

Warrandyte Diary

PRICELESS

No 164, February 1986

Editorial and Advertising 844 2820

Holidays come once a year . . . thank heaven

So you're back. Have a good holiday?

Up to a point.

What do you mean by that? You either enjoyed yourselves or you didn't.

Well, you asked for it. Here's the short version. You remember how the amp light was showing on the car?

Yeah.

That, my friend, was the alternator. One hundred and twenty bucks to fix it, and they had to do it on the day we were due to leave. Made us half a day late. Anyway, we get half way along Springvale Road and I pull into a service station to fill up. That's when I notice that we've got a flat.

And the spare is at the . . .

Bottom of the boot. Out with the suitcases and the car fridge full of herbs and tomato sauce and bloody tea bags. Then I find the spare's flat.

More trouble than the early settlers.

More trouble than the Liberal Party, mate. But I was lucky. I pumped up the spare and it held. Packed everything back in — suitcases, bloody tea bags and all — and off we went.

Everything OK then?

Oh yeah, if you discount the tarpaulin on the roof rack that kept flapping around like Bob Hawke at a Timorese picnic, and the mat that slipped off the roof this side of Eden and wrapped itself around the wind-

shield of the car behind.

Gawd. Do much damage?

Not much . . . and they were from New South Wales anyway.

Go on.

We get to the caravan park to find that they've booked us in for 10 days and not the fortnight we asked for.

So you saved some money, eh?

You are joking, my old friend. Have you ever been on holiday and spent the amount you budgeted for?

Come to think of it, no.

I rest my case. And there's another point. You remember how I decided not to carry a great wad of money away on holidays? No

fingers dipping into the back pocket of the Stubbies while I disported myself in the rollers of the great Pacific Ocean. Oh no, I would take advantage of that marvellous institution, the credit union, and stash the cash there to be withdrawn at my leisure and pleasure.

You weren't as poetic as that, but yes.

Well, Eden doesn't have a bank with an automatic teller, so I had to drive the 25 bloody kilometres to Merimbula every time I wanted \$200. And you know how many times you need \$200 when you're on holiday.

Not really.

Continued page 10

The Warrandyte Environment League is worried by what it sees as increasing pressure for the urbanisation of our village.

League president Doug Seymour has written to the City of Doncaster and Templestowe and the Ministry for Planning and Environment to express the group's concern over recent changes in State Government planning regulations and proposed alterations to Doncaster's land use code.

Specifically, it is Spring Street's easing of the rules to permit, in some cases, two dwellings on one site that is causing the concern.

In his letter, Doug Seymour points out that "the Melbourne community has a substantial recreational investment in Warrandyte, which in turn relies very much on the low residential density and natural bushland character of the residential area".

He says many dwellings are built on allotments bigger than a quarter of a hectare, "which causes us to fear not dual but multi-unit residential development with its associated . . . loss of tree cover."

Doug Seymour suggests that "no such development should be permitted in the absence of reticulated sewerage, and this service will not be available throughout this 'Residential C' area for many years."

The WEL president says in the group's latest newsletter: "The Shire of Eltham needed no urging on this one. They've already sent in a submission calling for modifications to suit the particular objectives of the shire."

Another point not raised by the WEL is that one of the reasons raised for dual occupancy was to make better use of inner-city and middle-suburb resources. Warrandyte fits neither category.

"More massive earthworks will now be required and the eastern elevation will now be two storeys with an additional higher corridor roof across the building."

Greg Thorpe notes: "This complete re-doing has been approved

Changes worry WEL



by the board, i.e. a different building to that which was the subject of the appeal will now be built."

The league is also concerned at what it says are massive changes made to the Davmark supermarket centre to be built at the West End.

The Planning Appeals Board directed Davmark to provide more parking spaces, so, says the WEL newsletter, "rather than reduce the rentable floorspace from that proposed, the shops are to be built over a car park."

Marauding dogs are in rangers' sights

Some Warrandyte dog owners will be missing their animals soon if things don't change. Park rangers are on the point of shooting half a dozen domestic pets that have been killing wildlife.

The problem lies in the Stan Brae and Yarra Brae areas of Wonga Park.

Ranger Scott Coultis said that in the last week of January the dogs killed five sheep plus wallabies, kangaroos and wombats.

"They're domestic dogs . . .

three or four of them running wild most of the time," he said. "We've seen the tags in some cases. We're on the lookout and they'll be shot."

Scott Coultis advised all owners of dogs in the area to make sure they kept them out of the park.

"We haven't been able to get close to these dogs so we'll have to assume that any we find in the area are killers," he said.

Marauding dogs have been a problem in the Warrandyte district for many years.

In the early seventies rangers and council officials had to deal with packs of dogs killing sheep. They found that some packs were wandering more than 20 kilometres from home to do their killing.

"That's not so much a problem now," said ranger Coultis, "Perhaps it's because the area is more densely settled."

"But we've inherited Stan Brae . . . we're new to that area . . . and we're going to put a stop to the killing."

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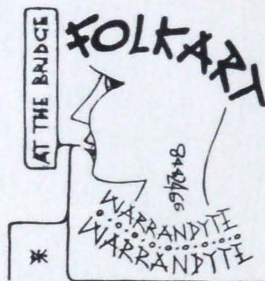
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IN RED & WHITE



Warrandyte's a lovely place but we have our share of lice. Smokey is referring here to the nits who broke into the Co-op's office over the holidays. These charmers ransacked the place and stole a small quantity of money. Smokey wishes the boys in blue all the success in the world with this case.

Smokey can vouch for this one, the Case of the Unwanted Moggy. It happened like this:

Long-time resident of Kangaroo Ground Road has been adopted by a feral cat, a big fat ginger tom that has dug in under the moke orange and emerges only to grab a bird or beg for food at the back door.

Resident's grandson offers to despatch this unwelcome guest. He borrows a .22 and lies in wait on the roof. BANG! "I think I got him," he cries.

A week later resident goes to fire up his Weber barbecue kettle. Strange, that new hole ventilating the top of it. The penny drops.

Oh, and pussy's back.

Smokey reckons there's a case to be made for licensing horse riders before they are allowed to venture out on the roads.

Driving towards the village along Research Road one day recently Smokey turned the corner at Sloan Hill and screeched on the brakes. He was appalled to find a blonde young thing sashaying across the stream of traffic from both directions atop her nag. She and her equally vapid friend merely smiled at the chaos they caused.

Smokey wonders if this pair of drongoes are also responsible for the equine Richard the Thirds that regularly daub the footpaths over the bridge. And if they are the same two idiots seen walking their horses along the footpath in front of the Yarra View milk bar, butcher's shop etc.

Louise Joy has heard visitors and residents say recently that Warrandyte reminds them of Ballarat, Kandi in Sri Lanka, Surrey and Switzerland.

As she says: "It must be that Warrandyte evokes fantasies of

village life, country towns, hilly and mountainous country, a gentle sloping countryside. Perhaps we should do a survey . . . "And why did you move to Warrandyte?"

Poor Jean Chapman. Not only does she carry the conscience of the community on her slender shoulders, she has to deal with the nutters as well.

It was late last year and late at night when Jean received a call from an irate North Warrandyte resident. What was she prepared to do, the caller asked, about the flood that was carrying away his driveway? Well, said Jean, she could give him the number of the appropriate official of Eltham Council, and, failing that, a councillor. Mr Irate rang off. Half an hour later, Mrs Irate rang back with a tirade of abuse. Why wasn't Jean doing something about this problem?

In case the Irate family read the Diary, may we point out that Jean is merely (merely!) chairman of the Warrandyte Co-op, not a council worker or an elected representative.

In short, Ms Chapman is Superwoman, but there's a limit to it, as Clarke Kent said to Lois Lane.

Once again Smokey is the bearer of glad tidings. Hazel and Keith Shields, residents of Pound Road for many years, have just become great-grandparents. Granddaughter Naomi Peters gave birth to 6lb 11oz (damn your metrics: look up the conversion) Sarah at Frankston Community Hospital on January 16.

And there was the four-year-old, beloved of Smokey and suffering from chicken pox, who announced: "Mummy, I've got a headache in my back."

Chantik changed hands at the beginning of the year when Karen and Di Fields decided to sell up and have a good rest. New on the scene are Lyndall Cornall of Eltham, who owns the shop, and Cathy Fraser of Warrandyte, in the salon.

Smokey Joe



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New members warmly welcomed

JACK McAULEY

An allrounder in sport and life

Jack McAuley's life was a celebration of masculinity; not the cheap, physical masculinity that seems to be the vogue, but a quiet expression of old-fashioned virtues.

He was a loving husband and father, a generous man to his relatives and mates, a steadfast friend, honest to a fault, an extraordinarily hard worker, a renowned sportsman.

He was a Warrandyte man to his bootlaces, having spent 75 of his 78 years here. He went to school here, he worked here, he distinguished himself on our football and cricket fields, he built a home and raised a family here. He got into trouble here and he got others still among us out of trouble.

When he died, on Christmas Eve in the Austin Hospital, Jack left more than his wife, Dorothy, daughter Elaine and sons Rod and Bruce, other relatives, friends and in-laws. He left a legacy of kindness and generosity that will not be forgotten for many long years.

Jack was born in Templestowe in 1907, the first son of Eva (Belzer) and Samuel McAuley, on the family farm, Ponphil. Even then the family had Warrandyte connections: Eva had been brought up in Warrandyte and was one of the first to pass through Warrandyte Primary School (Anderson's Creek, as it was then).

In fact, four generations of McAuleys have passed through the school, including Jack's sisters Gertrude, Evelyn, Lil (Whitehead), who still lives in Forbes Street, and his brothers Bill, who died in New Guinea in the Second World War, and Ralph, who lives nearby in Trezise Street.

In 1909, after several poor years on the farm, the family moved to Warrandyte, where the young Jack helped his father in his work as a woodcutter and carrier, supplying local bakeries and the Ruwolt foundry in Richmond. It was a hard upbringing, but one that stood Jack in good stead throughout his life.

A strong man like all the McAuleys, Jack had a reputation as a hard worker second to none. He was a labourer for most of his life (although he could turn his hand to almost any trade with great success).

He worked for the then Country Roads Board, he ran his brother Bill's orchard during the war, he worked at the Glen Iris brickworks at Templestowe for many years, he was a builder's labourer (at one time a union rep) and he was a quarryman (the quarry he operated single-handedly was on the Warrandyte-Templestowe road past Blackburn Road on the city side. It was recently filled in during the development of a housing estate).

He retired hearted: until he had a stroke about 18 months ago he did a

variety of odd jobs around town as well as exercising his extraordinarily green thumbs. His vegetables were the envy of lesser mortals, whose attempts were a source of some amusement to him.

Contemporaries say he tackled sport with the same single-minded determination. In fact he was somewhat obsessive about his cricket, which he began playing while still a boy and did not stop until the war began.

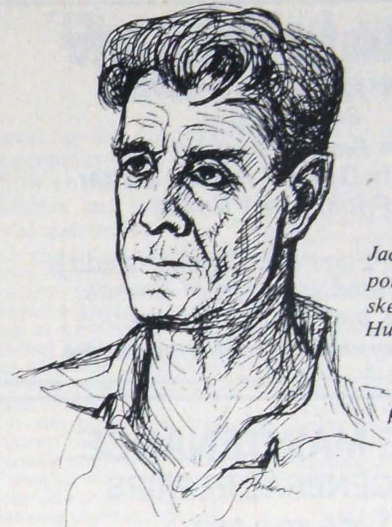
He was a life member of Warrandyte Cricket Club, a past president and the captain of a premiership team, a rare hat-trick despite the club's long history.

Former team-mates say he was the classic all-rounder. He had been known to open the batting and make fast runs, go into the field, then come on for a spell of spin bowling which, more often than not, brought results.

Until two years ago he attended most local games and was a regular visitor on training nights, senior and junior. And he needed little prompting to offer advice on any facet of the game. And if the advice was not enough, he would demonstrate. At the age of 75.

Jack was a competitive man, and it was on the football field that it showed more than anywhere else. He played on the half-back line, a tough and fearless player with a reputation throughout the competition.

Younger brothers Bill and Ralph



Jack McAuley. This portrait of him was sketched by Harry Hudson in 1955.

were the better footballers, Bill possibly the best full-back in the league at the time. As such, opponents were apt to single them out for special attention, and although not being incapable of looking after themselves quite nicely, thank you very much, Jack was always around should the need arise. He stood no nonsense on the football field, and with his Irish up was a man to be reckoned with.

There was, of course, a gentle side to his nature. He loved a party and had by his own account a fine tenor voice that did more than justice to "Song of Hawaii", his favourite piece.

His courtship of young Dorothy, whom he met during a dance at the Mechanics' Institute, could not have been more gentlemanly. His sister Lil tells the story: "Doss (her family nickname) had come to Warrandyte for the dance with some friends, and Jack met her.

"She was going home by bus on the Sunday night, and we were having dinner. Mum went out the back to shake the tablecloth, and happened to see a big bunch of lilacs — it was lilac time — hidden under the steps.

"She said nothing, but a short time later noticed that Jack had left. She went out and saw that the lilacs, which he had pinched from the Husseys' garden, had disappeared. Jack said it with flowers, the traditional way." They were married in 1928.

Jack was a man of tradition, a man of his times. Warrandyte is the poorer for his passing.

Dorothy and family sincerely thank family and friends — some of whom came a great distance — for their personal expressions of sympathy on the death of husband and father Jack McAuley.

— MARK DAVIS

PHYLLIS THORNTON Solid roots in our village

Phyllis Thornton died on the afternoon of Monday, November 18 in the Royal Hobart Hospital after a determined fight against cancer.

Phyllis was a long-time resident of Warrandyte and was the great-granddaughter of Ben Logan, a gold miner who took out a gold licence at Andersons Creek in March 1853.

Phyllis was the fourth of five daughters born to Sylvia and Bill Hussey, or in her own words, when explaining the family to a Tasmanian friend recently, "There was me and four others".

Phyllis grew up in Warrandyte when it was a small, closely-knit community. She and her sisters often played tennis on the main road in front of their home in Yarra Street, only moving off to let the occasional car or bus go by.

Phyllis and her sisters went to Warrandyte State School and she was an outstanding swimmer, as were many of the Warrandyte children in the days when the river ran fresh and clean.

Phyllis went on to attend University High School and it was while travelling on the bus to school she met Graham ("Tiger") Thornton, son of Dr Mary Thornton — author, doctor, Sunday school superintendent, bread cart driver (when her friends, the Walsh family, couldn't get anyone to drive the latter during the war years) and well-known local character.

Phyllis and Graham developed a very special relationship that lasted all the days of her life. They married in 1948 and lived in Warrandyte

before going to Derby, Western Australia, in 1955 where Graham was base director at the newly-opened Flying Doctor Base. After nine eventful years they returned to Warrandyte. Ten years ago they moved to Hobart.

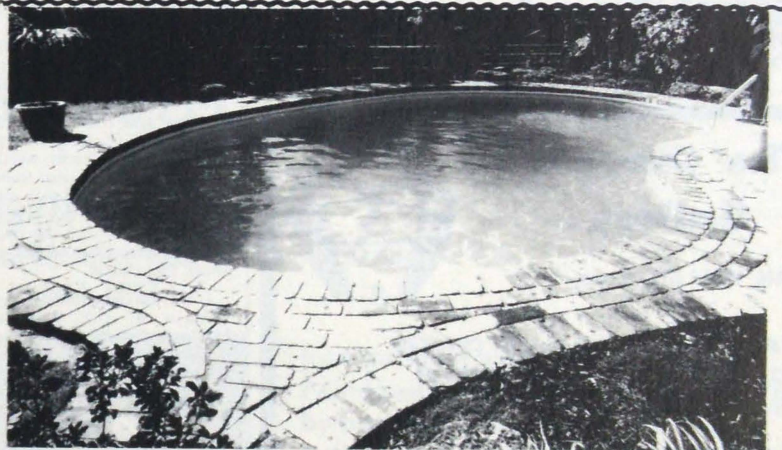
Graham and Phyllis had four children: Phillip, Vincent, Sally and Mary, and six grandchildren.

Phillip and Vincent, who have both moved from Warrandyte, will be remembered through their association with the cricket and football clubs and the fire brigade. Sally Hailey, who is the charming young lady at the Anderson Street school crossing, is the only one of the children still living in Warrandyte.

Phyllis's family have a record of battling adversity. At the age of 74 her grandmother, Mary Hussey, helped by her son-in-law, Bill Knee, and Jack Coleman, saved her weatherboard home in Husseys Lane by throwing buckets of water on to it (the water was pumped by hand from an underground tank) as the fires on Black Friday, January 13, 1939, swept up to the house while her husband lay dying inside.

Phyllis's father, Bill Hussey, was 75 when the fires jumped the river behind the family home in Yarra Street in 1962. Bill, a foundation member of the Warrandyte Rural Fire Brigade, had the fires out on the properties on either side and his own place well in hand by the time help arrived, so it is perhaps not so surprising that Phyllis faced her own ordeal with such remarkable courage, determination and a sense of humor that never deserted her.

— BRUCE BENICE



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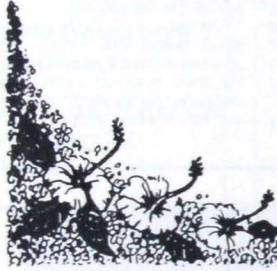
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New life waiting for an old institution

Most residents of Warrandyte are familiar with the Warrandyte Mechanics' Institute hall in Yarra Street — that big green building opposite Peter McDougall's Real Estate — but many recent arrivals will be unaware of what it is, who owns it, how it came to be there, or why it is called a Mechanics' Institute, so that the announcement on page seven of the *Diary* that a special general meeting of members of the institute is to be held on Thursday February 27 will probably pass unnoticed.

The meeting is being called to expedite the merger of the institute with the Warrandyte Arts Association, a move that will be welcomed by many who see the continued existence of the institute as an important link with our past, and a continuance of a movement that began with the Industrial Revolution in Britain in 1823, and spread to Victoria in 1839, when the Melbourne Institute was founded.

From 1855, other institutes were created in nearly every suburb and town of any size, being generally regarded as one of the first essential community institutions, and were essentially centres for adult education (the term "mechanic" in those days referring to one who was employed in manual labor, not in the maintenance of machinery).

These ill-educated victims of industrialisation were given the opportunity through the mechanics' institutes of bettering themselves by attending lectures and evening classes, and the use of reading rooms and libraries. Gradually, however, the institutes, which were entirely self-supporting, found that "the lower classes" were more interested in entertainment than enlightenment, and the institutes became venues for recreation and social intercourse.

Unfortunately, only fragments remain of the Warrandyte Mechanics' Institute's history, due to the loss of all records prior to 1962 in a bushfire which destroyed several homes in Warrandyte in that year, including that of the then secretary of the institute.

However, it is known that the

present hall was erected on the site of the old Warrandyte Hotel after it was destroyed by fire in 1925, and was built with funds raised from subscriptions, donations, fund-raising, and the letting and later sale of a public hall on Crown land between Peter McDougall's offices and Sue Jones' pharmacy.

A public meeting was held in the new hall on June 15, 1928, and approval was given to a set of rules and regulations relating to the management and control of the land and buildings comprising the institute's property, and granting membership of the institute to those residents over the age of 21 who had lived for not less than three months within a two-mile radius of the post office.

Over the next 20 years and more, the institute's hall provided a focal point for the social life of the Warrandyte community, with regular Saturday night dances, film screenings and "socials" bringing in the revenue needed for maintenance and repairs.

The hall also became a centre for relief activities and civil defence when bushfires threatened the area, and the institute made a site available on its property for the Warrandyte Rural Fire Brigade's fire station, leasing the land to the brigade at the rate of one shilling a year from 1942 to 1980.

By the 1950s, however, the pattern of life was beginning to change. Dances were less popular, and people were beginning to discover other forms of entertainment that kept them closer to the comforts of home. Hall hirings were decreasing and with them dwindled the finances necessary to upgrade the institute's facilities.

Little interest was taken in the management of the institute by the informal membership, and attendances at annual meetings was poor. The committee of management faced a constant battle to maintain the property and make basic improvements such as the installation of a toilet block to replace the outdoor "dunnies", and the addition of a committee room to the basic structure in 1956-57.

The birth of the Warrandyte Arts Association in 1956 introduced a much-needed new tenant to the hall, and income from rentals to the arts associations gave a boost to the institute's failing finances, but it was not enough. Fund-raising events, the sale of debentures, overdrafts and loans from committee members managed to keep the hall

open, but the next 17 years saw a steady decline in public support, and the deterioration of the building to such an extent that the offer from a local property developer to purchase the property, and an indication from the Doncaster-Templestowe Council that an alternative site could be made available for a public hall, seemed to offer the only hope of a solution to the institute's problems. However, at an unusually well-attended annual general meeting in 1973, the members present voted to stop negotiations with the prospective buyer.

Sadly, the interest of those members was not sustained, and, while anxious to exercise their rights to determine the fate of the hall, they did not accept the responsibility of membership in offering assistance to the institute in overcoming its overwhelming financial difficulties.

At a special general meeting in October 1975, members approved the transfer of ownership of the institute's property to the Warrandyte Arts Association, which had been the major (and often sole) supporter, both financially and in spirit, of the Institute since WAA's inception.

Since that time, the WAA has not only provided the main source of revenue for the Institute through hirings, but has continued to advance funds to maintain the property and to enable the hall to remain open. In addition, it has prepared plans for necessary extensions and improvements to increase the hiring potential of the hall and to make it pay its way again.

The proposals to be put to the special general meeting of the institute reflect a procedural change in expediting the planned transfer of the institute's property to the arts association, by amalgamating the two bodies.

The proposed name of the new body will be the "Warrandyte Mechanics' Institute and Arts Association", indicating the continuance of both the institute and arts association. In conjunction with this merger, it is proposed to seek the incorporation of the new organisation under the Associations Incorporation Act 1981, which will enable it to be recognised by the law as a corporate body.

The Warrandyte Mechanics' Institute is about to be given, literally, a new lease of life, to enable it to continue the 147-year-old history of mechanics' institutes in Victoria.



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One night in the spring of 1965 or 66, the south side of the river felt and heard a loud explosion. "Emil Lim's safe has been blown," I thought, and wanting to see our constabulary in action I drove our old Prefect van down to Yarra Street.

Outside the police station stood Sgt Moss, shining a beam from a silver five-cell torch and calling "what happened?" to everyone as they came from the surrounding houses.

"Must have been Lim's safe; do you want to come by car?" I called. We made the 150 metre trip together to find doors intact and no sign of a recent explosion. "Must have been Cowden's, then," said Sgt Moss, seemingly pleased to have a driver, "take me there."

But at the Golden Gate there was no sign of anything recently blown up. "Maybe they blew it down by the river, then." So we drove back to Stiggants Reserve and turned down to the river.

In those days the foreshore reserve did not have its sentinel rocks preventing cars from driving down along the riverbank, so we inspected all the picnic places with the powerful torch. Reaching the foot of Forbes Street, I turned up the hill to return Warrandyte's resident guardian to his bed.

"Ahah, p'raps it was the police station," he chuckled as we came abreast of his back gate. "It was the police station!" he yelled, "let me out!" Then the fun really began.

The little verandah was hanging off the building, and the front door was blown in. Inside, we found papers blown everywhere, but the lights still worked. Mrs Moss followed us in: "What will you do, Cyril?" "Same as anybody else who is attacked by a bloody humorist; I'm phoning D24!"

The trouble was that D24 thought that the humorist was phoning them! "This is Sgt Moss

Cyril Moss and the big bang theory

STEWART JOY shares a memory of Cyril Moss who died recently.

(then he gave his official number), Warrandyte Police. Someone has tried to blow up my station!"

"Of course I'm phoning from it!"

"Well, it's only partly blown up."

"Put me on to the duty sergeant, please."

Then followed the story repeated, with official number, as unbelievable as in the first telling.

"No, I do not need assistance, the place has already been wrecked. If I knew who did it I would be telling you, not out chasing them myself."

I thought that the police station was going to see its second explosion that night, but Mrs Moss, who had seen these things before, asked: "Who are they sending?"

"The Heidelberg division car, and the duty inspector."

"I thought there would be a mob for an important event like this. I've put the big kettle on. Tell me when they arrive."

So I kept Sergeant Moss company in the sea of forms and reports on the floor of the little station until

reinforcements arrived. After 20 minutes, he joked: "Perhaps they can't find Warrandyte!"

Some time later the law arrived, blue light flashing, but it departed simultaneously, zooming right through the town at high speed.

"I overestimated them; they need specific directions to find a police station," said Cyril as he reached over to switch on the blue "Police" sign up on Yarra Street. About five minutes later, having presumably been half way to Five Ways, help arrived.

I drove up Forbes Street to home and bed, reassured that Warrandyte was in such good hands.

The disabled young look for friends

Local families now have the opportunity to help disabled children mix with other children and adults in the local community.

A government-funded program called Interchange is making this possible. Program co-ordinator Geraldine Fowler says the main aims of the program are to offer disabled children opportunities to mix with other children, develop new friendships and experience new social activities.

It also provides a break for parents from the constant care and attention involved in looking after a disabled child. "Many parents never get a chance to spend a weekend away together," she said.

Interchange matches a disabled child with another family in the community. This family becomes a volunteer host family for the child. Initially the child visits his or her special family for a few hours and as the bond grows the visits become longer, extending to an overnight or weekend stay once a month.

Interchange Northern Region

covers the shires of Eltham, Whittlesea, and Diamond Valley and the cities of Preston, Heidelberg and Northcote.

Host families play a vital role in the program. Ms Fowler believes that as well as host families having a lot to offer a disabled child, they also have a lot to gain from this experience. "For a start, hosts learn to experience the thrill of minor achievements which are true triumphs for the disabled. They have an opportunity to help another family in the community and they can watch their own children develop acceptance, friendship and understanding of a disabled child," she said.


Host families can be single, married, with or without children, or grandparents. Information sessions are provided for interested host parents who would like to join the program. These will be held in late February.

Ms Fowler would like to extend an invitation to anyone who would like to know more about Interchange to contact her on 478 9633.

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When the Gate shut

In the twinkling of an eye — or rather the space of a day — The West End's Golden Gate store bit the dust.

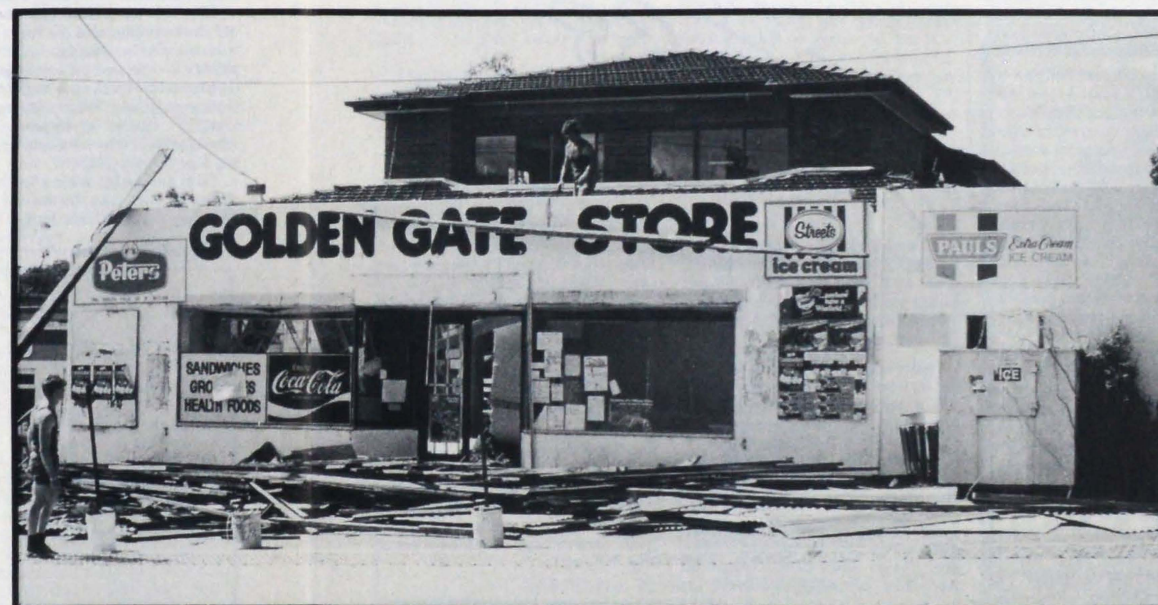
First all the groceries, soft drinks and magazines were moved out, then the wreckers moved in. By nightfall nothing much remained apart from old timber and corrugated iron.

The memories were moved out, too, but they were easy to carry: contrary to the opinions of some people, the *Diary* believes the demolished store was built only in 1949.

The *Diary* would like to hear more about the history of the store and the site. Whence, for instance, comes the name? From a homesick Californian miner perhaps?

What occupied the ground before the old store? Was there some sort of shop there to satisfy the needs of miners on nearby Anderson's Creek?

Enlightenment, please.



Gone!



WARRANDYTE MECHANICS INSTITUTE

NOTICE OF MEETINGS to be held in the Institute Hall, Cnr Yarra Street & Mitchell Avenue, Warrandyte.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING February 27 1986 9 pm

Business: Receipt and adoption of a report and statement of accounts for the preceding year. Appointment of an auditor. The election of office bearers and members of the committee for the ensuing year.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING March 24 1986 8 pm

- Business:
1. To add to the Rules and Regulations of the Institute a clause whereby the Institute may be empowered by the members to merge or amalgamate with another organisation.
 2. To change the name of the Institute to "Warrandyte Mechanics Institute and Arts Association".
 3. To resolve to allow Warrandyte Arts Association to merge into Warrandyte Mechanics Institute and Arts Association.
 4. To instruct the committee to set a scale of membership fees for the merged body.
 5. (a) To resolve to incorporate the merged body under the Associations Incorporation Act 1981 No 9713 in the name of Warrandyte Mechanics Institute and Arts Association Inc.
(b) To adopt the draft Statement of Purposes and Rules.
(c) To appoint a Public Officer as Applicant.
(d) To authorise the Public Officer to pay the Incorporation Fee from the Institute's funds.
 6. To reaffirm the sentiments of Resolutions Nos 5 and 6 of the Extraordinary General Meeting held on Monday October 20, 1975, in respect of availability of the Hall to the public and the long-term protection of the Hall from commercial acquisition.

Copies of the draft Statement of Purposes and Rules may be obtained on request from the Hon Sec 844 3742.

By order
Committee of Management
Hon Sec, S. Mackenzie

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The Bagman Cometh

Roland Simpson shook the sand from his small and not so powerful Astor. Static and the race broadcaster's nasal pronouncements ricocheted off the ancient stone wall over which Mr Simpson had so recently been bowled by the bulging canvas carry-all which lay at his feet.

Simpson tried brushing the sand from his ageing tan greatcoat but a cold south-westerly, spume-laden from Port Phillip Bay, drove the grains into its thin fabric. The hand-furled which had been scooped up by its collar was seeping down his back. On the whole, he was not pleased.

'Trying to mind my own bloody business,' he muttered to himself. 'Jesus, that hurt.'

'Hey, Simmo, if you've finished building sandcastles we'd like to get a wriggle on,' a voice cried from above the stone wall. Looking up, Simpson saw 'Wee Willie' Wilson, bagman for Bert Hansen, Simpson's lift to Geelong gallops today and wherever the horses were running in the bush any other day.

Simpson flicked the switch of his transistor, stuffed it into his damp pocket and looked around for his form guide. He thought he recognised it scudding along the beach towards St Kilda, a thousand metres away and gathering pace.

He looked to his feet and saw the carry-all. 'Well, it's not a total loss,' he said more to himself than Wilson, who seemed more involved in enjoying the other's discomfort than his conversation. More loudly, he called out, 'Some yobbo bowled me over with this bloody thing. Tore round the corner there about ninety miles a bloody hour and hoicked it out the window screaming "Go for it Gazza, like steam". Hit me right in the comics, into the wall, and base-over into the bloody wet sand.'

'Yeah?'
'Yeah!' Simpson straightened painfully to his full height, a touch over five-six, pulled his tweed cap forward over his vacant scalp, and broke into a shiny grin. 'Yeah, but I'm all right; and I might have a bag full of money, eh?' They both laughed.

* * *

CONSTABLE first class Patrick Stevenson was not laughing. Nor was Inspector Clayton, whose entire demeanor was one of barely restrained fury, and whose expressions were of not even remotely restrained sarcasm.

'You thought!' he said and, drawing breath, 'You thought.' And then, 'Who ever gave you the bloody idea you could think? For that matter, who let you loose? Why? You can't even direct traffic, mate...'

* * *

'CURLY Lips' Quinton's famous appendages were not quivering with laughter. The abuses to which he was being subjected were more fundamental than verbal, though they included enough of the latter to make the message very clear. 'Where's the bloody money?' Whack! 'Where is the money!' Woomph! 'Where is it!' Crack! 'Where...' Whack. 'is...'

The Diary presents the first in an occasional series of short stories and invites its readers to submit their own.

By STEPHEN MARSLAND

Woomph. 'the...' Crack. 'mon-eeey.' Whack-Woomph-Crack. Etc.

Poor Curly Lips had nothing to say. Rather, he had said it all before.

He did not know. All he knew was that he went to where he was told, Beaconsfield Parade, and stood with his back to the wall one hundred metres from the Middle Park pavilion. In fact he stood there, freezing despite his old tan greatcoat and cap tightly affixed, for more than two hours. No car had passed him, no one had given him a bag full of money, and someone had forgotten to give him batteries for his two-way radio.

Mr Squiggles relented. 'Put the hose away, Thommo,' he sighed, 'you might as well pummel a cowpat.'

'Now. Feel better, Curly Lips? Good. Now you know me, Mr

fright as both Thommo and Mr Squiggles craned their necks forward.

'Just the bag, you know, what hit him.'

'What sort of car was it?'

'A Holden.'

'A Holden. There's ten million bloody Holdens in Melbourne, Curls. What year? What color? Did you get the number plate?'

'Aw, you know I'm no good with numbers, Mr Squiggles. But it was a nice car, a station wagon...'

Whoomph.

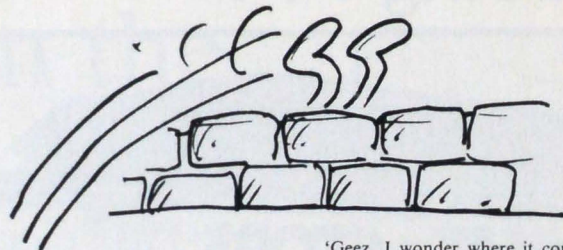
* * *

BERT Hansen's 1984 Ford Fairmont station wagon drew within sight of the You Yangs, one of the few ocular resting places on the boring drive to Geelong. A jumbo jet hovered above an indecisive dragonfly, a tyro pilot steadying his wings for yet another run on the Avalon test field. Hansen flickered a glance around his head rest. 'Now that you've stopped sifting sand, Simmo, would you care to tell us what's in the bag?'

'JESUS!'

'What?' Hansen swerved to avoid the jumbo's shadow.

'About a million bucks, I think, Bert. Yes, a million I'd say.'



'Geez, I wonder where it come from; there must be some sort of reward for a bagful of money like that,' Willie offered.

'It was on the radio,' Hansen said, drawing to the side of the road. 'Some blokes dressed up as clowns' knocked off a security van outside the Commonwealth in Elizabeth Street during the Moomba Parade. Last seen rocketing over the Kingsway.' He leaned over to peer into the bag. 'Now, what are we going to do with it?'

'What are we going to do with it?' Simpson replied. 'Why, we're going to have a good day at the races, aren't we? A bloody good day, I'd say.'

Squiggles; and you know I always look after you and I always put things your way and I never give you a hard time, do I?' Curly Lips snuffled and nodded.

'Now what I want you to do is tell me in your own time what you saw while you were standing at the beach. Did you see any cop cars?' Curly Lips snuffled and nodded.

'That's it. Now, were they following anyone?' Curly Lips looked up inquiringly. 'How did you know?'

Mr Squiggles pursed his lips and peered over his spectacles at Thommo. 'Never mind that, Curls, who were they following?'

'They was chasing a speeding car... an'... they was going so fast, the car, an' swerving...'

'And?'

'Well, it's just something I saw, see. They was going so fast and swerving an' all it was so funny at the time. This bloke up the street got such a shock he's hurled himself backwards over the wall into the sand. Oh, you should'a...'

'Never mind that.' Mr Squiggles' lined porcine face unraveled slightly. 'How was this bloke? Was he hurt?'

'Noo, I don't think so. I looked over the wall and he got up and then a car stopped and he... no, a bloke got out and they talked and then he got in the back with the bloke and the car took off.'

'Was he carrying anything?' Very slowly. Curly Lips looked up in

**Market stalls
available**

Festival time is fast approaching and with it the "This is Warrandyte" festival weekend market.

There are some sites still available for the riverside market on March 22 and 23, from 10 am to 3 pm.

Almost 100 stalls will be offering handicrafts ranging from wooden toys to hand-knitted clothing, plants, cakes, biscuits and chocolates.

No commercially-made or second-hand goods are allowed, however.

Those wanting to book a stall should contact Marilyn Parsons (844 1175) or Luanda Pianta (844 3230).

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CRASH! BANG! Ho hum . . . here we go again

It was a little Japanese car, and it skidded to perdition outside our place. The driver, a young man with a bare chest, climbed out of the cabin without a scratch. His car was hanging over the edge of the other side of Research Road. Only a small tree was involved this time. On the last occasion a middle-aged gum was despatched.

He was apologetic. Some expletive deleted had tailgated him for the last kilometre or so and had decided to pass right at this point. Just look at the tyre marks out the front of your drive, he said. You wouldn't mind testifying if need be, would you? I think I must have hit a patch of oil. Yes, if you could ring the RACV.

Sure mate, and I'll lend you this warning triangle. The bloke in the last accident but three left it here and I've popped it out every time. Take care.

So inside I go. Ring Warrandyte police. No answer. They're out directing traffic around another crash in Kangaroo Ground Road. Can't ring Smart's for a tow truck. You have to go through the Accident Allocation Centre (one would have thought that this mob might allocate tow trucks instead of accidents).

While I'm on the telephone the familiar sound comes from out the front. This time a middle-aged gentleman seems to have tried to pass the butt of the Japanese car still poking out from the roadside. A woman in a Valiant, going the other way, appears to have thought she also had room to get by.

I re-ring the Accident Allocation mob. Could we have another tow truck, please. And D24. There's a mess outside our place — a car broadside to the road — and we need someone to control the traffic. Sure, says the lady on the phone, we'll send someone.

Someone turns out to be the Warrandyte CFA, on their way back from the accident on Kangaroo Ground Road. They seal off Warrandyte-bound traffic. These poor blighters must divert along Blooms Road.

The CFA unfurl their hoses, unkink the kinks, and flush the red Commodore's petrol from the road.

Neighbors gather to see the latest disaster. Jill worries that husband Bill, the mad jogger of North Warrandyte, won't be able to pull into their driveway.

Jill and Bill have seen it all before. Late last year a

young woman, boozed at noon, demolished their wooden front fence.

The piece of road in question is that curve and final straight stretching from Banning Road to the sharp left-hand turn down to Sloan Hill.

Other roads in the district have warning signs; our murderous patch merely has a 40 kmh "around-the-bend" suggestion.

Basically, we poor sods find that we average a smash every three weeks. The RACV says we occupy one of the most dangerous spots on the state's highways. And who are we to argue.

To whom it may concern: we, your humble petitioners pray (in the ridiculous form we have inherited from our Pommie ancestors) that you — Eltham Council being a good start — extract a digit or three and save us from other's sins.

We await your reply.

— BOB MILLINGTON

New old post office takes shape

The old Warrandyte post office has regained some of its former dignity by discarding blushing pink and donning undercoat white during January.

Two well-attended working bees have pushed the work along, with the most tedious part — six layers of burned paint on the south wall — taking heat-gun treatment to remove it. Black and Decker lent the tools for this work over Christmas.

A couple of stalwarts, Alan Alder and Peter Mann, had to be pulled from their ladders as night fell.

The final colors for the building were authenticated by experts from paint layers removed before the fire. Paint for the restoration is be-

ing donated by Ken Simpson of the Bristol Decorator Centre in Eltham.

Glazing and doors will be in place by late February. Warrandyte's own Hakea Glass is taking care of the windows.

With things on the boil, the Post Office Preservation Group is not about to relax. In fact the group reckons this will be its hardest fundraising year.

Although the restoration will soon be backed by a National Trust appeal — which will enable donations of \$2 or more to be tax-deductible — more money is needed to finish the interior and prepare it for tenancy by the Citizens Advice Bureau and the Warrandyte Historical Society.

The group has plans for a tour of mud brick houses on April 13 and an art sale and auction in June. These events have been successful fundraisers in the past.

The post office group's stall at the Warrandyte Market is a steady fundraiser and will continue.

In the meantime working bees will continue and potential painters are welcome to wander along with their brush. They can check on work dates by ringing 844 3694.

Alison Magilton's works exhibited

An exhibition of the works of Warrandyte artist weaver the late Alison Magilton is underway.

Alison, who died last year, had her works shown in Britain and South Africa as well as in galleries in her home state and in Tasmania.

She was also tutor in weaving for the Council of Adult Education in Melbourne and is represented

in several corporate collections. This retrospective exhibition is of her weaving and tapestry. There are also drawings, watercolors, samples and sketches.

The exhibition is being held until February 25 at the Blackwood

Street Gallery at the Meat Market Craft Centre, 42 Courtney Street, North Melbourne.

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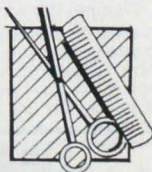
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JIM 844 3889 GREG 844 1162

You always were a mean bugger. By the way, thanks for looking after the plants. The wisteria's died.

Don't mention it. But there was the beach...

Of course. Lovely, apart from the under-tow and the cross-rip. There was a pretty little rock pool for the kids. We were cut off by the tide there only once.

Plenty of sunshine?

Sure. We were all sunburnt by the second day. Did you ever get sunburnt on your feet?

No.

Makes it terribly hard to open a can with your toes.

What about fishing?

Tried that. Took the boy and his cousins along to Eden Wharf with those rods you lent us — look, I'll replace them when I get a chance.

No worries. What happened?

You ever tried fishing with three kids? First you bait four hooks including your own, then you show them how to cast. By the time you go to throw your line in the water the first of them has lost his bait and

From page 1

the second has hooked some visitor from Western Australia through the alligator on his shirt. The third one has caught his hook under the jetty somehow and you have to cut everything adrift. And by this time the first one's lost his bait again.

No fun?

No fun, chum.

Catch anything?

I didn't, but my boy caught chicken pox. I thought he was looking a bit spotty. But you must have enjoyed the weather.

Don't talk to me about the weather. On the fifth day it started to rain and it hardly let up. Great fun in a caravan, I can tell you. Couldn't light a barbecue.

So you had to eat out?

Yeah. Went to a seafood restaurant. First time I've ever seen a drink waiter anchored to the bar; had to go and beard him every time. And I was dill enough to order a steak Diane. It came out covered in a thick garlic sauce. "That's not steak Diane," I quipped to the waitress, "where's the Worcestershire sauce?" She goes away, I heard the wine

waiter again, and she returns. "The chef says he put Worcestershire sauce in it, sir," she says, and you could tell that she was spelling that "cur".

Not quite like Slattery's Cafe, eh?

You've got it. And for the rest of our stay, there I was, with a driver's window jammed half open shuttling between that rain-soaked caravan park and the bloody bank in Merimbula that begrudgingly gave me money and back to the van, trying to hide in a corner while the kids raged all around. Do you know how many times I read Blinky-bloody-Bill to them?

No.

Good. I'm trying to forget.

So?

So, we packed up early and headed off into the blizzard. It seemed like every car was towing a caravan or boat and every one of them propped in front of us on the way home.

Well, you won't go back there in a hurry.

Not exactly. We've put down a deposit for next year. You've got to have a holiday, you know. As a matter of fact you look like you could do with one.

New fire rules protect pupils

Special procedures to protect the more than 70,000 children travelling through bushfire danger areas in school buses were recently announced.

The Member for Whittlesea, Max McDonald, says: "The objective is to keep school buses well away from any danger and to ensure that school bus users are not left to fend for themselves."

Copies of the bushfire procedures compiled by the Road Traffic Authority in consultation with the Country Fire Authority, Forest Commission, Education Department and Victoria Police have been circulated to operators and drivers of the state's 1800 contract school buses and other buses likely to carry

schoolchildren in fire danger periods.

Mr McDonald said: "Victoria is one of the most potentially dangerous bushfire areas in the world. With this year's high rainfall and a rapid growth of grasses and plants a major bushfire could be devastating."

"Not only should parents be aware of safety precautions for children, but they have a responsibility, as do all Victorians, to prevent fire hazards occurring."

"During the fire danger periods, parents should ensure that children are accompanied to and from the bus stop. Wait at the bus stop rather than go looking for the bus that might have been delayed by fire or smoke, or diverted from a danger

zone.

"Parents should listen to radio bulletins on school bus movements and keep telephone lines free for emergency uses. New residents to bushfire danger areas should acquaint themselves with school bus routes, timetables and bushfire danger practices in general," Mr McDonald said.

He said the unusually wet summer this year had caused rapid growth in grasslands around the Whittlesea electorate area, greatly increasing the bushfire danger to residents.

"The guidelines for school bus drivers detail procedures to be adopted if a bus is caught in a fire as well as precautions to be taken before setting out on a run.

Uniting Church plans for the future

Warrandyte Uniting Church unveiled its Project '86 in December when long-time resident Alma Watt turned the first piece of ground for an extension to the church building.

The extension will contain meeting rooms, a vestry, a kitchen and space for youth activities. It will also serve as an additional area for church services as the congregation continues to grow.

Church officials say the congregation has "responded magnificently" to the financial challenge required for the extensions, and, if all the various approvals are obtained in time, construction will commence in the middle of the year.

The building committee is on the lookout for any local residents who might care to give the church the benefit of their expertise in building design and construction.

Bruce Gongell, on 844 2342, would be delighted to listen to their views.

The extension will be a great help to the Uniting Church's Sunday school and youth club.

The Sunday school caters for young people from kindergarten age through to late teens. Fred Jungwirth has resigned as superintendent after seven years, and any inquiries can be directed to his successor, John Hanson, on 844 3906.

The three youth groups are open to the community and usually meet on alternate Sundays. The age range is from grade five up to the early twenties.

For details, ring Jill Curry on 844 3522.

IN BRIEF

Church group

They have a good old time at the Warrandyte Uniting Church's Young People's Group.

Activities set down for 1986 include a camp at Anglesea, night football, a cricket match, sports night and a raft race.

The group — ages range from 16 to 22 — meets every second Friday night at the church. Meeting hours are 7.30 to 11.

Anyone interested should ring John Boyle on 844 3333.

Sunday school

Sunday school classes have recommenced at St Stephens Anglican Church in Stiggant Street.

Classes are from kindergarten to grade six level and there is also a Bible study class for young people.

New children will be very welcome. Enquiries: Lynne Sherwood, 844 3443.

Yoga studio

Lynette Colenso has finally received approval to build a yoga studio in West End Road and construction is expected to begin soon.

Mrs Colenso intends to offer classes in Hatha yoga for adults, with special pre-natal classes. There will also be tuition in creative dancing for adults, teenagers and younger children.

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LOST: A yellow lovebird (small African parrot), ring no ALB 2339, in the vicinity of Vallias Street, North Warrandyte, on December 31. Reward. 844 2252.

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Warrandyte's changing face



Emergency Centre to go ahead

Max McDonald, the Member for Whittlesea, has announced a Community Employment Program grant of \$311,909 for the Eltham Emergency Operations Centre project.

This will enable the centre to go ahead. The centre will provide a much-needed, combined emergen-

cy operations centre in times of disaster and a public hall and meeting room for use by the local community.

Construction of the mud-brick building will commence soon in Main Road, Kangaroo Ground. The Centre will be the new home of the Lower Yarra Group of Fire Brigades and will provide operations rooms for the Country Fire Authority, the State Emergency Service and the police.

The project will create 23 jobs for long-term unemployed over 26 weeks.

From the Templestowe Road the house looks like a miniature version of the Sydney Opera House.

The sails are concrete shells, still surrounded by scaffolding. Over to the right a turtle shape looms, similar to the Australian Academy of Sciences building in Canberra.

Up the hill, its verandah hidden from the road, is a low-slung colonial home, its facade a mixture of red and cream bricks favored by our Edwardian ancestors.

Both houses are on Cherrywood Acres, the high-priced estate next to Warrandyte High School.

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Relegation avoided

It's official. Warrandyte's cricketers have avoided relegation.

For most of the year the First Eleven wallowed at the bottom of the ladder. But performances picked up towards the end of the season, and with one match to go the team was safe on third spot from the end.

Captain Robert White helped lift the standard of batting with scores of 174, 97 and 71.

Younger players have done well. David Sloan was put in to open the batting and has succeeded there; Colin Dorning was promoted to number three with good results. Gerald Walshe has lifted the side with his batting and bowling.

Looking back, Warrandyte were unlucky early in the season to have lost two games by only two runs. The scorebooks would have had Warrandyte higher in the points table but for that misfortune.

The team has had to concentrate on rebuilding to make up for the loss of experienced players John Salter, Graeme Lloyd and wicketkeeper Bruce Kline.

If the men have had a less-than-average year, the opposite is true for Warrandyte's women's cricket team.

The women finished on top of the ladder and were undefeated until the second last match of the season.

In one match against Swinburne, Jenny McLaws made 184 and Jenny Chapman 127 as the team rolled along to a score of 6/403.

In the junior section, our Under 12 (section 1) team were on top of the ladder with just one game to play. The boys of Under 16 (section 1) have a chance of making the four.

Most players have improved under junior coach Ian Broom, but there are still a few spots left for next season. Interested juniors should contact the club.

The scapa matting pitch put down at the start of the season was a trifle controversial at first but the club says it was playing perfectly at the end.

Warrandyte Cricket Club's presentation night will be held on Saturday, April 5, at the South Warrandyte Hall.

The committee of the social club is still waiting for various pieces of bureaucratic paper to be processed.

But the club still hopes that building will start in winter and be completed for October and the start of the cricket season.

RESULTS

Round 7

1sts: W'dyte 4/337, White 174, Jacobs 40, Dorning 70, Pascoe 24; East R'wood 143, Broome 6/50, White 4/44.

2nds: W'dyte 137, O'Brien 44, McCarthy 126; East R'wood 7/257, Stockley 4/60.

3rds: W'dyte 219, Day 60, Crockett 40, Grant 37, Day 33 n.o.; East R'wood 8/231, King 4/73, Peters 3/70.

4ths: W'dyte 194, Blair 50, Snaidero 43; East R'wood 252, Wilson 3/41, Owen 3/53.

5ths: W'dyte 44; East R'wood 115, Roberts 4/25, Blackburn 4/54.

6ths: W'dyte 214, Chipperfield 43, Bowles 24, Vojlay 43 n.o., Lawrence 22, Beck 33, Broome 22; Parkwood 236, Fernando 3/55.

Women: W'dyte 6/403, McLaws 184, Chapman 127, McGhee 33; Swinburn 159, Chapman 6/44.

U16(1): W'dyte 9/144, McLean 60, Day 29; Nth Croydon 6/162.

U16(3): W'dyte 81, Webb 24, Hurley 23; Lilydale 9/180.

U14(1): W'dyte 9/104, Read 34, Schubert 22; Lilydale 117.

U14(3): W'dyte 123, Yoannidis 48 n.o., Long 23, Wilks 21; Kilsyth 166, Yoannidis 3/22.

U12(1): W'dyte 5/121, Lyndon 21; Wantirna 5th 96.

U12(3): W'dyte 2/58 dec. & 4/46, Harmer 23 n.o.; Heathmont Baptists 43 & 60, Green 4/6, Potaznik 4/0.

U12(4): W'dyte 80; Nth Croydon 115, Farmer 3/10.

Round 8 — 2 games only:
1sts: W'dyte 128, Broome 28, Walshe 25, Pascoe 28; Mt. Evelyn 4/155.

2nds: W'dyte 8/138, McCarlin 51, Peters 42; Mt Evelyn 129, Jungwirth 5/44, Peake 4/33.

Round 9:
1sts: W'dyte 8/157, Amiguet 51, Peters 26, Pascoe 22; Vermont 4/216, Broome 3/56.

2nds: W'dyte 9/139, Scicluna 35, Peake 25, Kline 22; Vermont 9/137, Peake 3/14, Sloan 3/41.

3rds: W'dyte 8/151, M. Day 51, C. Day 28; Vermont 94, Leguier 6/48, Vitiritti 4/18.

4ths: W'dyte 6/130, Walker 54, Thomas 27; Vermont 9/175, Wilson 3/53.

5th: W'dyte 29 & 7/57; Vermont 164, Walker 3/20, Roberts 3/50.

6th: W'dyte 126, Chipperfield 30; Kilsyth 132, Chipperfield 3/35.

U16(1): W'dyte 4/105, Day 40, Cameron 40 n.o.; St. Andrews 8/98, Cameron 4/32 (incl. Hat-trick).

U14(1): W'dyte 80, Wheatherley 23; St. Andrews 74, Schubert 4/11, Miller 3/28.

Only 2 Junior Matches played.

Round 10:

1sts: W'dyte 282, White 97, McCarlin 28, Peters 44, Dorning

21, Walshe 37; Sth R'wood 203, White 4/67, Broome 3/79.

2nds: W'dyte 226, O'Brien 86, Scicluna 25, Kline 34, McCarthy 25; Sth R'wood 341.

3rds: W'dyte 9/215, Sturesteps 61, Day 39, King 60 n.o.; Sth R'wood 159 & 7/129, Snaidero 4/39, King 3/20.

4ths: W'dyte 156, Thomas 24, Scicluna 22, Beck 23, Blair 21; Sth R'wood 258.

5ths: W'dyte 100; Sth R'wood 68, Blackburn 5/25, Maroney 3/25.

6ths: W'dyte 194, Chipperfield 65, Vojlay 20, Martin 21, Broome 20; Vermont 200, Chipperfield 3/67.

Women — Bye.
U16(1) W'dyte 3/214, McLean 108 n.o., Kline 63 n.o.; Glen Park 206, Graf 3/46.

U14(1): W'dyte 3/100 dec. & 5/103, Kline 34 & 26, Joy 21 n.o.; East R'wood 168, Schubert 3/23.

U14(3): W'dyte 9/71; Academy 149.
U12(1) W'dyte 3/92, Lyndon 32 n.o., Comrie 23; Moor/bark 9/83, Hughes 3/12.

U12(3): W'dyte 5/53, Day 22; R'wood 1/101.

U12(4) W'dyte 52, Johnson 22; Scoresby 148.

Round 11: — 2 matches only:

1sts: W'dyte 7/216, White 71, Pascoe 33, Amiguet 35, Sloan 27; Croydon United 218, Broome 7/70.

2nds: W'dyte 6/209, Taylor 91, Peake 32 n.o., Sturesteps 44; Croydon United 320.

Round 12 — Half way through, cont'd next Saturday.

1sts: W'dyte 8/261, Peters 97, Pascoe 95, Broome 28; Norwood 9/237, Pascoe 3/50.

2nds: W'dyte, Sturesteps 115, Chapman 56, Kline 25; Norwood 240.

3rds: W'dyte 8/252, Wilson 55 n.o., Cameron, Snaidero 46, McCarlin 37; Norwood 90 and 9/226, Grab 4/19 and 4/52, Wilson 4/27.

4ths: W'dyte 151, Walker 42, Blackburn 36, Hughes 26; Norwood 192, Marlin 4/30.

5ths: W'dyte 218, Beasley 55, Baker 53 n.o., Maroney 45; Norwood 341.

6ths: W'dyte 9/233, Clothier 94 n.o., Heinz 37; Boronia 7/242, Beck 3/48.

Women: W'dyte 171, Chapman 55, McLaws 30, Brown 28; Monash 347, McLaws 5/81.

U16(1): W'dyte 5/212, Day 62, Kline 52 n.o., Cameron 53, Graf 21; Ainslee Park 7/210.

U14(1): W'dyte 62 & 6/40; Kilsyth 4/127.

U14(3): W'dyte 82 & 5/52, Yoannidis 23 n.o., Wicks 20; Scoresby 9/183.

U12(1): W'dyte 9/172, Wicks 31 n.o., Hughes 21; Ainslee Park 134.

U12(3) W'dyte 80 & 3/13, Chalmers 22; Mt Evelyn 198.

U12(4): W'dyte 86; Kilsyth 199.



At the river. To the right of our picture, upstream, canoeists are slipping through the buoys. Nearby a husband and wife are playing a wonky game of tennis on the Lions courts. Downstream a couple of kilometres away Warrandyte's cricketers are practising on the oval.

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