

# Ian Clive James Thomas

1924-2017



## Ian Clive James Thomas OAM

11 September 1924 – 12 February 2017

Our family gathered last year to farewell Dad when he had a massive seizure and we thought he would leave us. He recovered somewhat but was never quite the same. In spite of the excellent care he received at Queen Victoria Nursing Home, he gradually declined and he passed away peacefully in his sleep at 10.45am on Sunday 12 February, 2017.

Dad had a long and active life with family and community service his focus.

- Wartime service in the navy,
- Active participation in Ex-Servicemens, RSL, Naval and Barcoo Associations
- Pioneer student at Wagga Wagga Teachers' College and member of their alumni organisation
- a career in NSW primary schools
- active in Teachers Federation and retired teachers organisations
- a second career with Kumon, as "Grandfather of Kumon Australia"
- support for children's sport through the PSSA – past NSW and Australian President
- correspondence with friends near and far
- lifelong involvement in Scouting; and with
- the local Presbyterian/Uniting church



which continued until age and failing health caught up with him. Many of his contemporaries are no longer with us and sadly neither is our brother, Trevor. We are however, continuing to welcome new members to the family.



We had the opportunity in 2004 on his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday to gather and recognize what his life had meant to us and to the various communities Dad had served. This service was also recognized when he was awarded the Order of Australia medal in 2006. Our family and friends are scattered around Australia and overseas. We would like to mark his passing by sharing a "simultaneous" memorial service, on the same day, wherever you may be in the world. Baden-Powell's birthday is on 21st February, it seems a fitting date to pick to remember Dad, when his scouting experience was so important in his life.

***Accordingly, please take time to have a scrumptious "elevenses" or supper on Tuesday 21 February 2017. Below are some small reflections from his life, which was so long and busy we cannot give more than a glimpse in these pages- This is somewhere for you to start to remember what he meant in your life.***



### Travel

Mum and Dad enjoyed travelling around with all of us when we were little and then later in the trusty campervan. We are not sure how many times they drove to Queensland to visit with Marilyn and family but they became very well acquainted with all the good morning tea spots.

Overseas travel began with a Ford swimming trip to Singapore, then a visit to Peg and Roy and the girls in Suva, Fiji. As well as some exotic batik fabric and some tailor-made safari suits, we now owned a Fijian Policeman's skirt.



In retirement came European travel. As well as the historical & literary sites so dear to Mum, including her birthplace, they visited Brownsea Island, the original Scout camp location. Many happy nights were spent with Mrs Jones at her London B&B, as they mixed self driving holidays with group tours. All with the advice and support of the Teachers' Credit Union Travel.

Dad, the international sophisticate, who knew what he liked, stunned their German hosts in a Bavarian beer hall by asking for a cup of tea!



Further travel occurred to the USA, Canada and Scandinavia. Mum and Dad did not have the opportunity to travel in their youth as so many of our family members have done recently. WWII and its aftermath meant that different priorities applied. Mum and Dad remain grateful that the world is now so accessible to their grandchildren. They love catching up with the latest photos & news from family members whether at home in Australia or all around the world.

Special mention must be made of the many trips to and friendships made in Japan. Cultural exchange through sister city and Kumon connections meant that Mum and Dad had many visits to Japan, enjoying home stays and learning about Japan's cuisine, natural beauty and culture. The opportunity to host return visitors from Japan and Europe and show them our own environment, culture and heritage was a delight for Dad, who was never happier than when rushing off to the airport to collect the next visitor, organising sight-seeing and generally being a terrific host.

### Music & Entertainment



We didn't get a TV until 1970ish. It was black & white and not very large. Dad resisted getting a colour TV until he visited a friend and saw sport in colour, then we found the money somehow. We used to watch the ABC, of course, always the 7pm news bulletin with the proper introductory music. We enjoyed music and comedy shows. Bobby Limb and his Sound of Music, Nana Mouskouri, Val Doonican, The Two Ronnies, The Dave Allan Show. Dad followed Balmain in Rugby League and we watched tennis, staying up late to see Evonne Goolagong, Margaret Court and Ken Rosewall among others triumph at Wimbledon. In recent years, Dad approved of Roger Federer.

In a sign of the break-down of civil society, we took to eating tea in front of the nightly episodes of "Bellbird", a 20 minute drama serial on from 6.40pm before the news. In pre-television days, I can remember listening to "Blue Hills", a long running radio drama. We listened to records of musicals and Dad was an enthusiastic supporter if any local production had CDs to sell after the show.

Dad supported every musical society within reach as well as dramatic societies. He loved supporting Scout Gang shows and was the prompt for Kirrawee Gang Show for many years. We went to many productions of Gilbert & Sullivan and Broadway musicals, also going to the Guild Theatre in Rockdale for plays. Dad often played chauffeur for his mother and her neighbours, ferrying them to the theatre in several carloads. Of course many local shows also provided a good supper. His all-time favourite was probably Julie Andrews but he was just as happy watching amateur productions as slick Broadway movie versions. Military Bands were also a favourite.



**Naval Hymn** - hear the hymn sung here <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1KCiMdR1ox0>  
*This hymn was very much loved by Dad and featured at many reunions and then sadly at many funerals of his naval colleagues. Here are the lyrics*



Eternal Father, strong to save,  
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
 Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep,  
 Its own appointed limits keep.  
 Oh hear us when we cry to Thee,  
 For those in peril on the sea! Amen.

Eternal Father, lend Thy grace To  
 those with wings who fly thro' space,  
 Thro wind and storm, thro' sun and rain,  
 Oh bring them safely home again.  
 Oh Father, hear an humble prayer,  
 For those in peril in the air! Amen.

Oh Trinity of love and pow'r,  
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour,  
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
 Protect them where so e'er they go.  
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea!  
 Amen



#### H.M.A.S Barcoo Association

Dad enjoyed much fellowship in being part of this Association. After many years of organising annual Reunions & Memorial Services at HMAS Watson and editing the newsletter, it was quite sad a few years ago when they decided to wind up the association after many years. Dad loved putting out the newsletter, keeping up-to-date with the members and their families and adding other articles of interest including poems and stories from members. The support of current Naval personnel, especially the chaplains, was much appreciated.



**Schools** – Dad's professional life in education was in many interesting locations: Hardy's Mill, Meadow Flat, Hartley Vale, Hartley, Wilcannia, Lakemba, Padstow North, Canley Heights and Ruse. From Principals' Associations to P&Cs, Dad was involved and caring in his school, regional and State communities. In Wilcannia, for example, he was sometimes called upon to go and help tie down the small planes at the airfield due to incipient dust storms.

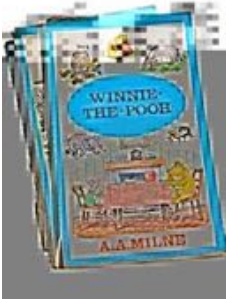
#### Winnie-the-Pooh – a little something at eleven o'clock – the useful place

In which some quotes about food are found and you might find inspiration for your morning tea.



- 1) "Pooh always liked a little something at eleven o'clock in the morning, and he was very glad to see Rabbit getting out the plates and mugs; and when Rabbit said, 'Honey or condensed milk with your bread?' he was so excited that he said, 'Both,' and then, so as not to seem greedy, he added, 'But don't bother about the bread, please.'"
- 2) "Nearly eleven o'clock," said Pooh happily. "You're just in time for a little smackerel of something."

- 3) "It is more fun to talk with someone who doesn't use long, difficult words but rather short, easy words like 'What about lunch?'"
- 4) "Well," said Pooh, "what I like best," and then he had to stop and think. Because although Eating Honey was a very good thing to do, there was a moment just before you began to eat it which was better than when you were, but he didn't know what it was called."



Attached at the end of this document is a chapter regarding Eeyore's birthday wherein he received a useful pot for putting things in and out of. This was the inspiration for Dad calling his study *The Useful Place*. He certainly put a lot of things in there and from the look of it, not many things came out of it, except Dad in search of a little something.



Dad enjoyed reading Kipling's "The Jungle Book" to his students – in his one teacher schools, this included all of his children.



### Scouting

The Scout organisation was founded by Baden Powell on ideals of trustworthiness, loyalty, helpfulness, friendliness, courtesy, kindness, obedience, cheerfulness, thrift, bravery, reverence for the natural world and reverence for God. These are ideals that Dad tried to live by and that many good people in scouting still strive to achieve and they are pretty good words for us all.

### Family

Our Dad had a life filled with public service but he would have been the first to acknowledge that he would have achieved very little without the support and love of his wife, Betty. She became all the ancillary staff and sewing teacher in his one teacher schools, she became a lady cubmaster so she might see him on weekends and she kept the home fires burning while Dad was out at his interminable meetings/civic duty. Last December, they had their 69<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, a tribute to their enduring affection and family values. This photo was taken last July.

Mum and Dad had four children and five grandchildren. Great grandchildren and other extended family members have come along in numbers as well. We have all been blessed to have Mum and Dad's support and love.



Following on from shared family holidays with Farleys, Fords and Ladlays, we are lucky to have developed some close relationships with our cousins and their families.



Mum and Dad were meticulous in their care and attention to those family ties. Their trip to England also enabled closer ties with our English cousins, a continuing source of international fun. The baton for keeping up those family relationships is now with younger generations, I hope we do as well.



Dad ended his days at the Queen Victoria nursing home in Thirlmere, 5 minutes up the road from his home. The facilities are excellent and the staff were professional and caring. Many times we had examples of their care above and beyond in looking after their residents.

Amongst family photos and other things to make him feel at home, he had his toy orangutans. These were from his sponsorship of this endangered species through WWF. He had encountered them in Borneo during his war service.

We were touched to see that a caring staff member had moved his orangutans to his windowsill so he could see them when he became too ill to move from his bed.

If you wish to make a donation in his memory, here is the link to their website

<http://www.worldwildlife.org/species/orangutan>



Please take time to reflect on your memories of Ian  
Please share them or just reflect quietly.

Hymn: **Abide with Me** [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PmjuqZSH\\_aY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PmjuqZSH_aY)

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;  
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
when other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
change and decay in all around I see:  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;  
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's dark sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

We are quite sure that Dad is now with his Mum & Dad, his sister, his son and many friends who have prepared the way. He will waste no time in getting onto all sorts of organising committees and finding the best coffee shop.

We give thanks for the life of **Ian Clive James Thomas**,  
A husband, father, grandfather, great grandfather and friend.  
We wish him everlasting peace.

Finally, a **benediction** from Numbers 6:24-26, The King James Bible, which came at the end of many church services during Dad's lifetime.

"The LORD bless you and keep you;  
The LORD make His face shine upon you, and be gracious to you;  
The LORD lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace."  
Amen

*Thankyou for remembering our Dad, who touched many lives for the better  
and who has added something special to each of our lives.*

*Now it's time to enjoy a cup of tea or coffee and a large piece of cake\*...  
...and maybe share the following story from the 100 acre wood.*

\*cake should be served with both cream and ice-cream,  
in extreme circumstances, caramel slice, or other yummy delight, may be substituted for cake.

## **IN WHICH EYORE HAS A BIRTHDAY AND GETS TWO PRESENTS**

EEYORE, the old grey Donkey, stood by the side of the stream, and looked at himself in the water.

"Pathetic," he said. s' That's what it is. Pathetic."

He turned and walked slowly down the stream for twenty yards, splashed across it, and walked slowly back on the other side. Then he looked at himself in the water again.

"As I thought," he said. "No better from this side. But nobody minds. Nobody cares. Pathetic, that's what it is."

There was a crackling noise in the bracken behind him, and out came Pooh.

"Good morning, Eeyore," said Pooh.

"Good morning, Pooh Bear," said Eeyore gloomily. "If it is a good morning," he said. "Which I doubt," said he.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Pooh Bear, nothing. We can't all, and some of us don't. That's all there is to it."

"Can't all what?" said Pooh, rubbing his nose.

"Gaiety. Song-and-dance. Here we go round the mulberry bush."

"Oh!" said Pooh. He thought for a long time, and then asked, "What mulberry bush is that?"

"Bon-hommy," went on Eeyore gloomily. "French word meaning bonhommy," he explained. "I'm not complaining, but There It Is."

Pooh sat down on a large stone, and tried to think this out. It sounded to him like a riddle, and he was never much good at riddles, being a Bear of Very Little Brain. So he sang Cottleston Pie instead:

Cottleslon, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie.

A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."

That was the first verse. When he had finished it, Eeyore didn't actually say that he didn't like it, so Pooh very kindly sang the second verse to him:

Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie,

A fish can't whistle and neither can I.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."

Eeyore still said nothing at all, so Pooh hummed the third verse quietly to himself:

Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie,

Why does a chicken, I don't know why.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."

"That's right," said Eeyore. "Sing. Umty-tiddly, umty-too. Here we go gathering Nuts and May. Enjoy yourself."

"I am," said Pooh.

"Some can," said Eeyore.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Is anything the matter?"

"You seem so sad, Eeyore."

"Sad? Why should I be sad? It's my birthday. The happiest day of the year."

"Your birthday?" said Pooh in great surprise.

"Of course it is. Can't you see? Look at all the presents I have had." He waved a foot from side to side.

"Look at the birthday cake. Candles and pink sugar."

Pooh looked--first to the right and then to the left.

"Presents?" said Pooh. "Birthday cake?" said Pooh. "Where?"

"Can't you see them?"



"No," said Pooh.

"Neither can I," said Eeyore. "Joke," he explained. "Ha ha!"

Pooh scratched his head, being a little puzzled by all this.

"But is it really your birthday?" he asked.

"It is."

"Oh! Well, Many happy returns of the day, Eeyore."

"And many happy returns to you, Pooh Bear."

"But it isn't my birthday."

"No, it's mine."

"But you said 'Many happy returns'--"

"Well, why not? You don't always want to be miserable on my birthday, do you?"

"Oh, I see," said Pooh.

"It's bad enough," said Eeyore. almost breaking down "being miserable myself, what with no presents and no cake and no candles, and no proper notice taken of me at all, but if everybody else is going to be miserable too----"

This was too much for Pooh. "Stay there!" he called to Eeyore, as he turned and hurried back home as quick as he could; for he felt that he must get poor Eeyore a present of some sort at once, and he could always think of a proper one afterwards.

Outside his house he found Piglet, jumping up and down trying to reach the knocker.

"Hallo, Piglet," he said.

"Hallo, Pooh," said Piglet.

"What are you trying to do?"

"I was trying to reach the knocker," said Piglet. "I just came round----"

"Let me do it for you," said Pooh kindly. So he reached up and knocked at the door. "I have just seen Eeyore is in a Very Sad Condition, because it's his birthday, and nobody has taken any notice of it, and he's very Gloomy--you know what Eeyore is--and there he was, and---- What a long time whoever lives here is answering this door." And he knocked again.

"But Pooh," said Piglet, "it's your own house!"

"Oh!" said Pooh. "So it is," he said. "Well, let's go in."

So in they went. The first thing Pooh did was to go to the cupboard to see if he had quite a small jar of honey left; and he had, so he took it down.

"I'm giving this to Eeyore," he explained, "as a present. What are you going to give?"

"Couldn't I give it too?" said Piglet. "From both of us?"

"No," said Pooh. "That would not be a good plan."

"All right, then, I'll give him a balloon. I've got one left from my party. I'll go and get it now, shall I?"

"That, Piglet, is a very good idea. It is just what Eeyore wants to cheer him up. Nobody can be uncheered with a balloon."

So off Piglet trotted; and in the other direction went Pooh, with his jar of honey.

It was a warm day, and he had a long way to go. He hadn't gone more than half-way when a sort of funny feeling began to creep all over him. It began at the tip of his nose and trickled all through him and out at the soles of his feet. It was just as if somebody inside him were saying, "Now then, Pooh, time for a little something."

"Dear, dear," said Pooh, "I didn't know it was as late as that." So he sat down and took the top off his jar of honey. "Lucky I brought this with me," he thought. "Many a bear going out on a warm day like this would never have thought of bringing a little something with him." And he began to eat.

"Now let me see," he thought! as he took his last lick of the inside of the jar, "Where was I going? Ah, yes, Eeyore." He got up slowly.

And then, suddenly, he remembered. He had eaten Eeyore's birthday present!

"Bother!" said Pooh. "What shall I do? I must give him something."

For a little while he couldn't think of anything. Then he thought: "Well, it's a very nice pot, even if there's no honey in it, and if I washed it clean, and got somebody to write 'A Happy Birthday' on it, Eeyore could keep things in it, which might be Useful." So, as he was just passing the Hundred Acre Wood, he went inside to call on Owl, who lived there.

"Good morning, Owl," he said.

"Good morning, Pooh," said Owl.

"Many happy returns of Eeyore's birthday," said Pooh.

"Oh, is that what it is?"

"What are you giving him, Owl?"

"What are you giving him, Pooh?"

"I'm giving him a Useful Pot to Keep Things In, and I wanted to ask you "

"Is this it?" said Owl, taking it out of Pooh's paw.

"Yes, and I wanted to ask you--"

"Somebody has been keeping honey in it," said Owl.

"You can keep anything in it," said Pooh earnestly. "It's Very Useful like that. And I wanted to ask you---"

"You ought to write 'A Happy Birthday' on it."

"That was what I wanted to ask you," said Pooh. "Because my spelling is Wobbly. It's good spelling but it Wobbles, and the letters get in the wrong places. Would you write 'A Happy Birthday' on it for me?"

"It's a nice pot," said Owl, looking at it all round. "Couldn't I give it too? From both of us?"

"No," said Pooh. "That would not be a good plan. Now I'll just wash it first, and then you can write on it."

Well, he washed the pot out, and dried it, while Owl licked the end of his pencil, and wondered how to spell "birthday."

"Can you read, Pooh?" he asked a little anxiously. "There's a notice about knocking and ringing outside my door, which Christopher Robin wrote. Could you read it?"

"Christopher Robin told me what it said, and then I could."

"Well, I'll tell you what this says, and then you'll be able to."

So Owl wrote . . . and this is what he wrote:

HIPY PAPY BTHUTHDTH THUTHDA

BTHUTHDY.

Pooh looked on admiringly.

"I'm just saying 'A Happy Birthday'," said Owl carelessly.

"It's a nice long one," said Pooh, very much impressed by it.

"Well, actually, of course, I'm saying 'A Very Happy Birthday with love from Pooh.' Naturally it takes a good deal of pencil to say a long thing like that."

"Oh, I see," said Pooh.

While all this was happening, Piglet had gone back to his own house to get Eeyore's balloon. He held it very tightly against himself, so that it shouldn't blow away, and he ran as fast as he could so as to get to Eeyore before Pooh did; for he thought that he would like to be the first one to give a present, just as if he had thought of it without being told by anybody. And running along, and thinking how pleased Eeyore would be, he didn't look where he was going . . . and suddenly he put his foot in a rabbit hole, and fell down flat on his face.

BANG!!!???\*!!

Piglet lay there, wondering what had happened. At first he thought that the whole world had blown up; and then he thought that perhaps only the Forest part of it had; and then he thought that perhaps only he had, and he was now alone in the moon or somewhere, and would never see Christopher Robin or Pooh or Eeyore again. And then he thought, "Well, even if I'm in the moon, I needn't be face downwards all the time," so he got cautiously up and looked about him.

He was still in the Forest!

"Well, that's funny," he thought. "I wonder what that bang was. I couldn't have made such a noise just falling down. And where's my balloon? And what's that small piece of damp rag doing?"

It was the balloon!

"Oh, dear!" said Piglet. "Oh, dear, oh, dearie, dearie, dear! Well, it's too late now. I can't go back, and I haven't another balloon, and perhaps Eeyore doesn't like balloons so very much."

So he trotted on, rather sadly now, and down he came to the side of the stream where Eeyore was, and called out to him.

"Good morning, Eeyore," shouted Piglet.

"Good morning, Little Piglet," said Eeyore. "If it is a good morning," he said. "Which I doubt," said he.

"Not that it matters," he said.

"Many happy returns of the day," said Piglet, having now got closer.

Eeyore stopped looking at himself in the stream, and turned to stare at Piglet.

"Just say that again," he said.

"Many hap--"

"Wait a moment."

Balancing on three legs, he began to bring his fourth leg very cautiously up to his ear. "I did this yesterday," he explained, as he fell down for the third time. "It's quite easy. It's so as I can hear better. ... There, that's done it! Now then, what were you saying?" He pushed his ear forward with his hoof.

"Many happy returns of the day," said Piglet again.

"Meaning me?"

"Of course, Eeyore."

"My birthday?"

"Yes."

"Me having a real birthday?"

"Yes, Eeyore, and I've brought you a present."

Eeyore took down his right hoof from his right ear, turned round, and with great difficulty put up his left hoof.

"I must have that in the other ear," he said. "Now then."

"A present," said Piglet very loudly.

"Meaning me again?"

"Yes."

"My birthday still?"

"Of course, Eeyore."

"Me going on having a real birthday?"

"Yes, Eeyore, and I brought you a balloon."

"Balloon?" said Eeyore. "You did say balloon? One of those big coloured things you blow up? Gaiety, song-and-dance, here we are and there we are?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid--I'm very sorry, Eeyore-- but when I was running along to bring it you, I fell down."

"Dear, dear, how unlucky! You ran too fast, I expect. You didn't hurt yourself, Little Piglet?"

"No, but I--I--oh, Eeyore, I burst the balloon!"

There was a very long silence.

"My balloon?" said Eeyore at last.

Piglet nodded.

"My birthday balloon?"

"Yes, Eeyore," said Piglet sniffing a little. "Here it is. With--with many happy returns of the day." And he gave Eeyore the small piece of damp rag.

"Is this it?" said Eeyore, a little surprised.

Piglet nodded.

"My present?"

Piglet nodded again.

"The balloon?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Piglet," said Eeyore. "You don't mind my asking," he went on, "but what colour was this balloon when it--when it was a balloon?"

"Red."

"I just wondered. ... Red," he murmured to himself. "My favourite colour. ... How big was it?"

"About as big as me."

"I just wondered. ... About as big as Piglet," he said to himself sadly. "My favourite size. Well, well."

Piglet felt very miserable, and didn't know what to say. He was still opening his mouth to begin something, and then deciding that it wasn't any good saying that, when he heard a shout from the other side of the river, and there was Pooh.

"Many happy returns of the day," called out Pooh, forgetting that he had said it already.

"Thank you, Pooh, I'm having them," said Eeyore gloomily.

"I've brought you a little present," said Pooh excitedly.

"I've had it," said Eeyore.

Pooh had now splashed across the stream to Eeyore, and Piglet was sitting a little way off, his head in his paws, snuffling to himself.

"It's a Useful Pot," said Pooh. "Here it is. And it's got 'A Very Happy Birthday with love from Pooh' written on it. That's what all that writing is. And it's for putting things in. There!"

When Eeyore saw the pot, he became quite excited.

"Why!" he said. "I believe my Balloon will just go into that Pot!"

"Oh, no, Eeyore," said Pooh. "Balloons are much too big to go into Pots. What you do with a balloon is, you hold the balloon "

"Not mine," said Eeyore proudly. "Look, Piglet!" And as Piglet looked sorrowfully round, Eeyore picked the balloon up with his teeth, and placed it carefully in the pot; picked it out and put it on the ground; and then picked it up again and put it carefully back.

"So it does!" said Pooh. "It goes in!"

"So it does!" said Piglet. "And it comes out!"

"Doesn't it?" said Eeyore. "It goes in and out like anything."

"I'm very glad," said Pooh happily, "that I thought of giving you a Useful Pot to put things in."

"I'm very glad," said Piglet happily, "that thought of giving you something to put in a Useful Pot."

But Eeyore wasn't listening. He was taking the balloon out, and putting it back again, as happy as could be....

"And didn't I give him anything?" asked Christopher Robin sadly.

"Of course you did," I said. "You gave him don't you remember--a little--a little "

"I gave him a box of paints to paint things with."

"That was it."

"Why didn't I give it to him in the morning?"

"You were so busy getting his party ready for him. He had a cake with icing on the top, and three candles, and his name in pink sugar? and "

"Yes, I remember," said Christopher Robin?

