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Editorial for the Communicator must reach the Editor on or before the third Thursday of the month for inclusion in that month's issue. Any and all articles are welcome, however the editors reserve the right to vet suitability for publication.

To submit articles, items for publication, letters to the editor or to ask questions of our technical writers, please address all correspondence to The Editor at the address shown on the front cover or via email to phil48@adam.com.au. If you know of anyone who wants to advertise in the Communicator, space and charges are available on request, speak to a committee member for more information.

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Meeting dates.

ACRM SA Inc. Meetings are on the FOURTH TUESDAY of each month.

There is no Meeting in December.

The next OCM is January 22nd .

February's meeting (**AGM**) will be 26th

Gawler/Barossa general meetings are bi-monthly, on the THIRD TUESDAY of the month.

Also no meeting in December.

Next meeting will be March 19th. 2013.

ACRM 66 – Tracy Amro – 24/10/1972-29/12/2012 by Phil 48.

I mentioned last month that time was running out for Tracey, who had been on Dialysis for over 7 years. Unfortunately – or fortunately, depending on which way you look at it, Tracey died on the 29th Dec, she was only 40. The fact that palliative care had been arranged just prior to Christmas, everyone knew the end was nigh, none more so than Tracey, who had a bit of time to put important



things in place before the inevitable happened. She knew she wouldn't be around for another ACRM meeting and made the effort to see her mates at the final meeting of the year. She saw Christmas out too but was already suffering and when she went into hospital after Christmas, she did so knowing it was the end. Knowing and expecting doesn't make it easier though – and Mum Elaine 43 was crushed, after all kids are supposed to bury parents, not vice versa. One of the first things Elaine said when I spoke with her was “Out of pain and at peace,” which summed it up totally, because she required dialysis every 2 days and Elaine had moved in with her so home dialysis could be carried out instead of going to hospital every other day.

Above is the face of the Tracey we knew, the one who was involved in ACRM, who loved animals and thus her favourite events were horse oriented. Those of you on FaceBook may be more familiar with the bottom photo.

Tracey was community minded and loved to help out where she could. She had three main loves, children, animals and music. With children at the top of the list, she would willingly help any child in need. Among these were many foster children.



Readings of attestations during her “Celebration of Life” detailed some of the unselfish things she did for friends, families and strangers alike.

Our deepest sympathies are with her daughter Jemma, Elaine and her family.



Tracey approximately 6 months prior to starting dialysis.

Tracey's cousin Michael gave out a small leaflet at her funeral. This is an excerpt from it.

Evidently, It was from an anonymous caller on a radio talk back show in Chicago and included in a book by Jan Canfield & Mark Victor Hanson, titled "*A second helping of chicken soup for the soul.*" And included in another book, "Acts of kindness, how to create a kindness revolution" by Hanoch & Meladee McCarty.

AN ACT OF KINDNESS FOR A BROKEN HEART

"Hi Mummy, what are you doing?" asked Susie.

"I'm making a casserole for Mrs. Smith next door," said her mother. "Why?" inquired Susie, who is six years old

Because Mrs Smith is very sad; she lost her daughter and has a broken heart. We need to take care of her for a little while."

"Why Mummy?"

"You see Susie, when someone is very, very sad, they have trouble doing even little things, like making dinner and other chores. Because we are a part of a community and Mrs. Smith is our neighbour, we need to do some things to help her. Mrs. Smith won't ever be able to talk to, hug her daughter or do any of the things mothers and daughters love to do together ever again. You're a very smart girl Susie, maybe you can think of some way to help Mrs. Smith."

Susie thought seriously about this challenge and how she could do her part in caring for Mrs. Smith. A short while later she knocked on her door, a few minutes later Mrs Smith answered the door with "Hello Susie."

Susie noticed that Mrs. Smith didn't have that familiar musical quality about her voice when she greeted someone. She also noticed wet eyes and thought Mrs. Smith may have been crying.

"What can I do for you Susie?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"My mummy said you have lost your daughter and you are very, very sad, with a broken heart." Susie held her hand out shyly. In it was a Band-Aid. "This is for your broken heart." Mrs. Smith gasped, choking back her tears. She knelt down and hugged Susie. Through her tears she said, "thank you darling girl, this will help a lot."

Mrs. Smith accepted Susie's act of kindness and took it one step further. She purchased a small key ring with a clear Plexiglass frame – the ones designed to carry keys and proudly display a family portrait at the same time. Mrs. Smith placed Susie's Band-aid in the frame to remind herself to heal a little every time she sees it. She wisely knows that healing takes time and support. It has become her symbol for healing, while never forgetting the love and joy she shared with her daughter.

PRESSIES PRATTLE; Phil48:

Good thing or bad, 2013 is here and while we had no control over 2013's eminent arrival, which even the Myan's with their prediction of gloom couldn't halt, we can certainly do our part in how it plays out. With that in mind, I wish you all a great 2013.

After talking with Elaine, I found out a lot more about Tracey that I wasn't aware of and felt it should be said.

She had foster children some of who were at the service and others have been in touch since. Her wish for her funeral, was don't stop the kids, everyone is welcome and music, lets have lots of music – especially bagpipes, which because of her of Irish and Scottish decent was a must. Roses, no, not at my funeral but if there were daffodils anywhere she'd have them. Loves, besides children, cooking from all countries and animals, except birds. Her house always had animals and children in it. She also had a love of people her heart was as big as an ocean if they needed help she would work out a way to get them help. She read legal manuals to help out those in trouble with either the law or rent tribunals, she even helped a couple of her friends get their partners through immigration, she knew how to make the law work for them, she had a photographic memory and a very high IQ, which she kept quiet but her smarts helped a lot of people.

Changes are afoot and in an effort to spread the ACRM word, with a view to broadening our membership base, the web-master has started a Face Book page so be prepared to like and invite.

In the meantime, there is still another way to increase numbers and that is to ask mates to come and help at an event. This month's helper is next month's member and its fairly obvious that the more we have to do the work, the less work each of us has to do.

Bummer, if anyone noticed a more than usual amount of errors in the January Mag, I apologise but the reason is simple. After doing a heap of corrections, I saved it but forgetting I had two versions of it somehow loaded the wrong one next time and that is what got printed, complete with errors.

TREASURE TROVE; Chris 49

Welcome to 2013

Trevor 120, the saga continues. Following the first operation, when 2 toes were amputated, he was devastated to find he had to undergo more surgery and lose the last 3 toes on his foot. He went to the Queen Elizabeth for the operation and was there until they decided he was okay to go home. The decision was a bit premature so as a compromise he went to Griffith house to recuperate for a week or two where he actually got some physio on walking again. If all went well he went home on Thursday 10th. He was rid of the walking frame and hobbling around on 2 walking sticks when Phil last spoke to him.

Rally Round-up; Nev 228:

I have not had any more events added to the calendar so will delay putting out the event calendar until next month, in the hope that when it is printed it will be close to complete.

All coming events will be noted here as well

Tucks Tales; By 141

'Tis the season to be jolly.'

Maybe that should read 'T'WAS, because it is all behind us for another year, the sending of greeting cards, the scratching of fevered brows trying to work out what to get for the family.

I was reminiscing the other day on what it used to be like. Toys for the little ones, clothes for the teens and "useful gifts" for the seniors.

Its still toys for the littlies, but it has become much easier to give gift cards to the teenagers. Who knows what to buy them today?

One of the sad things is what happened to the words THANK YOU ? It is hardly ever heard, almost as if it is considered compulsory to give, and no thanks are required.

I am getting old and cranky, I know, but it is nice to know that a gift is appreciated.

Oh well! I'll probably be handing them out again next year – and whinging again.

RIDE RAMBLINGS; Phil 48:



We are all creatures of habit and our 4 legged mounts are no different. The cut in half blue, water troughs have been a feature at horse rides for many years and worth their wait in gold. 20-30 years ago controls were marked with a bundle of firewood for our monitors to find and most horse water was gleaned from troughs or creeks along the way but that changed when the monitors found themselves providing both horse and rider with drinking water. Not that our guys minded but horses drank

more water than we could carry, so most events started to be catered for by a water cart and the blue half bins became a standard. Not only had our monitors become accustomed to them being the sure sign of the control but the horses had identified them with a drink and when SAERA changed over to modern, black, troughs many horses were reluctant to drink from them.



A regular at the horse rides is Nev 228's caravan and associated with the van is the familiar table of carrots and apples for the horses.

Many moons ago now, at an event down South. Maggie and her horse Benson (I think) came over a hill while she was walking her horse when Benson eyed off Nev's van, flared the nostrils and took off in the direction of the apples with Maggie, who just managed to grab his tail, holding on desperately for dear life, was

now almost horizontal doing her best to look like Superwoman in full flight.

At the Quilty in 2004, we were given little fruit boxes of apple juice to hand out to the riders but once the horses got a whiff of the apple smelling, although unrecognisable, containers most were nuzzled into submission and not much good even for the riders after that.

At one ride, we had run out of water so when it started to rain I used a tarp to channel the water into an esky, a large esky, one I assumed held a fair amount of water until the first horse came along and after what seemed like three gulps the esky was down by about a third, meaning if two more horses did the same thing, I'd be scrounging water again.

On another occasion, Chris decided to hold a bit of apple on her open hand to feed a horse when it chomped down and hooked a tooth under the ring on her finger and by the time it had released her ring, the band was bent and Chris' finger was bleeding. The only water we needed then was to wash a bit of blood. On another occasion a slightly over exuberant horse in an attempt to get at the apples and/or carrots on our table, upended the whole thing, drink water and all.

Sometimes, I was given the water, (see picture below).



A control on land before going to the beach turn around. Gives a new meaning to carry your own water.

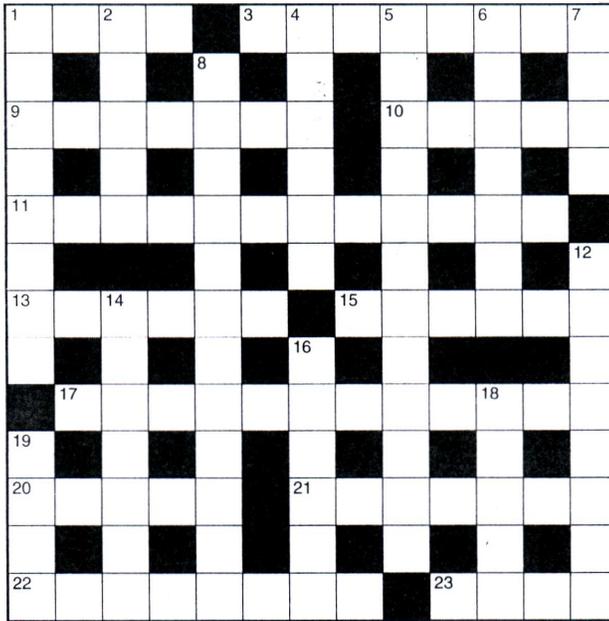
The antics of horses at rides go on forever, another occurred during a ride at Port Elliot. It was a trial run before the 2004 Quilty and I had drawn a checkpoint at the turn around on Goolwa beach. It was typical, cold, wet, weather and I only had the beast for shelter so I finally got a fire lit by using all my spare dry paper and some brown weedy stuff that the foreshore afforded, when along came the first of the riders, who I was sure would appreciate a warm spot – but O-Contraire, one horse, who thought he

was the self-appointed, fire patrol warden slowly backed up, with me thinking he likes being warm, when he started stomping on the bloody thing until extinguished. It got busy after that and I never got the fire re-lit.

You wouldn't think a well stocked tool box would be much of a boon to a horse's needs but I found it useful twice I can think off. At a Mt Crawford ride I had a control in the forest. A call came through from a prior control to enquire if I was still in the same place, I replied "yes" and the reason was soon apparent. A rider appeared walking her horse from a track in the forest and explained, her horse had a stone wedged in it's hoof and she knew I would have a screwdriver or similar. She showed me the problem and within 30 seconds we had it out and she was on her way, she was still walking but only until the horse seemed happy under its own weight. Another time, a rider walked back into Main but had a broken stirrup and was on the search for one he could borrow or a long pin about 6mm in diameter. After emptying my spare screw, bolt and nut bin out onto a spot on the floor in the beast and shovelling bits everywhere a 1/4" bolt about 5" long (in the old lingo) was found and a nut to suit so an effective repair was carried out.

Crossword Puzzle, Phil 48 .

Answers next month.



ACROSS

1. Lager.
3. Tramp.
9. Laugh, giggle.
10. _ _ _ Vergara, Moderen Family actress.
11. Christmas carol (2 Wds).
13. Dance.
15. Halve.
17. Behaviour.
20. Removed apple centre.
21. Inhaled.
22. Safe
23. Eye part.

DOWN

1. Area at rear of house.
2. Same value.
4. Plan for meeting.
5. Slain by paid killer.
6. Crime, wrong doing.
7. Void of hearing.
8. Rider of boards on wheels.
12. Reels.
14. Dig up.
16. Small bite.
18. Bury.
19. Unbleached calico.

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