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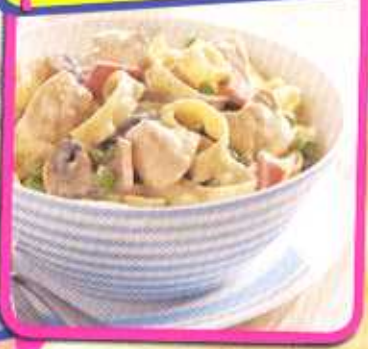
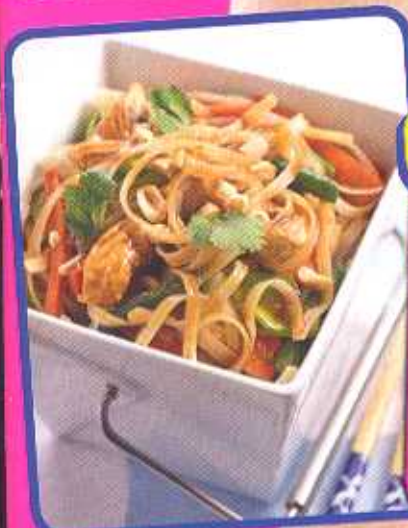
Risky business
Mum & I catch snakes

Bombs
COULDN'T
STOP OUR
WEDDING



A WEE ACCIDENT
MY HUBBY RAN OVER ME

**Spice up
your chicken**



IN PRIZES
\$129,160



My Bangkok
**BOOB
JOB** was



BOTCHED

**Meningococcal
HORROR**



IT TOOK MY **BABY**
AWAY IN A DAY

That's true love

True love can survive the ravages of time, distance – and war...



Our first date

BOMBS couldn't stop our WEDDING

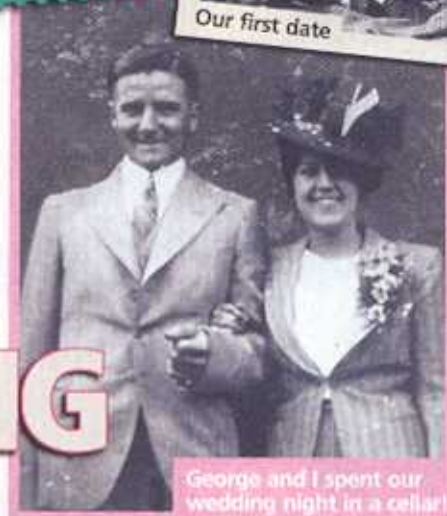
Nothing would come between Joan and George on their big day

Slowly George Hayball brought his car to a halt. We'd just been on our first date. 'I'm with the Church of England, I'm a ship's plumber and I want four children,' he smiled. 'If that's not good enough, tell me now.'

I was 17 and had just dumped a boy for getting serious. 'I'll let you know,' I replied.

George, 23, and I continued dating. I liked him more each day. 'We're getting engaged,' George declared nine months later. 'All right then,' I agreed.

WW2 had just begun, but we didn't let that stop us. Eight months on, the day before our wedding, we were visiting my parents, Louisa and Percy when



George and I spent our wedding night in a cellar!

But nothing was going to stop our wedding, and we got on with it as explosions rumbled in the distance.

We spent our wedding night in the cellar. 'If we die, we die together,' George said.

Eight weeks later George was building a cupboard when I had an overwhelming feeling to get into the cellar. 'The planes have gone,' George said. 'Please,' I begged.

As soon as we reached our bunker a bomb hit next to our flat, taking off our roof. We came out and stared at the cupboard. A huge piece of glass was wedged where George had been standing.

'Whenever you have a gut instinct again, we'll follow it,' George said.

We had two children, Valerie and

The explosions went on forever, and London was burning



We emigrated 53 years ago

bombers flew overhead.

'Get into the shelter,' Dad yelled. The explosions seemed to go on forever. Four hours later we went back upstairs. London was burning. 'I've got to go,' George said. 'My family's out there.'

The raids continued all night, but Hitler wasn't going to ruin my big day! The next afternoon I was in a limousine driving through the rubble.

'George made it,' a guest said as we pulled up at the church. Inside, I saw some guests were wearing bandages. Suddenly the sirens started wailing again.

Christine, but life was difficult. We lived on tinned corned beef, and constant bombing left us jangled. 'I've got a strong gut feeling to emigrate to Australia,' I told George seven years later. He agreed.

Today, we've been in Australia for 53 years. With five grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren I think my instinct was right. But when I hear of bombings overseas my heart goes out to families

trying to survive amongst smoke and rubble. ■

● Joan Hayball, 85, Daleys Point, NSW

The payment for Joan's story will be donated to the Cancer Council.



Me and George

GRAND matchm

What started as a letter to a stranger an ocean away ended in a whirlwind romance

Grandpa Chris Boorman had worked as a missionary in Fiji. 'Where is Fiji?' I asked him when I was seven.

Grandpa spun his big globe.

'This is Australia,' he said, pointing. 'And this is Fiji.' I couldn't believe that tiny speck was a country.

Grandpa died a year later.

When I was 15, I saw a magazine ad for a penpal from Charlie Morell, 17, in Fiji. Thinking of Grandpa, I wrote to him straight away. My grandpa built a church in your country, I wrote.

Charlie replied a few weeks later.

We wrote every month for a few years and I told Charlie my deepest secrets.

I think I love you, he wrote one day.

I feel the same but I want to tell you in person, I replied.

I tried to save enough money for an airfare to Fiji. But two years later, at 20, I still didn't have the cash and I was devastated. 'I'm scared that I'll never meet the man I love,' I told my family.

'I'll give you the money to go to Fiji,'

Me, Peta, Luke and Antony, and me and Luke (right)



A small village in Wales held a special surprise for Peieta

'I'm so homesick,' my best friend Peta Jarvis, 20, said over the phone one day. Peta had moved from Sydney to Wales seven months earlier to be with Antony Gitsham, 23, who she'd met while he was here on a working holiday.

'I wish you could come for a visit,' she said – and so that's what I did.

'I am so happy you came,' she smiled when I arrived with my friend Catherine. Antony had just proposed to Peta, so