

Bayside U3A

UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE

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

Old Brighton Court House
63 Carpenter Street, Brighton (behind the Town Hall)

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Mail: P.O. Box 7269 BEAUMARIS 3193

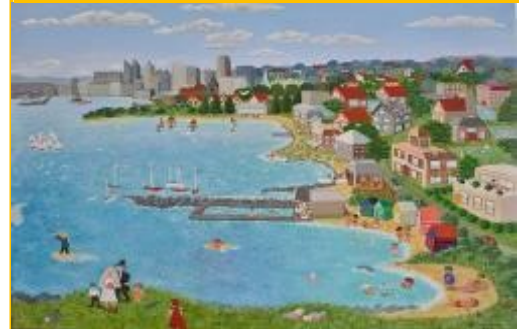
Email: baysideu3a@gmail.com Web: baysideu3a.org.au

2023 TERM DATES

Term 2 24th April - 23rd June 2023
Term 3 10th July - 19th September 2023
Term 4 2nd October - 20th December 2023

NEWSLETTER

April 2023



Beaumaris Office:
Monday to Friday 9:30am - 2:00pm

Brighton Office
Monday to Friday 9:30am - 12noon

FROM THE PRESIDENT

Bayside U3A had a great Term 1! It included our AGM where I was, once again, elected unopposed as your President. However, this is my last year and we need to find someone willing to take on the role which is not at all demanding! It was great to fill the Beaumaris Community Centre for the AGM once again.

Bayside U3A has survived the Covid crisis and we seem to be fast recovering our pre-Covid numbers. We should be proud of the way we have managed to keep the U3A going and I do thank Tony Aplin and his Committee for the able leadership they gave us in those troubling times. It has allowed us to bounce back very strongly, with Zoom and hybrid classes adding strings to our bow. It has been great to see the numbers returning to normal in our face-to-face classes as one of the primary aims of our U3A is to have retirees leave their homes regularly to meet like-minded people in a safe environment.

Those who go to the Brighton Court House will notice big improvements - Bayside U3A has financed the automation of the blinds and replaced the two air-conditioners in the hall. I want to record here my thanks to Tony Aplin who is managing the upgrades for us all.

Our Speakers Program is growing in strength and Dr John Basarin will be our guest on the 26th April at 2:30pm at the Beaumaris Senior Centre speaking on 'The Turkish Side of the Tragic Gallipoli Campaign'. Details on page two.

DAVID HONE



Photos from our AGM

COURSE NEWS**Convenor: Sue Steele**

Thanks to all our tutors and class assistants for such a successful start to 2023. Term 1 is over and we have a two week break from most of our U3A activities. Term 2 starts on Monday 24th April. Anzac Day is a public holiday and no classes are scheduled.

GENTLE EXERCISES TO MUSIC

Recently listed and filling fast... we still have a couple of places available.

This class is designed to exercise the whole body, stretching and strengthening all the muscle groups from head to toes, including hand exercises. Most of the class will be done sitting down but some supported standing exercises will be included. Commences 2nd May, 12.45pm at the Beaumaris Senior Centre. Course code: [23FITB07](#)

Can You Help Us Out?

We would like to expand our term 3 and 4 program. Have you thought about volunteering to run a U3A course but don't know where to start? One way is to offer a short course, say 3 to 6 sessions. This enables you to gauge interest, yours and participants, without too much effort or commitment.

Another way, that also relieves our waiting lists, is to start an additional stream of a popular activity such as a walking group or a book group. We have resources to help you get started and willing class members.

**OUR NEXT SPEAKER SERIES TALK****Wednesday 26th April, 2.30pm at the Beaumaris Senior Centre.****THE TURKISH SIDE OF THE TRAGIC GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN**

We are very fortunate to have Dr John Basarin addressing us the day after Anzac Day. John, who was born in Istanbul, Turkey and migrated to Australia in 1973, will give us a fascinating perspective of this Gallipoli campaign, which served as a tragic 'coming of age' for both the ANZACs and the Turks. John has given many talks on this topic at service clubs, the Shrine of Remembrance, schools, military associations and historical societies.

We are reminded of the words of Kamal Ataturk, Turkey's first President in a memorial at Anzac Cove :

"There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehments to us where they lie side by side here in this country of ours... You, the mothers who sent their sons from far away countries, wipe away your tears. Your sons are now lying in our bosom and are in peace."

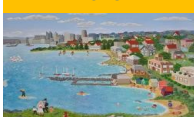
Some advance reading :

<https://www.theage.com.au/national/a-coming-of-age-and-of-solidarity-20080425-ge705w.html>



(Written by John Nurse)

NEWSLETTER
2023



Beaumaris
Mon - Fri 9:30 - 2

ARE YOU AN MS PUBLISHER USER? CAN YOU ASSIST US?

Bayside U3A needs assistance from a member with experience using Microsoft Publisher. We use Publisher to create our newsletter. A backup editor is required for when/if Sue Newton is away or unable to put all the news together and (hopefully) to share the role in the future.

If you can assist, please contact Chris Logan at the Beaumaris office 9598 3798 or 0404 524 028 or send an email to baysideu3a@gmail.com

CREATIVE CONVERSATIONS**Co-Tutors : Susan McCarthy & Alison Barnett**

Creative Conversations is a group of women who celebrate the hand stitching arts. This term we have welcomed several new members to the group and we have enjoyed getting to know each other. The generosity of members in assisting one another with new techniques and ideas has been outstanding. It is so satisfying to see this in action as it is part of our raison d'être as a group. The creative work of group members is truly outstanding.



Jennie O'Reilly has produced this beautiful quilt. You can only be impressed at the quality of her work. There are many hours of work in producing a quilt of this standard.



Bernadette Renwick has knitted this very stylish beret that any young girl will look adorable in!

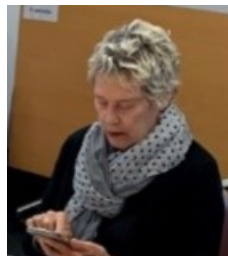
There are a few of our long term members on the 'sick list'. We have missed them, wish each of them a speedy recovery and look forward to their return.

FRENCH CONVERSATIONS : BRIGHTON**Co-Tutors : Faye Leader & Marianne Welton****A GALLIC DEGUSTATION**

After a busy term of French conversation from a group of animated, dedicated and enthusiastic contributors, attention turned to the complicated process of cheese making in France.

Following an academic look at the process and an examination of the characteristics of the various 'families' of French cheeses, the Wednesday French Conversation: Brighton group undertook a practical session to mark the end of Term 1: a cheese degustation.

Vive le fromage!

**MOVING TO MUSIC****Tutor : Bill Puls**

A lovely *Moving to Music* class with Bill Puls as the tutor.
No partners, just doing your own thing!
Great exercise for our male and female U3A members.



Photos by Sally Mort

SCULPTURE FOR PLEASURE Tutor : Roy Bird

Our Sculpture group will continue on the 28th April.
There is room for a couple more students if you wish to enrol.
Course code : [Introduction to Sculpture - Course code: 23ART003](#)



Chinese Lanterns (By Jennifer)



Mosaic (by Janice R.)



Male Face (by Janice L.)

DAY TRIPS TOURS

Convenor : Joan Gibbs

Tours were enjoyed by like-minded friends to different parts of our beautiful Victoria : Ballarat, Castlemaine, Blue Lotus Gardens, Port Arlington and using the Ferry. We will recommence tours in September. If you would like an itinerary to make a booking, please ring me on 0417 768 433 or email joanlgibbs37@gmail.com



LET'S DO DINNER - MARCH 2023

Convenor : Karen Hall

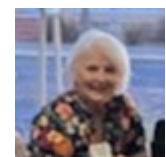


Once again it was a completely different experience at the Brighton Beach Hotel from one dinner to the next in March.

The start of the footy season and a rowdy engagement party certainly upped the noise level at our second dinner. Everyone was very brave to come out in gale force winds after a dramatic late weather change. Will do our best in future to avoid venues with large sports areas during the AFL season.

Due to the Easter holidays, only one dinner is scheduled for the 15th April at the Onyx Café in Cheltenham.

Everyone is welcome! However if you wish to be included on future dinner invitations and reminders, please enrol in [Let's do Dinner - Course code: 23SOC003](#).



HAPPY HOUR ON FRIDAY 30TH MARCH 2023

Convenor : Karen Hall



Thank you to the 22 members who braved a bleak, wet evening to celebrate the March Happy Hour.

No new members this month, but we did have a repeat lucky prize winner of the weekly RSL raffle! Congratulations Mary for selecting some very tasty looking steaks!

Although the bistro was booked out this time, a small group stayed on for dinner served in the bar area. Good to see busy times at the RSL!



Please join us for the next Happy Hour on 28th April at 5pm.

Do bring along some cash to support the RSL raffle. It's a great cause and an excellent chance of prize success! Everyone is welcome any time.

Feel free to bring along a friend.

If you enrol in [Course code: 23SOC004 Bayside U3A Happy Hour](#), you will get a reminder email.



The BAYSIDE U3A HAPPY HOUR is on the last Friday of the month!

Friday 28th April 2023 5pm at the Hampton RSL

- * No need to reply—just turn up! *Drinks: \$6.50 sparkling or house wine, discount beer and some spirits.
- * Please wear your U3A name badge. * Bring along your RSL membership card if you have one!

Dinner is available for those wishing to stay on. One table of 8 is permanently booked for U3A ... **BUT to confirm a booking, call the Hampton RSL on 9598 0460.**

Do bring along some cash to support the RSL raffle. It's a worthy cause and we historically have an enviable high rate of prize success! Everyone is welcome including a friend of U3A members.

If you enrol in [Course code: 23SOC004 Bayside U3A Happy Hour](#), you will get a reminder.



25 Holyrood St Hampton VIC 3188

HOUSEKEEPING!

You should wear your badge whenever you attend a course.

1. If you were a member during 2022 and haven't collected your badge, please call into either office—Beaumaris or Brighton and the office volunteers will be happy to help.
2. New Members should all have received their badge in the mail. If you haven't received it through the post, please contact the office on 9589 3798
3. Please remember to let us know if you will be absent from your courses. This assists with the attendance rolls.
4. If you wish to withdraw from a course, let the office know and we will offer your vacancy to a member on the waiting list.

Thank You

BAYSIDE U3A WRITERS GROUP 2023**Convenor: Dr Cheryl Threadgold****Word of the Month: 'RECONCILIATION'****RECONCILIATION****John Aarons © 2023**

Our neighbour on the west side is not particularly friendly, about the best we can expect is a wave if we should happen to see each other when pushing the bins out once a week. Twelve years after they moved into the house next door, despite inviting them in for a welcoming drink at that time, we had never been inside their home before the recent confrontation.

The previous owner had planted a row of palm trees along the fence dividing our two properties, as she had wanted to turn the backyard into a Bali style retreat. She had a swimming pool installed and a Bali hut erected to complete the make-believe. The palm trees have grown to a monstrous size and their fronds hang over our roof and garden constantly dropping straw-like litter everywhere. Cleaning out the roof gutters and sweeping the lawn is a continuous chore for us. I have raised this with the neighbour and he agreed that these palms are messy, but the cost of having them removed prevents him doing anything about it.

It recently came to a head when a huge dead frond dropped onto our garden. I contemplated cutting it up and depositing it in the green waste bin, but decided instead to throw it over into their yard. It may have landed in their swimming pool, as a seriously angry neighbour appeared at our front door, cursing and accusing me of littering his yard! I calmly responded by stating that after all it belonged to him and I was just returning what was legally his property.

Some months later, another frond landed on our roof and I had to call the handy man in to climb up and get it down for me. Once again, I tossed it back over the fence. The next day I awoke to the sound of a noisy chainsaw, and on opening the curtains saw a man high up the offending tree cutting it down section by section. By the end of the week, the tallest of the palms had been removed and I went next door with a bottle of special reserve wine for the neighbour. He invited me in and we finished the day (and the bottle) in a most jovial manner!

As I wandered back into our home, I smiled and decided this outcome was indeed a wonderful reconciliation.

FAREWELL COMRADE BILL**Tom Valenta © 2023**

The call came one Sunday afternoon. It was not entirely unexpected but was still a sad, sad moment in time. 'Hello, this is Scott Mason. I'm calling to let you know that my dad has died. He asked me to call you and several other friends a couple of days ago when he knew the end wasn't far away.'

Bill Mason's death was not entirely unexpected. Some twenty-five years ago, he had survived testicular cancer. Despite his survival, other life-threatening health problems followed. In recent years, every time we had lunch or met at a function, Bill would provide graphic details of his latest ailment.

Two weeks before Scott's call, I received an email from Bill. It read, 'Comrades, I write to advise that my end is nigh. My quack has told me that it will all be over within a month. I ask that you do yourselves a favour – don't mourn, don't weep – my family has been instructed that there is to be no funeral and no wake.'

'I have a favour to ask,' said Scott. 'I'm expecting a couple of newspapers to ask me to write an obituary. I'm no writer and am feeling flat. Would you be able to draft an obit?'

'Sure Scott,' I replied, 'happy to help.'

It had been many years since the media had taken an interest in William Patrick Mason, ex union leader, ex member of parliament and ex movie extra. He had first attracted attention in the 1960s when, as a student leader, he had led campaigns against the Vietnam War and the conscription of 20-year-old males. Then, as a union organiser and leader, he again attracted coverage as a spokesman during many periods of industrial unrest. He had briefly served as a politician in the 1980s but the stresses of holding on to a marginal electorate were too great and he did not seek re-election after losing his seat after only one term.

The union movement welcomed him back and he also found work as an extra in several movie productions. His minor movie stardom and high media profile led to several affairs which resulted, unsurprisingly, in the break-up of his marriage. Nellie, his wife of some fifteen years, moved to Sydney, taking their two sons with her. The break-up made news in a couple of the glossy gossip magazines, much to the chagrin of Nellie and the embarrassment of their boys who were heckled at school.

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Bill and I had first met in our student days and our paths had crossed for a couple of years before we went our own ways. It was two decades later that we re-connected in a hospital recovery room. He was being checked post-surgery for testicular cancer and I had a prostate biopsy. Just before we met there had been a newspaper article suggesting that Bill was terminally ill. He blamed Nellie for the coverage saying, 'When one of my sons told my ex-wife, she apparently leaked the story to a journalist. She thought that me losing my balls was poetic justice. The end-of-life thing was wishful thinking by her.'

My phone conversation with Scott was brief, he did have a huge list of people to call and I felt I had enough detail to draft the obituary. Before we ended the call, I did ask: 'I have just one question Scott. Did your father and mother reconcile before he died?'

There was a pause, I heard a deep breath and Scott said; 'Nah, no such joy.'

Reconciliation **Norah Dempster © 2023**

I travelled though the island of my childhood
on curving roads with corners sharp,
spring snow resting in the mountain gullies,
scarred rockface lining river beds.

I sat in cafes, churches, kitchens,
wooden houses, sloping farms,
stood talking in a paddock
to a nephew, bearded, strong.

Met friends from one-room school days,
reminders, laughter, tears,
misdemeanours, sorrows,
many gone, but others here.

The girl whose books I borrowed,
the boy I kissed on Hogmanay,
the one I nearly married,
the one whose sister ran away.

Then I left for home before the dawn_
pinched by melancholy,
and flew across the ocean
to this wide, blue different land.

I curl in bed that night with memories
surging, swarming in my head.
I wake up in the morning
I don't know who I am.

There is a body firm that can be felt
all in place and safe, intact.
It feels a wooden floor beneath its feet
But it has no mind, or self to name.

True emptiness! It was a thing,
no fear, but very strange,
no past no future, just a body,
I don't know who or where I am.

Then all returned, life tumbled in
with its memories, thoughts and questions
but the mystery of those seconds stays
when there was just a body.

Reconciled**Jan Storey © 2023**

This is a fictionalised version of a true event that was reported in many colonial newspapers in 1882.

Annie can feel her life slowly slipping away. The knife wound to her nose punctured an artery, and despite every effort by her friend Mary to staunch the leaking blood, nothing has worked.

A bolt of searing pain flares across her face and her work-worn fingers grasp at the edge of the eiderdown, not that it helps ameliorate the agony. Small beads of perspiration gather on her forehead and her armpits are moist and sticky.

All of her five children were birthed on the timber framed bed where she lies. Now the youngest, seventeen-year-old James, is fighting for his life. Mother and son, both victims of bizarre accidents. Both hanging on to life by a gossamer thread.

One hour earlier, James was taking a short cut through the cow paddock when his father's enraged bull charged. Desperately, he tried to run away, but slipped and fell. Before he could get to his feet, the animal was on him, tossing his body in the air several times. Miraculously, before he passed out, James managed to call Red, the kangaroo dog, that with some difficulty, succeeded in driving away the crazed beast. Two men from the Tannery on the adjoining property carried the lad's unconscious, battered body into the house. And, as Mary was cutting off James's trousers to get to his wounds, Annie leaned in anxiously to better see her son's injuries. But the knife slipped, almost severing the bottom part of Annie's nose.

Annie groans, squeezing her eyes tight against the pain. 'It's not your fault,' she says to Mary in a voice that is barely audible. 'You're not to blame.' Since emigrating to the colony with their husbands over twenty-five years ago, the two women had formed a strong bond, knowing that in all likelihood, they would never see family or friends again.

'Hush now.' Mary wipes some unpinned hair away from her face with the back of her hand. 'You must save your strength.' She tries to conceal her fear from her friend and continues to press the blood-soaked towel firmly against Annie's wounded face.

The women hear a dreadful moan coming from another room. 'James!' Annie grabs at Mary's hand pushing away the towel. 'I can't stay here - I must see to him.' She struggles to sit up, her round eyes veiled with terror. 'He can't die Mary - I can't let him die.'

'I'm sure Doctor Boyd will be here soon.' Mary tries to sound confident but knows an hour has passed since a messenger was sent to ride the six miles to town to locate the doctor. She manoeuvres her injured friend gently back down onto the bed. 'And James is in good hands. Mr Wittman is with him and one of the other men from the Tannery.'

Annie's face is white. 'And William?'

'Your husband has gone outside to wait the doctor's arrival.'

'When the doctor gets here, he must see to James first. Not me,' Annie manages to whisper before drifting into darkness. The thick smell of her blood hangs pungently in the warm air and Mary drops the soiled towel onto the floor replacing it with a fresh one.

At the other end of the house, the insensible body of James lies on his bed. His breathing comes in shallow jagged gasps. Blood oozes from a deep wound behind his left knee and from a long wound on his left thigh. His face is swollen and hints of the bruising to come are beginning to show.

Standing by his bed are his two rescuers. 'You're a fighter, James. You'll pull through,' Whitman, the Tannery Manager says more to reassure himself than the unconscious boy. He has enough experience of injuries to know the bull has broken a number of the lad's ribs, and in all probability, they are pressing on his lungs.

Outside, in a stand of iron barks bordering Sheepwash Creek, a flock of white cockatoos shriek raucously into the early evening sky. Nearby, with a pipe clenched between his teeth, William is pacing up and down the dirt track outside the stone house. He can't remember feeling such despair. Will Annie ever forgive him if James dies? And what if Annie dies - would there be any point in living, he asks himself. The idea of living without her is unbearable. He curses himself. The bull was known to be a vicious animal but he thought it was well secured and it has kept his cows in calf and the farm in milk, butter and cream. But now he has no difficulty reconciling himself to the fact that the beast must be destroyed.

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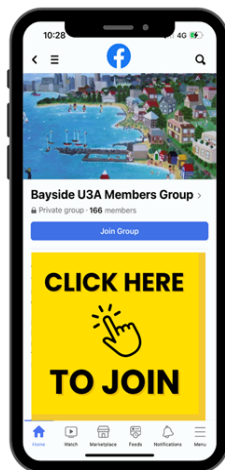
He glares up the slope of One Tree Hill to where the bull is grazing. 'Tomorrow, you die, you *diawl*,' he shouts. 'Bastard!' He glances at Red lying in the shade, still panting after his encounter with the bull, before yelling, 'And Red will feast on your heart.' The bull seemingly knowing what William promises, throws back its head bellowing loudly in defiance.

The sound of a horse galloping along Tannery Lane catches William's attention. He turns his back on the bull to see Doctor Boyd in his jinker turning through the farm gates and racing up the slope to where William is waiting. 'Doctor Boyd. Thank goodness you came.' William rushes to assist the doctor alight, his thoughts alternating between gloom and hope. 'This way – I fear I might lose them – dear God don't let me lose them.'

NATIONAL VOLUNTEERS WEEK: 15-21 MAY 2023

A very special thank you and recognition to all the volunteers who make the Bayside U3A possible ... Committee members, tutors, office staff, event staff, casual helpers.

We wouldn't be able to continue providing such terrific opportunities for our community members without YOU!



**ARE YOU ON
FACEBOOK?**

**JOIN THE
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U3A
MEMBERS
GROUP**

Use this link to join
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