

**AUGUST 2010**

## **POLITICAL SPIN**

Judy Rudd an amateur genealogy researcher in southern Queensland was doing some personal work on her own family tree. She discovered that the then Prime Minister Kevin Rudd's greatgreat uncle, Remus Rudd, was hanged for horse stealing and train robbery in Melbourne in 1889. Both Judy and Kevin Rudd share this common ancestor.

On the back of a picture Judy obtained during her research is this inscription:

*'Remus Rudd -horse thief, sent to Melbourne Gaol 1885, escaped 1887, robbed the Melbourne-Geelong train six times. Caught by Victoria Police Force, convicted and hanged in 1889.'*

So Judy e-mailed Mr Rudd seeking any other known information about their great-great uncle. Remus Rudd.

Kevin Rudd's staff sent back the following biographical sketch for her genealogy research:

***"Remus Rudd was famous in Victoria during the mid to late 1800s. His business empire grew to include acquisition of valuable equestrian assets and intimate dealings with the Melbourne-Geelong Railroad.***

***Beginning in 1885, he devoted several years of his life to government service, finally taking leave to resume his dealings with the railroad.***

***In 1887, he was a key player in a vital investigation run by the Victoria Police Force. In 1889. Remus passed away during an important civic function held in his honour when the platform upon which he was standing collapsed."***

How's that for real political spin!

## **THE HAIRCUT**

One day a florist went to a barber for a haircut.

After the cut, he asked about his bill, and the barber replied, 'I cannot accept money from you, I'm doing community service this week.'

The florist was pleased and left the shop.

When the barber went to open his shop the next morning, there was a 'thank you' card and a dozen roses waiting for him at his door.

Later, a cop comes in for a haircut, and when he tries to pay his bill, the barber again replied, 'I cannot accept money from you, I'm doing community service this week.'

The cop was happy and left the shop.

The next morning when the barber went to open up, there was a 'thank you' card and a dozen donuts waiting for him at his door.

Then a politician came in for a haircut, and when he went to pay his bill, the barber again replied, 'I can not accept money from you. I'm doing community service this week.'

The politician was very happy and left the shop.

The next morning, when the barber went to open up, there were a dozen politicians lined up waiting for a free haircut.

And that, my friends, illustrates the fundamental difference between the citizens of our country and the politicians who purport to run it.

## ROMANTIC POETRY

### A Woman's Poem

Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray for a man who's not a creep,  
One who's handsome, smart and strong, one who loves to listen long.  
One who thinks before he speaks, one who'll call, not wait for weeks.  
I pray he's rich and self-employed, and when I spend won't be annoyed.  
Pulls out my chair and holds my hand, massages my feet and helps me stand.  
Oh send a king to make me a queen, a man who loves to cook and clean  
I pray this man will love no other, and relish visits with my mother.

### A Man's Poem

I pray for a deaf mute gymnast nymphomaniac, with a great body,  
-who owns a bar on a golf course and loves to send me fishing and drinking.

This poem doesn't rhyme and I don't care.

## IN CHURCH

An elderly lady said to her friend *"This seat is so hard my butt has gone to sleep"*

To which her friend replied *"I know I heard it snore three times"*.

Another elderly lady *"I'm getting so old that all my friends in heaven will think I didn't make it"*.

## I AM THANKFUL:

For the wife who says it's hot dogs tonight, because she is home with me, and not out with someone else.

For the teenager who is complaining about doing dishes because it means she is at home, not on the streets.

For the taxes I pay because it means I am employed.

For the mess to clean after a party because it means I have been surrounded by friends.

For the clothes that fit a little too snug because it means I have enough to eat.

For a lawn that needs mowing, windows that need cleaning, and gutters that need fixing because it means I have a home.

For all the complaining I hear about the government because it means we have freedom of speech.

For the parking spot I find at the far end of the parking lot because it means I am capable of walking and I have been blessed with transportation.

For my huge heating bill because it means I am warm.

For the lady behind me in church who sings off key because it means I can hear.

For the pile of laundry and ironing because it means I have clothes to wear.

For weariness and aching muscles at the end of the day because it means I have been capable of working hard.

For the alarm that goes off in the early morning hours because it means I am alive.

### **MY FAVOURITE THINGS**

*Julie Andrews turned 70 and to commemorate her birthday made a special appearance in Manhattan. One of the musical numbers she performed was 'My Favourite Things' from the legendary movie 'Sound Of Music'. She received a standing ovation. Here are the lyrics she used:*

Botox and nose drops and needles for knitting, walkers and handrails and new dental fittings, bundles of magazines tied up in string, these are a few of my favourite things.

Cadillacs and cataracts, hearing aids and glasses, Polident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses, Pacemakers,, golf carts and porches with swings, these are a few of my favourite things.

When the pipes leak, when the bones creak, when the knees go bad, I simply remember my favourite things, and then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions, no spicy hot food or food cooked with onions, bathrobes and heating pads and hot meals they bring, these are a few of my favourite things.

Back pain,, confused brains and no need for sinnin', thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinnin',

And we won't mention our short shrunken frames, when we remember our favourite things.

When the joints ache, when the hips break, when the eyes grow dim, then I remember the great life I've had,

And then I don't feel so bad.