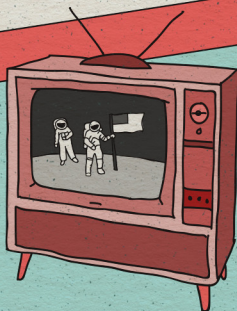


A COLOUR AND CREATE BOOK FOR ADULTS

Shades of Yesterday

BY ANNETTE INNIS



hammond.com.au/shop

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Sample extract (© HammondCare)
Full text for sale at: HammondCare.com.au/Shop

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Forward

For the last couple of years, HammondCare’s Centre for Positive Ageing has been conducting a creative arts program for older people. We have done this because of the growing evidence that shows how involvement in the creative arts can lead to an improved sense of wellbeing in those who participate. Through this program we have seen how talented our participants are, and witnessed some of the benefits and joys they have gained by being creative.

This book has been conceived and developed by one of our artists – Annette Innis – with a little help and lots of encouragement from many of the older people who have participated in our creative arts program—Arts on Prescription. Annette is an inspiring young artist with a passion for working alongside people, helping them to learn, and to explore and develop their creativity.

The book is based around a number of familiar scenes of times past in Australia. To complement each of Annette’s wonderful original images, there is a story from the older person who inspired the scene. We have also included a question linked to each scene, to provide the opportunity for even greater creativity through reflection, creativity or discussion. So, this book is much more than just a colouring book! I warmly commend this beautiful book of images and activities to you. Create and enjoy!

Professor Chris Poulos
Rehabilitation Physician and Head of Research and Aged Care Clinical Services,
The HammondCare Centre for Positive Ageing
Conjoint Professor, Faculty of Medicine,
the University of New South Wales

The switchboard

I worked as a telephonist. It was a good job, I loved it.

We worked at a big switchboard and connected the phone calls manually before there was a satellite. I started working there in the 1950s and stayed more than 20 years. I went on 'international' for 12 years. I loved that.

You were observed all the time by the supervisors who would walk back and forth. I used to get into trouble for talking quite a lot. I'm a bit cheeky. Every three minutes we'd interrupt and ask in a polite voice, 'Are you extending?'

Sometimes I'd have people come on the line who didn't have much money and I used to say to them, 'Now have it in your mind what you want to talk about' because they'd waste so much time crying when they heard the voice that they love—their daughter or what have you—they'd spend more time crying instead of talking!

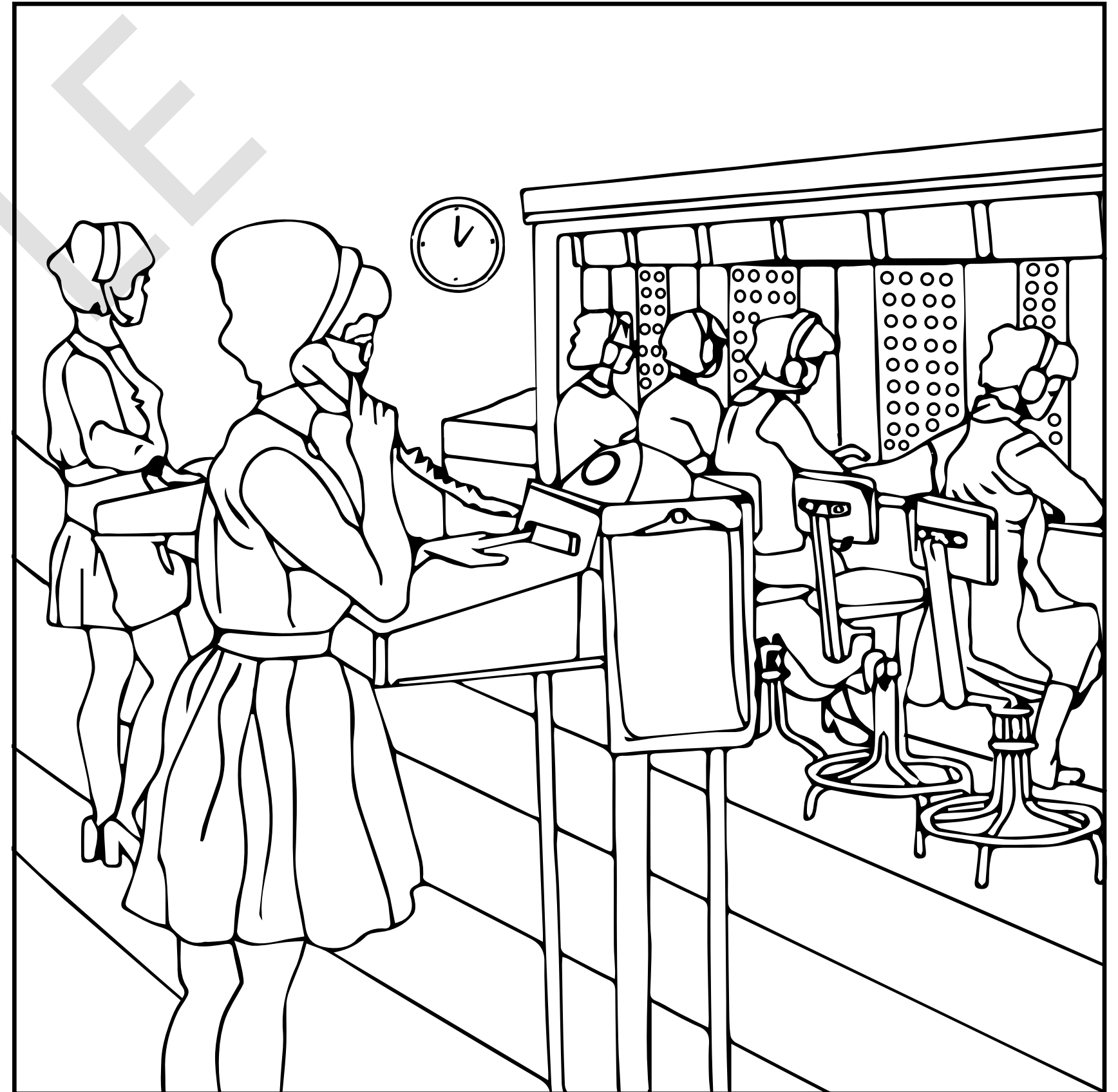
Of course when you go in you sign a form saying you're never to divulge anything you hear. You're not supposed to talk about what is said on the phones. We all ignored that one.

Every now and then you'd get a pretty 'choice' phone call and you'd sing out, 'quick, plug in to number 12!' And everyone would plug in and listen in and have a bit of a giggle.

May, 98.



Can you remember a time you have broken the rules?



The Milk Bar

The milk bar reminds me of our courting days. We were 15 and 16.

Arthur would catch the train and walk more than a mile from the station to my house and pick me up, then we'd walk another mile or so to the milk bar for a date. We'd have a banana split or an ice cream soda.

There was a jukebox, and then when television came, the jukebox took a back seat. When television first came out, the milk bars were the first ones to get a television set. It was our big treat during the week to go and everybody would be sitting there with their eyes glued to the little black and white television watching whatever was on like Band Stand or Skippy.

The milk bars were often owned by Greek families and many times the whole family would be serving. The milk bars used to be crowded full of young people on dates and

sometimes young families where the mum and dad would take the kids out for an ice cream, which was a huge treat in those days.

And that's what we would do, that was our entertainment. That's what we'd look forward to. The next time he'd come up we would do the same thing. We'd go back up there, we'd have our ice cream soda or our banana split and off we'd go home again.

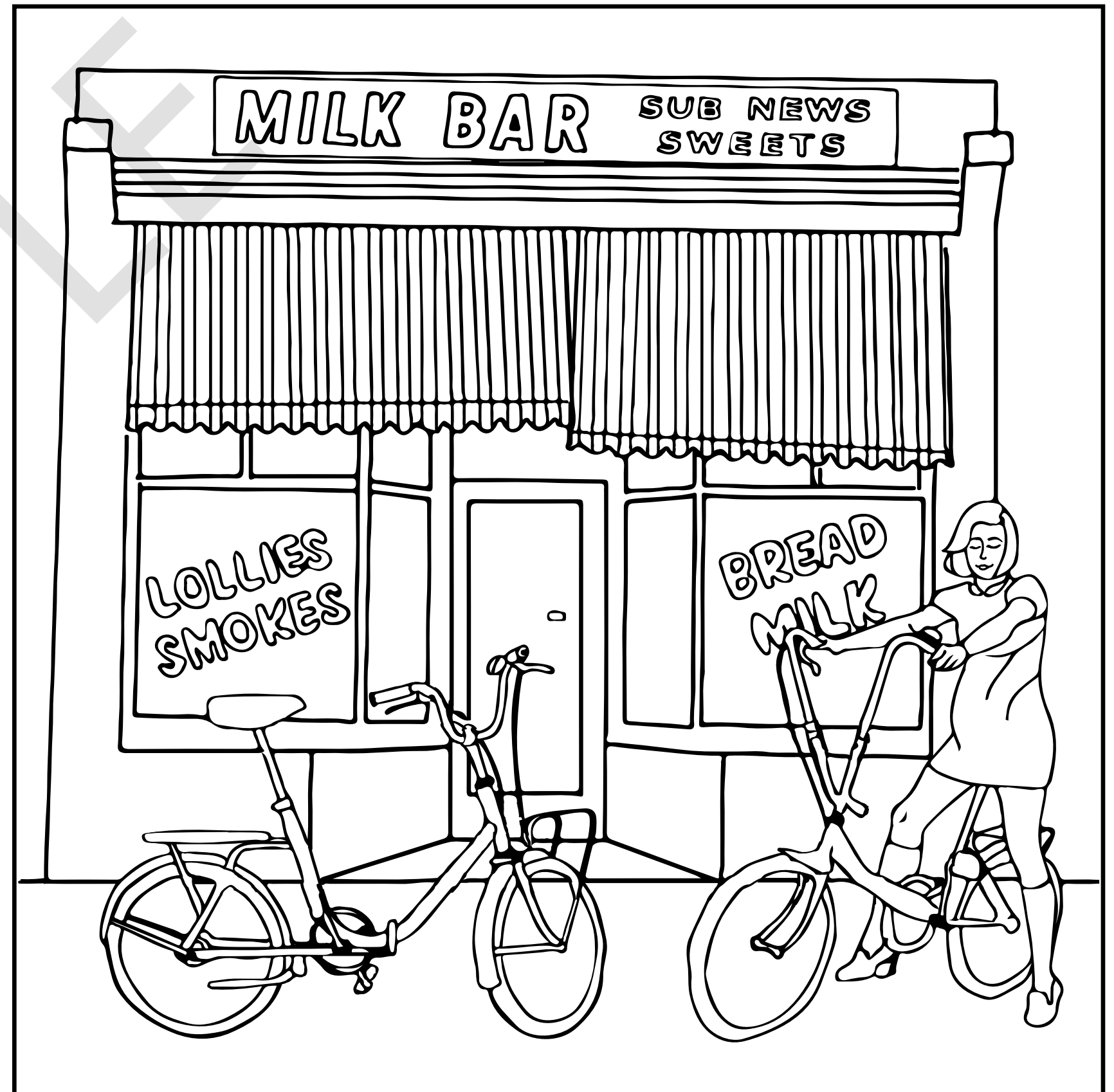
We'd stay as long as we could before I was told I had to be home. My mother would say, 'You be home by 8' and I'd have to be there on that doorstep. So we'd time our 2km walk home and then Arthur would walk the 2km back to the station to get the train to go back to his place.

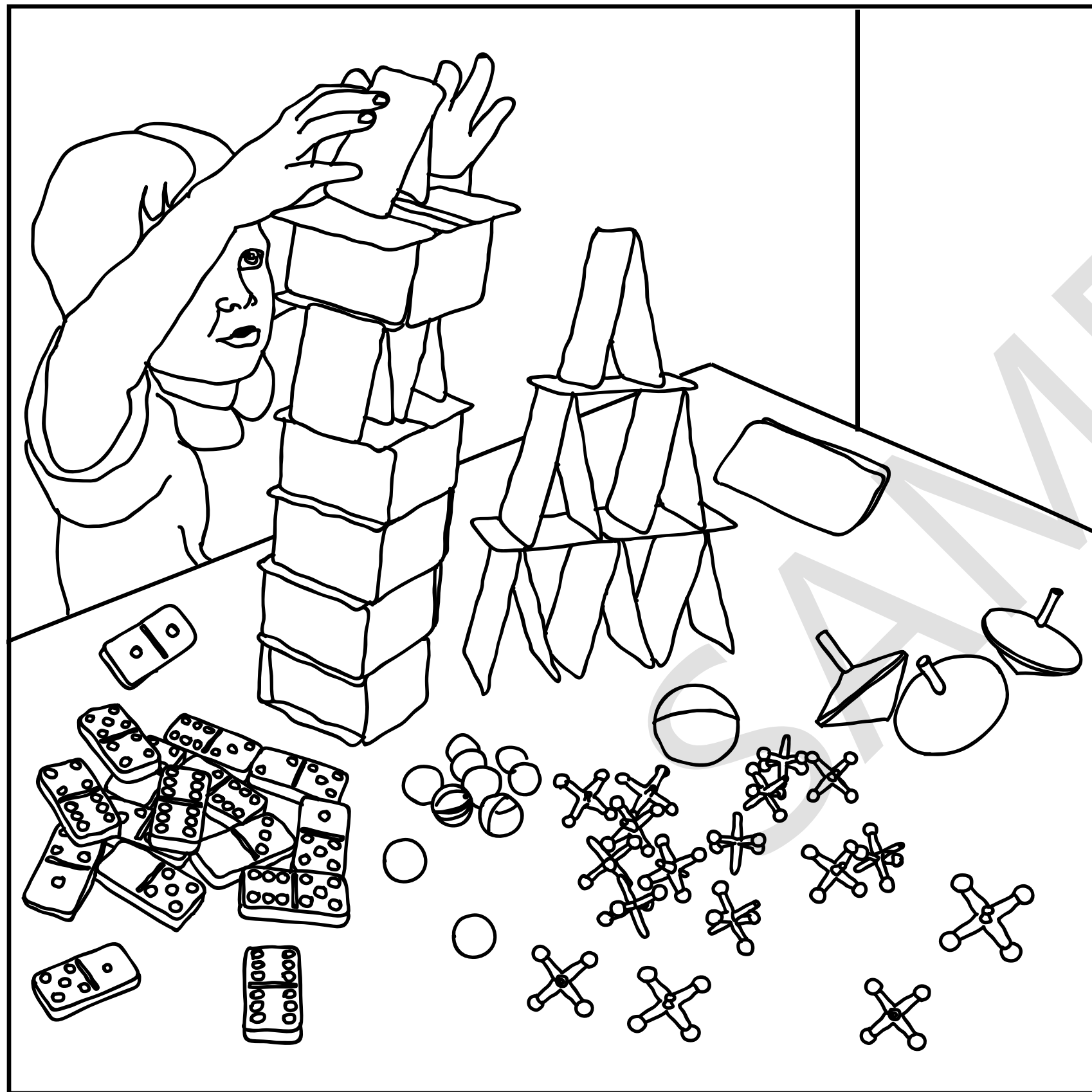
Everyone said we wouldn't last because Arthur was a bad boy and I was a good girl. We just celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary!

Elaine, 81 and Arthur, 81



The milk bar was a favourite meeting place.
What are your strongest recollections of visits to the milk bar?





Jacks and marbles

We used to play jacks with real knucklebones. That was a common thing, and I guarantee there'd be a few oldies around the place who used to play with knucklebones.

Whenever you had lamb for dinner you'd be sure to save the knuckle bone, put it aside, dry it out and get all the gristle off it and everything. It was quite good.

You'd have three knucklebones in your hand, throw them in the air, and then catch them on the back of your hand, trying to catch all three if you could. Then you'd pick up another one and you'd have four in your hand. You'd keep on going until you couldn't cope anymore.

It's all about dexterity and your reflexes. There were a lot of people far better at it than I, but I used to play it anyway.

And of course there were marbles. I've still got a marble. It's a connie agate. Now once upon a time, going back many, many years, they had agate. It's a stone. They'd grind it into a sphere. The object of the game was to get an agate. It was like the holy grail of marbles.

I used to play marbles with the kids at school. You'd have big ringy and little ringy. We'd play in the school yard, mostly on dirt, you'd make a little circle on it and put all your marbles in there, and knock as many as you can out.

They used to have these glass bottles in the 1940s and inside the top of the bottle was a marble that kept drinks carbonated. Kids would be running around and if they could get hold of one, they'd smash the bottle just to get the marble out of it.

Jim, 76



What has been your favourite thing to collect?