



#### By DAVID WYMAN

The reality of dual occupancy being permitted on parcels of land in the Green Wedge—on both sides of the river—is causing concern among local conservationists.

servationists. The decision of the coalition state government last year to allow owners of most non-urban land throughout the state to apply for a permit for more than one dwelling on their land, albeit without subdivision, has now arrived in Manningham and Nillumbik coun-cils (Green Wedge areas. The provision, imposed on all coun-cils by the previous government's De-partment of Infrastructure, has been strongly opposed by Manningham council, local environment groups, lo-cal councillor Patricia Young, and the MP for Warrandyte, Phil Honeywood. It is part of the new Manningham Planning Scheme, now before the Min-ister for Planning, John Thwaites. But the prospect for a Green Wedge landowner building a second house is

not as attractive as it may sound. First, Manningham council will place very strict planning controls on the pro-cess, and secondly, obtaining finance for building, and the eventual sale of the property, without subdivision, may be difficult. Local MP for Warrandyte, Phil Honeywood, has directly lobbied the Bracks government planning minister, Mr Thwaites, to override the multiple dwelling proposal.

Mr Thwaites, to override the multiple dwelling proposal. As the Diary went to press, Mr Honeywood had not received an an-swer to his submission to the minis-ter. He said that at no stage had Manningham council consulted with him on variation of the planning scheme to allow more than one dwell-ing on a Green Wedge property. "If council proceeds with this varia-tion then it will be setting up 'time bombs' for a future council and the

entire Warrandyte community," he said. "We could well find in the future that family feuds or other domestic arrangements will develop which re-sult in demands being made for subdi-vision."

Cr Patricia Young said that while Manningham council was unable to change the ruling of the government (to allow more than one house on Green Wedge land), the council would be developing a local policy to provide guidance for when more than one de-tached house would be supported. "It is expected that an amendment to the Manningham Planning Scheme in relation to this will be put on exhibi-tion shortly before the commence-ment of the new planning scheme," she said.

said. Cr Young said she could not accept the thought of an extra dwelling being allowed in the Environmental Rural Zone, but the government had said it would help preserve the Green Wedge land, and allow families to have par-ents or children live on the same prop-

and, and anow families to have par-ents or children live on the same prop-erty. "Obviously this will make it harder for the owners of land to sell their properties as not everyone would want two houses on one block." The Warrandyte Awareness Group is concerned that Manningham council's new planning scheme, with inclusion of a dual occupancy provision for Green Wedge land, has not gone far enough to protect the area from over-development and future subdivision. The group's spokesman, Peter Curry, said much remnant bushland scat-tered throughout the Environmental Rural Zone would be under increased threat of removal and significant loss of amenity to residents would result if dual occupancy developments were dual occupancy developments were allowed to proceed. Many residents had chosen to live in

these areas because of its single resi-

these areas because of its single resi-dence character. "Although thankful the new scheme retains controls on subdivision, we fear that after allowing more than one dwelling on land, a renewed push for subdivision within the Green Wedge will inevitably follow," he said. The Warrandyte Advisory Commit-tee also strongly opposes the new pro-vision

vision.

A spokesman said it would generate a lot of speculative interest and be counter productive to preserving the Green Wedge. It is known that Manningham coun-cil will place strict controls on the erection of a second dwelling on Green Wedge land. These include a thorough assess-ment of whether the land can accom-modate a second house, considering preservation of native bushland, and residential and environmental ame-nity.

nity. The purpose of the dwelling and its future use would also be part of the assessment.



### 'and the pipes played The Flowers of the Forest'

Anzac Day in Warrandyte was marked—as usual with the traditional parade along Yarra Street, led by piper Lachlan McSwain, followed by a service at the RSL war memorial

• More Alistair **Davidson** pictures inside.



CYRIL

# POOF! POLICE







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#### OUR NEWSPAPER

The Warrandyte Diary was established in 1970 as a small local newsletter. Although it has developed over the years, it has retained its strong community character, being produced by volunteers with only one aim: to serve its community. Financed solely through advertising, it guards its non-profit, non-commercial status and its independent voice. The Diary carries a strong editorial bias towards the people, environment and character of the place it serves. Its monthly circulation is 3700 copies and it is available in Warrandyte, North Warrandyte, South Warrandyte, Park Orchards, Wonga Park, Warranwood, North Ringwood, Kangaroo Ground and Research.

#### A SPECIAL PLACE

Warrandyte (approximate population 8000) is situated on the Yarra River, some 35km from Melbourne. The site of the first official gold discovery in Victoria—in 1851—it soon established its character as a small, self-sustaining community set in a beautiful river valley. Around 1900 the miners, orchardists and tradespeople were joined by a number of young painters who were founding the Australian nationalist arts tradition. Although now a commuter suburb of Melbourne, the natural beauty, community spirit and sense of independence of Warrandyte has been largely retained. This newspaper is the voice and true expression of that spirit.

# No April foolery here, this is a serious fish

Greg Liddell became obsessed with fishing when he was nine years old and had been in this town about half an hour. in this town about half an hour. The first time he tossed a line into the murky waters of the Yarra below the brand-new fam-ily home in Research Road almost 30 years ago he came up with an in-stant eel. How good was this! The obsession grew and it was merely a matand it was merely a mat-ter of time before he sought bluer piscatorial pastures. He was drawn (inexorably, as they say but have trouble pro-nouncing) seven years ago to Merimbula, on the Sapphire Coast of New South Wales, with his back-hoe business, lovely wife Carol and equally lovely daughters Tegan (then four) and Georgia (one). Almost before you could say "I gotta bite!", Greg was president of the local angling club and the back-hoe had given way to catching, smoking, packaging and distribut-ing his own fish. It was a business which deserved to thrive (having known Greg man and boy and shared his devotion to Hawthorn Football Club, Smoke any use for the Smokey can vouch for the yumminess of the pack-ages which came all too seldom his way) but for various reasons didn't. Not to worry. Greg went that into the brick and paving biz and continued to fish. Passionately, of course.

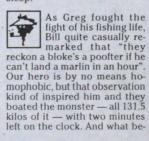
At 7am on April 1, Greg and his mate Bill Schroder (another ex-patriate Warrandytian, 4 late of Anzac Road) were in a 15-foot tinnie fishing for snap-15-loot tinnie fishing for snap-per a few hundred metres off shore before going to work. Greg had his trusty old Jarvis Walker hanging out with a slimy mackerel on the end of a 24-ki-logram line, hoping a big beastie might be lurking some-where below. It was.

When the very angry black marlin first broke 1 the surface, Greg knew he had a bit of a stoush on his hands, considering the flimsy conveyance he was sitting in and the strength and size of the thing he'd just hooked. He was starting to think how Spencer Tracy must have felt in the movie adaptation of Ernest



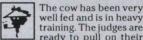
Greg Liddell (right) and the one that didn't get away.

Hemingway's "The Old Man And The Sea". Ever resourceful though, he told Bill to get on the mobile blower to fellow fishing freak "Strangie". "Hey listen, Strangie, we're out here just off shore and Greg's fighting a mar-lin. Can you get your boat in the water and come out and give us a hand to land it?" Strangie turned to wife Sandra and said: "Greg's losing his touch if he "Greg's losing his touch if he thinks he can get me with an April Fool's Day gag like that." And promptly went back to sleep.





came of by far the biggest fish he'd ever caught." It fed all of Merimbula that night," said Greg. Come to think of it, 135.5 kilograms is a helluva lot of fil-



well fed and is in heavy training. The judges are ready to pull on their gloves and are brandishing their measuring sticks. Now all the bovine beauty has to do is drop a pat (to put it very po-litely) on the marked-out No 2 oval at the recreation reserve around 1pm on May 20 and someone's going to be \$2500 richer. It's Moo Poo for Cash, a joint fund-raising venture by Warrandyte Junior Football Club and the folk behind the proposed Skateboard Park You Club and the folk behind the proposed Skateboard Park. You can still buy a plot on the oval and hope Bessie blesses you with her droppings. Tickets are available through the WJFC or from Brian Handson (9890 0571) or Tony Morello (9846 2222). Of course, making money from cow poo — or specifically, bullshit — is by no means new. Politicians were on to it yonks ago. ago.

As a driving instructor with the Croydon Fire Brigade, Robert "Noddy" Ireland has a pretty colourful track record. Last year he bogged a fire truck down to its axles while attend-ing a scrub fire on the Moorac Golf Course at Croydon. Then Golf Course at Croydon. Then on a day off a couple of weeks ago he was driving a semi-trailer to Docklands in the city and was damn near there be-fore he realised he'd forgotten to hitch up the trailer. And more recently still he managed to re-fuel a fire truck diesel tank with super, which can be a rather explosive cocktail. Noddy stood by grinning sheepishly as the tank was pumped out.

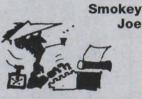


deserves recognition. Richard Macquire, now of Banning Road, who's lived in Warrandyte since he was two and is an Olympic canoeist. You may recall (and we certainly should have) that he was the most successful Australian in the canoe slalom K1 class at the Atlanta Games. Onyer, Richard, and we're sure you'll do Austra-lia and Warrandyte proud again.

So who's a lucky mo-torist then? One A. Nielson, of Research Road, is at the wheel of a brand-new \$20,400 Mitsubishi Lancer GLI Manual Coupe just because he bought a ticket in a raffle in aid of the Pacific School Games in Sydney this month. He (or she) won first prize Tick-ets were sold locally by the Moore family, whose daughter Rosalyn will be running at the games. games

What does a caesar salad have to do with Warrandyte copping a footy hiding? We don't know, but Bloods stalwart Anne Drew, just back from extensive overseas and interstate travels overseas and interstate travels with hubby Roger, dashed up to us at half-time at Ringwood on May 6 and said our readers should know that the bistro at Club Warrandyte serves the best caesar salad she's tasted. And she should know because she's a caesar salad enthusiast. Thank you for that, Anne. We had no idea.

Cathy Willis, our native flora guru, says you could do a lot of worse things to your garden right now than plant spring-flowering daisies. The Tail Daisy (Breedwergere diversifedia) has (Brachyscome diversifolia) has white flowers and the Button white flowers and the Button Everlasting (*Helichrysum* scorpiodes) yellow, she says, and for a cottage garden effect you should plant them with Pink Bells (*Tetratheca <u>ciliata</u>*). And where can you get your hands on these little gems? For a very modest donation, at the Friends of Warrandyte State Park nursery at Pound Pend, of course. Give Cathy a call on 0418 142297.



### **OVER THE HILLS By JOCK MACNEISH** Y 20 3 WANDYTE In . .0 I THINK I KNOW WHERE THE VIRUS MAY HAVE ORIGINATED ... -11/11/2 Jack

**Community burnt in** big firefight VARRANDYTE

#### By FIA CLENDINNEN

The Warrandyte community is at risk of becoming an unwit-ting casualty in a bitter dispute between the United Firefighters Union and the Country Fire Authority.

Authority. Caught in the crossfire is Community Support Facilitator (CSF) Jeff Adair, whose position is at risk if two career irefighters are appointed to the Warrandyte brigade. Many residents believe that the valuable relationship Mr Adair has built up with the local community is threatened. Peter Marshall, secretary of the UFU, claims that the CFA, with the support of the previous state government, cre-ated the position of the CSFs with the deliberate intention of undermining the role of professional firefighters. "It's no different to what happened to the Maritime Union in the water-front dispute," Mr Marshall told the Diary. "You set up an alternative work force to try and engender a different culture."

culture

It was announced in the March Diary

It was announced in the March Diary that the state government intends to place two career firefighters at the Warrandyte brigade. This follows a 1997-98 CFA report which stated that some brigades "par-ticularly in the outer metropolitan ar-eas of Melbourne" were "experiencing difficulty coping" with the increase in emergency calls. The report also stated that the extra workload de-mands came at the same time as a gen-eral decrease in commitment from vol-unteers.

unteers. Mr Marshall said with the placement

Going to blazes: Warrandyte volunteers on the job.

of the two career firefighters there would be no need for the CSF at Warrandyte brigade. "All the work that a CSF does a pro-fessional firefighter has always done. On top of that you have the added abil-ity of the firefighter to respond to fires." Bob Kilkenny, captain of the

<text><text><text><text><text><text>

other truck that actually moves up to take care of that particular area from another fire station." Mr Marshall expressed sympathy for Jeff Adair, saying that the CSFs were "pawns" in an "industrial agenda". He said the UFU was negotiating to ensure the CSFs were offered replacement iobs jobs

We've actually insisted that the CSFs

The construction of the construction. The construction of the construction of the construction of the construction of the construction. The construction of the construction of the construction of the construction of the construction. The construction of the bushland.

Despite repeated attempts, the *Diary* was not able to make contact with ei-ther CFA management or Mr Haermeyer.



Grand Hotel metamorphoses into Club Warrandyte

### Club members' list slow to grow

#### By CLINTON GRYBAS

Poker machines have returned to Warrandyte, but local residents are not yet queueing up to use them.

Warrandyte, but local residents are not yet queueing up to use them. Club Warrandyte officials have told the *Diary* that machine pa-tronage is running at about the same level as it was when the pokies were last in tow. Poker machines were removed from the Grand Hotel in 1998, re-portedly because they were not delivering the returns Tattersalls had expected. Following a series of long, pro-tracted negotiations, and a strong local campaign opposing the re-turn of pokies, the major part of the hotel was leased to the Warrandyte Football Club, re-named Club Warrandyte and 27 machines were installed, this time under the auspices of Tabaret They were unveiled on March 17. Football club president Jeff Evans said he was not surprised by the public's response to the ma-chines compared to their previous stay at the hotel. "It's pretty well about the same at this stage. We're not going out there pushing the pokies. If you look at the advertising and signage around the place it's pretty low key. "We're not going out there with elis and whistles and things. It's always been our policy to keep in line with Warrandyte and it's sur-rounding area. I don't think bells and whistles are in the best inter-ests of Warrandyte. Tub Warrandyte assumed con-trol of the hotel's popular bistro, function room and gaming lounge on March 1. The club's goal is to attract 2000 paying members in its first 12 months. The current mem-bership figure stands at slightly more than 800. "We're pretty well on target," Mr Evans said. "There are still a lot of

"We're pretty well on target," Mr Evans said. "There are still a lot of

people locally who aren't members of the club. "We probably haven't had time to push it enough. The bistro has been very, very busy and we haven't had time to explain to people the benefits of the mem-bers. The \$10 membership fee is off-set by a meal voucher redeemable in the club's bistro. As expected, locals make up the bulk of the current membership list. Mr Evans expects more to join as the club implements the next phase of its marketing campaign. "It's basically an awareness hing. A lot of people still don't mow that it's Club Warrandyte and not the Grand Hotel bistro. We'll be doing some letter box drops and mail-outs to let every-one know what's happening." The described the club's early progress as "slow but OK" with eueues formed by people signing mas guests. "We've addressed the No one likes to wait in queues." While the football club commit-

in as guests. "We've addressed that. No one likes to wait in queues." While the football club commit-tee oversees operations at Club Warrandyte, they have hired a management company to conduct its daily business. On that basis Mr Evans said the club is not ne-glecting its primary focus—that of running a football club. "We're there to concentrate on the footy. The football is our core product and we need to concen-trate on that for sure. "The management company is doing a fine job there and we're not involved in the day-to-day running as such. We just oversee operations. The football side is paramount." And at least two punters are happy at the return of the poker machines. Mr Evans said two \$5000 jackpots had been won since March 17.

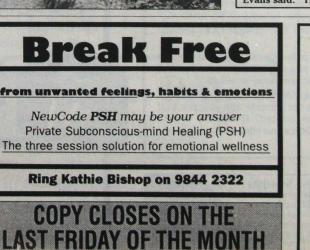


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Charlie's pumpkin at the community garden: judged the "most orange and shiniest", but the winner outgrew it by more than 100kg!

### ines to an absent friend

He started as a smooth flat disc Then quickened on a soft spring day. He was one of Nature's grandest wonders Part of the beauty that paves our way.

Slowly, he grew to a golden trumpet Where gentle bees dipped frequently. His siblings saw that he was sweetest And gave way to him happily.

Quietly, slowly, the days of summer Changed his shape and made him round. He lay there soaking up the sunshine A sweeter sight could ne'er be found

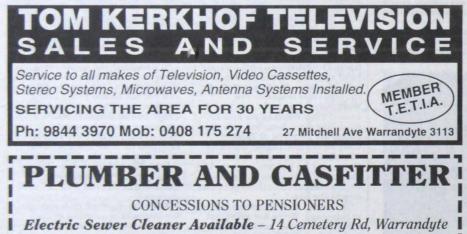
He waited for us in the garden Warmly greeting all who came, Sitting in his leafy bower Contented, quiet, gentle, tame. Swelling, swelling—growing rounder Autumn found him large and gold. Kissed by sunshine, rain and dewdrops He was most handsome to behold

Whenever we opened the garden gate He'd wink a welcome to us all. Now roundly Rubenesque of stature, Every gardener was in his thrall.

He smiled at everyone who came by; We fell in love with him waiting there. Who could resist his need for moisture? Who could walk by without thinking him

And so he beguiled us as he sat there Gentle, innocent, naïve as a bumpkin. Now he's gone to his final day of judge-And we'll all miss him-Charlie's pumpkin.

JAN O'NEILL



**JOHN RYAN 9844 2552 MOBILE PHONE 0415 332 777** 



### Whither our skatepark?

Discussion about the proposed Warrandyte skatepark tends to miss the point. The youth of Warrandyte need recreational facilities and a skatepark would appear to answer this need, but the real issues are, what is the

the real issues are, what is the skatepark's real purpose and where should it be? As I see it, the question of lo-cation cannot be decided with-out first addressing the ques-tion of purpose. Do we simply want to keep our youth so busy skating that they won't have time to graffit the toilets, burn down the school's shade sail or down the school's shade sail or throw rubbish to the wind? Or is it more important to create an environment which stimulates healthy activity and devel-



opment of potential? What is the best location for this? Council prefers a promi-nent position at the gateway to bushy Warrandyte and the en-trance to the Yarra Valley. But here the park will appear singu-larly out of place—a steel and concrete monument to popular culture totally at odds with the Warrandyte image and the Warrandyte image and the newly developed Village Green.

When the council claims that this location best suits their model, should we be question-



Thank you so much to the Warrandyte Festival Committee for an outstanding 2000 festival with many successful new events. These new events in-cluded the wonderful large um-brellas painted by local artists, the mudbath, the magnificent quilts on display, the youth art exhibition, the combined teen-deare' muric with chaterampe agers' music with skateramps in the riverside carpark.

For sheer entertainment the pie throwing competition was

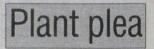
and stray jelly and cream for the spectators too! On the main stage at Stiggants Reserve fes-tival-goers were entertained by great performances from many local groups, and schools, etc. The festival, with its street pa-rade and wonderful fireworks finale, is a highlight for the year for the community

Pamela Dry Timbertop Ridge

ing their model? Is location termined simply by nearness to shops and a toilet block, as the council's skatepark model would suggest, or is it more important for it to be under the supervision of trained youth workers who can offer chal-lenge and competition, guid-ance and refuge? What about the spare space behind the Warrandyte Commu-nity Centre? Or, for an anarchic location, the open area near

Bay 13"? I know these do not conform exactly to the so-called model, but I believe either would provide a better result for us all.

David Dyason West End Road



I feel compelled to respond to June Engish's letter "are Pittosporums innocent". June's points are valid, certainly change and succession over time are inevitable and part of the natural system. However the natural system. However she has left out one vital factor, the dramatic and sudden changes brought about by white colonisation.

Changes to our natural envi-ronment brought about by climatic events such as ice ages, and by aboriginal habitation and fire regimes occurred over many thousands of years. Mechanical land clearing, grazing and fertilising of soils, mass planting of non-local plants such as Sweet Pittosporums: these changes have occurred in the blink of an eye compared to

I have no "manic desire to control" the environment, but I don't want to lose what is left if I can help redress the balance.

JOHN SPENCER

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Cathy Willis Morilla Place



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Warrandyte village: dressed for visitors

# **Fourists'** favourite

#### By RACHEL BAKER

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you're in the country." According to Peter Cubeta, owner of Thyme on the Terrace, about 80 per cent of his restaurant customers are from out-side Warrandyte. Some don't come from too far away. An-drew and Cindy Meyers live in Templestowe, and they like Warrandyte for dinner and Sunday drives

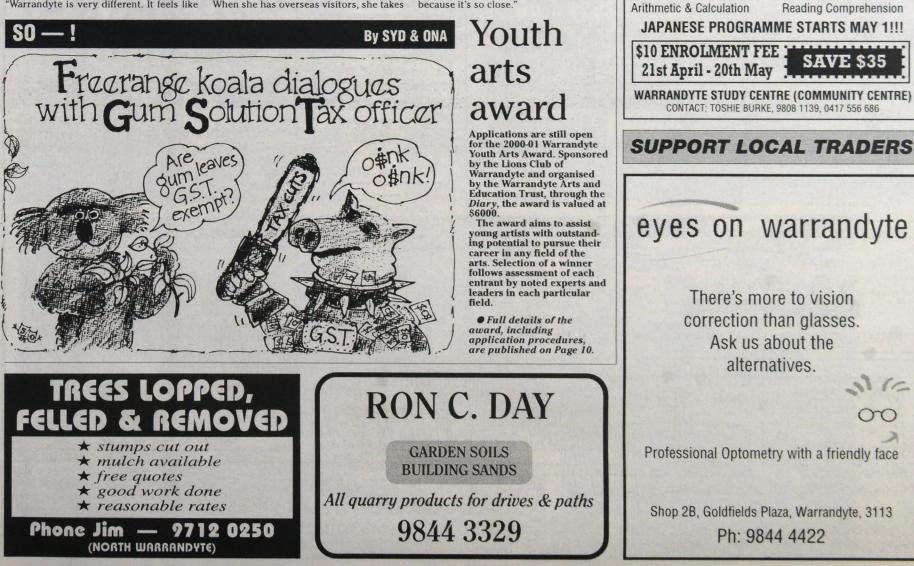
drew and Cindy Meyers live in Templestowe, and they like Warrandyte for dinner and Sunday drives. "It's a small town," Cindy said, "everything's within walking distance. The shopping's good, it's different to what you get in other suburbs; it's more alternative, and it doesn't feel mass-produced." And it's not just young families who fre-quent Warrandyte. Sharon Hart, 26, from Blackburn, were here on a Friday evening. "It's far away enough from home that you're actually 'out', but it's easy to get here," Paul said, from a restaurant over-looking the river. "There's a good view here," although there are a lot of houses around, the trees hide them. "It's warm and cosy; there's nothing like this in Blackburn."

Sharon has brought friends here before. When she has overseas visitors, she takes

them to Warrandyte because it's "typically Australian". "They love it," she says. "They've been back again." Sharon and Paul also visit other places. "We were thinking of going to Williamstown tonight, but this was closer," Paul said. They were both introduced to the town as children. Sharon's parents used to bring her here to swim in the river and Paul used to play tennis on the riverbank courts. The appeal of Warrandyte is that it's the opposite of what most people have, Tony canarella, owner of the Bridge Gallery, said.

said. Most outsiders associate the town with

Most outsiders associate the town with its goldmining origins. They see it as a little country town in the bush. The town should emphasise this aspect, Peter Cubeta said. "The council could put in old-fashioned street lights and signs." Not everyone has discovered the joys of the Yarra's outer reaches. When Pauline O'Leary mentioned Warrandyte at her Glen Iris mothers' group, "everyone said, 'where's Warrandyte?' They didn't know it at all, which is strange, because it's so close."





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High country adventure: WHS students on their biology safari.

### Studying their natural world

Warrandyte High School VCE biology students undertook a two-day camp to Mt Baw Baw Na-tional Park at the end of March.

The aim was to study three of South-East Australia's unique ecosystems. The students visited a mountain ash forest, a cool-temperate rainforest and a sub-alpine woodland. Mountain ash (Eucalyptus regnans) is Australia's tallest tree and holds the world for the tallest tree ever recorded Mt record for the tallest tree ever recorded. Mt Baw Baw National Park once contained a mon-

left standing after the 1939 bushfires are a "mere" 70 or so metres. "It was a fantastic opportunity for the students to get a first hand experience of the ecosystems they had dealt with in their class work back at school " a snokemerer wid." school," a spokesperson said. Some were for-tunate enough to become a part of the forest food chain—the leeches ensured a memorable

trip! "Students were also confronted with the pro-cess of logging in the mountain ash forests and witnessed the effects of this process."

Planting for posterity

#### By PAT COUPAR

Ten years ago Arbor Week was a regular event on the Warrandyte State Park calen-

Warrandyte State Park calen-dar. Children at local primary schools were taken down to Pound Bend to plant trees. These took place inside half a dozen fenced areas called "coupes", in the old orchard, below the rangers depot. Each coupe was labelled with the name of the grade and date of planting.

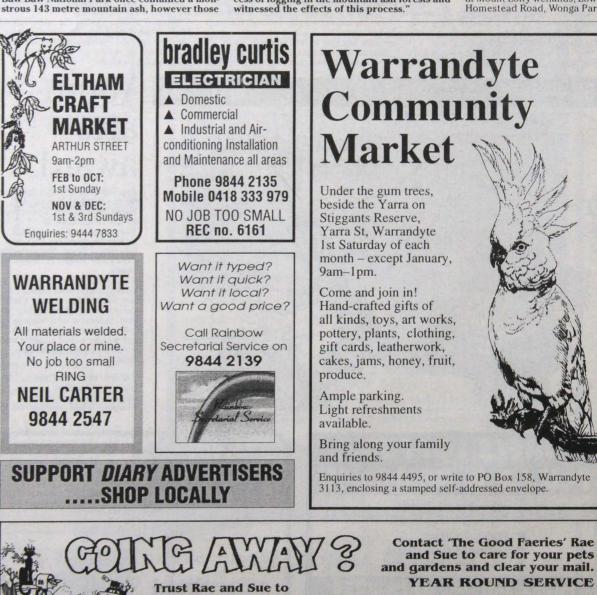
name of the grade and date or planting. Many of those early plantings were lost in the 1991 bushfire. The coupes were replanted the following year, and in the ash-rich soils the replacements flowinghed

Ionowing year, and in the ash-rich soils the replacements flourished. A few years later the indi-vidual coupes, with their rap-idly growing trees and shrubs, were joined together to form one large fenced area to keep out the rabbits. Today this has become a dense island of veg-etation in a sea of cleared land. Another site was chosen for the next stage of planting. This area, closer to the river, was fenced and prepared by carpet-ing and mulching to control the weeds. The trees and shrubs planted by the children have grown so well that it is now al-most impossible to walk through. In more recent years, Arbor

through. In more recent years, Arbor Week has become less of a fea-ture at the state park. However, this year two planting days have been planned by the park staff, in conjunction with the Friends of Warrandyte State Park. Anyone who enjoys plant-ing trees is invited. The plants have been grown by the Friends, at the state park nurs-ery, and there will be a free plant to take home for all work-

ers. Dates of the plantings are: Thursday, May 18 at 10am at Taroona Reserve, Everard Drive and Sunday, May 21 at 10.30am at Mount Lofty wetlands, Lower Homestead Road, Wonga Park.

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look after your place till you get back.





They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old; Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning We will remember them.

Photographer Alastair Davidson was there when Warrandyte commemorated Anzac Day.











### Our kids are virtually the best

Warrandyte High School has been placed second in the pres-tigious Virtual Classroom Global Project, winning a HP laptop computer valued at \$5000 and educational software for the school. AT&T Virtual Classroom Con-

test is a global cooperation and web site-building activity for students from seven to 18 years old. Using Internet technologies to communicate, teams build web sites on a topic of their

web sites on a topic of choice. Each team consists of three schools from different parts of the world, with at least one from the Asia Pacific region. This contest is akin to the Olym-tics of Collaborative Internet pics of Collaborative Internet projects, with over 3000 participating schools from 40 nations around the world. An estimated

6000 students participate. This year Warrandyte High School was the only Victorian (and Australian) government school to finish in the top three, despite some 20 Australian schools competing schools competing. Warrandyte High IT coordina-

Warrandyte High IT coordina-tor, Claire Bloom, and Year 11 student, Jackie Ralston, took the team leadership role in the project, partnered with Gananoque Secondary from Ontario Canada and Waterford High in Michigan USA.



Warrandyte students enjoy a "real-time" chat with their North American partners.

Together with 16 Year 10 Warrandyte students, (aged 15-16), they completed a site of over 150 pages based around a travel theme, which whisks the web surfer away on a customised virtual tour of an evote location ranging from the exotic location ranging from the Amazon rainforest to the pyramids of Egypt. The cyber tour-ist encounters a variety of challenges such as a meeting with a medieval ghost in Poland to discovering the lost city of Atlantis.

Atlantis. The students had to carefully blend facts and information they researched with an imagi-native, fantasy adventure for each location. They pro-grammed a virtual postcard fa-cility to allow visitors to post feedback on their web travels. All artwork, programming and All artwork, programming and research was the original work

of the cross-national team. The site can be seen at http:/ ftp 1.att.virtualclassroom.org/ vc-20/

A feature of the students' col-A feature of the students' col-laboration was an early morn-ing (for Warrandyte students) video conference, trialing the state government's new Educonf service, which gives schools access to a simple and secure video conferencing sec secure video conferencing service.

In the past, Warrandyte High School has had considerable success in the Virtual Class-room and other collaborative projects, last year winning the deBono Institute Award for Innovation in Education with a web site based on the Millennium Bug. The school has been successful in gaining federal funding to establish a Federa-tion web site.

CLYDE & OCKER "I move into virtual

reality after a hard night at the pub, Ock!"

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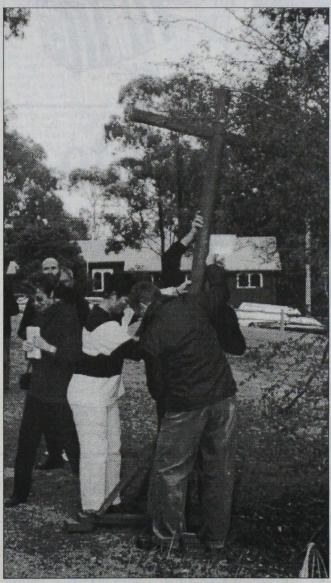


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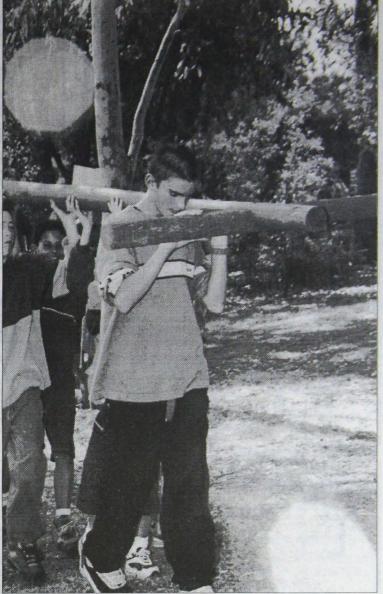


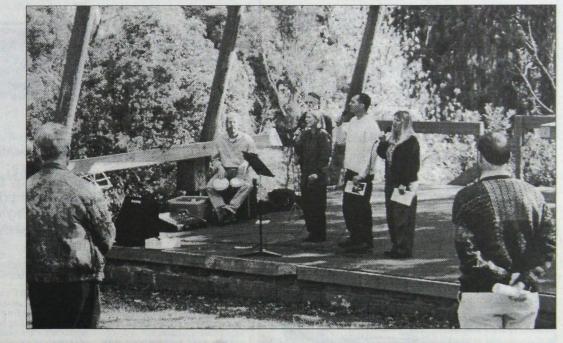


### Thy blessed Son

our Saviour Jesus Christ, who died and was buried, and rose again for us.

Warrandyte's combined churches marked Good Friday with a stations of the cross service at Stiggants Reserve. Alistair Davidson took these pictures.



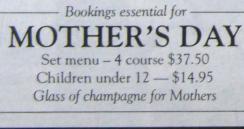








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# Getting your teeth into a timeless tradition

D rever thought of teeth and marriage as going together. They seemed to be mutually exclusive. like men and romance. Teeth always seem to be about food, pain and cost and marriage always seemed to be about, well, food, pain and cost. But not in quite the same way. The connection was made more clearly to me when attending my nephew's wedding recently.

Herself and I married at just about the end of the era when one simply got married in the prescribed manner. That meant that the engagement was announced and thereafter followed the time-tested procedures.

The men stood around looking smug yet secretly worried that they'd fallen into the equivalent of a pyramid-selling scam, whilst the women produced flow charts, critical path diagrams, menus, copious secret women's business, sheafs of bridal gown diagrams and several versions of guest lists and seating plans.

or bridle gown diagrams and several versions of guest lists and seating plans. They held serious meetings about the venue and its suitability to accommodate all the required guests whilst allowing enough space to separate those family members who hadn't spoken together for the past five weddings and who, if in too close proximity, could begin a West Side Story rumble, the original of which was being screened at the local flicks.

Once all the finances and social niceties had been sewn up, out went the white deckleedged invitations. It was often

# KIBBLED

those family members, who, if in too close proximity, could begin a West Side Story rumble..."

in the form of a folded greeting card with a line drawing of a romantic wedding couple on the front. Wedding bells and ribbon bows were obligatory. The vast majority favoured lots of gold fancy printing, possibly Olde English, because weddings were special, but the really posh people knew that the invitation should be sent on round-cornered, stiff rectangular, gold-edged card with elegant, black copperplate printing. Bells and bows were unnecessary because, deep down, they knew that the wedding was more about a financial merger than about the caging of love birds. The wedding ceremony was conducted in a church with the appropriate hymns and readings from The Bible. We turned up, having dressed at our respective homes. We delivered all the lines of an age-old script. Those in attendance sniffed appropriately. Everyone sighed when we were pronounced man and wife and were allowed to kiss. Confetti was thrown, outside the church, a few photographs were taken but not so many as to get in the way of the real event, the shaking of hands, kissing, congratulating and general social interaction.

Neighbours, the dressmaker and hairdresser and those who had only been invited to the wedding service, cast envious glances at the rest who went straight off to the reception. Again, the posh people had morning weddings and a lunchtime reception. The rest of us had an evening reception, complete with innumerable speeches, telegram readings, the cutting of the cake, the bridal waltz, the farewell circle and the get-away in a rubbishfestooned private car. The Wedding Night location was SIGNIFICANT. It was kept a deep, dark secret lest some wag should come and tie bells un-

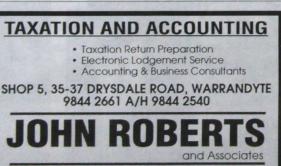
The Wedding Night location was SIGNIFICANT. It was kept a deep, dark secret lest some wag should come and tie bells under the bed or yahoo outside the room all night. The honeymoon was enjoyed in an exotic location, the last vestige of freedom and excitement before the return to the realities of life. For a few decades after us,

For a few decades after us, marriage and the ceremony took a battering. Just "living together" without all that ceremony nonsense was the rage. Anything that sniffed of tradition, rite of passage or social politeness was ditched. So we went through a very harsh time when society was denied the pleasures of shared hopes, dreams and celebrating. Admittedly, we didn't live in Nirvana. We had grief, hardships and all the other vicissitudes to which humanity is prey. But the "let's throw out everything from the past and just do our own thing", was about as successful as the efforts of Chairman Mao and Pol Pot in redesigning both history and human nature.

The truth seems to be that we need ceremony. We need to mark out our stages and status in life. And it's emotion, not logic, that determines this. Arguing that it's aimless or anachronistic misses the point. We hanker after significance and a sense of tradition. Which is why I found my nephew's wedding so familiar but different.

We had the gold-lettered invitation, the ceremony, but in a purpose-built chapel. The guests all knew that the time and venue of the reception required specific clobber. We had the speeches, the farewell circle and the throwing of the bridal bouquet to the scrum of eager maidens. What was new to me was the parallel version of the throwing of the bride's garter to the male scrum. However, in my day, the garter would have been removed on the wedding night—by hand, not at the reception—on hands and knees and by teeth!

**ROGER KIBELL** 



**Certified Practising Accountants** 



r Mothers

## Hunger pains follow a fatal feed of fairies' footstools

T begins as a slight niggle, a vague discomfort in the abdomen. At first you take little notice thinking it will go away. But it doesn't. The pain gets worse. Still you try to ignore it, putting it down to a touch of indigestion. Some-thing you ate perhaps. Not the mushrooms, surely, that was almost 24 hours ago and you'd eaten breakfast and lunch since then and felt fine.

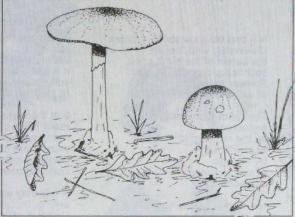
alten bisk 24 mouse ago and your sport eaten breakfast and lunch since then and felt fine. The stomach cramps, now se-vere, are accompanied by sweating and feelings of nausea. Bouts of violent vomiting fol-low. Something is seriously wrong. Anxiety about your con-dition further raises your pulse and increases the sweating. Your colleagues are concerned. The ambulance is called. At the hospital you are ques-tioned insistently about what you have eaten, particularly about the mushrooms—where did you get them, what did they look like? You try to tell them it couldn't be the mushrooms, it was too long ago, but the ques-tions persist. Your stomach is pumped. Restless, weak, intensely thirsty and writhing with tortu-ous muscle spasms, you are beyond caring. The sun sets, rises and sets again on your suffering. You are given milk to drink and drugs for pain relief. Gradually over the next few days the tidal wave of symp-toms subside, but treatment has come too late to prevent permanent kidney and liver dange. You will be lucky to survive. It was the mushrooms after survive

It was the mushrooms after all. The delayed onset of symp-



#### By PAT COUPAR Drawn by MELANIE COUPAR

toms was in itself diagnostic-confirmation that Amanita phalloides, the Death Cap toad-stool was the culprit. This aptly named fungus was introduced into Australia from America several decades ago. Found mainly in the ACT, it is now spreading into Victoria and although not yet common, the <text>



ance, grows in a similar habi-tat and at the same time of year. Only when the flesh is broken does this toxic species reveal is true colours—a chrome stain at the site of the injury. The Yellow Stainer is a strange outer of the injury. The Yellow Stainer is a strange outer become quite ill. Another suspect species is alled scleroderma, one of the earth balls. This firm, squat, lemon-yellow fungus has a uough leathery outer shell which cracks like drying mud, inally splitting as it ripens to release its powdery spores. Certain groups of fungi com-tain hallucinogenic com-pounds that have an effect on (by sergide)—a popular drug of the strain similar to LSD (by sergide)—a popular drug of the sky With Diamonds' (LSD).

Often referred to as magic mushrooms, the only wizadry these fungi conjure is to cause mental senility by the age of 30 in those that use them for pro-longed periods. With such a gamut of poten-tialy harmful components, it is a wonder that anyone goes mushrooming any more. But hey do. And as long as a few simple precautions are taken there should be no risk of poi-soning. For a start, avoid col-lecting old or damaged mush-rooms; never collect if you are doubtful about identification; never collect any toadstool that stains yellow after scratching the flesh and never, never, never collect any toadstool ound growing under oak trees. Mote: The symptoms of poi-soning by the Death Cap toad-stool, described in this article, are based on a real case history.

#### Letting sleeping bags lieat home

O sleeping bags. Dam! Every trip we go on something gets left behind. And in the present case. Syd-ney's Kingsford Smith Airport is a wee bit late for the thought bubble with the picture of a trusty green Kimpton's Polardown to waft into view. Last time we left something vital at home was on a camping trip, and the longed-for item was a little bag of lilo plugs. Pre-dictably, there weren't too many suitably equipped retail outlets open on Good Friday be-tween Ballarat (where the omis-sion was discovered) and the Grampians.

Grampians

Grampians. It's amazing how such a small oversight can sustain a conver-sation over hundreds of kilometres! Not all memorably forgotten items are of obvious value. Go-ing bush for a barbecue minus tomato sauce can lead to a pretty serious crisis. Grossly extraneous condiment that it is, the more you haven't got it, the more the troops want it. The more you check the Esky, the more it's not there. The whole scenario begins to rotate on its scenario begins to rotate on its own axis, not unlike a revolving

We don't have a cure for for-getting things, but we did once successfully overcome tomato sauce withdrawal symptoms.



Try enticing a troupe of hun-gry bushwalkers to grill some succulent sausages (which you've provided) at a venue that turns out not to have a bar-becue. We got by with a mea-gre fire in the wet forest, a small shovel, some pointed sticks and a few foil health bar wrappers. The sausages were the kind hat burst out of their skins at the first sniff of smoke, and ended up as motley an assem-blage of blackened sausage-flavoured droplets as you could ever wish to see. I don't believe the expression "tomato sauce" crossed anybody's lips at that barbecue. The hungry hordes were too overwhelmed by the novelty of the proceedings to care.

This recollection, unlikely as it may seem, brings me back to the airport, where the apparent novelty of my proceedings was causing some unanticipated

consternation. Kingsford Smith Airport, like all good airports, is a well-de-signed production line. One checks in (off-loading one's luggage in the process) then proceeds to a gate lounge for boarding. If you ever feel like rattling the cage of convention, try the following.

the cage of convention, try the following. Try to stroll all the way through an airport terminal, right to the last departure lounge, fully loaded with suit-case and hand luggage. This means, amongst other things, taking the lot through airport security

taking the lot through airport security. In real life, this situation might arise when you fly Qantas, then within the hour collect an unaccompanied child from the cabin crew of an Ansett flight as the passengers disembark. It's not hard to imagine the comedy of trying to inggle

It's not hard to imagine the comedy of trying to juggle such unwieldy items through the x-ray machine. Would 300-odd kilograms of assorted bag-gage bring the conveyor belt to a grinding halt? Not this time, anyway. But passing though the official se-curity check was a breeze com-pared with what followed. "Can I help you find your way, madam?" "Excuse me, madam, baggage check-in is downstairs."

"Good morning, madam. Are you on your way to catch a plane?"

Juappine?" I was asked this last question so often that (like when you turn up at school in plaster or on crutches) my answers grew increasingly brief. "No, I've just arrived on a Qantas flight and I have to col-lect someone just coming in on an Ansett flight." "Oh, no thanks, I'm just going down to meet somebody arriv-ing."

"No, not at the moment, thanks." "Not yet."

'No

"No." Security! Security! Deranged woman with suspicious suit-case loitering in departure area. Not checked in—intent un-known. Security alert! A slight exaggeration, of course. But it was weird having the security staff keep a wary eye on me. Me! I've never really thought of myself as a potential terrorist.

terrorist. terrorist. Well, I guess that's Sydney for you. Up here I have yet to dis-cover a pocket of wilderness-suburbia that's quite like Warrandyte. And that could

well be a good thing, in the short term. Without my sleeping bag, I shan't miss Warrandyte's early morning autumnal crispness one bit.



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# Mother's Day

Is it that obvious about mothers? Universally kind, caring the eaters of the burnt chop sacrificing cappuccino froth Forever giving of self and time

The sacrifices unnoticed expected by the rampant id of childhood by the ego of self-absorbed adolescence

Usually only understood when the cycle continues when they, the mothered become the mothers

are forced to care for a being of their creation Then they in turn become that stuff of cliches Is that how it really is? No We really know it is just biology and not a guarantee of sainthood

that there are many kinds of mothers many, cold uncaring many more bland and bourgeois peddling mediocrity coddling conformity

A few truly evil selling, brutalising, moulding Creators of "painted babies" tiny blank masks forever doomed to dollness

But you my mother all that's in the cliché and much more so giving of self that sometimes it seemed to not exist

Having no persona but "mum always there" Always understanding never judgemental Quietly beautiful and beautifully quiet Amidst the clamour of all our egos so hard to separate the mother from the other I had to search for her

But having found her I make my motherhood statement my hugely unsatisfactory understatement words in a cliché in themselves but with no alternative my heart pours them full of meaning:

May you have received from your life with us (and without) as much as you gave

And for all those times you went unthanked

Thanks mum

KAREN THROSSELL

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# The last place

T was the end of the world. That's what I thought of the Pound Bend in Warrandyte when I first saw it in 1932. Mum got the property. She wrote away for it telling the Lands Depart-ment that she had six children, four sons and two daughters. Dad said

sons and two daughters. Dad said that he would never get it because he was a German, although later he was a naturalised Australian.

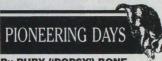
was a naturalised Australian. At the time that we got the land, Mum had gone to Bright because Uncle Geordie had said if she came and looked after him, she could have his house and property. It was the Depression years and everybody was looking for somewhere to live. Mum was born in Bright her father Mum was born in Bright, her father grew tobocco and hops, had cows and ran the dairy, which is still in

and ran the dairy, which is still in the Bunn family. Mum had hardly got to Bright when Dad got the letter. The Lands Department wrote saying that they had this property in Warrandyte. The property was the 60 acres bot-tom half of Pound Bend. Old Bill Houghton, an ex-soldier, had been on the property as the Pound Bend had been deemed a soldier settle-ment block after the First World War. Previous to that it had been a stray Previous to that it had been a stray animal pound and before that an Aboriginal reserve.

original reserve. Dad was working for a fellow by the name of James Mills in a market gar-den at Noble Park. We were living nearby in a house in Buckley Street. We couldn't afford phone calls in those days, so Dad wrote to Mum and told her that we'd got the prop-erty in Warrandyte and he was go-ing to have a look at it that weekend. Jim Mills drove us over that week

Jim Mills drove us over that week end in his car and Mr Gray the Su-perintendent of the Methodist Church came. When we arrived I looked at the little two-roomed house, verandah back and front, old house, verandah back and front, old tin bath and copper on the back ve-randah. It was a shocking old place. I thought it was the last place on God's earth. Hardly any of the land was cleared, it was nearly all tea-tree, there was just a little cleared patch on the river flat below the house. There were a few spuds and nearsning growing on the half are of

parsnips growing on the half acre of river flats. The last place. Jim Mills said to my father after they had walked over the property, "Well Max, you won't make a fortune out of the land but you will make a



#### By RUBY ('POPSY') BONE As told to GLEN JAMESON

damn good living, with your four sons. No mention of me and sister Betty. So Dad came home to Noble Park and sent for Mum.

Mum came down from Bright and her brother Uncle Walter who had lost his house during the Depression in Stewart Street, Noble Park, his wife Rose and their family went up to Bright to look after Uncle Geordie. I was left behind in Noble Park be-

cause I had a job at James's grocery shop earning 12 shillings and six-pence a week. I was 15 and had left school after I got my Merit at Noble Park State School. I was supposed to help in the shop but my only job in the shop was weighing up pota-toes and onions. I had to work seven

In the shop was weighing up pota-toes and onions. I had to work seven days a week helping in the house with the old lady behind the shop where I had to stay. Mum and Dad, with the rest of the family, came to Warrandyte late in the year of 1932. My brother Joe, who was only 12 at the time, would ride his pushbike from Warrandyte to Noble Park with a sugar bag tied up by Mum so he could carry it on his back, to pick up 12 shillings and thrupence worth of groceries every Saturday. The other thrupence that I earned had to go into the plate at the Methodist Church because these people that I worked for, the James's, were very staunch wowsers. That's all the money I ever saw. Three times a month Joe would

Three times a month Joe would ride that pushbike over to get the groceries and there was always a tin of Town Talk tobacco for Dad. Didn't matter how poor we were, he always had to have his tobacco and Zig-zag

had to have his tobacco and Zig-zag cigarette papers. Sugar and tea were always in there, too. Once a month, on the fourth Sat-urday, I used to go to Flinders Street Station by train with my suitcase full of groceries and then come home to Warrandyte on the bus. I used to get off the bus at the top of Pound Road and walk with this case of groceries and walk with this case of groceries

down home. One day this chap came along with a motorbike. It was Johnny Hutchinson the pound keeper's son, he was living right there on the cor-

ner of the Pound near the tunnel. I didn't know him. He asked me where I was going and I told him the Wagner farm. He said hop on and I'll give you a ride. So I hopped on the back of his bike, case

hopped on the back of his bike, case in my hand. Jolting along the track, the blooming handle came off the case. I had the handle in my hand and I yelled, "Hold on! I've left all my groceries behind." So we turned around. I had to carry the case in front of me and he dropped me off at the big gate at the end of Pound at the big gate at the end of Pound Bend Road. I didn't dare tell my father that a

I didn't dare tell my father that a chap gave me a lift on a motorbike and I didn't know who it was. Dad would have been ropeable. Pound Bend Road wasn't there in those days, you travelled on the track over the hill of Pound Bend. I did that for about six months and I was so homesick that I howled my ever out and told them I wouldn't go

eyes out and told them I wouldn't go back to James's. I'd never been away from home and I hated it.

from home and I hated it. Eventually, at Christmas time in 1933, they let me come home for good. I came over to Warrandyte in an old Ford truck with a chap by the name of Jerry Stone. They only let me home because Dad had got all his crops in, everything was flourishing and we were ready to harvest the first crop of potatoes. We lived on rabbits and parsnips. I couldn't eat rabbit now even if I was

l couldn't eat rabbit now even if I was paid to do it. Old Bill Houghton had grown parsnips on the flats before we moved in, great big woody pars-nips. The boys used to set rabbit traps at night, when they would take the hurricane lamps out in the dark, set the traps and then come back home, collecting the rabbits in the

home, collecting the rabbits in the morning. It got windy and dark one night and it blew the hurricane lamp out and they got lost right down in the Pound. It was all heavily wooded and they couldn't find their way home. No matches to light the lamp. No street lights, only dim lights from four houses could be seen from the Pound: the Bradleys, Browns. four houses could be seen from the Pound: the Bradleys, Browns, Boltons and Huntingfords. Dad called out but the wind blew his voice around. They couldn't work out which way his voice was com-ing from. Eventually he lit a bonfire and that finally guided them home.

• To be continued







# Memories of a real character and all-round good bloke

#### By MARGORY LAPWORTH

ASIL Holland, well-known and loved as one of the most memorable characters around the Warrandyte Comcharacters munity Centre, died on April 10, aged 79 years.

Born in Richmond on September 17, 1920, Basil joined the merchant navy during the Second World War. Follow-ing his time at sea, he worked as a house painter, tree remover, carpenter, seller of pet food and Kew council employee. He married Doll in 1940 and they bought land at Macleod, then mand the Desminant

moved to Donvale and Dromana, fi-nally settling in Warrandyte in 1986. Tony and I were probably the first people to meet Basil and Doll when they came to Warrandyte, simply be-cause we lived across the road; and Bas was always willing to strike up a Bas was always willing to strike up a conversation. Basil soon found out what was happening around Warrandyte and where he could become involved.

His first stop was the Citizens Advice Bureau, then housed in the Old Post Office. He became an avid volunteer, drawn into voluntarism by Louise Joy, as were many of Warrandyte's volun-teers. He became a member of the committee of management and was membership secretary for many years. Woe betide any members who failed to pay their \$2 membership fee! He worked tirelessly for this group—now known as Information Warrandyte right up to the day when he was taken

into hospital for the last time

Basil is fondly remembered by many of the visitors to the centre—espeof the visitors to the centre—espe-cially those from overseas. He regaled them with his sailor's yarns and his vivid memories of times past. No-one ever left the area without a sense of having met a personality, always giv-ing a special flavour to the day. He was especially adopt at participant to use "Poms" the best of Australian ockerisms: "sheilas", "cobbers" and "she'll be right"; introducing us to a

new language. He took a keen interest in the rebuild-He took a keen interest in the rebuild-ing of the Old Post Office, assisting Ted Rotherham with this ambitious project. I still remember his protesta-tions at not being allowed to construct a toilet beneath the building. Basil joined the Warrandyte Neighbourhood House in 1992 and was always available, assisting with the collection and delivery of food for the food bank. He loved this involvement

collection and delivery of food for the food bank. He loved this involvement with the clients of the food bank, es-pecially at Christmas, when he deliv-ered food hampers and presents for the children. He became extremely in-terested in the 18 Plus program, run for the intellectually handicapped, and could be seen talking and helping the students with great compassion and

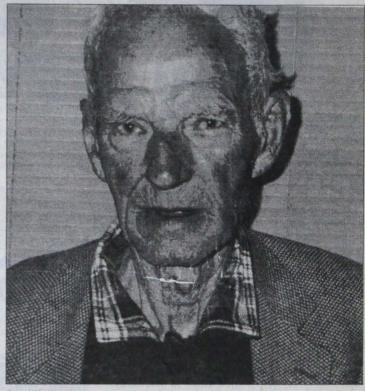
students with great compassion and understanding. He built all the shelving in the Book Exchange at the centre and worked there each week. He loved books. Basil's knowledge did not come from an expensive formal education but was an expensive formal education but was self-taught; through personal experi-

ence and wide reading. Doll shared his interest in books, as she did his talent for, and involvement in painting. They were, until recently, active members of the Diamond Valley Arts Centre. Their paintings grace the book exhange, neighbourhood house and Warrandyte Housing and Support Services.

Monday mornings always found Ba-sil with Colin Bentley in the Warrandyte Model Railway Club, swap-ping tales and building lovely railway projects projects.

When Warrandyte Housing and Sup-port Services set up their office, Basil became an eager helper, working with the food bank. He was never known to refuse to help in any way possible. This led to his involvement with the Deep Creek Uniting Church. He loved involvement with people

He loved involvement with people with problems. Many people in Warrandyte have been helped by Basil in so many ways. As Jean Chapman said at the funeral service, his "sheilas" and "girls" will especially miss his hugs and kisses. Basil was diagnosed with stomach cancer in the early 1980s, was given six months to live, but enjoyed a vig-orous life for close on another 20 years. Dying only a lew days before his orous life for close on another 20 years. Dying only a few days before his 60th wedding anniversary, he is sur-vived by his wife Doll, children Chris, Conrad and Gael, 10 grandchildren and one great grandchild. None of the many people, in Warrandyte and beyond, whose lives he has touched, will ever forget dear Basil



**Basil Holland** 



# Life and times of Jeannie Tisdall

#### **By YVONNE REID**

EANNIE and I were lamenting the fact that I was always working during her favourite social time, the early evening, and we were trying to arrange lunch instead. "What about tomorrow?" I asked. "Oh no, tomorrow won't do dear, because I'm having lunch with Jen. That's something we can't miss."

miss

I'm not sure when it was that we managed to find a time, but what is unforgettable is the ten-derness and love in the way she said it, as if it were such a pleasure to her, lunch with her lovely daughter

daughter. I was reminded of that profound sense of lov-ing connection during the last months, whenever I saw them together, and during the last days of Jeannie's life, as Jenny cared for her mother with

I saw them together, and during the last days of Jeannie's life, as Jenny cared for her mother with such devotion. Jenny says, "The expression 'adoptive mother' seems absurd to me in connection with the mothering I had. She was my real mother, my beautiful mother for all those years." And real motherin-law of Jamie, grandmother of Kirstie and Emma, and great-grandmother of Kirstie and Emma, and great-grandmother of Christopher and Jessica. And hugely loved by them all. I Jeannie Tisdall were to read what follows about her she would probably close her eyes for the briefest second, her mouth would lift in its lovely tilted curves and she would say in her velvety rich voice, with its own particular sincerity. "You're very sweet, darlings". And she would probably close her eyes for annie they epitomised a subtle complexity of warmth, expressiveness, reticence and good manners; a style which was at once universally recognizable, yet uniquely hers. Jeannie's modesty was genuine and amazing, and that sometimes made it very difficult to say the things about her in her presence which we have all been saying about her since her death in February. Mer enormous talent, as well as the warmth and depth of her personality, has a profound place in the life and history of this community of ours, and in the lives of all of us who knew and loved her.

her. During the 50s and 60s, those vibrant days of renaissance of the arts in Warrandyte, Jeannie, along with all of us in the fledgling drama group, took the exacting standards of stagecraft de-manded by our early producers very seriously indeed indeed.

indeed. One such director was Jeannie White, a won-derfully creative and self-taught local scholar whose productions reflected her passionate in-terest in the spiritual history of humanity, and who cast Jeannie Tisdall in most of her plays. Then there were two "imported" British profes-

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>



Jeannie Tisdall in Tiger at the Gates

using an extra long cigarette-holder, and I thought she was incredibly glamorous. She reminded me of Lauren Bacall. She could have been a film star. She was certainly beautiful enough, and talented enough. Her chin tilted ever so slightly and her beautiful legs walked with grace, like a manne-guin. She was my heroine."

beautiful legs walked with grace, like a manne-quin. She was my heroine." Each member of the quartet brought a particu-lar distinction to the arts of Warrandyte. Malcolm, in addition to his vaudeville and D'Oyley Carte capacities, was rather well-known for carrying little notes on which he had written his shakiest lines, and for giving a disarmingly

<text><text><text><text><text><text>

words." I remember Jeannie as a dear friend and confi-dante of my youth, the "voice mother" of my act-ing years, continuing loved and loving friend of my husband Irving and his companion in cryp-tic crosswords.

my husband irving and his companion in cryp-tic crosswords. Beth's eight-year-old grand-daughter met Jeannie only once, a week or two before she died, and asked her age. When Beth told her 79, she said, "Wow, for an old lady she is very beautiful." She was indeed.

# David soft-shoe shuffles off right

#### By KEN VIRTUE

HE story of David Buck's life is one of great fun, solid fam-ily values and courage against 1

Is one of great tun, soud fam-ily values and courage against adversity. David was born in England, at Swindon in Wiltshire, to parents Percy William and Alice Mary. He had an older sister, Joan. Early reports from his youngest sis-ter, Daureen, are of telling jokes to his disbelieving mother, and acting as the unofficial local air raid warden during the dark days of the Battle of Britain. Apparently people would not move to their shelters until they heard the warning cry of "Doodlebug!" from four year-old David. At the age of eight he began his stage career with violin and tap dancing les-sons. Rumour has it that as a violin player he was a pretty good tap dancer!

player he was a pretty good tap ancer! Its teenage years saw him playing fricket and soccer, and noticing June, the 14 year-old next door in her blue probability of the same church as did cap-ting Essex, and thus began a life-long at the set out on their own expedi-tion to Australia in 1966. They lived for a few years with bavid's parents at Eltham, and he worked as an apprentice shopfitter with Cybil Builders, doing mainly new kitchen work. David began building the amily home in Valias Street in 1969, and they lived in a two-berth caravan. Au was born the same year, followed there years later by Jody. There woy sears later. Looking back, the family believe this was the time bavid developed rheumatoid arthritis and psoriasis. David and June contin-



June and David Buck in Follies '99.

ued ballroom dancing until David "couldn't do it anymore", and many hospital visits ensued. He received gold injections for arthritis (which David reckoned made him "worth quite a bit"), and he continued build-ing their house. David and June hit the Warrandyte

stage for the first time in 1988 for the CFA fundraiser Gone To Blazes. Both were made honorary members for their efforts, and of course Paul is now captain of the North Warrandyte bri-gade. David received great reviews for "bis rubber face full of expression". Four years later he was diagnosed with prostate cancer, and despite an opera-tion, this was "the beast" that finally claimed his. The Warrandyte Mechanics Institute Hall, the site of David's memorial ser-fis fife. That service was really a cel-beration of his life. The driver of the parse told June he'd been "driving for years and yet he'd never seen a ser-vice like it". The old hall was decorated with 400 balloons, there were plants and flowers and lots of David's memoria. There was a CFA honour guard and

with 400 balloons, there were plants and flowers and lots of David's acourite music. The was a CFA honour guard, and the Melbournaires and the drama group sang songs. The place was are a forget that moment, as the hearse drove off up Yarra Street, packed with flowers and trailing doz-taker—while about 30 Melbournaires sang a haunting farewell. He would have loved it! The made everyone feel bright. He had an aura about him, a real glow. He was one of those rare people who always seemed to care more about you than he did about himself. He made people light up when they met him. He'd walk into the supper room of the hall, hold out one of his poor crippled hands, and people always smiled—everyone was pleased to see him. Just by being humself he seemed to radiate warmth. Eight years ago the doctors gave him five years to live; five months ago he was given three more months. He was a real fighter, clinging to life so dearly until his heart finally gave out.

Long ago, in another life, I witnessed soldiers and medics who were awarded medals for bravery in war and death. David Buck should have been given the Victoria Cross for bravery in life. Everyone who knew him in Warrandyte felt the same, and now, looking back on what was uniquely David, I've thought about the di-chotomy of his life. There was a cer-tain yin and yang about the balance that characterised his later life. He was crippled with arthritis, yet I'll never forget the power and gentleness of his handshake. He was a slightly built bloke, yet on stage or in a room he was quite magnetic. He could fire up a full house audience in an instant, with his trademark double-take wink or a classic soft-shoe shuffle. He fought pain for more than 15 years yet he didn't dump it on anyone. He'd talk about it, but never so it became some-one else's problem. David only began performing pub-licly as a singer and dancer 12 years

one else's problem. David only began performing pub-licly as a singer and dancer 12 years ago, yet he looked like a veteran of vaudeville with all the finesse of a life-time in theatre. He possessed a subtle, magical stage presence—our very own Mister Bojangles. He started singing with the Melbournaires in 1994, and ac-cording to June, "he loved it from then on—he lived for it. He'd sing in the shower, the lounge room, even in his sleep".

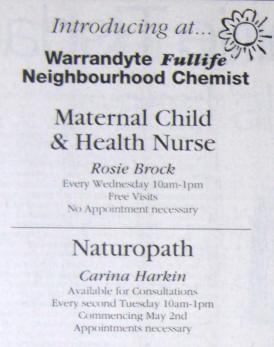
sleep". He performed with both the daytime and night-time quartet, and visited nursing homes and retirement villages. David used to say that "it made it all worthwhile just to see someone smile". Friends say that he would "wave his magic wand", and even the saddest people would be smiling by the time he left. June believes that his passion for singing helped him cope with his constant pain. His quartet mates visited him in hospital the day before he died, and he sang songs with

them to entertain the nurses and pa-

tients. June said, "Oh, you couldn't stop him

them to entertain the nurses and pa-tients. June said, "Oh, you couldn't stop him from singing", even when he was re-ceiving morphine every two hours to dull the pain. Most of us can only hope to muster the courage to sing on the day before we leave this life. June told us that she felt "very fortu-nate and very lucky to have had such a good marriage". She holds dear the memories of them renewing their wed-ding vows on their 30th anniversary in 1994 at the Warrandyte Community Centre. Paul was best man and Jody was matron of honour. "It was bigger than Ben Hur", June remembers. "There were over 60 fam-ily and friends there, I wore my origi-nal wedding dress, we rode in a Rolls Royce, had photos by the Yarra, and a rollicking reception at the pub!" Their grand-daughter, Kayleigh, was forn in December 1998 to Jody and Neil, and became the highlight of David's life. One of his last requests was to play Kayleigh's favourite song at his memorial service so that she could get up and dance for everyone. And dance she did—another trouper in the making—while David's old dog Nody. "Libby and Alan and I saw him the night before he passed away, and we feilw can hold onto the memory of his warmth. He actually told us he felt lucky to have cheated the medical ods for as long as he had. "Apprentity that was a good, rela-tively pain-free day, and there had been lots of visitors to support June and Paul and Jody. He hugged us all before we left and kissed us on our checks like he knew it might be the last ite."

cheeks incerte and time. So now, whenever I want to feel that extraordinary moment of the pure love of life, I just close my eyes and remem-ber his smile. Rest in peace, mate.







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# Our stars in musical

Local couple, Chris Hughes from Warrandyte and Sally Morrison from Templestowe, both past students of Warrandyte High School, are appearing in Cloc Musical Theatre's latest production. They will perform in Cole Porter's musical treat, Anything Coes at the Alexander Theatra Goes, at the Alexander Theatre, Monash University (Clayton campus) from May 19 to June 3. Sally and Chris are both graduates of the Melba Conservatorium of Music and have appeared in many produc-tions around Melbourne, most recently in Follies-The Con-cert, at the Crown Showroom. Cert, at the Crown Showroom. They are well-known to local audiences through their star-ring roles in a number of WHS musicals. In Anything Goes they play Billy Crocker and Hope Harcourt, a pair whose ro-mance aboard SS America is anything but smooth cailing anything but smooth sailing. For bookings call 9592 2897.

#### Market

Yarra Warra Pre-school are holding a market night in the kinder, adjoining the North Warrandyte Community Centre, Research Road, on Thursday, Research Road, on Thursday, May 25 at 7.30pm. There will be many stalls—selling craft, children's clothing, wooden toys, books, bags and belts, doll's clothing, and much more. Entry is \$5, with the chance of winning a number of door prizes. This is one of the pre-school's maior fundraisers school's major fundraisers. More information from Anthea on 9844 0648 or Chris on 9844 1611.

#### Travel

Warrandyte

Webworks

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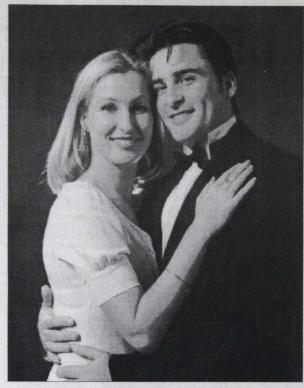
www.webworks.com.au

John Hansen is conducting a one-night session entitled Bud-get Travel For All Ages on Thursday, May 18 at 8pm at 104 Webb Street. Cost is \$5. Ring Neighbourhood House on 9844 1839, or John on 9844 3906, to register register.

#### School

Soulino 11/121

The School Association at Warrandyte Primary School is shifting its focus from being primarily a fundraising group, to a



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Community Centre, fax it to 9844 4168, or post it to PO Box 209,

Warrandyte, 3113, by the last Friday in the month.

forum that will provide informa-tion to parents on different as-pects of education and school life. At the next meeting, school

psychologist Andrea Jenat will lead a discussion titled Helping

Your Children Survive School. Parents from the school and

Sally Morrison and Chris Hughes: local stars on the rise. (Picture by Richard Crompton)

from the wider community are invited to join in for coffee and a stimulating and informative discussion in the school staffroom on Wednesday, June 7, from 9 to 10.30am.

#### Auditions

Warrandyte Theatre Company's auditions for Habeus Corpus will take place in the Mechanics Institute Hall on Sunday, May 14 at 2pm. Call Sue Dyring on 9844 4594 for further information.

#### Exhbition

Local artists Rachel Swift and Annie Keil-Taggert are showing works at an exhibiton at the

Manningham Gallery, 699 Doncaster Road, between May 10 and 14. The show is titled View From The Centre. Rachel will be exhibiting limestone sculpture, and drawing and mixed media on canvas, whilst Annie's contribution will be mixed media installation. Also, Gail Cressy will be showing Gail Cressy will be showing mixed media drawings and John Fitzgerald will be featuring photography. Outback And Be-yond is the title of an exhibition of pastel paintings by Mary Cash, to be held at the gallery between May 16 and 21.

#### Open

Open On Monday, May 15, the com-munity will have an opportu-nity to visit Warrandyte High School in Alexander Road. Tours will be available and there will be displays of aca-demic, artistic, musical and sporting aspects of the school's curriculum. The school's global classroom will be in operation. Further information from Jenny Further information from Jenny Devitt on 9844 2749.

#### Toys

**IOYS** Warrandyte Toy Library, oper-ating from the North Warran-dyte Community Centre in Re-search Road, is open from 11am and 12.30pm on Wednesdays, and 10 to 11.30am on Saturdays. Membership is paid annually and entitles members to bor-row for a maximum of three weeks. Enquiries to Sue Watson (9844 4034), Karen Lochhead (9844 2077) or Joanne Thodis (9844 3459).

#### Neighbours

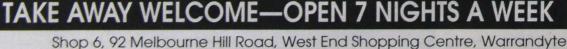
Warrandyte Neighbourhood House offers a number of inter-esting activities. A new social craft group is starting on Tues-day afternoons, from 1 to 3pm, with childcare available. Dr Janniffer Williams will be con-ducting a session on children's ducting a session on children's everyday ailments and a bereavement support continues to be offered. A walking group operates on Thursday morn-ings at 9.30am. There is a Book Exchange, where you can buy books for \$2, or swap.



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### Maree, the Right: Maree Vincent in action for Skagit Valley College. She's now just one step short of her ultimate goal dawn is breaking

#### By DAMIAN ARSENIS

Former local star Maree Vincent is pursuing her dream of playing in the Women's National Basketball Association in the United States by signing to play on a scholarship with the University of California Irvine (UCI).

Maree, 20, who began her career as a six-year-old with the Warrandyte Redbacks, pro-gressed to the Women's Victo-rian Basketball League via Nunawading and Box Hill Sec-ondary College. Yet she had been continually held back by some coaches who were unable to recognise her potential for development.

She has proved with her re-lentless dedication to the game, and with encouragement from coaches who saw her po-tential in both the Warrandyte and Nunawading clubs, that she can play at the highest

Maree has played the last two vears with Skagit Valley College n Washington State. Coming off a stellar season as a senior on a side that went 30-2 and finished fourth in the finals, she capped off her stay with Skagit Valley by being named Most Valuable Player for the Northern Region. With her performances on

and off the court speaking for themselves, she was wooed by talent scouts from seven lead-ing American universities.

Maree settled on UCI when it said it was not only impressed with her basketball skills but,

more importantly, would teach her a lot more. She was also happy that UCI agreed to her happy that UCI agreed to her one request: "I'm yours as long as you send videos of my games to my parents." (Those very proud parents are Arthur and Jennifer, of Brackenbury Street.) She was then signed to a full scholarship which includes her tuition, accommodation books

tuition, accommodation, books and food.

and food. Recruited to start as point guard for the Division 1 college (the highest college competi-tion in the US), she intends to make the most of the opportu-nity that has been presented. Playing in the "breeding ground" for WNBA hopefuls, she is now just one step short of achieving her ultimate aim.

of achieving her ultimate aim. Maree thoroughly enjoyed her two years at Skagit College and regards it as the best experience of her life. That experi-ence was further enhanced when Arthur and Jennifer joined her in America as guests at a college parents' evening, an occasion at which parents are honoured for their assistance and support. The Vincents witnessed the

school band play Advance Aus-tralia Fair and the Australian flag hoisted — all before the US anthem had been sung, which is regarded as a huge honour. Maree was then introduced

on to the court as the college's "star Aussie recruit" and presented her parents with a frame containing her first Redbacks singlet (No 44). Needless to say, that now

hangs in a very prominent place in the Vincents' Warrandyte home.

### Juniors double up for Tristan

#### By TONY OLIVER

Coach Tristan Messerle produced a winning double with Warrandyte's two under-16 sides in the Junior Championship Basketball Competition at Mill Park on May 5. The U16 girls defeated top-of-the-ladder Craigieburn 36-29 in tight struggle

a tight struggle. Warrandyte held a 14-9 lead at

Warrandyte held a 14-9 lead at half-time, thanks to excellent early work by point guard Sam Wilson and late goals to Elyse May and Sam Smith, but Craigieburn opened the second half in fine style to quickly close the draw to the point.

the gap to two points. A period of sustained attack A period of sustained attack saw the Redbacks re-establish their dominance on the scoreboard with a handy six-point lead, but Craigieburn came out fighting again and ground out a 21-20 advantage with eight minutes to go. That was the signal for

That was the signal for Warrandyte to step up the pres-sure, Kim Singh especially prominent as they ran out worthy winners. The U16 boys also played

Craigieburn and controlled the game throughout, thanks to ex-

game throughout, thanks to ex-cellent rebounding by Tim Given and strong attack by Jake Templeton and Scott Cannon. Warrandyte's defence was able to shut down many Craigieburn attacks, with Nick Caudry and Gavan Hennessy doing very well. The Redbacks ran out win-ners 34-15 to remain undefeated

ners 34-15 to remain undefeated at the top of the ladder in their section In other matches, the U14

girls paid a successful visit to the Melbourne Sports and Aquatic Centre, powering home to beat Melbourne 3 18-7. They are undefeated and on top of Section 1 of their group. Not so fortunate were Martin

Clark's U14 boys, who went down to Broadmeadows in a thriller at home. Beau Tobin tied up the score

in the dying minutes with two successful throws from the line, but Broadmeadows came again to grab a match-winning onepoint lead.

The U14 Metro side also went down, losing 41-31 to a more skillful Kilsyth, and the U11s suffered a heart-breaking one-point defeat (15-14) to McKinnon after leveling with

# **Redbacks' big final fli**

#### By DAMIAN ARSENIS

Nineteen Warrandyte Basketball Club teams — 12 boys and seven girls — made the EDJBA grand finals last month, with nine fighting their way to

memorable premierships. "Fighting" is understating the victory of the U118 A2 boys over Ivanhoe at the Warrandyte Community Sports Complete Complex

Coached by Callum Anderson, the Redbacks struggled for consistency early in the game and were relying on their stifling defence in the paint. It paid off, Warrandyte restricting

lvanhoe to only one shot per posses-sion and moving out to a narrow halftime advantage. In a game that was not for the faint-

hearted, both teams struggled to find the bottom of the net in the second period. Ivanhoe slowly but surely crept back into the game as baskets were traded.

With just minutes to go, the Knights found the lead and looked like stealing the game as the Redbacks' defence fell stagnant.

With 10 seconds left on the clock, Warrandyte, trailing by three points, recovered possession and Brian Elliott weaved his way up the court through heavy traffic and pulled off a three-point attempt from the top of the key. The reaction from the home crowd all but lifted the stadium roof.

A last-second heave by the Knights

#### Mosquito Fleet is back in town

quito Fleet is making a much-antici-pated return, with former Redback

pated return, with former reduced junior and current Nunawading NBA star Kathryn Hay conducting the development clinics. Aimed at four to 10-year-olds, the clinics aim to introduce children to

proved fruitless as the game entered overtime.

Hard-nosed defence by both teams turned the extra time into a nail-biting war of attrition and with neither able to crack the other, the game went into second overtime with scores unchanged. Both teams missed opportunities to bury the premiership-winning shot

Determined not to blow it now, the Redbacks dug deep to display their championship qualities, eventually overrunning a tired and emotional Ivanhoe unit

Elliott led the way in the 40-34 triumph, finishing with a game-high 19 points and taking the most determined player award. Reece Gillespie contributed seven points in what was an in-spirational team effort.

Malcolm Anderson could not emu-late his father's dramatic performance

as coach as his U20 A boys were de-feated by Balwyn in a war for bragging rights as the best team in the EDJBA. Warrandyte managed to create an early break and had the premiership favourites searching for answers.

The Redbacks were able to contain the potent Balwyn defence with some great teamwork at both ends of the court and were rewarded with a handy half-time lead.

Balwyn came out after the break with renewed determination and enthusi-asm to claw their way back into the game. To their credit, Anderson's boys held them off gallantly before Balwyn somehow managed to step up a gear to put the Redbacks under tremendous pressure.

Not even game MDP Ben Walsham, who had been a pillar of strength under the basket, could stem the on-slaught. Balwyn continued to flex their muscles, took the lead and asserted their class to run away 52-44. Also playing Balwyn on grand final day were Lorraine Parfitt's U12 A2 girls. In a tight encounter, the Redbacks jumped their opponents early and clung to a narrow lead. Balwyn sneaked ahead after the in-terval courtesy of a fast break and from that point the game became an arm wrestle.

who fought back bravely and regained the lead in the dying minutes. In a tense conclusion, they held off every Balwyn challenge to record a well-

struggled all game against a far superior team on the day to go down 24-8. rior team on the day to go down 24-8. Coaching the first of three teams for the day, Gerry Pearce was confident his U16 C boys could snare the premiership from a tenacious Bulleen. The Redbacks took the game right up to the Boomers and showed little respect for the opposition defence as they embarked on a scoring rampage. Warrandyte made it look so easy as they connected with shots from all

out to be a match-winning lead. Bulleen tried to come back in the

second half but were no match for a very hungry Redbacks combination.

Pearce could not repeat the winning performance with his U10 AR and U10 DM boys, who tried their hearts out against Doncaster and Eltham respec-tively but could not deliver on the day. Tristan Messerle coaxed a 44-33 win from his U12 BA boys over Eltham and Graham Drake guided his U14 CS out-fit to a memorable victory over a feisty and determined Fairfield team. Also in irresistible form were the U16 DS boys of Natalie Ansell and Paul Hasking's U14 DD boys, Both recorded excellent wins over Doncaster to earn blue pennants, with Jordan Canham

ADD to the second start of award in Armstrong's success.

award in Armstrong's success. The U12DD boys co-coached by Che Pianta and Tim Given fell short by a solitary point (24-23) against Balwyn and Jenny Brown's U10 D2 girls also found the going tough against Camberwell. They went down 12-7, with Bonnie Jones MDP. Kaitlynd Bottomley also picked up an MDP award but could not prevent her U12 C2 side coached by Anne Mulcahy going down 25-22 to Kooonung. Also narrowly defeated (by Balwyn) were Thalia lliopouls' U12 D2 girls. All grand finalists received trophies at the Redbacks' Presentation Day at

at the Redbacks' Presentation Day at the local sports complex on May 7.

# the game of basketball before they

Parfitt was able to motivate her girls,

earned victory. Parfitt also guided the U14 B1 girls into the grand final for another show-down with a Balwyn team. But they

they connected with shots from all over the court to create what turned

### Local basketball's renowned Mos The game of basketball before they actually play it. They will be held each Thursday from May 14, starting at 4pm, at the Warrandyte Community Sports com-plex. The cost is \$2. For more infor-mation and bookings, contact Damian Arsenis on 0418 995 663.

We're Bloody awful!

#### By LEE TINDALE

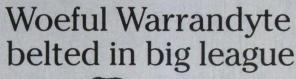
Warrandyte Football Club's wretched re-entry into EFL Second Division plummeted to humiliat-ing depths on May 6 with a 145-point capitulation at Ringwood.

at Kingwood. It was by far the worst of the Bloods' five heavy defeats in as many games this season and strongly suggested the 1999 Third Division premiers' tenure in the stronger competition would be short-lived indeed. Warrandyte managed just 2.5 for the day against Ringwood, a very professional outfit who booted 25.12 and made us look silly.

boted 25.12 and made us look silly. Coach Lex Munro blasted his players in the rooms immedi-ately after the game, foreshad-owing wholesale changes at the selection table. He reminded them they had "13 weeks to sort it out, to pull together as a group". "T'm devastated by that," Munro told the *Diary*, referring to the annihilation he had just witnessed. "We're just not that bad.

Munessea. "Maybe we've just got to keep persevering with our young blokes." Munro's problems in fielding

50 years of stars



SPORT

a competitive side in Division 2 have been compounded by a competitive side in Division 2 have been compounded by a cruel crop of early-season inju-ries, including new playing as-sistant coach Scott Hunter, full-forward Chris Quinlan, last year's grand final hero Christian Renfrey and classy vice-captain Chris Cornell. Those problems have been further exacerbated by several departures, for various rea-sons, from last year's all-con-quering unit, but the perfor-mance against Ringwood was pathetic.

mance against Ringwood was pathetic. It left the Bloods languishing alonc at the foot of the ladder, not a win on the board and a percentage which is downright

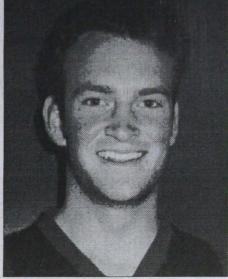
embarrassing. The first few minutes at Ringwood's Jubilee Park — a ground of MCG dimensions — gave scant indication of the pro-cession that was to follow.

Let's not dwell here on a match report, let's dwell in-stead on Warrandyte's goals. It won't take long. Our first came 21 minutes into the second quarter when Chris Springett was freed in front and kicked truly. By that stage, Ringwood had 12.7 on the board. Our second and last came 18

Aingwood had 12.7 on the board. Our second and last came 18 minutes into the third term when Andrew Brown passed to John O'Brien. By that stage, Ringwood were 16.8. The Bloods were to add a soli-tary behind to their score for the rest of the game. Ringwood would add 9.4. Warrandyte started in fair-enough fashion and actually posted the first score of the match — a behind at three min-utes. They were showing plenty of endeavour, albeit somewhat at sea on the huge and slippery park.

park. Ringwood goaled at seven minutes, again at nine and again at 14 — and Warrandyte's wheels were well and truly fall-

at 14 — and Warrandyte's wheels were well and truly fall-ing off. The Bloods were finding it extremely difficult to cross the centre and on the few occasions they did, the lack of a key for-ward and crumbers to pick up the spills quickly sent them packing. The spills quickly sent them pack and break up the visitors' defence. Stewart Rough was doing some very good and vigorous things for us at centre half-back, but the tide was engulfing us. It was 7.5 to 0.1 at the first change and Munro implored his men to "tighten up, tighten up everywhere". Easier said than done against this Ringwood machine. They goaled in the first minute and



# story so far

April 1: Warrandyte 10.10 (70) lost to Mulgrave 18.11 (119) at home. April 8: Warrandyte 8.11 (59) lost to Lilydale 17.19 (121) away. April 15: Warrandyte 8.8 (56) lost to Blackburn 16.8 (104) away. April 29: Warrandyte 6.17 (53) lost to Montrose 14.15 (99) at home. May 6: Warrandyte 2.5 (17) lost to Ringwood 25.12 (162) away.

Lex Munro, devastated by Ringwood debacle Shalders must have slept very well that night. He'd had a very

well that night. He'd had a very busy day. At the last change — and with the scoreboard reading 18.10 to 2.5 — Munro pleaded with his team to salvage something from the wreckage by winning the fi-nal quarter. Win the quarter? They didn't score at all! Ringwood, mean-while, showed no mercy at all, booting 7.2. The final siren was blessed relief. The best of a very poor

The final sireh was blessed relief. The best of a very poor Warrandyte bunch were prob-ably Troy Brown, Glen Carle, Ashley Grybas and Rough. The reserves were also found wanting — but not nearly as badly as the seniors. They were beaten 15.8 (98) to 5.5 (35) and were best served by Craig Dick, Rob Ryan Andy Moore, Rick Templeton and David Morse. The under-18s went down by just five points — 5.9 (39) to 4.10 (34) — deprived of victory by a home goal right at the death.

# Warrandyte's 2000 football fortunes may be infinitely forget-table, but past glories will be relived (and a lot of lies un-doubtedly told) at Club Warrandyte on Sunday, June 18. The occasion is the presentation of the Bloods' Teams of the Decades — the cream of our footballing talent of the 1950s through to and including the '90s. From those "best of" sides will be selected the team of the latter half of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century The teams are being chosen by a panel of former players, coaches and officials chaired by Brian Tomlinson. The presentations will be made at a lunch, starting at noon, in the upstairs function room at Club Warrandyte and book-ings can be made through the club (9844 1199). • Warrandyte Football Club's annual Man O Man extravazanza — the very popular and hilarious girls' night out — is on again on May 20. Jaki Reid and Chris Cornell are han-ding bookings. **Dytes react** by ringing

#### By ADAM WHITE

the changes

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"I extend a warm invitation to all past and present members and their families to be a part of this new era," he said. "Join us as we look for-ward to the challenge of a bright and fruitful fu-ture."



The "Yum Cha Racing team, from left: Travis Southall, Thomas Egan, Che Pianta and Brett Pengelly with manager John Egan.

### The death-defying Yum Cha-mpions!

**By KARA WILLIAMS** 

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**WJFC** in sponsor big deal

its at all. Ringwood full-forward Brett Shalders was having a picnic, marking everything that came his way, strolling into unde-fended goalmouths and gener-ally creating havoc.

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missed from the field after a crude attempt to spoil. At half-time it was 12.8 to 1.2 and, apart from O'Brien's goal, nothing happened in the third term to lift Warrandyte's spir-its at all. the floodgates opened again. For a while there it seemed as if the historians would have to delve into the archives after the

game to discover the last time game to discover the last time we played four quarters of foot-ball without kicking a goal, but mercifully, Springett made that chore unnecessary. Unfortunately, his brush with fame was to be soured in the third quarter when he was shown the yellow card and dis-

Troy Brown, among the best of a poor lot. The sad and sorry



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Open plan, 3BR, dble garage



\$215,000 Split level contemp, 4BR



AUCTION, 20 May at 11am Character 2 storey on 1 acre with IG pool



AUCTION, 6 May at 11am 5BR plus study with pool & court, 1 acre



5BR on 1.2 aces, Wonga Park



AUCTION, 20 May at 1.30pm Australian homestead on 1 acre with IG pool—Wonga Park



9844 3085 183 Yarra Street, Warrandyte Together we'll make it happen