with, please send them to John. To those on the sick list, we wish you a speedy recovery.

At our last general meeting our guest speaker from the Major Collision Investigation group was not Peter Holland as advertised (Peter was called out to continue an investigation) so Trevor Collins came along with Chris Carney as assistant helping with their gear. Trevor gave a very interesting presentation on the modern day procedures involved when investigating incidents occurring between motor vehicles, moving trees and poles etc.

I mentioned in the May Newsletter that we planned to hold the RFA luncheon in September 2006. Our best-laid plans have stalled again so we will hold it over to March – April 2007.

I look forward to seeing you at the next meeting. In the meantime travel safely.

Regards,

Mike



SECRETARY/TREASURER'S REPORT

At our May Meeting, Kevin Hede arranged for two members of the Major Collision's Unit to address us. Mike will give a more detailed account in his report.

In Fire Call Magazine for May,2006 the C.E.O., Peter Akers reported that the last combination ladder stationed at No.35 Station has been decommissioned.

The new Training College in Burnley is due to open sometime in October 2006 and will be opened by the Minister of Police and Emergency Services. Glen Waverley was officially opened on 13.05.06 and Deer Park on 27.05.06 both by the Minister.

The Budget for 2006/2007 has been forwarded to the Government for approval 4.5% increase for Local Councils.

Thirty-six people out of over two thousand applicants will be selected for the Recruit Course in July 2006. Current M.F.B. top people are Chief Fire Officer, Tony Murphy, Deputies C.F.O.'s Keith Adamson and Shane Wright Ex D.C.F.O. Dave Nicholson is enjoying his retirement - I wonder if he is getting under his wife's feet yet.

Again, parking at Carlton is still a problem, no matter how early we get there, the car park is always nearly full. As Carlton Football Club is in financial difficulty, they asked Alan Roberts, Secretary of the Brass Hat Club for \$150.00 for a room, after bartering, Alan would have to set-up and make-up in lieu of charges.

We are booked till November, 2006 hoping they don't break their policy, in which, providing we eat there, there will be no charge for a room, if there are changes, we may have to look elsewhere, we pay \$2.00 per head for tea, coffee, hot water, milk, sugar, chairs and table for the set-up of meetings. We also bring our own biscuits.

New members: -Joined in 2006.
John Hudson, Barry Beer, Ray Quirk, Henry Brockmuller, Neil Shaw, Bill Killin, Jack Cooper, Lawrence Christensen, Dave Nicholson, Kevin Vaughan, Phil Mosel, Kevin Baird, Bruce Gee

TREASURER'S REPORT:

Funds as at 31.05.06

Access Account: \$3483.00

Term Deposit: \$4608.00

JOHN BROWN SECRETARY/TREASURER

(Continued from page 1)

The next big stop for us was Yass to take on a small amount of fuel and ensure our arrival at Canberra. Not far to go now and having no idea of the lay of the land, we were grateful for a reception committee that had been dispatched to escort us through the capital city to our first port of call, the Forest Fire Station / Museum. A little juggling of the suction hoses on top of the Hotchkiss and removing some air from tyres, and we managed to get the Hotchkiss into the station without having to unload it.

Drew, Dave and Ted from the Canberra Museum made us very welcome and provided us with food and first class accommodation. After a meal we chatted for a while about various historical appliances and then off to bed to a chorus of snores and snorts. Ted, one of the Canberra members, and a retired brigade mechanic stayed with us to make sure we had everything we needed. After breakfast we managed to squeeze the Leyland and Hotchkiss out of the station, pumped up the tyres and headed for the Belconnen Fire Station to offload and prepare it for an 1100hrs rendezvous at the War Memorial.

The Hotchkiss was a little more complicated. It takes three people to get her going with Harry driving the tow vehicle, Fred in the Hotchkiss and Graham running alongside operating the priming cups. This was the first outing for the Hotchkiss in



Above: The Hotchkiss, crewed by Fred Kerr and Harry Purcell, drew much interest as they carried out their escort duties. **Photo:** Peter Bullen

twenty five years. We finally arrived at the War Memorial over an hour late for a photo session. After a tour of the War Memorial and the photo session at the front (where the runners were due start at 0530 the next morning), Fred had offered Drew a drive of the Hotchkiss which left me at the wheel of the 1923 Albion, the wheel being the only thing that I really felt confident with. The rest was an adventure. Talk about a time warp, Drew and Fred in the Hotchkiss out in front, me and Graham in the Albion, Dave in the Denis and Ted in a bright yellow Mkl pumper bringing up the rear. Don't ask me where Harry was I think he was in Fred's car. I was too busy remembering "brake on the right accelerator in the middle" "double the clutch" brake on the right accelerator in the middle," your going to have to stop soon, "it's the brake on the right and it's the accelerator in the middle.

We were given a cooks tour on the way back to the Fire Station/Museum at Forest. I think the boys from Canberra were checking to see if Johnny was home so we could call in for a cuppa. He wasn't at the new parliament house, so we popped in at the old parliament house just in case he had gone back to pick up something he had left there prior

to the move. He wasn't there either, pretty bloody rude if you ask me. Who was running the country? Good thing Fred and Harry were there! After a briefing on the next day's activities and the 0530 start we finally got to bed with our "early night" out the window.

The run starts.

It was time to get the show on the road. Harry, in the Discovery disappeared around the corner with Fred and the Hotchkiss in tow to the sounds of artillery fire and flames shooting skyward from the engine bay of the Hotchkiss. Once the Hotchkiss fired we quickly got out of town before the police arrived to investigate the reports of gun fire. What a sight, three vintage fire engines streaking (streaking?) through the darkness along the streets of Canberra in temperatures of minus 6 degrees. The glow of Harry's cheeks lighting the area like a distress flare.

We arrived at the war memorial at 0530hrs and parked the vintage appliances in the middle of the roundabout at the front of the war memorial. We all gathered, runners, support crew, Museum members from both states and we were wished a safe trip by a representative of the RSL, Fred recited the ode, and the run was underway. The runners did a lap of ANZAC Avenue and then headed through Canberra being led by the station car and

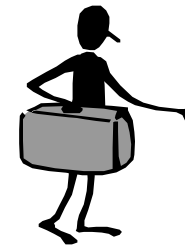
followed by a procession of vintage and modern fire appliances. We followed

as far as the Forest Fire Station/Museum where we gathered our goodies loaded the Hotchkiss on to the Leyland, said goodbye to the Canberra guys and headed for Cooma. We passed the runners at about 0910 well out of Canberra.

Graham and I stopped just outside Cooma while Fred & Harry went ahead to find an appropriate place to off load the Hotchkiss. We prepared the Hotchkiss, got her running then Fred backed her up on to the Leyland so it would just be a case of roll starting down the ramps and off we would go. Graham wrapped himself around the gear stick and stretched out across the seat of the Leyland for bit of a snooze while Fred and Harry did a reccie of how far away the runners were. I tried the front seat of the Hotchkiss as a resting place but quickly found that curling up in the back with the hydrant, hose and branch was slightly more comfortable and out of the sun.

When Fred and Harry returned at about 1430hrs, we made our way back to the outskirts of Cooma to rendezvous with the runners leading them through the town and out the other side, much to the amusement of those people still in town after their Saturday morning

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TRAVELLING WITH SILVER

I have a much older sister, in fact she is 83, so you can see she is a lot older than me. Dad was away a lot.

She and I have the ability when traveling to where-ever, we call it home. Home sickness is not an option with us. At the moment I truthfully don't know which country she's in.

Two or three months ago she said she was going to Fremantle, I said, "What for, the only thing there is a decent pub." She said she was meeting a cargo ship and going to Indonesia, Thailand, Singapore, India, Egypt and some islands in between on the way to London, Scotland and maybe Switzerland. The latter steps by bus or train.

I got a card from Thailand, 4 wheel drive into the hills and returned riding an elephant. The second card was looking at the shrines of ancient Egypt. We are not good at corresponding, her daughter rang and said she was in hospital in London for 12 days with pneumonia but now OK. Last heard of in Scotland using University stays, B&B's and youth hostels, (at 83) you've gotta be joking.

The reason I've said all this is because I have a lot of info regarding Freighter Cruises, if required ring me on 9715 1490



Above: Silver's sister gives her elephant a scrub after a dusty ride down from the remote hills in Thailand.

As for me, Mrs Silver and I are off to New York and other places in September only 2 days after the anniversary of 9/11. Let's hope another incident isn't planned, although these people like to commemorate such happenings.

**Happy Travelling
Silver**

Travel Advice

The Florida Department of Fish and Wildlife is advising hikers, hunters, fishermen, golfers and tourist in general to take extra precautions and keep alert for alligators while in: Alachua, Marion, Lake, Collier, Lee, Seminole, Osceola, Polk, Brevard, Putnam and Orange counties.

They advise people to wear noise-producing devices such as little bells on their shoes or clothing to alert but not startle the alligators unexpectedly. They also advise the carrying of pepper spray in case of an encounter with an alligator.

It is also a good idea to watch for fresh signs of alligator activity. People should learn to recognize the difference between small young alligator and large adult alligator droppings.

Young alligator droppings are smaller and contain fish bones and possibly bird feathers.

Adult alligator droppings have little bells in them and smell like pepper spray.

Touring Scotland

A retired Firie from Melbourne was traveling with a guide through the remote Western Highlands of Scotland, when he came across an ancient castle. The tourist was entranced by the castle, and asked the guide for details. To this, the guide stated that archaeologists were carrying out excavations, and still finding great treasures. The tourist then queried how old the castle was.

"This castle is 1503 years old", replied the guide.

Impressed at this accurate dating, he inquired as to how he gave this precise figure.

"Easy", replies the guide, "the archaeologists said the castle was 1500 years old, and that was three years ago"

Scotland the Great

"Where do you come from?" the Scotsman asked an American.

"From the greatest country in the world," replied the American.

"Funny," said the Scotsman, "you've got the strangest Scottish accent I've ever heard."

All fire services have their characters and the MFB is no exception. The MFB's "Western District" in particular had more than it's share of these characters and fortunately, some very talented poets among them who were regular contributors (under aliases) to the newsletters of the time. These poems and anecdotes reflected upon actual events that occurred on the fire ground and to the on and off duty lives of the firefighters. Les Gray, who spent much of his career out west, has collected many poems and anecdotes from his time in the brigade. Les believes (and we totally agree with him) that these should be preserved for posterity, a heritage to be shared with the younger generation of firefighters.

FIT TO WAKE THE DEAD

A Saga of the silver screen, it surely would have been Pathos – Bravery – Comedy, I'm sure we would have seen. Filmed at Balranald – on the “Bidgee”, on location. Starring Campbell, Powel and Cody spending their vacation. The first Act shows the hero played by Hughie C. of course. Leaving to spend time with friends, showing no remorse, And lonely Bill and Alfie, who did’nt share his plans, had to stay in camp that night, sipping Beer Cans!! When Alf said “You look tired Bill, It Must be getting late We’d better take the empties, we’ve devoured twenty eight”. “I hope Hughie doesn’t wake us up if he comes home T’night”. “I’m such a poor light sleeper I’d be disturbed all night”. They were sound asleep when Hugh got home, warm and snug in bed. Flat upon their backs and snoring fit to “Raise the Dead”. Now early in the morning Hugh was woken by a splash Like a Cod was out there playing, acting kind of rash But when he glanced at Cody’s bed he found it bare and stark Bill had wandered to the waters edge, and fell in, in the dark. So hero Hugh, “Dived and saved old Bill as he floated down the stream And Alfie snored to Wake the Dead and thought it was a dream Ole Bill was surely lucky, said that night “I would have died with my ‘Long Johns” fill of water, I’d no hope agin the tide. Now bushmen tell their mates the tale, when in the Pub they meet About the rescue from the ‘Bidgee, Of Hughie Campbells famous feat. And where will poor old Alfie be, when these things are said Flat upon his “Kyber Pass:” snoring ... fit to wake the dead.

Brother Sunshine

It is only fitting to set the scene for this verse written by Brother Sunshine (SO2 George Power)

Which is a description of a heroic event of saving a man from drowning. The incident did put a damper on what turned out to be a good trip. Hughie Campbell had to watch Bill Cody like a hawk for the remainder of the trip.

The characters Hughie Campbell (SO2 No. 43 Station) Alf Powell (SF/m No. 43 Stn.) Bill Cody a man about 65 years, a drinking mate of Alf's from the Deer Park Bowling Club.

Hughie organised a 4 day camping trip to Balranald on the Murrumbidgee River to fish and shoot. The camp site was located on a large cattle station. On arrival they set up camp, unloaded the boat and settled in for a wonderful 4 day holiday. “So they thought”.

Hughie cooked tea and said to Alf & Bill “Would you like to go up to the station homestead after we have had tea and have a yarn to the property owners to cement relationships. (Hughie usually took up an Eskey full of Snapper, Flat Head and King George Whiting for the people. (They had plenty of fresh water fish but no salt water one’s which they really appreciated). Alf and Bill declined to go with Hughie, deciding to tackle a huge amount of beer instead. (As you have read in the verse “Fit to wake the Dead” written at a later date by Brother Sunshine). When Hughie finally came back to camp Alf and Bill were snoring in their beds.

The trip was late in August, cold water, cold weather. During the early hours of the morning Hughie heard a splash in the nearby river, wondering what it might be, he switched on his torch and noticed Bill's bed was empty, he jumped up, ran out and saw Bill being carried down stream by the current, no doubt he was drowning, disappearing into the water and rising again, Hughie summed up the situation quickly running down along the river getting in front of Cody, he saw a huge tree running out from the bank half way across the river, he quickly climbed out along the tree trunk positioning himself in front of the coming Cody who disappeared again just short of him, luckily Cody's body brushed past Hughie's legs and he was able to reach down and take hold of him, after a lot of difficulty he managed to get him up the bank on to dry land. By this time they were numb with cold, teeth chattering and shivering all over. Hughie decided to run back to the camp and get blankets, he had only gone a minute, on return Cody had fallen back down the bank and was in the water again. Hughie had to rescue him all over again.

Readers - the fate of dear old Bill Cody was finally played out some years later when on a weekend trip to Horsham the poor sole tripped and fell into a fish pond and drowned face down in 9 inches of water.

(Continued from page 4)

shopping expedition. Hotchkiss back on the Leyland and off we go again. This time we passed the runners not all that far out of town moving along quite nicely, which is more than we could say for a paddock full of cut out cows all with their heads down in the dry grass, all facing the same way, just a short distance further on from the runners. Expensive to purchase but low maintenance, and a hide on them like a leopard tank. These cut out cows amused Graham and from there on we carefully studied the animal life to make sure they were real. Maybe next year we can tow a cardboard cut out of the runners behind the station car.

Not much more we could do for the runners today due to a shortage of towns between here and darkness so onward and upward towards Bega, and upwards, and upwards some more and then we climbed a bit as well. Not bad in the Leyland, and just when you thought it was safe to go back into top gear the sign said "Trucks must use low gear." What goes up must come down. So the gear went down and so did we. Down, down and down some more, until we pulled off the road to let the brakes cool for half an hour or so. Then onward and upward, which was really downward some more.

We went through Bega and on to Merimbula for an 1800hr appointment with a meal at the Merimbula RSL. Fred knew of a place where we could get some accommodation so we headed there first got a cabin and dropped off the trucks. Graham was the first to the double bed and made it quite clear he wasn't sharing it with anyone. Fred was feeling the strain and stayed at the cabin while Harry Graham and I arrived at the RSL slightly late, but there was a team of runners still there so we sat down and enjoyed a meal with them before heading back to find Fred settled in and watching Gladiators on the telly. I had the top bunk with a long narrow window at my feet and woke to a view of the Hotchkiss parked out side the window.

We stopped at Cann River for lunch and spotted the local CFA tanker refuelling, having an interest in CFA myself I spoke to the crew to find out that the runners were not all that far in front of us, about 15 km out of town. There had been a problem with fuel in the station car and they had been able to help the guy's out of a tight spot. I thanked them for their help with the fuel and we headed off again at about 1340hrs towards Orbost. We had thought we would escort the runners through the town. We called at the Orbost Fire Station and had a chat to the Captain. Some of the young blokes there took a couple of photo's with the Hotchkiss and we were off again, deciding not to unload but move on a bit further as the runners had decided not to run through the town to try and make up a bit of time.

The decision was made to head straight to Lakes Entrance due to the lack of towns along the way. We stopped on the outskirts of Lakes while Fred and Harry went on ahead to find some accommodation where we could keep a close eye on the trucks. When they called we met them at another nice comfy cabin, worked out our plan of attack and headed off to the RSL for another nice feed.

Before we left it was mentioned, in jest, that to give the

resting runners a bit of a laugh we could march in, in close order, wearing tunics and brass helmets, come to a halt at the table, fall out keystone style and have dinner with the resting runners. Unfortunately for Graham who was horrified at the idea of making a spectacle of himself, the others decided that it would be good entertainment. A little refinement of the process, a word in Simon's ear to set the stage and have his camera ready, and the keystone firies were at large. We certainly got attention and Graham survived the ordeal, although he was heard muttering death threats. It had the desired effect with the resting runners having a good belly laugh at our expense.

Knowing the runners were 30 to 40 minutes behind we made our way back to the cabin. Halfway through the process of getting the Hotchkiss off the Leyland the runners ran past us. The call went out for all hands to the pump. Fred climbed into the Hotchkiss, and off down the ramps. Nothing, not even a cough from the Hotchkiss, she didn't even look like starting. Harry dived into Discovery and one of us grabbed the snatch strap attaching it between both vehicles and off they went, Fred. Harry and Graham up the road and into the darkness popping and banging. I raced back picked up any gear I could see such as helmets and tunics. I locked the cabin just in time for Fred to arrive back to pick up his helmet and tunic. Graham was with Harry so I jumped in with Fred and got dressed on the run. A bit like the old days getting dressed on the back of a tanker on the way to a fire. I suppose for Fred and Harry it would have bought back memories of 1914 when the Hotchkiss was new and they no longer had a horse to pull it.

I had no idea of where Harry and Graham had got too as we turned out lights and bells. Figuratively speaking of course, there are no lights on the Hotchkiss, but we gave the bell a good run for its money. We raced along The Esplanade toward the end of town passing everyone and everything like they were standing still, and they were, frozen to the spot mouths open with amazement. We could see the flashing lights of the vehicles as they climbed around the face of the bluff at the end of town escorted by the local CFA. (One I had prepared earlier.) Up the hill we went round the bends and finally caught up with the procession of cars caught behind the runners. Some frantic ringing of the bell and the cars started to pull over to the left, not to let us pass but to check what the noise was coming from the rear of their cars. Either way it worked. We caught up with the runners and stuck with them for quite a few klms until they were well out of town.

Harry and Graham had also caught up and with them behind we had another interesting ride back down the hill into Lakes. The headlights on the Hotchkiss leaving a little to be desired as we came down the hill using a small torch I happened to have in my pocket to help light up the cats eyes and white line. There was an anxious moment when the cat's eyes and white line disappeared at a hairpin bend.

I know we got up to 60 on at least one occasion because there was a sign on each side of the road with a big red circle around a black 60. We made it back into Lakes OK and when I rang to thank the local brigade we were

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

offered a cuppa on our way past the station.

When we got there my local contact looked at me and said "I know you, you go to the rescue association meetings," so we got biscuits as well. When we got back to the cabin we loaded the Hotchkiss ready for the morning. It was about midnight and we had a 8am wake up call waiting for the morning so we could beat the runners to Traralgon. Fred had claimed the double bed, he wasn't as negative about sharing the bed as Graham the night before but no one took him up on the offer. Harry was folded out on the floor, I had the middle bunk and Graham was on top.

We were out of Lakes by 0615hrs stopping at Bairnsdale for fuel and Rosedale to drain our tanks. We had planned to catch the runners before Traralgon but time and distance got the better of us and we caught up as they were leaving Traralgon. Fortunately the local CFA came to the fore and gave an escort through the town. We left Morwell to the local CFA as well and drove on to MOE for a quick breakfast and to offload the Hotchkiss again.

Fred and Graham made for the highway in the Hotchkiss while Harry and I secured the gear on the Leyland and I drove out the other end of town to wait for the procession. The Hotchkiss then stayed with the procession until Yarragon where we loaded it again.

Next stop Drouin. With local CFA Brigades picking up the procession as it arrived in their area, escorting the runners through and then peeling off again at their boundaries.

Off with the Hotchkiss again at Drouin for an escort through town and out towards Korumburra.

Another leapfrog of the runners and on to Korumburra we went. The scenery as the runners left Korumburra for Wonthaggi was breathtaking. At one stage I thought Fred was going to go all the way.

From here we left the runners to their own devices, except for arranging a surprise at Lang Lang in the middle of the night. A special favour from the brigade I started with in 1980, the Lang Lang crew having the Tanker and Lighting unit waiting on the highway to escort the runners through their area.

We headed for Dandenong where Glenn (my son) had booked us accommodation and arranged for us to park the trucks at the Dandenong Fire Station overnight. This meant we could spruce up the Hotchkiss, our helmets and buttons for the last leg into Melbourne the next day. We dropped the trucks at the station our gear at the motel, and had a quick meal at the nearby pancake parlour where Fred having done an impersonation of a bellowing cow had a following of children that would rival the pied piper. After autographs all round and Fred having been asked if he was wearing a wig we headed back to the fire station to polish some brass. Before leaving we had some supper with the platoon on shift before a short walk back to our room to polish some more brass and leather before bed.

ANZAC Day, up at 0500hrs for the dawn service at 0600hrs met with Glenn his girlfriend Fiona and the guy's from the station again, and made our way to the cenotaph

for the service. Once the service was over it was back to the station to prepare to meet the runners as they came through. A tow up the road got the Hotchkiss going, after we remembered to turn the fuel on that is. Back to the fire station and an offer of pride of place for the Hotchkiss in the third bay which is usually kept empty for appliances at the rear of the station to be able to exit without having to move other appliances.

So here is the picture Fred in the Hotchkiss, brass helmet, tunic, belt axe and key, engine running parked next to a brand new Mk5 pumper and a brand new Mercedes rescue unit all lined up at the front of Dandenong Fire Station. It must have been quite a site for the few who had ventured out at that time of the morning. Glenn had taken a new pumper waiting to be delivered to a brigade somewhere in the region and headed out towards Frankston to meet the runners and let us know how they were going for time. The rest of us were putting the Leyland back in order when the bells dropped the lights on the front of the station began to flash and firefighters started coming out of the gaps in the walls climbing aboard their appliances as the front doors opened automatically. By this time I was just reaching the rear of the Hotchkiss in case we had to push it. I was just in time to see Fred and the Hotchkiss first appliance out the door with the Mk5, rescue and second pump right on his heels. Fred peeled off into the service lane and let the modern appliances take the call. After all, Fred and the Hotchkiss were assigned to another task. Up the lane beside the station and back into position ready for the next call which wasn't all that far away when Glenn rang 3km out then again to say they were 1 km away.

The Bells dropped, the lights began to flash..... I was just in time to see Fred and the Hotchkiss first out the door with the Mk5, Rescue and second pump right on his heels

This time the doors opened for us as the runners approached we had Fred at the wheel of the Hotchkiss. Harry alongside. me hanging off the back and Graham behind in the Leyland now loaded with Fred's Discovery on the back. The OIC hit the button to change the traffic lights to red and we turned out in perfect time to slot in to the procession as they came through. A little further down the road we met up with the gang from the museum with the front mounted and the eight pump. A swap of drivers and Graham joined us in the Hotchkiss for the run into Melbourne. Glenn peeled off at the edge of Dandenong's area and it wasn't all that long before we were being met by MFB appliances as we went through their areas.

We all arrived back at No1 Station where family and friends were waiting for most. Subway and Red Bull for lunch then on to the Hilton for a quick(?) presentation. A short walk to the MCG and the runners ran a lap of honour. The four of us from the museum and the support team girls formed a guard of honour as the runners did their lap. Then it was back to Eastern Hill to pick up our gear on to Newport for our cars and then off home.

What Can I say about the run.

The ANZACs fought so we would have the freedom we have today. What an honour and a privilege to support the MFB Running Club as they honoured the memory of our ANZAC's.

Peter Bullen

The following prose appeared in a fire service publication back in the sixties, but the author remains unknown. If anyone can shed some light on this please let the editorial committee know.

A Firefighter

A firefighter is someone who can go under, go over, go around and go up, in some amazing acrobatic feats, in order to put out a fire..... he is versatile.

He is in turn part circus performer, part sailor, part steeplejack, part speedcar driver, part hydraulic engineer, and part ambulance first aider. He also cultivates a stern disposition, a sympathetic ear, smoke lined bronchials, and, a certain resistance against heat.

Firefighters are hated by arsonists, tolerated by policemen, loved by small boys and insurance companies, and ignored by the public at large, until they need them.

Firefighters are called sometimes lazy, overweight and overpaid, then, when summoned to a fire, they magically become "angels of mercy", who are brave, energetic, skilled, and, underpaid. Over the years firemen, get used to both descriptions which they accept nonchalantly.

A firefighter's job can in quick succession be - monotonous, lazy, exciting, dangerous, boring, thrilling, tragic, tedious, and, very companionable, but, never, never, quite dull.

Whilst a firefighter may get used to heights, wet boots, smoke filled rooms, speeding traffic, breathing sets, and being woken up at odd times, he never gets used to polishing brass, burnt bodies, electric shocks, fire traps, false alarms (or the people who ring them) working on public holidays, seeing people lose their personal possessions, or women drivers.

The gear a firefighter uses is as puzzling in its purpose, as it is in variety. There are, for instance, ladders for height, ropes for depth, hoses of delivering water, hoses for drawing water, nozzles for thick jets,

nozzles for fine spray to name a few. A Firefighter uses the tools of trade of miners, engineers, motor mechanics, sailors, carpenters, electricians, and even house breakers, all to get at his arch enemy -- FIRE.

Amazingly a firefighter can be praised in the press for rescuing a dog from a well and be completely ignored after an all night factory fire. He can too, be told he was brilliant at a scrub fire, then after battling for hours against a city holocaust find his efforts rate a run-of-the-mill story.

A firefighter can spend five hours making a wet sloppy mess, then turn around and spend another five hours cleaning up - and be happy in both pursuits!

He can speed without being pinched, break in without being prosecuted, and use millions of gallons of water without being billed for it. He CAN'T save your house if you call him too late, or you forget his number, or you have bad housekeeping methods; nor can he fly over your car if you refuse him right of way, or save your pet canary "in the front room" whilst other properties are threatened.

Despite his love for work, and the fact that he is after all your servant he is touched beyond words when a victim of fire acknowledges his skill with the words - "Thanks mate, well done!" And if there is a Hell, and firefighters did go there, it goes without saying, that they have a job for eternity, for all fires no matter what their size, remain a challenge till the last embers die away.

A firefighter is, after all, only human.

This verse was given to me (Les Gray) by F/m, Kevin Heade, No. 47 Station, Western District circa 1960's. I do not know if Kevin wrote it or not or where he obtained it from.

Answers to Who, Where & What? from the last issue.

The May 2006 competition resulted in one winner, a fire from FS 32 Ormond. Please could you contact us, as we have misplaced your name. Congratulations!!!! Your certificate will be delivered to you in due course.

The answers:

Who is this firefighter?

He is recently retired DCFO Dave Nicholson showing off the medal he won at the Police & Fire Games in 1995.



Where is this fire station?

This is the former FS 34 in South Road, Moorabbin



What is this burning building?

It was the derelict Red Bluff Hotel in Sandringham, which was gutted in a fire late last year.

WHO, WHERE & WHAT?

In the last edition our three photos proved to be quite a challenge for most. However we did get one winner. He is a fire from FS 32 Ormond (we think) but unfortunately we have misplaced his name. **Please could the winner contact us, so we can organise a certificate for you.**

We continue the series of "Who, Where & What?" with three new photos which includes one of particular interest to our CFA members. We won't tell you who, where or what they are until the next issue of 'Water Off'. We are asking you.

What you can send us is something about the history of the subject; a different photo of the same subject; or a story (humorous or serious) about the subject. It is up to you.

We will then print the best replies that we receive in the next issue (space permitting), assuming of course, that the photos are identified correctly.

Many thanks to all those who responded to the last "Who, Where & What?" and we look forward to hearing from you again.

If you think you can identify any or all of the photos, you can either ring:

The 'Water Off' Editorial Committee

03 9808 1659

or send an email to:

firechaser@optusnet.com.au

FOR THE WINNERS.

The Editorial Committee of 'Water Off' has produced a certificate for all those who correctly identify the photos in the "Who, Where & What?" segment. The certificate is in color, in approximately A4 size and is frameable. It includes the name of the winner, the month and year.

Good luck!!!

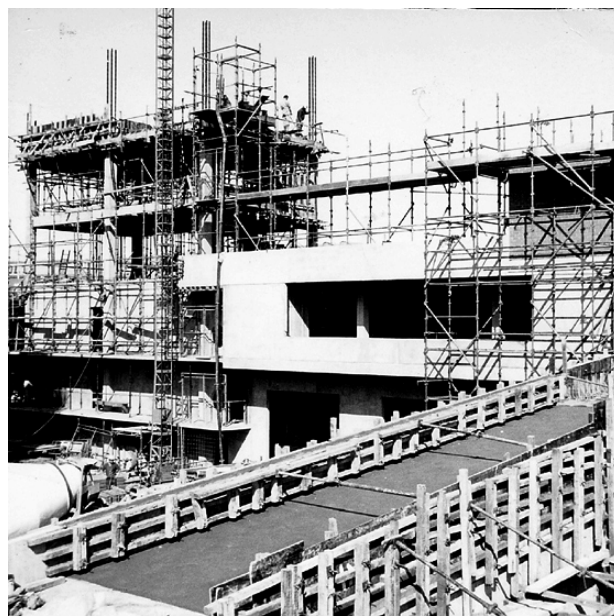


What is this appliance?

Photo by Blair Dellelijn, FSMV
Photographic & Research Group



Who is this firefighter?



Where is this building (it has been completed for quite some years now)?

"Water Off" likes to keep abreast of the latest information that's pertinent to the financial wellbeing of our members.

This means we will publish any warnings that are issued from authorities like ASIC to help our members make educated financial decisions

ADVISERS FAIL ASIC SURVEY

A recent shadow shop by the Australian Securities and Investments Commission (ASIC) found significant flaws in the quality of superannuation advice provided to consumers. Unreasonable or inappropriate super advice is likely to have a major impact on retirement benefits.

The survey assessed over 300 examples of advice consumers received about their super. It found:

- 16% of advice wasn't reasonable, given the needs of the consumer.
- In a third of the cases where the consumer received advice to switch funds, the advice lacked credible reasons and risked leaving the consumer worse off.
- Unreasonable advice was three to six times more common if the adviser had a conflict of interest, such as receiving a commission or bonus if the advice was followed.

Common problems included:

- Advisers not investigating the current fund before recommending a new fund.
- Advisers overlooking insurance features of an existing super fund.
- Statements of Advice not adequately disclosing the reason for the advice.
- Statements of Advice not adequately disclosing the consequences of switching funds.

CHOICE shadow shops of financial planners in 1995, 1998 and 2003 found conflicts of interest were a major problem. This latest survey shows that conflicts of interest such as commissions are still undermining the quality of financial advice. In particular, advice about switching super funds is still heavily influenced by commission-based selling practices.

CHOICE is asking the Federal Government to give ASIC wider powers to control or prohibit conflicts of interest, so as to properly protect people's retirement incomes.

Source: *Australian Consumers Association,*

Choice, June / July 2006 editions.

(If it sounds too good to be true...It usually is!)

HOT STOCK TIP: JUST DON'T GO THERE

If you have an answering machine, you could be a sitting duck for a scam popular in the US - the Australian financial regulator ASIC put a warning out about this one last year. The scammers 'accidentally' leave a message with details of an amazing investment tip that's guaranteed to make money. The tip might come from a supposed "...hot stock-exchange guy" the caller is dating, and give some details of previously successful tips. There's some time pressure, too - the caller lets their friend know the company will soon put out an announcement that will push the stocks up.

The scammers buy shares in a company and then start spruiking the company in a bid to push up the value of their investment. You're likely to be buying at an inflated price and will get no warning when it falls again.

And it's not just wrong numbers you should be wary of: similar scams can operate by email. Email stock tips may be for the stock of genuine companies that might well represent good value, but always do your own research or consult a broker.

One recent email scam involved a Chinese biotech company with promises that a "\$1000 investment could yield a \$5000 profit in just one trade". According to the email it's only a matter of time before this stock is released into the investment community "... and they take it to the moon".

You can be sure the scammer already has shares in the company and is just waiting for you to follow the 'rumour', help to push up the price and make them a fortune.

WHEN THE BIG ONE DROPS ...

Who wouldn't like to win the lottery? Of course it helps if you've actually bought a ticket. The most famous lottery scam begins with an official-looking letter, fax or email telling you you've won hundreds of thousands of euros in the (real) 'El Gordo' Spanish lottery.

To collect your winnings you must provide your details (including your bank account). You may also be asked down the track for a cheque for, say, €800, to allow the funds to be released. You don't receive anything, but your bank account could be at risk.

Take your pick of lottery or prize - the WA government's Scamnet website lists more than 50 to choose from - everything from the Euro lottery to Sky lotto and the AustroCanadian lottery.

HANDS UP THOSE WHO DON'T WANT CANCER

Some advice from Australia's "Healthy Lifestyle" guru **Dr. John Tickell**

Somebody said to me the other day that it doesn't matter if you have a heart attack because you are either dead or you're not. And if you're not 'they can fix you'.

That's partly true. There are certainly more medical and surgical options for fixing broken hearts these days but remember that if your coronary or heart arteries are in bad shape, by-pass surgery and stents and balloons may not help all that much. And if your heart muscle is totally stuffed, no drug in the world is going to fix it. But if cancer gets hold of you, then you don't drop dead instantaneously and the treatments can be lengthy and debilitating.

Early detection of cancers definitely leads to a much higher chance of a cure, but there are still those amongst us who would 'rather not know'.

There is not much argument these days that breast examinations, colonoscopy and skin checks definitely save lives, but there is still debate about prostate blood tests and digital exams picking up prostate disease. One recent resounding statement from a big boss in the Urology Department at a prominent clinical hospital hit a home run with me.

He said he had never come across a patient dying of terminal prostate cancer who was glad that he didn't have a routine prostate check.

Think about it. Men who don't like the thought of the digital exam 'where the sun doesn't shine' keep telling me that not many people die from prostate cancer.

Well I have news for them.

In the breast cancer capital of the world (the USA) around 50,000 women died from breast cancer in the last 12 months and almost the same number of men succumbed to prostate cancer. It has become a 50s and 60s age group thing - and believe me, that's not OLD!

So why is cancer becoming a larger part of our lives?

Is it because we are living longer? No, that one doesn't work for me.

The real reasons are these:

By the way, If you are a cigarette smoker, don't bother to read on.



Just sit there, close your eyes, and visualise what the inside of your lungs look like and the inside of your blood vessels and the toxic poisons spread through your body tissues. Enough said.

Now, for the other 75% of the population who don't smoke.

The Real Reasons

1. We eat too much.

'High calorie populations suffer the High Cancer consequences.

There is no argument here.

So why do we eat so much?

Because it's there. And the advertising of packaged, processed and refined high calorie foods knows no bounds.

2. Not enough vegetables and fruits

No argument here either.

If you don't believe me, go check with the National Cancer Institute or the Anti-Cancer Society in your particular country and they'll give you the news.

These F & V goodies have more cancer prevention per square inch than any fat or protein you care to mention.

3. 'Grease' is the word

There is way less risk of cancers in populations who oil their machines with good grease. More mono-unsaturated, more Omega-3, more canola, more flaxseed, more deeper cold water fish oils and less animal fats.

4. Fibre or Fiber

I don't care how you spell it, as long as you eat it.

And there ain't too much fibre in animal foods, processed foods and refined foods. It's in PLANT foods - vegetables, grains, fruits, nuts and seeds. Got it? Good.

5. Things with 'Flav' names

Bioflavonoids, isoflavones, flavonols - those sort of things. Brilliant antioxidants that seem to block the growth of hormone dependent cancers like prostate, breast and bowel. These come in large quantities in foods like soybeans, soy products (tofu and miso soup) onions, celery, cranberries, broccoli, green tea, jasmine tea, snow peas, chick peas, apricots, apples, grapes, and strawberries.

6. Booze

Little not lots. Remember my great motto 'Moderation in all things - except LSVF'. (enough said)

7. Fatter People - Fatter chance of Cancer.

It's true.

8. Inactive - In Trouble

If you go through life sitting on your backside, then the increasing risk is all yours (medical fact). In my opinion, there is another end to this

scale the 'too much' end. I have a peculiar feeling that exercise FANATICS also run higher risks. Maybe it's the behavior types and personality factors coming into play.

9. Just in case the nicotine nuts did read this far DON'T SMOKE CIGARETTES (you idiot)

Source:

Dr. John Tickell's *Living Life Magazine*, Vol. 1. No. 11

Push Over

I asked a personal trainer the other day, if he were limited to just one exercise, what would it be?

Assuming he would quickly come back with "walking", I was surprised when he stroked his chin and considered the question very carefully. He smiled at me and said "Push-Ups".

Why?

Well, it makes so many things in your body work - neck, shoulders, triceps, wrists, fingers, stomach, low back, butt, legs, toes - the whole shooting match. And if you gradually build up the number, with the training effect you find your heart working as well.

Of course you can modify a push-up and do them off your knees if you are not efficient enough to tackle the full push-up. If it bothers your wrists, do them off a clenched fist with unbent wrists. If you can't push right up, then don't. Start slowly. Just do one.



Same for Day 2 and Day 3 Add one each 3 days.

In no time you'll be doing 10, then you'll be heading towards 20.

It is absolutely amazing how pathetic the human body can become over time. Most adults I ask, can't even do ONE push-up. And a chin-up - no hope. That's when you pull your whole body weight up by first hanging on a horizontal bar in the park and then pulling your body up so your chin touches the bar. That would definitely be the first exercise we can't do as our magnificent machine rusts and gets weaker by the day.

Source: Dr. John Tickell's "Living Life".

Stairway to Heaven

Which of these statements do you think is true?

1. Old people won't live in two-storey homes because they don't like climbing stairs.

2. People who won't live in two-storey houses, because they don't like climbing stairs, get old.

Here we have a typical chicken and egg situation - of course both statements are true, but why would you want to accelerate the ageing process by not climbing stairs? The guy who invented stairs is an absolute genius because stair-climbing is one of the all-time great exercises.

Is it peculiar that people actually get in their car, drive to the gym and get on the stair climber and climb stairs on a mechanical stair climber?

Why not do it in real life? Because we don't need to because some other genius invented the elevator which means stairs have become redundant and irrelevant. Progress they say. Well, they are wrong. Did you know that mothers who live in two-storey

homes with kids' bedrooms upstairs are on average - around 3 to 4 Kg lighter than single storey dwellers?

The experts tell me that old people may fall because they are unsteady and wobbly. But what is the main cause of wobbliness? PHYSICAL INACTIVITY

The 80 year olds that compete in the World Masters Games are NOT unsteady and wobbly.

We sit on our backsides and allow the greatest machine on earth to degenerate and disintegrate.

Human beings start off as helpless babies and at the other end of life, most of us end up - helpless again.

Footnote

I do set myself a fun task of climbing a minimum of 200 stairs each day.

There are 20 stairs in our house, so going up and down ten times a day is not a big deal. If I'm out and about, walking along the street, I often come across a flight of stairs and I climb them! So, what's your plan? There are stairs everywhere!

Source: Dr. John Tickell's "Living Life"