

Bayside U3A

UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE

Offices: Beaumaris Senior Centre
 84 Reserve Road, Beaumaris (behind the library)
 Old Brighton Court House
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2024 TERM DATES

Term 4 7th October - 13th December 2024

2025 TERM DATES

Term 1 28th January - 4th April 2025

NEWSLETTER

October 2024



Beaumaris Office:

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

Brighton Office

Monday to Friday 9:30am - 12noon



PRESIDENT'S MUSINGS

SUE STEELE

I'm back from my holiday just in time to prepare for the 2025 U3A year.

My trip was delightful, in many ways I didn't expect. The weather, several floods, forced changes upon us. This meant more time on buses and in a hotel and less time on a boat cruising down a river. It also meant some planned stops were altered - mostly so I could spend less time on a bus. It turns out my first choices may have been great but so were the alternatives, perhaps more so. Serendipity can be a wonderful thing.

We are currently planning and developing our 2025 program of courses and activities. We expect most of our 2024 classes to return, thanks to the support of our loyal and hard working class tutors and conveners. We love to see more classes and more tutors, so please consider what you may be able to offer - perhaps you could develop a class/discussion/activity based on one of your interests or hobbies? If it interests you it probably interests some of our members as well. You don't need to be a trained teacher or a professional in an area to become a tutor or convener, you just need interest and enthusiasm.

KEY DATES FOR 2025 ENROLMENTS

31st October : New enrolments for 2024 classes CLOSED

20th November : 2025 course list available online

26th November : Early enrolment opens for tutors and volunteers

28th November: Enrolment opens for all new and continuing members

7th December : Balloting for popular classes (Listed in UMAS as Zero enrolments)

- Members can join and enrol online, in person at our office or by completing and posting printed forms.
- We will accept payment via Paypal, Bank transfer, Credit card, cash (in person only) or cheque.
- Some enrolment restrictions will apply during November, December and January.
- Only one or two enrolments will be permitted in certain categories including language and exercise groups.
- Enrolments will be unlimited from mid-January 2025.

SEEKING NEW COURSES AND TUTORS

We already have some new and exciting courses for 2025 but we would love more!

Please contact us if you think you might be interested in working with us.

Our members' interests are extremely broad and we usually find a class group for any topic.

We are very flexible and work with tutors to find suitable class days, times and formats.

NEW BAYSIDE U3A MEMBERS TO 11TH OCTOBER

We are delighted to welcome 8 new members:

Marilyn Anderson	Steve Carey	Anne Caris
Michael Chapman	Vicki Fotiades	Anne Holland
Jenny Moran	Julie Sheldrake	

Please look out for these new members and help them enjoy our U3A.

**U3A: 40 years of lifelong learning, connections and friendships!
Let's celebrate!!**



When the University of the Third Age (now known as U3A) started in 1984, it is unlikely that anyone was predicting that in its 40th year, there would be over 260 groups across Australia meeting the needs and interests of more than 100,000 members.

But that is what is happening now – every week, across the country, groups of older Australians are getting together in their local areas to learn, meet, create, listen and connect.

And all helping to achieve U3A’s vision to promote the benefits of positive ageing and lifelong learning, aiming to improve people’s mental and physical health and social engagement.

Our next Bayside U3A Speaker will be Margaret Abbey PSM.



WHO DOES RUN THE COUNCIL?

Who does run the Council? This is something we would all love to know! Come along to our next speaker event on **20th November 2.30pm** and find out from a true insider.

Margaret Abbey PSM received one of the lesser-known Australian Honours awarded by the Governor General, the Public Service Medal, in acknowledgement of her contribution to planning in Victoria and specifically her role in managing the reconstruction and recovery of the Murrindindi and Nillumbik communities following the devastating Black Saturday bushfires. Margaret was a lead witness for local government at the Bushfires Royal Commission.

Whilst retired from a full-time career which culminated in her being appointed the CEO of the Murrindindi Shire Council in 2010, Margaret has continued her association with local government.

With over 40 years’ experience, Margaret is well placed to dispel some of the myths and intrigues that surround local government, including:

- ◆ What actually is the role of Local Government?
- ◆ How much power does the Mayor really have?
- ◆ Who decides how much I pay in rates? and
- ◆ Who ultimately makes the planning decisions in Victoria?

'High Tea' - Brighton Town Hall!



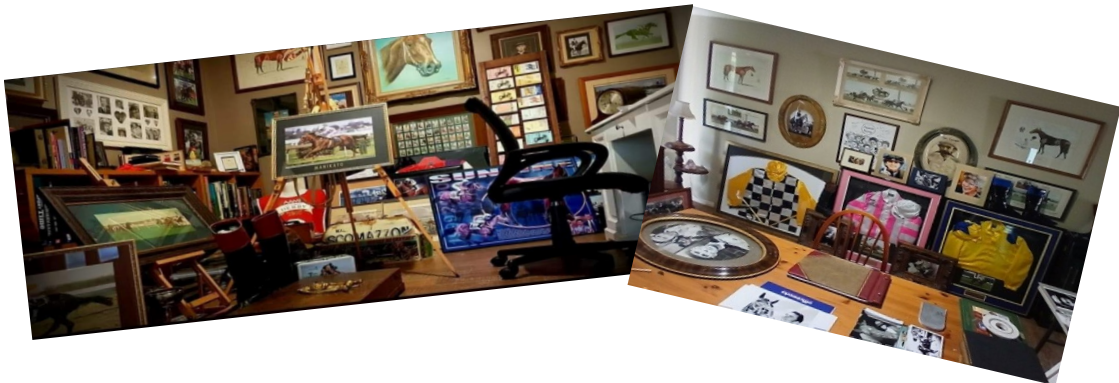
Bayside U3A Celebrates
the Spring Racing Carnival

Thursday 7th November 1:30pm – 3.30pm

Dress Up! Enjoy a lavish afternoon tea, bubbles & wine!

'Fashions on the Field' prizes
On screen live racing events
\$2.00 sweep, cash only

Special guest Ray Mercer is showing
part of his collection of racing memorabilia.



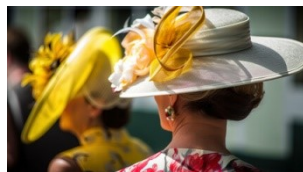
**Come along & bring your friends!
Tickets \$35**

Members Enrol in [Spring Racing Carnival High Tea, Course No: 24EVE05](#)

or

Friends and Members: Call the office to pay with Credit Card: 9589 3798

Bookings close: 30th October



LAWN BOWLS

Course leader : Rob Coulson



ROYAL VISIT!

Participants were treated to a ‘Royal Visit’ on the 16th October when, perhaps the most successful Australian bowler and coach of all time visited the group and spoke to us. Steve Glasson has won every national and international title going, as well as coaching the national team for many years. We consider him royalty anyway.

Following the ‘Come & Try Day’ we have added about 10 to our regular numbers, who have joined at a good time to enjoy some bowls during the ‘season’. And there is some talent in there too!

Enrol at [Lawn Bowls - Absolute Beginners. Course No: 24FITS06](#)

Armchair Travel

Convenor : Claire Andrews

Bayside U3A ‘Armchair Travel’ is a friendly group of 20+ regular attendees, who meet in Beaumaris on the fourth Friday each month from 10.30am-12pm.



At our last meeting, U3A member Sean Curtain presented his travels to Japan.

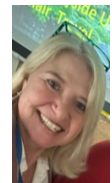
We are looking for new presenters for next year...
2025 really isn't that far off!



I appreciate how much we in U3A look forward to our get-togethers and how important these are to so many people, whether for companionship, education or a ‘change of scene’. We are able to continue our interesting ‘Armchair Travel’ sessions because so many people are willing to share their travel stories and time.

I am looking for people to share their travel memories, talking for about 60+ minutes on the destination of your choice (we are very lucky to have many talks on Italy already, however.) We ask you to add your photos and images into a PowerPoint presentation (which I can assist with, but you do need to have a basic understanding of the program) and talk about your visit. We are grateful to be supported by a helpful admin team, who can assist with setting up the laptop – you do not have to bring any technology equipment.

If you think you might be interested, please contact the office on 9589 3798 or contact me, Claire, for a ‘no obligation’ chat on what’s involved. My email is: claire.bec.waters@bigpond.com



A big thank you to anyone who might be considering assisting and I look forward to hearing from you.

Enrol at [Armchair Travel. Course No: 24HUM011](#)

TREASURY OF GOLDEN ERA MOVIES

Tutor: Tom Hajdu

The treasure trove of movies carries on unabated and all are welcome to attend, from the curious through to the Golden Era movie die-hards! Movies are shown 4:10pm on Thursdays at the Beaumaris Senior Centre and are 90 - 120 minutes duration.



- ⇒ 31st October : A Woman’s World (1954)
- ⇒ 7th November : No Highway In The Sky (1951)
- ⇒ 14th November : An American Romance (1944)
- ⇒ 21st November : For Me And My Gal (1942)
- ⇒ 28th November : Land Of The Pharaohs (1945)
- ⇒ 5th December : Ninotchka (1944)
- ⇒ 12th December : Christmas In Connecticut (1945)



All those of you with just a glimmer of interest in any of the above titles, need only to Google them. Once you have done your research you’ll agree with me that they all in their individual ways are MUST see movies, you will be welcomed into the fold! Enrol at [Treasury of Golden Era Movie Studies Course: 24HUM015](#)



HAPPY HOUR 27TH SEPTEMBER 2024

Convenor : Karen Hall



We had 44 members join us for Happy Hour in September. It was disappointing that team sport colours were a little light on but that did not impact our enjoyment of the evening.

Due to a large function in the general bar area, we had our own private space in the bistro, then managed to rearrange a few tables to cater for several dinner groups.



Luck was on our side – no less than 3 winners this month! Bernie Jenkins, Daria Magar and Karen Hall!

And Jane Price won a try at 'The Joker Wild' but unfortunately picked a blank from the cabinet. \$500 would have been an exciting prize!



Happy Hour is on the last Friday of every month at the Hampton RSL starting at 5pm. *The October Happy Hour will miss this newsletter, so pop 29th November into your diary. Then for anyone not exhausted by all the Christmas festivities, the final Happy Hour for the year will be Friday 27th December.*



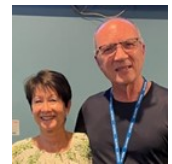
Everyone is welcome. No need to RSVP.

To receive a reminder closer to the day, please enrol in

[Bayside U3A Happy Hour Course No: 24SOC004](#)



Enrolments do not carry over from one year to the next, so you will need to re-enrol if you wish to receive the reminder emails in 2025.



THE GARDENING GROUP (JOKE OF THE MONTH)

Co-Tutors : Ann Swiers/Ann Forsyth

BAGPIPER AT FUNERAL

Time is like a river. You cannot touch the water twice, because the flow that has passed will never pass again. Enjoy every moment of life. As a bagpiper, I play many gigs.

Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper's cemetery in the Nova Scotia back country. As I was not familiar with the backwoods, I got lost and, being a typical man, I didn't stop for directions.

I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch. I felt badly and apologised to the men for being late. I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place.

I didn't know what else to do, so I started to play. The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends. I played like I've never played before for this homeless man. And as I played 'Amazing Grace', the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished, I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car.

Though my head was hung low, my heart was full. As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, "I never seen anything like that before, and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years."

Apparently, I'm still lost.... it's a man thing.

LET'S DO DINNER

Convenor : Karen Hall

Two months worth of dinners to report in this newsletter – will keep it brief.

7th and 21st September at the Mordy HQ

5th and 19th October at the Brighton Beach Hotel

The September dinners were lovely and quiet at Mordy HQ ... in direct contrast to the October dinners at the Brighton Beach Hotel, where the noise level was much higher

despite carpeted floors and half filled tables.

We can only do our best to select appropriate venues.

Remaining dinner dates:

2nd and 16th November at the Naked Racer

14th December at the Cheltenham RSL

If you wish to be included on dinner invitations and reminders next year, please enrol in Let's do Dinner when enrolments open in November.



GASWORKS ARTS EXHIBITION

(by Members of Bayside U3A Painting Group)



Janice Lawton
Cecilia Morris
Karen Camilleri
Maria Leoni



Collective Energy

Collective Energy brings together four women of different backgrounds, ages, art genres and interests, to become a strong, supportive group with the common goal of practicing art to enrich lives.

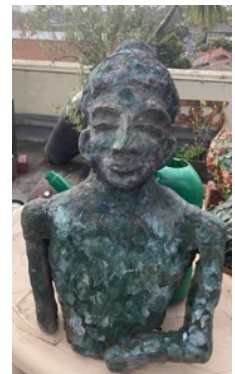
Gasworks Arts Park, 21 Graham Street, Albert Park

9.30am - 4.30pm Angela Roberts Bird Gallery

5th – 17th November 2024

SCULPTURE

Tutor : Roy Bird



Budda Unearthed
Concrete/Acrylic
by Jennifer

**OVER 50
SO WHAT!**
TV SHOW
Channel 44 (31)



**Bayside U3A Writers
Feature Story**

9.30am **Wed** 6 Nov
4.30pm **Thurs** 7 Nov
11.00am **Sat** 9 Nov

The fourth Bayside U3A Writers Group segment in Carol O'Halloran's

Over 50 So What!

programme can be seen on Channel 31 on the following dates and times.

9:30am Wednesday 6th November
4:30pm Thursday 7th November
11am Saturday 8th November

BAYSIDE U3A WRITERS GROUP**Convenor: Dr Cheryl Threadgold****Word of the Month: 'Interlude'****INTERLUDE****John Aarons © 2024**

When I was living and working in Houston, Texas for the first time in 1968, we rented an apartment in a suburb called Nassau Bay, which was a new housing development built by developers hoping to attract astronauts training at the nearby NASA headquarters.



It was an exciting time to be there, as many of our neighbours were pilots hoping to be sent off on space missions. At that time, only men were targeted for the early space flights, and they stood out from our other neighbours because of their distinctive orange flight suits.

They seemed to wear these overalls day and night, and we often lined up with them at the local supermarket check-out and an all-you-can-eat restaurant next to our apartment building (hard to believe that the never-ending meal cost only \$1.95). We became nodding acquaintances of some of these NASA trainees who lived in the same apartment complex, but were not on a first-name basis. Because of this, we never found out if any of them ever made it into space. We were certainly not at their intellectual level, so holding meaningful discussions would have been difficult for us.

There was a communal notice board in the foyer of the apartment building which advertised upcoming social events mainly aimed at the NASA people, although some events were open to everyone. There were film nights, concerts by NASA's own orchestra, and tickets to baseball and football matches being played by NASA teams. In general, we weren't interested in these events, but one that caught our attention was an introductory meeting of a travel group that had been set up by a couple of ex-commercial pilots. They had purchased a Constellation aeroplane that had recently been taken out of service from a commercial airline. It had been repainted with the Stars and Stripes covering the entire body of the plane and was an incredible sight.

The notice explained that for a small annual membership, one could join groups on holiday adventures to tourist hotspots around the USA and nearby countries. *Wow, we thought, this sounds great.* So off we went on the Saturday evening to the meeting. A crowd of about a hundred interested people crowded into a hall where the organisers gave talks of trips they had carried out over the past few months and their plans for the next couple of trips.

A 16mm movie projector showed us scenes from the last trip, which was to the Grand Canyon.

Annual membership was only \$50 per person and the cost per trip depended on duration and location, but averaged \$150 for a three-day visit. They announced that the next trip planned was three days in Acapulco on the Mexican Pacific coast.

They then presented a three-piece band to entertain us while we considered joining the club. Dancing was a 'must', they told us, to get into the holiday spirit, so my wife and I soon joined in on the dance floor.



It was during the interlude that we decided to join the travel club, and a week later we gathered at the old Houston International Airport with the group heading off to Acapulco. Whilst we waited in a departure lounge, we got to meet our fellow passengers. An hour passed, then another hour, and still no movement to load us onto the plane which we could clearly see waiting on the tarmac. Eventually, the pilot appeared and sadly told us the reason for the delay. There was a hurricane causing enormous damage to the Mexican countryside between Houston and our planned destination. They were hoping it would move away to the east and we could get clearance to take off, but in fact it had intensified.

The club manager had taken the decision to cancel the arrangements for Acapulco, and in the interlude had set things in motion to take us to the Bahamas or Las Vegas, whichever a majority of passengers preferred. A vote was taken and the Bahamas won. Only one couple decided to back out.

It took about an hour for a new flight plan to be lodged and accommodation arranged at a resort on Grand Bahama Island. During this final interlude, champagne was loaded onto the plane and we followed soon after. A wonderful time was spent at a beautiful five-star resort, and an important event occurred which will be the subject of another story at a later date.

INTERLUDE ON A TRAIN**Margaret Boyes-Pringle © 2024**

Departing ... Two days with family centred around three-year-old Parker. Laughter, catch-ups, mentally following Jill and Tim's itinerary to Machu Picchu. Mario and Spider-Man. Bat and ball, blowing bubbles, playing chasey. Enjoying vegetable soup and French bread. Sharing samosas and chicken schnitzels, pilau rice and papadums, apple crumble, water and wine. Kisses and farewells.

As we pull into North Melbourne station the train rocks us past silos and graffiti, red-brick tunnels, concrete struts and silent escalators. The sky is blue-grey. There's a suggestion of a clump of green trees. Something is in bloom on the embankment too; flour coating. Signs of an early spring? ... To my right looms the morose Eye, to my left are skyscrapers of silver, blue, grey and gold. Some are rectangles, some are curved ... Entering the rail yards of Southern Cross, yellow, blue and silver Metro trains bead towards us, while purple and yellow V-Line trains sit stationary. At rest. As we begin the slow crawl to the platform, Kangaroos beanies bob in their seats, nod and laugh, gather their belongings. Talking, laughing, showing each other their screen worlds, two young guys in black beanies, jackets, jeans and trainers hang out at the doors. They bundle off the train too. The fluorescents shine brightly against dark. Over on Platform Ten an old man in an old suit holds onto a black and white greyhound as still as a statue. Lovingly he strokes its head. Its mouth is muzzled ... High as their third floors we curve past more buildings, Southbank and the river on our right. The chalky-poster-painted-blue-whale wave of the Aquarium seems playful against the gleaming walls of glass and bronze, the black and concrete towers. On one, high up, red letters spell VERIS. Abridged truth? I look it up. It's a company that specialises in spatial data. I don't really know what that means.

With five-ish minutes to change platforms, I breathe deeply to stay calm amidst the scrum of the up-escalator, and the fight to get to the head of the down escalator. This train is not as busy ... We pass sports stadiums and above us the sky is blue. I look across to Richmond where Damien lives. We flow over the silver river to Melbourne High where Richard went to school. And now Lucas does. I've lived here long enough now to have a personal map that I can overlay the Melways with, in my mind's eye. It's about belonging ... Trees and residential houses and gardens line both sides of the track now. Domestic scale urban landscape. The relief. Sun shines on flowers and washing. Graffitied fences back onto the line ... Blue sky and cacti. On beige curtailed-wave benches, people sit and chat or read their screens. ... A blaze of golden wattle against white apartments. Palms in a row at

Armadale. I love the station's Edwardian architecture, the red brick, the cream-painted banding, its parapets and terracotta roof. A couple get on and talk in Greek, a girl's on her mobile behind me talking Hindi, I think. It's lovely to feel I belong ... Outside conjures up a stand of sparse bamboo, poplars, another palm ... At Malvern a high-rise is under construction, its lower floors are clad in black mesh ... We travel through the treetops now, branches denuded of leaves. Hundreds of pigeons write their stories on the wires of Caulfield station. I'm homing too, down towards the sea, through the innumerable dank cavernous tombs of the recently upgraded line. Arrival ... David is standing in the sun at the station, scent of salt on the air, the sea a grey-blue band. Word's arrived from Alex that Lizzie's had a baby boy, William. Both are well. Phone calls and WhatsApp calls criss-cross the air.

Another story follows....

TEARS FOR A FATHER**Jan Storey © 2024***Yarra Bend Lunatic Asylum, 1880*

At first, Fanny wasn't even sure it was him. The shrivelled skeletal body of the man lying under the stained bed cover bore no resemblance to the father she once knew, George Hunt.

The shock of seeing him so poorly brought fresh tears to her eyes. She perched on the side of the narrow bed and stared fixedly at him. 'It's me, Father. Your daughter, Fanny. Do you remember me?' She touched his shoulder briefly before taking his purple-marked, veiny hand in hers. 'Father, please say something.'

'He can't answer you,' said the attendant from the doorway. 'He might be aged seventy but he has the mind of a child.'

'I know his mind is gone. I just hoped he...' Fanny didn't continue. She knew it was the last time she would see her father in this lifetime. His mouth hung open without a single tooth visible, and his rattling breath was a prelude to his imminent death. She understood that. It was why she was there this evening, after all. To say goodbye.

'Your father has taken hardly any food for the past two weeks. I've had to feed him what little he has had,' the attendant said in a flat, matter-of-fact tone.

Fanny nodded in acknowledgment. She sensed the attendant was irritable and wondered how many inmates he was expected to care for. In her father's crowded ward, twenty men, all in the last stage of their lives, were jammed into the small space. And this was just one of the hospital rooms.

To get to her father's ward, Fanny had passed down a long corridor. Through open doors, she had glimpsed beds crammed into every available space. The sounds of inmates moaning and a burst of ungodly shrieking had unnerved her. And, even with her perfumed handkerchief pressed firmly over her nose and mouth, the effluvium emanating from the closets caused her stomach to heave.

For the past seventeen years, her father had been an inmate in the asylum. Of course, she had heard the whispering about the conditions: the overcrowding, the beatings, the unexplained deaths. But what choice did she have? She could not look after him. Widowed with six children to care for, she was not in a position to do so. Still, she reassured herself, she had at least managed to visit her father twice a year.

'Don't go vexing yourself, Missus,' the attendant said, in a more benevolent tone. 'He's not in any pain.' Then after a pause, 'I sponged him last week and I'm pleased to say, he doesn't have any bed sores.'

'Something to be grateful for, I suppose,' Fanny responded uncertainly.

She leaned in closer to her father. 'Before I go, Father, I want to tell you something,' she said. 'I've married again. He's a good man, Alfred. I think you would approve the match.' Then she let go of her father's hand, stood, and brushed her lips gently against his cheek. 'Goodbye, dear Father,' she whispered. 'Goodbye.'

SEEKING A NEWSLETTER COMPILER FOR 2025....

I have had great pleasure compiling the Bayside U3A Newsletters for the last 4 years but it's time for a new look!

If you would like to take on the role... *please* express an interest at the office ASAP.

**Ph: 9589 3798 Mobile: 0419 330 308
or email baysideu3a@gmail.com**

Reminder:

Please do not leave blister packs at U3A for recycling. Take them to your nearest Chemist Warehouse special bin near the chemist dispensary.