

Bayside U3A

UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE

Offices: Beaumaris Senior Centre
84 Reserve Road, Beaumaris (behind the library)
CLOSED

Old Brighton Court House
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CLOSED

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Email: baysideu3a@gmail.com Web: baysideu3a.org

Bayside U3A Facebook group - members only. To join, follow the link above and click on the join button and enter your name and member number. Your application will show as 'pending' until it is processed.

NEWSLETTER

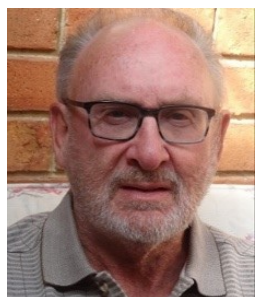
Special Edition No. 14



[Coronavirus Notice:](#)

[Bayside U3A Closed until further notice](#)

FROM THE PRESIDENT:



Dear Members

It seems to have been a busy fortnight – OK it must be that I've slowed to near comatose! But besides the garden seeming to explode with heaps to cut back, clean up, sweep up or mow, I seem to have so many Zoom sessions I'm having to be extra careful of where I store the emails or the links! But thinking of the garden before going back to the excitement of Zoom, ours is a wonder – all the orchids bloomed extra-well this year, some have faded but others are still coming out on multiple spikes, and the roses are now bursting out with more buds than for many years, Clivias are rampant and the new lawn seems to grow 'an inch' every day!

'Zooming' included attending a virtual reception for all Victorian U3As with the State Governor, the Hon Linda Dessau AC and husband Anthony Howard to commemorate the International Day of Older Persons. They spoke about this being their first Virtual Reception and noted U3A's contribution to the community and the dissemination of new knowledge and ideas. U3A Network President, Susan Webster, spoke about the move to online and the attempt to replicate the U3A features of friendship, welfare, caring and mental stimulation in these difficult times. There were three representative speakers from Emerald, Mallacoota and Melbourne Chinese U3As. Mallacoota, of course, had their terrible bushfire devastation before COVID – but they said that Zoom had 'brought them back to Victoria' with all the support, connections and camaraderie received mainly through this medium.

Our new Secretary Carol Sieker also 'attended' this and other U3A Zoom events. Carol has taken over from Lyn Windsor who had a job offer she couldn't refuse – many thanks Lyn for your work through the COVID period and a warm welcome to Carol in her new role.

Besides that, my regular chat and Bayside U3A sessions and classes, we've had a U3A Planning workshop (some interesting things to explore for 2021) and a presentation/Q&A with Council about the Hampton Hub (new community centre, probably still 7-8 years away!). And Zoom has also extended to my golf club, car club, virtual drinks with friends and representing U3As on a Swinburne Uni focus group about community venue usage. A significant topic with U3As is how to run blended or hybrid classes so we can have limited members in a classroom together with numbers on Zoom. There is no single solution to this as it may depend on the type of class – exercise, small discussion group or presentation/lecture. However I'm sure we will be investing in special cameras and microphones to assist tutors with this.

There will be a little excitement in our lives this month – the Council elections postal vote! Don't forget – it may cost you. This has given me a bit more exercise as I volunteered to 'letter box' leaflets for one of the candidates, meaning a couple more hours walking for three days – it's done me a power of good (really?).

No doubt we're all waiting patiently or at least hopefully, not blatantly, breaking the rules to see what happens on 18th October, and some relaxation of restrictions if enough people have behaved and COVID is under control. Until then please keep busy, stay safe, stay well and be happy.

Tony Aplin

Course News - Sue Steele

2021 planning is well underway. Thanks to everyone who has already volunteered their time and expertise for next year. We will have a great range of courses and activities either face to face or online in some cases.

Key membership and enrolment dates

1st November - online membership renewal opens (this doesn't include course enrolment)

8th November - 2021 enrolment period commences; online, email or Australia Post
(at this stage we don't know when/if our offices can re-open)

30th November - enrolments received by this date are included in the ballots held for over-subscribed classes, later enrolments are not.

11th to 17th December - Enrolment information sent to members



CONVERSATION HOSTING

Many members have dropped in to meet new and old friends on Zoom at Friday's Happy Hour or the morning/afternoon chat sessions. You may bring a friend or partner who is not a current member and meet others for a COVID-free, light-relief chat.

FRIDAY NIGHT HAPPY HOUR -- 5:00pm – 6:30pm

Your Committee Members hosts are Tony Aplin, Stephen Le Page, David Hone and Carol Sieker

CHAT SESSIONS

Lyn Windsor	Mondays 10:30am --Morning Coffee and Chat
Tony Aplin	Tuesdays 3:30pm – Afternoon Tea and Chat
Sue Steele	Thursdays 3:00pm - Afternoon Tea and Chat
Carol Sieker	Thursdays 10:00am –Morning Tea and Chat
David Hone	Thursdays 4:00pm –Afternoon Tea and Chat

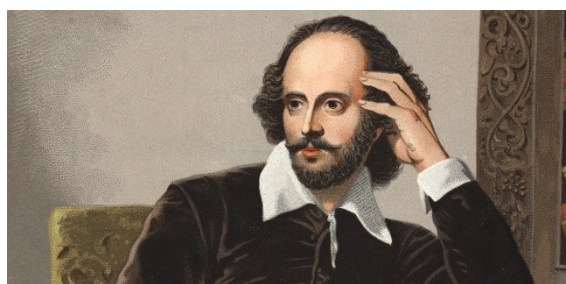
Register now with Chris on baysideu3a@gmail.com for any of these events.
Zoom invitations and instructions will be sent in ample time.



Shakespeare - Peter Summons (Tutor)

Our dedicated group are still meeting via Zoom every Monday at 2:00pm to enjoy reading Shakespeare's plays online. At present we are enjoying the lightness and brightness of 'The Tempest'. This play is a lovely mixture of magic and romance!

Some more people have recently mastered Zoom technology and have now joined our group which is really great!



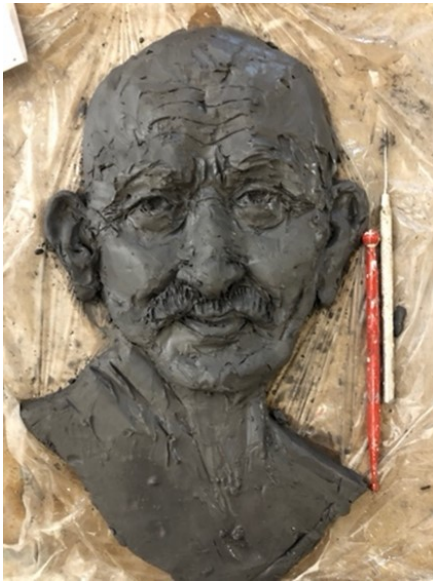
Thursday Afternoon Discussion Group - Ralph Levy (Convenor)

Of course every one is the expert on real estate but the Thursday afternoon discussion group recently hosted a true expert, Phillip Kingston from Gary Peer Real Estate, who discussed with us the effect COVID has had on real estate, how the industry has adapted and, importantly, directions post-COVID. Every one was able to discuss with Phillip and give their own thoughts and obviously in real estate terms, we successfully completed 'the deal'.

A wonderful afternoon's discussion was had.

Sculpture Group - Roy Bird (Tutor)

The sculpture group has continued to work from home. Here are four examples of our recent work:



Gandhi in Black Clay (work in progress)
By Tanya



Mosaic Bowl (work in progress)
By Carol B



Pendant from Telecom wire
By Carol H



Kwan Yin Chinese Goddess
Clay and Concrete
By Janice R

Writers Group - Cheryl Threadgold (Tutor)

The word of the month was 'Copper'.

Screw-claw by John Maddick

The two boys hear the edge in their father's voice, and stay watching Play-School. He is trying to describe it: "...two pincers with a big screw you wind down to flare the copper...". Brett knows what his father is describing. It's like a thumb and finger half open, ready to grab something. He likes watching the big screw wind down.

Their parents are shouting at the back door. It's where their dad keeps his tools now his apprentice drives him. Their mother must have said something about his licence, because they hear him yell "It's bloody hard enough without you reminding me all the time". They get sent off early to bed more often now, on nights when mum and dad are making anger.

Brett was sure he'd tucked screw-claw and sword under the bit of board at the back of pirate cave. You have to crawl in under the lavender bushes against the garage wall. Their parents would never look there.

He heard his father on the phone out in the kitchen telling Luke, his apprentice, to bring an extra flaring tool. "Can't understand it. Must have slid out of the box somewhere. The yoke is still in the box. So I would've put the flaring tool in".
The air in the house fell still when their dad left. They can hear the chink and swish of their mother out in the kitchen.

"Boys, come and get your breakfast".

They are eating Weet-Bix at the small kitchen table when their mother came and sat with them.

"Now boys. Could you help me?"

Brett watches his younger brother nod, big eyes on his mother.

"I've lost my spare carving knife."

Brett saw the guilt cross his brother's face. Now his mother is talking direct to Sam. "Where is it Sam? And your father's flaring tool?"

Brett watches Sam lead their mother out across the back porch, out through the back yard, and around the corner of the garage.

COPPER by Norah Dempster

(Prose poem: Poetry written in prose form instead of verse form while preserving poetic qualities)

The woman bends over the washhouse copper. The sheets rise in the seething foam. She lifts the sheets, heavy with water and hot with steam, her strong arms thick and spotted with age. She plunges the sheets in the cold water tub, her grey hair flattened tendrils around a tired flushed face. She turns to the hand wringer, pushes the creaking handle and feeds the dripping sheets through, then lifts and places them in the waiting wicker basket. She carries the load outside. The soft voice of a nearby dove calls. She stops still, listens, and alongside the rose garden she remembers. The jewels, the evenings filled with desire, the secret lover, the mesh of gold. She could enchant, bring lovers together, the embroidered girdle she wore, the cries of the women in birthing pain, and the sweet small voices of her children calling for the milk and honey she always gave. Once she was the fairest of them all. She sighs, bends down to lift and fix the wet sheets with wooden pegs. The clothes line sags under the weight. The West wind arrives and the sheets gently flap in the zephyr breeze. The woman nods to herself, "These sheets will dry today." They are, after all, single bed sheets and virginal white. She bends her old head, no more to be said.

Coppers by Helen Graham

There are coppers in a chopper,
Swooping above Port Phillip Bay.
No mask? Better fine her,
A hefty sum to pay.
Hunting for a vaccine proper
When found, oh, happy day,
No more coppers in a chopper
Checking out Port Phillip Bay!



The Copper by Greg Every

As a child in our first family home I can remember our laundry was beside the back door. In the corner rested a copper in which my mother, on the appointed morning, did our week's washing. I had never wondered why it was called a copper because the answer seemed obvious. The deep tub was made of copper.

The tub sat within a brick structure. At its base was a firebox and not far away was kindling for starting the fire and small logs for use when the blaze had progressed. On washing day mum would fill the copper and then light the old newspaper onto which she had perched ever increasing sized pieces of kindling. It was an educational and cross-cultural experience that had been going on for thousands of years – a parent teaching a child how to light a fire.

Mum would remove the copper's timber lid and routinely test the increasing water temperature by dipping a finger into the tub. At some magic moment she would shake in a quantity of Rinso washing powder and with waterlogged wooden washing tongs would stir the brew. A child of today witnessing the sight could easily think of a scene from a book or cartoon with a witch leaning over a bubbling cauldron containing an evil smelling substance.

There was a flue above the copper but not all the smoke managed to depart the washroom by that route, consequently the timber-lined room had a smoky smell and a musty Rinso-infused aroma.

While the water was heating, clothes that needed extra stain removal, were treated to a brisk rub from a yellow bar of Velvet soap before disappearing into the tub. When any whites needed special attention, to return them to their original colour, mum would let the temperature continue to rise until the water bubbled vigorously. After a time brewing in the pungent liquid she would carefully lift a garment with wooden tongs, turn it to check the success of the cleaning process and if required would let the item continue to cook.

Occasionally more firewood needed to be fed into the firebox which restored the crackling sounds which bounced around the cream painted walls.

When a garment had served its time in the tub, above Dante's inferno, it was removed from the brew and then put on a rack covering an edge of the copper. This step enabled wash-water to drain back into the copper. That move helped maintain the water level and at the same time preserve the concentration of the solution and its temperature.

When a garment did emerge, Mum fed one end into the room's only concession to mechanisation, a hand-crank clothes wringer clamped to a concrete tub beside the copper. The washing cycle was, on reflection, quite a scientific endeavour because mum knew the right temperature for each item and when it needed to come out of the copper. The water was then drained and the copper made ready for next week's wash day.

Copper: (Or the Mastering – or Not, of the Domestic Arts) by Juliet Charles

Marriage was not the 'rose-covered-cottage' idyll that Isabel had envisaged. She and her girlfriends dreamed of marriage and babies and were entranced by the idea of being engaged; they could not wait to be the centre of attention in their wedding gowns. But here she was, a naïve 21-year old, living in her husband's parents' house. Both Brian's parents had died – his father when he was 17 and his mother several years later.

It was not much fun living in the house of her husband's dead parents. The furniture and fittings were stodgy and heavy; the lounge suite was green and prickly. Her husband was quite happy with the furniture he had grown up with and, let's face it, "it's not as if we *need* anything." At first she really did try to put her own 'stamp' on the house, but it was too hard to squeeze any extra from the 'house-keeping' money.

Isabel had gone straight from her parents' loving environment to marriage and running a home, and she was clueless. She accepted that she had responsibility for the domestic arena while Brian mowed the lawns and washed the car.

Cooking was a skill Isabel lacked. She painfully recalled the first meal she prepared after she and Brian returned from their Daydream Island honeymoon. The stew took forever to cook and when it was served up, Brian declared it inedible. Tears were shed as the cook realised the mantle of 'domestic goddess' would elude her. Ironically, as her cooking improved, Brian confessed that he preferred steak or chops with three veg.

While Isabel also learnt, courtesy of her husband's aunt, how to iron men's shirts (who knew how complicated *that* was?), she never mastered the copper. She was dismayed when Brian introduced her to the old laundry and the coal heater which must be lit to heat the water for the ancient copper. Her husband vaguely indicated a large wooden rod, which he believed was employed to swirl the clothes in the copper. (He wasn't sure, as he'd never used it; his cousin house-kept for him after his mother died). Then the washing had to be put through the mangle. Unfortunately, this was broken, so instead, the sodden clothes were heaved into the trough of cold water, swished around a bit with the wooden stick, then hauled into a basket and dragged to the wire clothes-line. Which, of course sagged. Sheets faced a precarious journey from copper to clothes line, in grave danger of dropping in the dirt.

After fifteen months, they bought their own home by the seaside, but looking back through the mist of years, Isabel did not remember any comradely sharing of household duties that first year of marriage. Only how *bloody hard* it was, in a house which was not, nor ever would be, hers. Eight months after they were married, she gave her father the exciting news that she was pregnant. She was crushed by his response: "But you haven't even got a washing machine!" he exclaimed.

The Copper Saucepan by Cheryl Day.

My Nanna owned a large copper pot. It hung in her kitchen, battered by age and use, but still shining with a metallic glow. I never knew it to be used to cook anything but soup - robust vegetable soup, leavened by a lamb shank or two and swimming with nourishing vegetables.

Now my grandmother was not the cuddly, matronly figure of legendary grandmotherhood, fussing over her oven and producing cakes and scones to delight us, her grandchildren. Tall, long limbed, and straight backed she was all jangling bracelets and hennaed hair as she strode into a room with a commanding presence, well into her eighties.

She was much more likely to be spied perusing the latest Vogue than studying recipes or household cleaning hints. But she did make soup!

And it was nourishing old fashioned soup. If ever one of the family members, from the youngest to the oldest was ill she would drag down her copper saucepan and produce her soup as a sure cure for whatever it was that was afflicting the sufferer. And it was not only physical ailments that the soup was used for. As we grew into teenagers and had broken hearts and other disappointments in life, the copper pot would come out and soon the room would fill with the delicious aromas of nanna's soup. Winter or summer it was our panacea throughout life for all manner of life's challenges.

Nanna died when I was still in my early teens and one of the saddest days of my life – one that I remember clearly - was sitting in her kitchen with my sisters while my mother cleared out nanna's 'treasures'. Nanna had lived in the same house with my grandfather (and their children early on) for over 50 years and then another 20 on her own after he died, so there were a lot of treasures to be sifted through. My mother, always methodical and organised had 3 piles – one of any articles family members would want to keep, another for clothes or goods that were to be taken to the 'op' shop and another, much larger pile that was deemed 'rubbish' and was to be transported to the local tip as soon as possible.

It took us several days to sort through it all and my sisters and I tried to help but I fear we slowed up the process as almost every item, every chipped piece of china or well worn shawl (Nanna had an enormous collection of colourful scarves and shawls) that was destined for the 'junk' or 'op' shop pile was exclaimed over, reminisced over and one or all three of us would end by begging Mum to keep it.

'No, no', she would invariably say, 'I don't have room for all your grandmother's old rubbish and what would be the point of keeping it anyway?' We gave in most times feeling sad, but recognizing the truth of her words. Until it came to the copper saucepan. When mum dragged it from the recesses of the pot cupboard, we 3 girls almost cried out in unison. "You can't throw out nanna's copper saucepan." "Don't be ridiculous, of course it must go," our mother exclaimed. "it's old and battered, and probably unhygienic." I did have a mental image of the old battered pot amongst my mother's sleek, always gleaming kitchen utensils and could see her point. But I felt an overwhelming sadness. Mother mumbled a bit, then placed the saucepan with the 'rubbish' pile. She was right of course – it was only an 'object'.

Many years later I had the unenviable task of clearing out my mother's house. Unlike my grandmother, mum had moved from our family home a few years after our father died into a bright, brand new townhouse. In typical 'mum' fashion she had thrown out most of her old furniture and replaced it with new modern pieces. She also did a severe 'cull' of her crockery, kitchen utensils, ornaments and other bric-a-brac collected over the years and kept just a few old pieces and replaced the rest with just enough for her use. Ever practical, and intolerant of anything that would 'catch dust', she was quite unsentimental about her old things and her little unit was a picture of minimalist modernity. I felt a deep sadness at clearing out her last residence but it was a much easier task than the one she – with the doubtful 'help' of my sisters - had faced all those years before.

Choking back tears I cleared out mum's pieces. Most of them were too new to be discarded, but few held the sentimental value that my sisters and I had felt about our grandmother's 'treasures'. These were truly only 'objects'. I could see that now. Until, that is I dragged a heavy, object from the back of mum's pot drawer. It was carefully wrapped in brown paper and bubblewrap so I unwrapped it carefully wondering what could be so precious as to warrant such care. From the tangle of paper emerged my nanna's old copper pot! Mum must have rescued it from the 'rubbish pile' all those years ago and kept it all through the years, carefully moving it from house to house. It was then I really began to cry in earnest, not so much with sadness but with relief that nanna was still somehow comforting us in our time of need.



Copper - an interesting addition by Ilse Zipfel

*a challenge lurks for this rounded vessel hiding behind kitchen utensils
or is it another temptation for culinary excitement
to do during quiet times?*

*This shiny moonlit sphere ably holds
five golden whites
for whisking successions*

*until light and airy to glistening perfection
ready for sweetening
to become sticky & sugar-heavy*

*low heat if this would be heat
is needed to dry oval shapes
in divided basics*

*next time I advance less mediocrity
by coffee extracts sharpening sensation
within its shell and bitter berry toppings*

*Looking at these little wonders
I dress to enhance with double cream
and softest fruits to crown*

*creations of splendid desserts we know
as madam Pavlova riches
designed for special occasions
my mother proclaimed and insisted
best results for meringue concoctions
must be orchestrated in copper vessels*

*the albumin reaction with thermal Cubrum
might have merit?*



Recipes

Thanks to Barbara Shying for this recipe:

Mother-in-law's Never Fail Dessert

- 2 dessertspoons butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup S.R. Flour and a pinch of salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla essence
- 2 dessertspoons Cadbury's drinking chocolate



Melt butter in a small basin, add sugar and cream together. Beat in egg and add milk and flour alternately finishing with flour. Add drinking chocolate to the mixture. Place in oven proof dish and cook at 180deg for 30 minutes or until a skewer comes out clean.

Enjoy

Gardening Group - Adele Read (Tutor)

Thank you to Ann Swiers for forwarding [The Gardening Pictorial Newsletter](#) (click on the link) and the below:

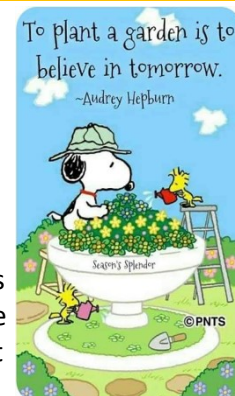
Hello all our lovely gardening friends,

Seems like a long time since we have seen your smiling faces and we miss you all. As gardeners we are very fortunate that we can indulge in our favorite hobby constantly as there is little else we can do within our 5km radius. Two hours a day in the garden is excellent therapy. Now that spring is really here it is time to feed everything!

It can be difficult to access all the desired items but use everything you have in the garden shed. Blood and bone, chook pellets, 'Charlie Carp' and other liquid fertilizer. If you are fit and strong it is a good time to empty the compost and use the lovely stuff at the bottom. I will have to wait for my grandson from NSW to do that - and when?

I have also used all my odd packets of seeds and tried to raise them. I find it slow and would prefer seedlings but needs must. So far the tomatoes are ready to plant out as are the mini pumpkins; the eggplant and capsicum are dragging their heels. This year I am planting a lot of flowers amongst the veggies to bring beneficial insects. Calendula, borage and geraniums and the existing echium and lavender. While my plum tree was flowering there were very few bees around but there are many more this week. Try not to use any chemicals ending with 'cide' as these are harmful. I do have recipes for natural homemade remedies and will happily send you copies by email. I think we have to assume that 2020 will be a lost year but perhaps we can meet in very early December - Hold that thought.

Adele



Thanks to our member Shirley Martin for forwarding the below:

The following quote from Tiffany Ayuda offers a possible post pandemic approach.

Kintsugi is the Japanese art of putting broken pottery pieces back together with gold – built on the idea that in embracing flaws and imperfections, you can create an even stronger, more beautiful piece of art. Every break is unique and instead of repairing an item like new, the 400-year-old technique actually highlights the "scars" as a part of the design. Using this as a metaphor for healing ourselves teaches us an important lesson: Sometimes in the process of repairing things that have broken, we actually create something more unique, beautiful and resilient.



Thanks to Ruth Rolls for this contribution to the newsletter:

THE SLIPPERY SLOPE

This poem isn't a crack at older men in lycra, it's about how men and women go about making the most of ageing. I saw this man in the train coming home from a writing course and then looked across and saw the poster and put the two together.

Splashed across his chest
Death in Texas, so the t-shirt said
On the man with the bicycle
And the black cap, and called young Henry.

Was his bike and all its trappings
Fending off the cloak of death?
Was this reality? he whispered to himself.
He looked and saw the poster on the wall.

All in red the caption screamed,
Book a tour, for your own abode.
Was this his next step - old aged care?
A ruse to give his future hope.

But do we need our interest flagged
To stir our blood to cheer us on
Towards the promised heavenly home?
Pondered the man in a grubby shirt,
With bulky bag and friendly face.



Lunchtime Masterpieces - Sue Steele (Tutor)

Thank you to Jenny Reece Dibbs for the below:

A few years ago, we were in the south of France and we heard about an art 'extravaganza' inside some underground caves – the art was that of Klimt and, when we entered the caves, it was all over the walls, on the floors and ceilings, throughout a number of caves. You wandered around and were surrounded by Klimt's art being reflected off the walls and other surfaces, accompanied by glorious classical music. It was just magical and wonderful.

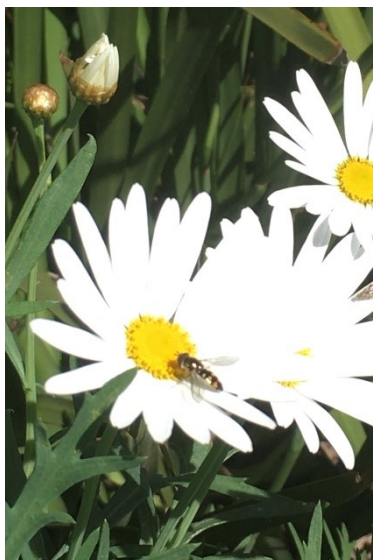
This will give you some idea of the experience, but this is of the marvellous work of Van Gogh. I hope you enjoy it.

<https://1funny.com/magical-van-gogh-exhibit/>



Thank you to Pauline Wiles for this contribution to the newsletter:

Attached a couple of photos of our hard working bees, working in all the gardens of Bayside within a radius of 1.5 - 4 kms from my husband's hive in our garden. The bees are collecting not only nectar but different colours of pollen (bee food) as can be seen in the photo of the front of the hive. Also pictured a small native bee on a daisy, all flowers feeding a variety of bee life.



Bayside U3A Online Sessions for Bayside 2020 Seniors Festival

Bayside U3A is a place where knowledge, ideas and life experiences are shared. Join us by Zoom each Friday in October from 10.30 to 11.30am and get a taste of the range of courses and activities that Bayside U3A has to offer. It is also a great way to meet new friends.

For each Zoom session it is requested that attendees register their interest by email to baysideu3a@gmail.com and a link to the session will be forwarded to them prior to the session.

iPad, tablet and smartphone advice

Friday 16th October at 10.30am – 11.30am

Does everyone seem to know more about using iPads, tablets and smartphones than you do? These devices are great fun and have a myriad of uses. Look at some interesting apps and some fun things to do with them. Have questions or issues you need answers to? Bring them along and our tutors will help to answer them.

Armchair Travel – The Grand Train Tour of Switzerland

Thursday 22nd October at 10.30am – 11.30am

Switzerland is always a wonderful experience whether by train, bus or boat. Enjoy travelling on panoramic trains through countryside filled with twists and turns along rivers and mountainsides only seen by rail while you relax in the comfort of your lounge. Experience all the highlights and sights Switzerland has to offer and enjoy this beautiful country.

Bookchat

Friday 30th October at 10.30am – 11.30am

Reading books has many benefits including strengthening our brains and alleviating stress. Join us while we share and discuss our favourite books from classics to more recent publications. Accept the challenge to read books you might otherwise avoid and discover new worlds.

Thank you to Vivienne Player for the below:

2020 Questions

What are you doing in lockdown?
How are you sleeping at night?
How are you coping with being alone?
Are you still feeling alright?

Are your cupboards all tidy and sorted?
Have you banished the dust and the grime?
Is your home now neatly decluttered?
Are you making good use of your time?

Some people are bingeing on Netflix,
Others watch Auntie or Gem,
Some lazybones just stare at their phones –
I hope you are not one of them.

What kind of books are you reading?
You've time now for Tolstoy and Proust.
Perhaps you have tackled Ulysses
To give your old brainpower a boost.

What are you cooking and eating?
At five do you open a red
Then keep on drinking all evening
While you ponder the life you have led?

Are you into aerobics or yoga?
Are you counting your steps every day?
Or do you just sit and mindlessly knit,
And fritter your free time away?

What are you doing in lockdown?
Have you achieved any thing?
I've been wondering how you are faring -
Just thought I would give you a ring.

Victorian Seniors Festival Reimagined 2020

From Cabaret, progressive rock and jazz, spoken word and puppetry, to Polynesian laments and gypsy czardas and Zumba dance, this year's Festival has something for everyone!. Watch a performance now and get in the groove.

[Watch the 2020 Victorian Seniors Festival reimagined performances](#)

60's radio show to lift the spirits ... and retain that sense of joy - Judith Vennell, Yoga Instructor

Can you remember what you were doing in 1967?

What music were you listening to?

(The Beatles, 'Penny Lane'/ Jeff St John, 'Big Time Operator'/ Linda Ronstadt, 'Different Drum')...

What TV shows were you watching?

(Bandstand, Uptight, The Carol Burnett Show, Ironside, Bewitched, Get Smart, Laugh-in)

On 'Stay Awhile' ... We've hit 1967 - Yeah Baby! Recent Special Tribute Shows have included: The Supremes, Dusty Springfield, The Hollies, The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Mamas & the Papas ... pretty much the sound track of our lives!



To revisit Sixties Music and Culture ... tune in to 'Stay Awhile', presented by Judith Vennell -

Mondays 11am to 12 - on 88.3 Southern FM radio (our community radio station) ... Each week you will hear cool retro music, plus info, anecdotes ... AND a quiz.

Be there – or be Square!

P.S. Radio On Demand means the show stays available via the website for a week after going to air. So either tune in on Monday at 11am or To access Radio On Demand:

Simply go to the website: **southernfm.com.au**

On the home page.. choose 'Program Guide' from the menu bar ...

You will see every show in date order. For 'Stay Awhile' scroll down to Monday 11am.

Simply select that.

Sing ... Dance ... Smile ... Feel the Joy!

NEWSLETTER

Thank you to all our members who have helped to create our great newsletters through the years. It is always a delight to receive your articles and photos.

We have been producing a newsletter every 2 weeks since the beginning of April. We will move to monthly newsletters post the current lockdown until face-to-face classes recommence. Any contributions, feedback or ideas for future newsletters will be gratefully received. Entries for the next edition will close midday Wednesday 21st October.



Please email to baysideu3a@gmail.com - attention Newsletter Editor.

Member Feedback

I have been very remiss, meaning every Newsletter to reply as you are doing exemplary U3A Newsletters, absolutely wonderful contact in keeping the Community together. I attend Mahjong, a great group of players, and miss this immensely, but I am in contact hearing about the Zoom Classes and news of new classes etc. Reading Helen's articles I relive wonderful memories of the Silo Tour, meeting with other U3A members and learning of our history. BUT I have just read our President's article today, together with page 9 of the Age article, and I salute you!! We certainly need positivity at this time and, if we all obey rules, we'll be back at U3A Bayside!! Congratulations on all your "From the President" writings but this one actually forced me to email you. Keep up your outstanding Volunteer work,
Helen Lockett

Thank you to everyone who makes a contribution to the Bayside U3A Newsletter. Sadly, I only recently began to read them. There are so many of you who are knowledgeable and clever. I am in awe. I particularly appreciate the warmth of Tony Aplin's introductory words.

Maureena Tilley



Webinar - The Aging Brain and Neuroplasticity, Professor Anthony Hannan, Florey Institute

The Florey Institute of Health Neuroscience and Mental Health has long been offering Melbourne City U3A with access to its expertise. Now the Institute is partnering with U3A Network Victoria to offer this expertise to all U3A members. The partnership will be launched with a webinar on The Aging Brain and Neuroplasticity presented by Professor Anthony Hannan.

The webinar will be held on Thursday 19 November from 11am to 12 noon.

To find out more about the webinar and the registration process go to:

<https://www.eventbrite.com.au/e/the-aging-brain-and-neuroplasticity-tickets-121657186921>

