

Lawn Bowling News at Montmorency

Spring 2024.

Edited by Peter.

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Peter's Pencil



It was on the morning of July 16th, around 8:30am, that Shamse captured, with synchronous perfection, the arrival of a rainbow lorikeet whilst I was the raising of the flag of Australia over our bowling grounds, in preparation for another day of Monday Winter Bowls. What a picture of balance this bird

makes as it descends on its perch ready for a free feed from Shamse. This small animal is so balanced in its daily interactions in nature. It was a common sight in the 1830s-1860s when the first settlers arrived (known then as the Blue Mountain Parrot), subsequently it slowly 'disappeared' over the next few decades. When I was a child I never sighted one, but nowadays conditions in Melbourne have become more sub-tropical and much warmer than the days my youth, along with the fact that our urban landscape of flowering shrubs and trees are a gourmet bird's delight. The well-watered plants bloom longer and more profusely. So, during the past 200 odd years, it is human behaviour that has unknowingly manipulated the lifestyle of the local lorikeet population. In a similar manner we have now accepted that our behaviour is sculpting a new planet, a new climate. If we want future generations to have a similar life that we enjoyed in our younger days, then each of us should change our current habits and be content with 'the little things in life', like the joy of watching a bird foraging, and accommodate a life with just the bare essentials, thereby preventing factories from producing more unnecessary **stuff** and thereby producing unnecessary and increasingly unhealthy levels of Co2.



Some of us are very interested in things **old**, and sometimes in things **new**. Last year, in anticipation of our **new** facilities, **Peter R.** aquired some **new** furniture... here is the story:

While browsing on “Gumtree”, I happened upon an advertisement offering a boardroom table and 10 matching black leather chairs for the princely sum of \$150!! The photos from the offices of **Henkell and Freixenet** sparkling wines seemed too good to pass up. Having forwarded the photos to our President, we decided that we had to investigate.

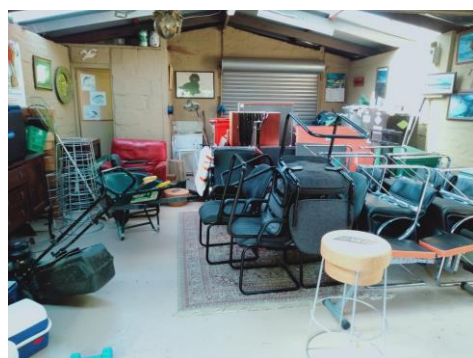


Having trekked down to the South Melbourne offices of Henkell and Freixenet Sparkling wines, we awaited our contact on some champagne-bottle-styled stools. Bert thought these genuine cork-topped metal stools might be good on the deck near the bar. Impressed with the boardroom table and chairs, our ever-practical President measured the table to check that it would fit the floor plan. Upon enquiring about the stools, we were informed in extremely apologetic terms that we'd have to be charged \$20 per stool. (Photo shows our Kitchen Assistance Group using the **new facilities** in early June).



Discussing our refurbishment, they offered us two extra desks, a credenza and a 6-drawer filing cabinet with pigeon holes atop. These pieces all matched the boardroom table. They also threw in six office chairs and a TV stand complete with TV. Subsequently, we agreed to take all these items, as well as 10 stools, for the grand total of \$405. The only problem was that now we needed a truck!

Subsequent construction delays meant, however, finding somewhere to store these items. **Clive generously offered his Olympic Avenue studio.** Phil McMahon drove the hire van and, with some much needed muscle from my daughter's partner, all items were transferred to Clive's place, where the two 'Johnnies' (Hulin and Baker) helped unload our treasure trove. When eventually we had to transfer these items to the Clubrooms, Carl Ryan and Neil Greenwood proffered their trailers to transport all the furniture.



With the support of several members under the ever-watchful eye of our Treasurer, all items arrived undamaged. One final problem remained: determining where each item would all go inside the newly renovated Clubrooms. (I believe the Club is open to offers from anyone wanting a glass shelf TV stand with a large screen television that attaches to the metal stand. Perhaps you know someone wanting an extra TV).



Since the last newsletter (Winter edition), we have had lots of time to get used to our refurbished club rooms. The extra space is truly luxurious, but on the down-side, we have had a number of teething problems with various items malfunctioning. We are steadily getting on top of things though.

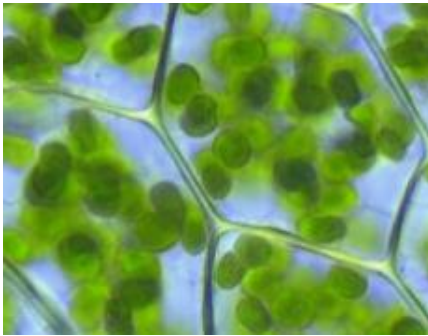
With the expansion in area, new walls were called for which necessitated tearing down the old ones and with them the honour boards and the history displayed in a very visual manner. This history has now (mainly) been translated into digital form and can be viewed via the two TV screens located above our front door. I fully appreciate that this digital format is lacking compared to the past, but as with other clubs, we had run out of wall space and faced an inevitable issue of finding another format for displaying such information. In translating the information to digital format, I must acknowledge the generosity of Eddie Kane of Lalor Bowls Club, who provided the expertise to transfer existing information from our website to digital format. There are currently some minor errors in the data, but Jeff Lander is currently working towards correcting these imperfections.

Many will have noticed that the weather is showing some signs of warming up and that the rigors of winter are diminishing. Thursday night bowlers continued each week and on the initiative of Neil Russell, John Hullin and Mick Lanigan, a Xmas in July celebration was held last month, much to the joy of those in attendance.

Opening Day will be with us in a few weeks time – on Saturday, September 7th – when we will celebrate the first bowling day for the new season 2024-25. It will be along traditional lines with on-green ceremonies to start, followed by afternoon bowls and ending with afternoon tea. A good time should be had by all and we will have the great pleasure of being back in our own rooms. Hope to see everyone there.

Best wishes to all for the coming summer season.

Phil Stirling, Secretary



Ants first appeared on the earth during the Jurassic period, between 140 to 168 million years ago. Plant life consisted mostly of cone and spore-bearing species like pines and ferns. Ants were scarce, compared to other insects, until flowering plants began to blossom and produce flowers and fruits around 100 million years ago. Plants rely on photosynthesis and that excited **chlorophyll** molecules that contain and harvest light to transfer their excited energies to support the process of photosynthesis providing nutrients and oxygen to support all life on the planet, including our small ants. Springtime is the onset of enhanced **Chlorophyl...**

Chloro-Phil, the diligent ant secretary of the **Lawn Bowling Ant Arena**, scurried through the tunnels with purpose. His exoskeleton, a shade of earthy green, matched the clover leaves he adored. While other ants

rolled bowls and basked in the sun, **Chloro-Phil** shuffled paperwork, his tiny spectacles perched on his nose.

His office—a cozy chamber beneath a dandelion root—was a testament to order. Stacks of clover contracts, dewdrop invoices, and pollen requisition forms adorned his desk. Chloro-Phil’s mandibles clicked rhythmically as he transcribed minutes from the latest Club Board meeting.



Chloro-Phil’s love for organization extended beyond paperwork. He alphabetized the ants’ names in the membership ledger, colour-coded the bowls by curvature, and maintained an impeccable filing system for clover varieties. His favorite section? “Quotes from **Gilbert and Sullivan**,” (eg: *Man is nature's sole mistake*)...that he had tucked discreetly behind the treasurer’s recent nectar expenditure reports.

Each morning, Chloro-Phil would recite a sonnet to the dewdrops. “Shall I compare thee to a morning dew?” he’d whisper, imagining the droplets blushing. The ants passing by would raise their antennae in mild confusion, but Chloro-Phil cared not. To him, the great duo’s words were as essential as the chlorophyll that fueled his colony.

His evenings were reserved for Gilbert and Sullivan. Chloro-Phil would gather the ants in the communal chamber—a hollowed-out acorn—and project makeshift leaf screens. The ant choir, led by Lady Penelope, would sing:

“Three little maids from school are we, Pert as a schoolgirl well can be, Filled to the brim with girlish glee, Three little maids from school!”

And Chloro-Phil, his heart swelling, would conduct with a blade of grass. The ant audience would sway, their compound eyes shining. Even Francothorn, the gruffest of bowlers, would tap his legs in rhythm.

But Chloro-Phil’s true passion lay in the chlorophyll-rich world of plants. He’d visit the clover patches, whispering encouragement to each leaf. “Grow tall, my verdant friend,” he’d say. “Your chloroplasts are the unsung heroes of our oxygen supply.”

He’d marvel at the dandelions, their fluffy heads ready for dispersal. “Fear not,” he’d assure them. “Your seeds shall find new homes, and life shall continue.”

And when the moon graced the sky, Chloro-Phil would climb to the highest clover blossom. There, surrounded by dewdrops, he’d recite lines from “A Midsummer Night’s Dream”:

“I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.”

Lady Penelope once asked him, “Chloro-Phil, why do you love plants so?” He adjusted his spectacles and replied, “Because, my dear Penelope, they teach us that **life is a delicate balance**—they are a dance of chlorophyll and sunlight. And in that dance, we **find our purpose**.”

And so, **Chloro-Phil** continued his diligent work—the secretary, the poet, the lover of all things green. Lawn Bowling thrived under his watchful gaze, and the greens whispered tales of an ant who understood the language of leaves and one who is always prepared to master the newer whims of modern technology that every colony needs to survive in this changing world.



We salute and congratulate him, may his presence in the colony continue forevermore. Just as **Chlorophyll** is the superhero of Spring so is Phil’s dedication to our club. We also acknowledge all the Members of our Board of Management, who also are superheroes and who have been very active in recent months, in the support and **ongoing** provisioning of our new clubrooms.

◀ Saturday 20th April 2024, Phil was awarded a Jagajaga Community Volunteer Award from Ms Kate Thwaites MP.



Date: 25/7/2024 Time: around 9:30pm.

It must be **Christmas in July** and Santa (and helper) were sighted incognito in our grounds! Our correspondent said it was only a reconnoitre for Santa, as he wanted to validate reports that our new clubrooms had really opened. So we may expect big things in the future as Santa was measuring the size and bias of the more popular bowls!

How Did Christmas in July Start? In 1980, Irish tourists in the Blue Mountains of Australia started Christmas in July to recreate their winter festivities.

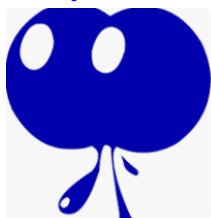
My old English Teacher just got a seasonal job as one of Santa's helpers! and this means... **I'm now a subordinate Claus.**

Unfortunately he has put a hold on his amazing stories and insights into the ways of old English but...

His last '**font of knowledge**' pertains to the silent 'k' (in words like 'knight', 'knock' and 'knob') which is a remnant of Old English, and wasn't silent at all but was pronounced along with the 'n'. Nobody really **k-knows** why or when it became silent but this change is believed to have transpired sometime around the 16th to 17th centuries. For some reason the '**kn**' consonant cluster became hard for English speakers to pronounce. Perhaps it's the result of foreign influences; after all, England began colonizing the world at a large scale around this time. This phenomena is just one of those mysteries of English language development.



Learn More at: [Why is the K in KNIGHT silent? - A guide to words beginning KN & GN \(youtube.com\)](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=...)



The oldest computer can be traced back to Adam and Eve. It was an Apple! It had limited memory, just one byte! Then everything crashed.

Recently, Saturday Bowls on July 27th stopped and crashed in the early afternoon, due to a CloudStrike.





THE ADVENTURES OF GARY

(not to be confused with our club members with the same name).

Gary, the Western Lowland Gorilla, made his first appearance at Leith Park Retirement Village, eventually becoming newsworthy in the local community as well as overseas.

He was donated by Northcote Pottery, along with other exotic animals, to grace our community garden. After some residents disliked having to gaze upon his large posterior, they were instrumental in having him relocated. His next assignment was to be a Sentry near the entrance to his adopted surroundings.

With great amusement he was welcomed by visitors, grand children and great grandchildren of residents.

On June 6th he disappeared, so an alert was sent out to locate him. A very observant lady was following behind a vehicle with a tray bed, a Gorilla aboard. A quick photo was taken with the idea of sharing it with her family. Little did she know that Gary's kidnapper was on record.

With a quick call to police, the vehicle was identified as being hired from Bunnings. With the knowledge of who had hired the said means of transport, the police were

quick to locate Gary, where he was in hiding.

The Police Air Wing did a fly over and in no time Gary was recovered by the Greensborough Police.

Two young policewomen returned Gary in the back of a paddy wagon. The smiles on their faces obviously showed how much fun they had being involved in locating Gary. One was heard to say "this has made my day".

On his arrival 'back home' Gary was greeted with cameras from the television stations with many excited Leith Park residents being interviewed. Two minutes of fame!

Gary is now secured permanently and has endured many cuddles and photos with admirers.

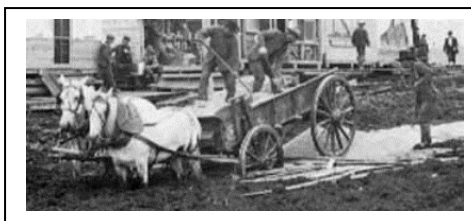
On October 27th October Leith Park is holding a Market Day, an opportunity to meet Gary, maybe have your photo taken with him. Look out for the "GARY" Stall. [Contributed by Vera]



Quote: "Just cause you got the monkey off your back, doesn't mean the circus has left town."
George Carlin

Vale John Beattie [03/02/46-24/7/2024]

John's Great Grand Father, also named John, was born in County Tyrone Ireland on 8th September 1844 and married Rebecca Johnston in 1871. At this time he was based in the Whittlesea District working as a general carrier, travelling to and from Melbourne, which in those days was fraught with difficulty, as **recounted** by a long term Whittlesea Resident...cf: Hurstbridge Advertiser 8 February 1929, page 1:



The road, especially along by South Morang, was very stony and rough, but troubles came very quickly when the winter season sets in; and "glue pots," as they were then called, became the order of the day. The first winter I travelled to Melbourne after we came to the Plenty, we had to walk most of the way

on account of the impassable nature of the roads. Some of the worst glue pots were from the foot of Cole's Hill to the Darebin Creek, between Emm's Hill and the residence of Mr. M. C. Brock, J.P., and again between Clement's Hill and the Janefield church, and along from Mill Park to Mr. C. R. Wilson's; but one of the worst places was between the 14 and 15 mile posts, the 16 and 17 mile posts, and absolutely the worst of all was from the 17 to the 18 mile posts.

John, the carrier, died on 14th August 1882 and is buried in the Whittlesea Cemetery and indicative of his most difficult life, John's Estate was declared insolvent (after his death) in the balance of -£50 16s 5d (even after the sale of his 3 or 4 acres of Whittlesea land, 7 steers, 7 bullocks, 6 cows and a horse.)

His son, John Andrew Martin Beattie, was born in 1876 and married Alice May Vandersluys in 1904. He was a driver/carrier also, living at 107 Roseneath Street, Clifton Hill. His son Clarence Andrew Roy Beattie (born in 1908) took up employment as a butcher, in Clifton Hill, being listed there on the electoral roll. Clarence married Gladys Eva Cocking in 1935 and died on 31st July 1981.

Clarence and Gladys had a son born in 1946, **our John**. Both father and son are listed and employed together as butchers in the Clifton Hill electoral roll, all the way to 1977. John had taken over the running of the family Clifton Hill business and by 1980, **our John** was living at Hoban Avenue Montmorency, still listed as a butcher.

On 10/01/1995, **John** joined our Montmorency Bowling Club. He held the club's Vice Presidents position in the 2013/2014 season, also becoming a member of the men's section committee that same year. By the end of 2019 John is listed as having played 477 Saturday, 167 Tuesday, total 644 games. A substantial record.





Ah, the Kimberley—a rugged, ancient land where nature wears both its welcoming and treacherous faces. **Brad’s recent adventure** there must have been a rollercoaster of awe and caution. Here is an insight to his experience:

- **The Kimberley’s Contradictions:**

- Brad’s words capture it perfectly: “Everything wants to kill you.” The Kimberley is no gentle garden; it’s a wild canvas painted with extremes.
- **Sea snakes**, their iridescent scales glinting, glide through turquoise waters. **Stingers**—jellyfish with invisible tentacles—lurk, waiting to deliver their electric kiss.
- And then come the **crocs**—prehistoric guardians of estuaries and mangroves. Their eyes, like ancient secrets, watch every move.
- But wait, there’s more—the **hammerhead sharks**, sleek and enigmatic, patrolling the deep blue. They’re the silent rulers of the underwater realm.

- **The Allure of Isolated Beaches and waterfalls:**



Yet, amidst this primal drama, Brad discovered the **idyllic isolated beaches and hidden waterfalls**.

Imagine stepping onto a shore where footprints are rare as unicorn sightings.

The sand—white and pristine—squeaks underfoot. The water—crystal clear—reveals coral gardens and darting fish.

But Brad knows better. He scans the shoreline for **hidden hazards**—stinging plants, sharp rocks, or lurking reptiles. Vigilance is his companion.

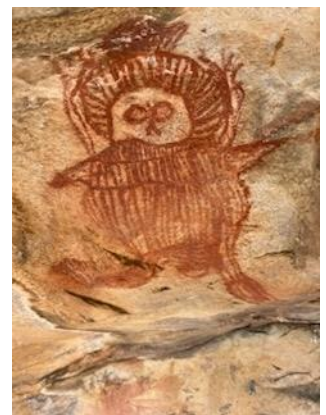
- **Coastal Shipping and Indigenous Communities:**



Coastal ships, like ancient mariners, ply these waters. They carry supplies, mail, and hope to **remote indigenous communities**.

Brad chats with locals—their stories woven into the land. He learns about kinship, songlines, and the delicate

balance between tradition and modernity. **Ships** are lifelines, connecting the Kimberley’s heartbeats—people who’ve known this land for millennia.



• **Ashmore Reef: A Borderland:**

- Brad embarks on a voyage to **Ashmore Reef**. It's a speck in the Indian Ocean—a coral atoll where Australia's sovereignty meets Indonesia's.
- Standing there, he feels the tides of history. The reef's turquoise lagoon whispers tales of pirates, shipwrecks, and forgotten explorers.
- And across the horizon, the Indonesian islands beckon—a mere stretch of water away. Brad realizes how close worlds can be, yet how vast the distances feel.

• **Brad's Epiphany:**

As the sun sets over the Kimberley, Brad gazes out. The sea, once menacing, now cradles his thoughts.

He understands:
Life here is a dance—a rhythm of danger and beauty, of survival and wonder.



And he'll carry this paradox—the Kimberley's fierce embrace—forever.

So, here's to Brad — our intrepid wanderer who has tasted both peril and paradise. His bite is still as it was, before his temporary absence from the Monty Bowling green, so tread with care, for sometimes his sting is most painful...





Mark your calendars for Sunday, October 6th and 13th, from 10 am to 4 pm. The Montmorency Bowling Club invites you, your neighbours, and friends to experience the joy of lawn bowls. Whether you have experienced lawn bowls in the past a complete beginner, these days are perfect for everyone. Come along, enjoy the fresh air, and try your hand at this delightful sport. Our friendly club members will be there to guide you, share tips, and make sure you have a fantastic time. Don't miss out—bring your enthusiasm and join us for a fun-filled day on the greens and at our barbeque!

For more information, visit the [Montmorency Bowling Club website](http://www.montmorency.bowls.com.au).

Thanks to our sponsor **Jellis Craig** for promoting our 'Try Bowls Days'. *Thinking of selling this spring? Now is the time to prepare for the spring sale of your home. To get the full picture of your property's current market value, get in touch with your nearest Jellis Craig office and arrange a property appraisal today.*

Jellis Craig

News from Brisbane, Jacqui and Rod watched and enjoyed the finals of the Gold Nugget today, wonderful bowling. Was pleased to see Lee Schraner win as he did last year.

We have fond memories of Lee as he came to Monty and gave us some Coaching quite a few years ago .



Ah, Friday afternoon Happy Hour—a cherished tradition where camaraderie and chilled beverages flow like, in times past, a well-aimed bowl down the green.

The Gathering of Kindred Spirits

As the clock nudges toward that magical hour of 4pm, the club's doors swing open. The regulars, bowling mates, seasoned players, and newcomers alike—shuffle in, their laughter echoing off the freshly painted walls.

Barbara (seasoned bowler): “G’day, everyone! Who’s up for a glass?”

Clive (secret joker): “Barb, you know we’re all up for it! But let’s not forget the meat raffle. I’ve got my eye on that prime rib.”

Barbara: “Prime rib? Clive, you’re dreaming. I’ve got my lucky ticket right here. Tonight, it’s lamb chops or bust!”



The Meat Raffle: A High-Stakes Game

The meat raffle—an institution unto itself. The suspense builds as the numbers are drawn.

Announcer (with dramatic flair): “And the next winner is... Number 42!”

Clive (leaning in, eyes wide): “That’s me! That’s me! I’ve won the sausages!”

Barbara: “Clive, mate, you’re celebrating sausages like they’re gold bullion. But hey, it’s all about the thrill, right?”

The Crescendo of Laughter and Stories

As the evening wears on, the room transforms. The clinking of glasses becomes a symphony, the stories, jokes and reminiscences flow like well-aged wine.

Graham (resident raconteur): “Remember that time old Bill tried to bowl with his eyes closed? Ended up in

the rolling over himself!”

Margaret (eternal practitioner): “And how about when the bees invaded the green during a match? We were dodging them like pros.”

Clive: “Bees, sausages, and spilled beer—our club’s version of Shakespearean drama... where’s Phil?”

The Bittersweet Farewell

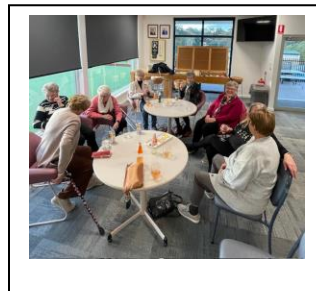
As the evening matures, so do the conversations. The laughter softens, and the room takes on a warm glow.

Barbara: “You know, folks, this place—it’s more than just a bowling club. It’s where we find solace after a tough week, where we celebrate victories and console each other in defeat.”

Clive: “And where we argue about the best technique for rolling a bias. Overhand? Underhand? It’s a philosophical debate.”

Margaret: “But when the ambience reaches its crescendo—when the last joke is told, and the last glass is raised—it’s time to bid farewell. Until next week, my friends.”

And so, Happy Hour wraps up. The moon rises, casting a gentle glow over the green. As our bowlers disperse, they carry with them memories, sausages, and the promise of another Friday to come.



Congrats Phil - our recent Jackpot Winner!

Social Bowls

Moving back into the refurbished MBC club rooms has been a welcome experience for members. The first group to road test the facilities has been our social bowls group successfully organising regular games on Mondays, Thursday nights and Saturdays throughout a very cool winter.



All bowls days were well supported by members and visitors during the winter months.

Monday Triples was the highlight event running each Monday, May to end of August. Attendance ranged between 78 & 96 bowlers each week with bowlers from Monty and six other northern suburbs clubs.

Finishing off the last Saturday of winter (AFL bye) Social bowls ran a successful themed social bowls event termed "footy day" well attended and full of fun.

Heading into the Summer season running parallel to pennant Monty social bowls group is ahead of the game having already planned out a busy social bowls program of events in support member needs.

Running such a large social bowls program at Monty all year has only occurred thanks to a lot of hard work by a large group of well organised Monty social bowls volunteers. In addition, behind the scenes for each event other members are cleaning greens and providing bar and kitchen assistance. It's a small army, well done to all involved. We know who you all are, and we thank you.

Social bowls at Monty is there for everyone to get involved and enjoy themselves, test your technique, skills and most importantly enjoy the social interaction.



“Footy Day: A Celebration of Colours and Camaraderie”



On the last morning of Winter, Saturday August 31st, our Club transformed into a vibrant sea of colours. Bowlers arrived decked out in their beloved Aussie Rules football team attire — some proudly sporting the red, white and black of St Kilda, while others flaunted the brown and yellow apparel of Hawthorn. The chlorophyll coloured greens echoed with friendly banter and vitality of team rivalries, as if the spirit of footy had seeped into the very grass that was about to ‘spring’ beneath their feet.

The air smelled of anticipation and nostalgia. The club had gone all out: footy scarves hung from the railings, and someone admired ‘the miniature goalposts adorned the edge of the green!’. Even the bowls themselves seemed to

catch the excitement from their joyful owners who had polished their surfaces reflecting the sun, like miniature Sherrin footballs.



As the games commenced, the bowlers—usually so focused on their precision shots—now chatted animatedly between ends. “How 'bout them Saints?” someone would call out, and a chorus of opinions would follow. The rink markers became makeshift goalposts, and every successful bowl was met with cheers akin to a last-minute goal in the grand-final.

And then came the lunchtime feast. The clubhouse buzzed with laughter and camaraderie. Minnie meat pies, flaky and golden, were served alongside tomato sauce—the unofficial condiment of the winter footy season. Bowlers gathered around tables, sharing stories of past footy triumphs and near misses. The pies disappeared faster than a full-forward sprinting towards the goalposts. As the day wore on, the sun dipped lower, casting long shadows across the greens. Some bowlers celebrated their team’s victories with victory dances (reminiscent of goal celebrations),



while others good-naturedly commiserated over their losses.



The greens echoed with phrases like, “Next time, mate!” and “You’ll get ‘em next season!”

And so, our Footy Day became a delightful fusion of two great Aussie traditions: bowls and footy. As the sun set, the greens seemed to sigh contentedly, knowing they’d witnessed not only precise deliveries but also the joy of community—a celebration of colours, camaraderie, and the simple pleasure of a well-kicked footy.





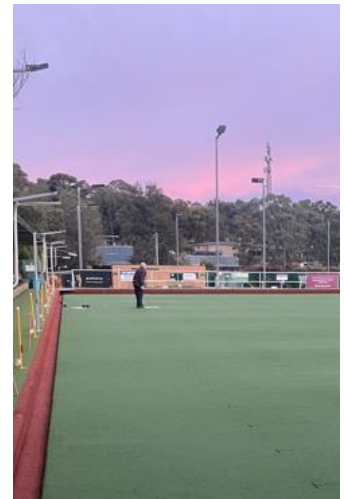
The Montmorency Winter Report. Was it just me or was this winter past a cold one??? In **June**: The mercury tiptoed around the freezing mark, occasionally dipping below. **July**, the heart of winter, the average highs were around 10°C and the lows? Well, they danced with frost, occasionally dipping into 1-3°C territory. When **August** arrived,

Montmorency clung to its chill with the occasional sunny day teasing us and reminding us that spring might be on its way. Overall, I think we shivered, but I don't think I was alone. This brave bowler was captured in early July, obviously dreaming of the Spring success that was to come, whilst others were captured by the aroma of freshly brewed coffee mingled with the warmth of Were Street conviviality. Throughout our winter the drizzle fell gently, like a whispered secret saying: 'perhaps next year it might be best to succumb to the sun kissed skies of places north'.

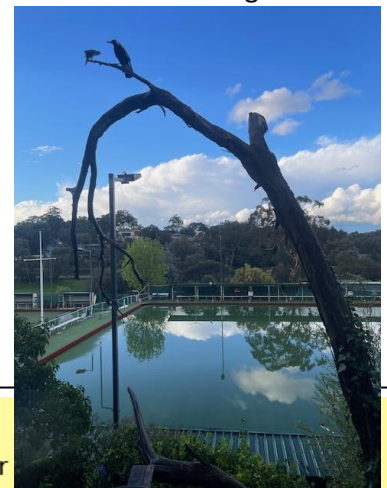
But no, let the touch of Winter shiver down the spine of night. Let frost and drizzle sculpture each blade of grass and cloak the desire of man's intent, in restraint. Winter is our thrifty accountant and balancer of our ledgers. In Winter, demand reduces, desires simplify.

And the balance of life nestles in the sky, to prevent the waste of rampant excess.

In these days of climate doom, let each embrace in persona the redeeming wisdom of self-restraint epitomised in a spirit that places priority on less travel and less consumption, whilst recognising everyone's journey is different, but all should rest in the knowledge that self-deprecation is not the winter of our discontent, but rather the spring of our future and shared success.



As the result of a cloud-strike 'Lake Shamse' temporarily adorned the club's top green on the eve of August 25th.



Melbourne experienced a ‘Super Moon’ on the night of August 19th. Shamse’s camera could not capture the magic of that night, but when dawn displayed it’s morning charm, she captured these two birds in flight above the morning sky of our bowling grounds.



bowling grounds.

It reminds me of sights referred to 150 years ago. If you could but just step up to these two birds today, and then descend to find yourself in a time of four, five or six lifetimes ago, when local people referred to the ‘valley of eagles’ (‘Greenhills’ as it is known today) and witness those majestic birds in flight. It is even recorded that one local household had on proud display, above their lounge room door, the



wing of an eagle, whom it was supposed killed of

spring lambs.



A couple of months ago, Neil, one of the club’s several Olympic Avenue residents, sent me this photo of an old fence post opposite his house and wondered if I could find out its history. I had taken a photo of the same fence post years before, but only now have I researched and recorded the rich history that lies hidden behind this remnant of days of old. Like the birds that fly above us, this fence post has a glorious and most intriguing history, which the following Power point link will unveil, so let your mind soar above your life of today, and carry you to a way back time, a far-off time,

when Montmorency was but a paddock or two, and the occupants led lives so different, and so captivating... particularly the way one person (the man responsible for the old fence post), along with his neighbours living nearby on the Main Road that passes through Lower Plenty and Montmorency. **Download from this link** and travel back 125 years ago, visiting times that are almost unbelievable, yet most interesting: The file is 41 megs in size and will only operate, or is designed for best use within Power point, on your computer ↓

<https://www.mediafire.com/file/q98olcp4c1avd3j/Old+Fence+Post+in+Montmorency.pps/file>

Evelyn Observer, and South and East Bourke Record Friday **6 November 1891**, page 2

All Prizes, No Blanks:



"We're going to have a glove contest up at our church next Wednesday night," said a sweet 16 miss to her best fellow the other evening. "Will you come up?" "A glove contest," echoed the young man, "Well I should say I would. In a church, too. Well, I never heard of such a thing, but I'll be there." "That's real good of you. You see each one of us girls has a number. We put them all in a bag and shake them up, and then the young men draw, and you buy a pair of gloves for the young lady whose number you get. I hope you will draw my number, Charlie." And then Charlie anxiously inquired if there were not any blanks.



Our newsletter is published in the first week of each of our ever changing four seasons. The deadlines for contributions are the last day



of February, May, August and November. Send your contributions to the editor at: pve101@yahoo.com.au



A reminder, as we are bowling in warmer weather to stay hydrated:

Hydration is vital because it keeps electrolytes balanced, blood volume normal, aids in digestion, transportation of nutrients, and kidney functioning. We are all susceptible to dehydration and the risk is also toward **mental confusion**. So everyone, please have a regular drink, from your drinkware, **before** and **during** your play.

Please ensure your name is on your water container!

