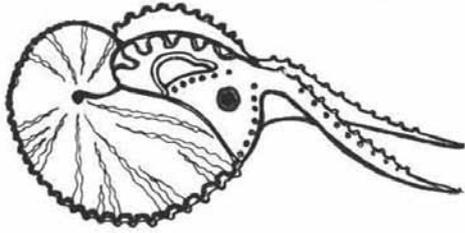


Somers Paper Nautilus



Volume 9, Issue 4

October–December 2012

We aim for inclusiveness and openness, catering for a diversity of views without rancour.

My Vietnam adventure

My adventure started when my family and I woke early to catch a humungous plane. (It was very boring after eight hours!)

On our first morning in Ho Chi Minh City, we went to the market, which was very crazy and busy!

The people were very funny and liked to pinch our cheeks! We spent lots of time at the beach and pool because it was so hot.

The food was awesome, my favourite was 'Bung me' (Vietnamese pork roll).

We did lots of walking and saw some really cool temples.

My favourite part was walking around

and seeing lots of different things; it was very different to home.

BECKHAM CLOHERTY (age 9)



A Christmas surprise

Alone, he dreads the Christmas joy, without his mother's comforting, for presents none she'll give her boy, while others can their lovers ring. His memories may rouse his heart, of happy hours in early years, when sisters were not far apart and loneliness aroused no tears. As Noel brings such merry sounds, and carols pour from every store, and couples fill the city's bounds, alone, he slowly shuts his door. But dancing, as a late invite, an angel gives him hope at last. His ship has found a brighter light, a welcome friendship on him cast. A party with her dearest friend, and dinner in her grandma's place. Soon Christmas crackers brought an end to loneliness, and gloomy face.

JOHN MARTYN

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

The Committee of *Somers Paper Nautilus* wish all our readers, contributors and advertisers a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year and thank you all for your continued support. Without your contributions the paper would not be what it is.



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Our purpose

Somers Paper Nautilus aims to connect all the groups and individuals of Somers and to help reinforce a sense of community and belonging by giving them an avenue of expression through:

- News relevant to Somers and the surrounding area as well as items of general interest.
- Stories and examples of local creative endeavour.
- Letters.

The *Paper Nautilus* will not become involved in party politics nor take sides on any issue. However, we encourage readers to feel free to express their opinions on matters that concern them and the Somers community.

The volunteer editorial committee will have the final decision of the paper's content and reserves the right to edit or omit any item on legal grounds or because of space.

Views expressed in the *Nautilus* are not necessarily shared by the editorial committee but are those of the authors.

We aim for inclusiveness and openness, catering for a diversity of views without rancour.



Nautilus on the Web

Don't forget back issues
of the *Nautilus* are
available for viewing
at www.somers-nautilus.org.au

SRA elects new committee

The Somers Residents Association's AGM on Friday 19 October attracted 40 members and guests to the Somers Fire Station.

Unlike past years neither state MP Neale Burgess nor Federal MP Greg Hunt was able to attend. Similarly Red Hill Ward Councillor Frank Martin felt that because of the then impending local council elections he was precluded from attending as the council was in a caretaker mode pending the poll.

The Department of Sustainability and Environment was represented by Victoria Purdue and she gave the meeting an update on progress with the second draft of the Foreshore Management Plan. The SRA is contributing to the development of the three-year Somers Foreshore Management Plan.

Mornington Shire was represented by Alison Leighton, Manager Infrastructure Strategy, who answered a number of questions from the members mainly on the issue of roads and their repair.

The meeting was chaired by SRA President Kingsley Culley. A new committee was elected, made up as follows:

President Kingsley Culley; Vice President Ray McCutcheon; Treasurer Anne Bartholomew; Secretary Alan Beanland; with Committee Members Dennis Aylward, John Copeland, John Hatton, Denise Kempster, Sue Mansie, Alasdair Macdonald, Simon McCall, Morag Seward, Ian Taylor.

TONY DUBOUDIN

Our paper isn't free

Information from local business and interest groups is part of what makes up community. Advertising provides both this information and valuable revenue, but not enough to pay the full cost of production.

There are several reasons why our paper is not fully supported by this revenue as many 'local' papers are.

An early decision was made that the pages not be dominated by ads but neither do we have the manpower to actively sell advertising space. We encourage advertisers, welcome their support and value their financial contribution.

It is necessary for us to request a gold coin donation to cover the costs of production. As the number of pages has increased so, proportionally, have our printing costs. When we print a colour cover our costs are roughly doubled.

We do manage to cover our printing costs with this combination of donation and advertising but this is partly due to those who generously place larger donations in the box, covering those who for whatever reason pick up a copy without making a contribution.

So please, if you value the gentle balance we aim for of community information, contributor input and advertising and **if you have picked up a copy without realising there is a cost, perhaps you might place a coin in the box next time you are passing.**

The Great Wall of Somers is complete



The great wall of Somers is complete. While it might not be visible from space like the Great Wall of China it is nevertheless an impressive structure.

The Department of Sustainability and the Environment (DSE) has replaced the old decaying wood structure that guided the Merricks Creek into the ocean with an imposing 150-metre rock wall.

The work took two months and was completed in early October at a cost of \$414,000.

The decision to build the rock wall was taken in 2010. After confirming community reports that the timber seawall at Somers was failing and needed to be replaced, DSE commissioned the removal of the damaged timber and the installation of a new rock seawall. The tender for the construction of the larger and stronger rock revetment was awarded to Australian Project Solutions, a company with vast experience in coastal construction in Westernport Bay and construction of the rock seawall began in August.

During the construction period access to the beach was restricted because of the presence of heavy moving equipment needed to lift the

massive rocks into place.

It remains to be seen what impact the new rock seawall will have on erosion along the depleted stretch of beach from the creek to the yacht club.

TONY DUBOUDIN

A lasting friendship

Somers Yacht Club was the appropriate setting for a combined 80th birthday celebration for Barry Butcher and George Schwarz. They have been close friends since 1968 and had actually known each other when both were in primary grades at the Christian Brothers College, St Kilda in 1941. George had only recently arrived with his family from Austria via Czechoslovakia in 1940 and was a year behind Barry at the school.

From CBC they went their separate ways, Barry to become a pharmacist and George a dentist. But when Barry and wife Alexia bought a home in North Balwyn, there directly opposite them were George and his wife Gillian!

Naturally there was a lot of socialising

which included time together on the ski-fields with George's brother Stephen and wife Barbara and friends Kim and Margaret Partos. The togetherness then extended to joining Black Rock Yacht Club and sailing together until visits to Somers by the Schwarz family to Gill's father's holiday home encouraged George and Gill to also purchase here and be part of the Somers scene.

It took a little while for the Butchers to do the same but they made the big decision in 1975 and it wasn't long before both families joined Somers Yacht Club and George and Barry were once again sailing together in Barry's FJ (Flying Junior) until Barry decided to obtain a Hobie14 catamaran which is only a single-hander.

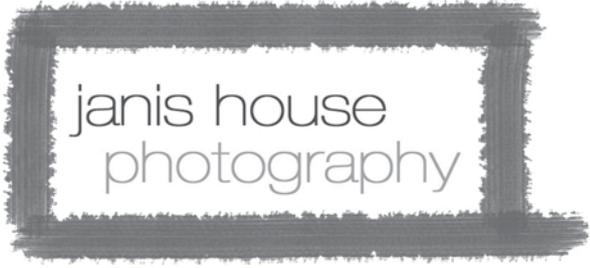
Despite this the Butchers and Schwarzes have remained the closest of friends which was only too obvious at the combined birthday celebration, where their many guests, most of whom had known them both over many years at the club, enthusiastically toasted the health of their friends Barry and George.

(At the moment Barry is the second-oldest competing sailor at the club with Kim Partos being a shade older and taking that particular honour.)

ROD NUSKE



Just the two of them, Barry and George.



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3. Contact dentist

Loose Tooth

1. Apply pressure on any bleeding
2. Gently push tooth back into position
3. Check no interference on biting
4. Contact dentist

Tooth Completely Knocked Out

1. Pick tooth up by crown only
2. Suck on tooth to remove dirt
3. Put tooth root (pointy part) back into socket
4. Contact dentist

OR

1. Put tooth into milk/saliva
2. Contact dentist (as soon as possible)



A very senior birthday celebration

Somers General Store was the location for a rather special birthday celebration organised by friend Chris Colquhoun for Max Soyman. On Saturday 22 September his friends and son Alan with partner Maria gathered to congratulate Max on his 96th birthday.

For Max, the road to Somers was a rather long and convoluted one, starting all those years ago in Bar, Montenegro, where at the age of 2 he suffered the loss of his father in the world-wide influenza epidemic in 1918.

Growing up with the support of his grandparents, Max attended primary and secondary schools in Bar which had a population of 6000. He was then called up for a nine-month period of compulsory military service after which he opened a shop selling men's and ladies' clothing. This period in Europe was certainly an unstable one and of course it ended with the outbreak of war in 1939.

First the Italians invaded Montenegro, followed by the German army, at which point Max joined up with the partisan fighters in the mountains

of Yugoslavia. Having survived the war Max became quite ill and was hospitalised in Zagreb for three months.

After recovering, he found work as a production manager at a sheltered workshop for eight years until he attended a conference in Italy and decided he should seek a more stable country to live in. He did not return to Zagreb.

Contact with a friend in Istanbul provided him with his next position as a timekeeper with the Vacuum Oil Company there. This is where he met and married Bony who had come from Zagreb. They decided to migrate to the USA but were told the waiting time could be up to 10 years, so Max contacted the English Embassy which arranged the next best option of Australia.

In 1956 Max and Bony landed in Darwin on his birthday, and for him it was an incredible occasion as there were sandwiches and cakes laid out on tables as if to welcome them in particular and also to celebrate his birthday; but actually this was a general welcome for visitors to the Melbourne Olympic Games. But for Max, "This was a wonderful country, one in which I would stay and never want to leave".

From Darwin they moved to Sydney,

then eventually to Melbourne and a single room in Northcote, followed by a four-year stay in Fitzroy as he worked in a stationery manufacturing firm.

A couple of years with the Victorian Railways were followed by 25 years at GMH as a quality controller, during which period son Alan was born in 1983. The family moved first to West Heidelberg and then to Doncaster.

After a separation from Bony in 1982 Max came to stay with a friend in Coolart Road and remembering an earlier visit to Somers enquired after land there. He was shown a block that had been put aside in 1925 as the bowling green for the Palm Beach Estate but was eventually transferred to the council which put it up for sale. So in 1983 he had his home built and moved in to create his own little paradise of fruit trees and attractive garden including an extensive area for vegetables. A lot of the additions to the house over the years were done by Max with the help of his trusty Triton saw-bench.

For Max, living in Somers has been a very happy time as until recently he was able to attend the opera in Melbourne, swim at the nearby beach, listen to classical music and take a keen interest in current affairs. He was quite pleased recently when he was issued with a three-year driver's licence which enables him at least to travel to Hastings for a weekly treat of a 'senior's special' at the Marina. Really the only blot on the landscape for him has been unwanted attention by possums, blackbirds and parrots who appreciated the welcome addition to their diet from his fruit trees and tomato plants, even though they had to struggle to get past the netting. This has finally caused Max very recently to give up this unequal struggle. But despite this and news stories that always seem to be bad, he is most adamant that "This is still the best country in the world".

Congratulations, Max and many happy returns from all of us at the *Paper Nautilus*.

ROD NUSKE



For he's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us!

Obituary

Marie Therese Griffiths

15/11/1924 ~ 16/10/2012



Marie grew up in the Mallee near Swan Hill where her parents Tom and Kit Trainor worked hard growing cereal crops in that rather marginal country. For Marie and sister Margaret their primary education was through the Department of Education's Correspondence Course, overseen by their mother. Kit also provided elocution lessons for the girls which stood them in good stead when they applied for work in later years. Their secondary schooling entailed a five-mile ride to school in Swan Hill every day, regardless of weather conditions.

Tom's health and drought conditions forced the family to sell up and move to Melbourne. Marie obtained work at a millinery business in Flinders Lane, and started by threading needles for the milliners and delivering the finished hats around Melbourne. She was taught the skills required and found that she had quite a flair for it,

becoming proficient in creating hats which were to be seen at the Spring Racing Carnival at Flemington and elsewhere. This also was the start of her attraction to the 'sport of kings' – not for the gambling but the fashions on display.

As millinery became less attractive to her, Marie sought other work in the Flinders Lane precinct and because she was young and attractive was given the opportunity to model the latest fashions for the firm of Douglas Cox of Flinders Lane.

During this time she met an aspiring analytical chemist named Geoff Griffiths on the tennis court behind St Mary's Church, East Malvern in 1950. They both were keen players and Geoff, although rather quiet, was overwhelmed by this attractive country girl who also loved tennis.

They married in 1952 at St Augustine's in Bourke Street, West Melbourne and went off to live in Chadstone. Three boys were born to the union, Paul in 1953, Mark in 1955 and Peter in 1957. Having her hands full with three boys there was little time to consider going back to work.

Marie enjoyed a social life and was a keen ballroom dancer. She also took great pleasure in accompanying Geoff (a member of both the VRC and the VATC) to race meetings for the colour and spectacle of the events.

They came to live in Somers in 1985 where they soon found the local tennis courts. Marie enjoyed the quiet life in the country, the proximity of the beach and time to enjoy her romantic novels; but also returning to town to assist with the grandchildren.

Sadly, Marie gradually succumbed to a gentle dementia over a number of years, but was still able to enjoy her grandchildren Hannah, Bonnie, Spencer, Luke, Emily, John and Jessica. They will always have loving memories of their special grandmother who they chose to call Marie.

ROD NUSKE

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My gap year in the Navy

It was in about year 10 at school that we all had to start thinking about career choices, university and whether or not to take a gap year. It was around that time when I first heard of the Australian Defence Force Gap Year Program, a one-year contract in either the Navy or the Army. Directed at students who had completed Year 12, it was set up as a sort of a 'try before you buy'. I applied for it at the start of Year 12 and spent most of the year doing countless interviews, exams, medical check-ups, fitness tests and psychological testing, all to be selected for this program. It wasn't until late September that I received the great news that I was one of 60 successful applicants out of the 8000 from all around Australia who applied.

Whilst most of my friends had gone on to university, I chose to defer my course, spending the first few months of 2011 practising my push-ups and counting down the days until I was enlisted into the Royal Australian Navy.

Before I started my training I was given a few words of advice by a current serving member: "It gets better".

In the early hours of the morning I made my way to the Defence Force recruiting centre in the CBD where I had to sign the papers and take my oath to serve the Queen and my country, only to be bussed back to Cerberus that same day.

As soon as I arrived at the Recruit School I was given two white sheets, two white pillowcases and a blue duvet, and told that these would be mine for the next 11 weeks. I was straight away shown how to 'properly' make a bed with hospital corners at 90-degree angles and how my pillow case had to be ironed with three creases dividing it into thirds. I spent the first two weeks doing non-stop cleaning, marching, ironing, marching, P'T, marching and more marching. Days started at 0415 and ended at 2230, 'lights out'.

Knowing that the safe comforts of



A very happy Gabby on her Graduation Day at the Recruit School, HMAS Cerberus, with her proud grandmother, Madeline Offfor.

my home were only 10 minutes away was a bizarre thought; I felt like I could have been anywhere. Inside those Recruit School walls it felt like I was in another world. When I went to bed at 2:15am after Duty, knowing that I'd be woken up in two hours' time, I did ask myself "will it really get better?" But as the weeks progressed the days did get easier and my boots did get shinier! Five weeks into the training, we moved on to more exciting things. I learnt how to strip and then re-assemble an f 89 Austeyr rifle, how to fight fires, stop flooding and tie knots.

After graduation from basic training in September 2011, I did a one-month Seamanship course at Cerberus and then I was flown off to HMAS Albatross in Nowra, NSW, where I spent two months working with helicopter mechanics and pilots. I then went out to sea on the SOV Windermere for three weeks, sailing up to Cairns and back. After a short return home for Christmas I spent the remainder of the program at HMAS Stirling, Perth, where I worked at the armoury, cleaning and maintaining weapons. Although I decided

not to sign on with the Navy, it is definitely something that I would consider in the future. I absolutely loved every moment of my year and would recommend it to anyone.

I am now back at home, preparing for university next year. Sometimes it's hard to believe what I spent last year doing. But when I start the next chapter of my life, I can tell my friends that I've fired a gun, been winched out of a helicopter, been on a submarine, run more than 30 km in one day, spent three weeks at sea, survived military training, and that's not all of it! I've also come away with increased self-discipline, confidence, team-work skills and the ability to bite my tongue when being shouted at! As I drive around Somers and see those cars with the little 'C' sticker on the corner of their front window, I have a renewed respect for all those who serve in the Navy and the Australian Defence Force.

GABRIELLA HOLT

(Gabby has lived in Somers with her family for the past six years.)

Primary school presents defibrillator to Somers community

On Friday 21 September, the children of Somers Primary School presented the Somers community with a defibrillator. This is now located at the Somers Caravan Park and is available for community use. The defibrillator was purchased following a series of joint ventures undertaken by Somers Primary School with Bendigo Bank, Hastings Westernport Rotary, Australian Pacific Training Solutions and the Somers Residents Association. Enough money was raised through donations from these organisations and a walkathon to fund the defibrillator and replacement parts into the future.

This project is part of a strategy which aims to encourage the children attending the school to participate in our community and to contribute in a practical way. We are dedicated to doing all we can to ensure that our children develop links with community organisations as part of their journey to becoming productive citizens. As a result Somers Primary School is in the process of building productive relationships with local organisations such as the SRA, CFA, Somers Tennis Club, Cubs and Scouts, Somers Yacht Club and the Foreshore Committee. Research indicates that children who are connected to a community are less likely to become involved in anti-social behaviour as they mature. The strategy aims at building a sense of belonging for our children and provides opportunities for inter-generational learning. We hope that the many vibrant organisations we currently have in the Somers community will continue and grow as this generation becomes involved in these organisations and over time, sustains the sense of community which is an integral part of living in Somers.

In the near future we hope to organise, in conjunction with the SRA, a series of community workshops to inform members of the Somers community on the use of the defibrillator.

DAVID INGHAM
(Principal, Somers PS)



Members of the Australian Pacific Training Solutions company engaged in explanation of the defibrillator to SRA President Kingsley Culley, Jason Ferguson of the Somers Holiday Village and Bill Schroder of the Hastings Westernport Rotary Club.



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Profile

John Tilleard with his wife Marg

How do you run a business from Somers with projects all over world while cycling, sailing, skiing, singing and appearing, to some, to have taken an early retirement? Perhaps part of the answer is to understand what is important to you and love what you do. Add to this boundless energy and optimism, a creative mind open to ideas, and a passion for the environment. There is an old cliché that behind every successful man is a woman and behind most clichés is a fair amount of truth. John freely admits that he couldn't have done, and continue to do what he does, without Marg. So although this is a piece about what John does and how he got there, remember this is a partnership ... to the point that John once sold Marg along with a business. But that comes later.

There are many circles and connections in this story but the strongest is a concern for the environment and a connection to Somers. John's parents Joe and Nan bought their house in Somers as a retreat in the late 1960s at a time when then Premier Henry Bolte declared that Westernport would be the Ruhr* of Victoria. Joe (also an engineer), along with Ken and Meredith Hayes and Bill Carroll, established the Westernport Protection Council (WPPC). This was one of the first successful environmental advocacy groups which campaigned for an awareness of the fragility of the Westernport ecosystem, especially the importance of seagrass beds, mud flats and tidal flows.

When John finished school and went to university he would like to have studied environmental engineering, but as this didn't exist he chose civil engineering. During these studies a trip to New Zealand for vacation employment opened his eyes to the

spectacular rivers of the South Island and a long and continuing relationship with rivers began.

On graduating John and Marg chose to move out of Melbourne and John got his first job in Wangaratta working in river management from his 'car office', long before the days of mobile phones and the internet. This was a job that allowed him to be independent and outdoors, all the time learning from his mentor Ian Drummond and from his foremen and operators.

Then came time for more study: following a year of travelling with Marg, mainly on bicycles around Europe, they settled in the USA for John to do his Master of Science in river hydraulics at Colorado State University. In their 'pre-kids' life together they both rank this time as a high point. Lifelong friendships were made and during time spent exploring all the Rocky Mountains can offer, in winter as well as summer, they developed interests that continue today.

On returning to Australia John

and Marg found their way back to Wangaratta and later moved to Sale in Gippsland, building the business John had originally worked for – initially from the spare bedroom, then a mobile office in the back yard and eventually to a total of 30 employees in four offices. Over this time they also grew the family with the arrival of three sons; developed cross country skiing interests at Dinner Plain; and continued to cycle, while making regular visits to John's mother in Somers.

The business was highly specialised with good interesting work. As the business grew it had been able to be relatively 'organic' – John ran ahead with his ideas and everything followed behind. While Marg was officially the bookkeeper John's description is that while he conceived lots of ideas it was Marg who decided which ones she would make happen. By the late '90s however, the business had reached a stage that required greater structure.

John sold the business (including Marg), getting a premium for it, to a



bigger company with broader interests. Marg continued working with the new entity while John worked part time and completed his PhD. His thesis dealt with the impact of dams on rivers.

John continued to work for several years in the business he and Marg had grown, but, as one not cut out for a corporate role and with the youngest of the boys finishing school and all of them based in Melbourne the decision was made to go it alone in Somers. John and Marg purchased his mother's house in Tasman Rd and set up office. The available work was very stimulating and the opportunity presented itself to merge a relaxing lifestyle with a professional life.

John's overseas projects are too numerous to list in detail but include river-related projects in Vietnam, Laos, PNG, the Philippines, Romania, Timor Leste, Indonesia, USA, South Africa, South Korea and Taiwan. He also supported the work of Engineers without Borders in Australian indigenous communities.

He has been a board member on a rural and an urban water authority and has undertaken many research projects, investigations, designs and assessments to do with water, rivers and catchments here in Australia.

When asked what he is most proud of John says "our boys". In the work sphere he's proud of his contribution to the recognition that river and water management is about a compromise between utilitarian and environmental objectives.

Don't think this is all in the past. John is currently working on the downstream impacts of a proposed controversial dam on the Cache La Poudre River in Colorado, as an independent expert on surface-water management at Ranger Uranium Mine and in PNG assessing the impact of a new mine on the river system. He also runs a River Health Course for Melbourne University. Teaching the next generation of river managers is an obvious role for someone who wants to understand

and explain the physical things we see. Marg is an important ingredient of these courses, ensuring everything runs smoothly. Interaction with the younger generation is something they both enjoy.

All this is done while still skiing, cycling, sailing, singing, travelling ... and leading a relaxed lifestyle.

I go back to my recipe for how this can be achieved. John says "love what you do and you'll never work a day in your life". Add to this an enormous capacity to embrace opportunity and a partner who works beside, not behind you ... even if at times it might be hard to keep up.

I mentioned the circles that move through this story. Somers, water, tidal and river flows, work in Colorado and now John works again with his first employee, independently but under the same umbrella. There are also constants – independent thinking, a love of life and living it to its full, not sticking to 'the rules' ... and of course Marg.

While being conceptually driven John is outcome oriented. With Marg in the middle to oversee the detail this seems like a pretty good recipe for success.

A strong responsibility ethic, along with care for the environment and understanding of community runs through the Tilleard veins, from Joe through John to the next generation.

Eldest son Matthew is currently based in New York following post-graduate studies at both Harvard and Stanford, working with a fellow graduate to improve business opportunities for Afghanistan. Next Simon has more closely taken after his father and is working as an engineer in the Centre for Environmental Management in Hanoi and youngest Robbie is working for Boston Consulting in public policy and strategy and is currently doing *pro bono* work for an Aboriginal community in Arnhem Land.

BRONWEN GIBBS

*The Ruhr region is the largest urban-industrial area in North Rhine-Westphalia, Germany.

Two fascinating days

Members of Balnarring Probus Secret Men's Business group journeyed to Cheltenham to the facility of Hofmann Engineering. What we saw there certainly surprised us as we had no idea to what extent John and Erich Hofmann had built their company since they first arrived in Perth in 1969 and began a backyard engineering works in the suburb of Dianella. Now run by its second and third generation family members there are facilities in Cheltenham, Perth, Bendigo, Canada and Chile.

Before exploring the factory we were given an introductory talk, shown a video on the company as well as linking up directly via computer to sections of the Perth facility which we viewed in real time. This is an advantage for customers who can see the progress of their job in Melbourne without travelling to the West.

So what is it that this company does to enable it to compete worldwide?

Hofmanns manufacture precision engineering components, mainly pinions and gears in their many variants, largely for the mining industry, which can be as huge as 15.24 metres (50 feet) in diameter. Complete gearbox assemblies and replacement parts for mining equipment are also among their output as are components for the Joint Strike Fighter Program and the latest Boeing commercial airplanes.

During our journey around the factory we were shown a machine in its own air-conditioned enclosure and were told that because of the accuracy required from the machine, during Melbourne's recent earth tremor it ceased operation until the ground once again became stable.

The company has an apprenticeship program with 60 trainees and a total workforce in Australia of 600 personnel.

Hofmanns have found niche markets for which they supply high-tech products of unparalleled quality. This really is an Australian firm that we can all be proud of and certainly we humble Probarians could not help but be mightily impressed.

Now for the second day of interest: a visit to the Australian Synchrotron at Monash University. Our group visited on their Open Day and were intrigued, impressed and overwhelmed by the concept. We were first given an amusing and informative introductory lecture. After this we were off on our own to try and make sense of what we could see, and read the many posters, which I must admit I found hard going, but the scientist technicians at the experiment stations were only too happy to explain the many things we found difficult to comprehend.

Basically what it's all about is that when an electron gun generates a stream of high-energy electrons, forcing them to travel in circular orbit, they release extremely intense radiation which is synchrotron light.

Although the building is circular and about the size of the MCG, the electrons actually travel in a series of straight lines in a vacuum and are forced to turn each corner by a powerful electromagnetic



So this, fellas, is what bends the synchrotron beam! Max Hem is discussing the ability of one of the powerful electromagnets that bend the electron beam causing it to accelerate on its way up to near the speed of light. Showing a great deal of interest are Barbara Peat and Probarians Henry Broadbent, Alan Lim Joon and Rod Harris.

force. Each time this occurs it causes the electrons to accelerate until they reach almost the speed of light (approximately 300,000 km per second or 186,000 miles per second).

The light produced is a million times brighter than the sun and is a three-billion-electron-volt beam! All this occurs in an inner ring after which the electrons are redirected to an outer storage ring from

which the synchrotron light is directed down beam-lines to the 12 experimental end-stations. There the light interacts with the experimental samples and is diffracted, scattered or absorbed. The patterns created reveal the innermost secrets of the sample materials. Using synchrotron light is far superior to using conventional laboratory equipment and methods.

Some of its uses are in the fields of human, animal and plant biology, pharmaceuticals and drug design, agriculture, engineering and minerals and their processing, and new nanotechnologies.

Of interest to our older generation is that by subjecting a strand of hair to the synchrotron light, it has been possible to confirm what we Australians had already suspected: that Phar Lap really was poisoned with strychnine.

There will obviously be many more serious applications which the facility will be used for, and by the time of the next Open Day, I am sure there will be more information on these projects which is something we can look forward to, as well as perhaps being better able to understand the immensity of this incredible scientific endeavour.



This is the 50-ft diameter gear wheel made by Hofmanns in WA and referred to in the text.

ROD NUSKE

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Yacht club opens its 50th season

Somers Yacht Club opened its milestone 50th season on 20 October with 39 boats in all five divisions.

The opening day regatta was followed by a cocktail party at which Sue Byrne, daughter of one of the club's founding fathers, officially opened the 2012/13 season.

This was followed by the christening and naming of the club's new rescue boat, a Russian-built BRIG with Diane Otto, wife of the commodore Mal Otto, pouring the champagne over the bow and officially naming the boat after lifetime member Don Ede, 84.

Mal Otto paid tribute to Don's work at the club. "Don Ede has played an important role in the establishment of sea rescue and race management for Somers yacht club over many years. He is one of the reasons why Somers has very strong sea-rescue and race management and he has run many successful titles over the years. He has also trained many of our race officers in race control."

Earlier, Mal had welcomed guests, including local Federal Member Greg Hunt, local councillor and Mayor Frank Martin, Maggie Byrne, Bruce



The official opening for Season 2012/2013 was performed by Somers resident Sue Byrne whose father Stan was the first Commodore of the club in 1963.

McCallum, Somers CFA, Steve Walker, CEO Yachting Victoria, Pam and Ray Bannister, Foreshore Committee, and life members Norm Dewar and Don Ede.

He also welcomed representatives of yacht clubs around Westernport: Adrian Mitchell, Cows Yacht Club, Terry and Jessica Jasper, Pt Leo Boat Club,

John Hollander and Fran Wierzbowski, Merricks Yacht Club (John also on behalf of Yachting Victoria), Roger and Heather Crabtree, Westernport Yacht Club and the Commodore of Warneet Motor Yacht Club, Darren Short and Susan Arnold.

"This is a milestone for the club and what's more scary is that I have been around for most of them. Firstly I would like to welcome our special guests and our members to the season 2012/2013," he said.

In her speech Sue Byrne recalled the early days and her father's key role in helping to establish the club that has now become an integral part of life in Somers.

Sue Byrne spoke about how her father in 1962 had discussions with Don McCutcheon and Keith Robeson about forming a yacht club at Somers. It was decided to call a meeting of all those interested and 17 people turned out over the long weekend in June and resolved to inform all property owners in Somers of the intention of forming a yacht club.

A public meeting was called during September school holidays in the Caravan Park Pavilion and 80 people attended with 125 apologies. Stan was elected as chairman for this meeting. After much discussion a resolution was passed that they proceed with the idea of forming a yacht club at Somers.

Things were certainly much cheaper then as Sue, calling on her father's notes, said that a meeting was held with members of foreshore committee to select a suitable site for the new club. This was agreed upon and rental fixed at £5 (\$10) a year.

Tenders were sought for the erection of a chain mesh fence to enclose the boat-yard area.

Arnold's Fencing submitted the successful tender at £484 (\$968) to supply and build the fence. A road across the sand from the north gate to seaside gate was formed from broken concrete blocks, from Coolart and covered with crushed rock. To finance this project, a



Don Ede and the club's new rescue boat which had just been 'christened' in his honour.

joining fee of £7.10 (\$14.20) and annual subs of £2.10 (\$4.20) were fixed at a meeting in September.

And so was formed the club that now celebrates its 50th season.

One of the big attractions of the party, apart from excellent finger food

and drinks, was the exhibition of historic photographs going back to the club's foundation, most of which had been donated and many taken by long-time club member and *Paper Nautilus* writer and photographer Rod Nuske.

TONY DUBOUDIN

A boat named Don Ede a tribute to a sailor

It's not every day that you get a boat named after you but that is exactly what happened to Somers Yacht Club life member Don Ede in October.

The club's new rescue boat, a Russian-built inflatable BRIG, was duly doused in champagne and officially named by Diane Otto, wife of the club's commodore Mal while scores of yacht club members looked on from the balcony.

The naming is in recognition of Don Ede's 40 years of competitive sailing as well as his years of service to the club through the sailing school and as a general advisor and mentor to many young sailors. He also served as commodore 1989–1991.

A modest 84-year-old, Don plays down his role, but there is little doubt that he has had an influence on the club matched by few others.

Besides his busy life with the club,



Don Ede with photographs of the ships he has sailed in.

Don also found time to become involved with the Foreshore Committee, the Lions Club of Flinders District and lectured at the University of the Third Age in maritime exploration.

Don has lived in Somers permanently since 1990 and retired a year later after a career in the British merchant navy as a deck officer and in various positions in the shipping industry in Australia.

He and his wife Euphie had been coming to the village since the early 1970s. In 1984 they bought a house in Camp Hill Road on a couple of acres and were able to spend their weekends and spare time in the village.

Before that they used to drive from Mt Waverley at weekends so Don and children could sail at the club while Euphie worked in the control race. Don and family joined the club in 1972 when Don and Des Coote, also still a club member, bought Mirror dinghies. Over his 40-year sailing career Don sailed Mirrors, Pacers, 125s, Sabres and Solos.

The family sailing tradition has continued with sons Nick, a Somers Yacht Club member, and Timothy, who lives in Adelaide, both keen and competitive sailors, as are their children.

In the 1990s Don became involved in sailing schools after, as he put it: "I was conned into it by John Williams". They ran two sailing schools, one for Somers Primary School on Friday afternoons, and one for the club over the Christmas holidays. The club made two scholarships available for children and allowed those who had been through the sailing school to continue sailing at the club using club Mirrors, which meant they remained

involved and their parents also became active in the club.

In 2002 Don and Euphie decided to downsize after Don had a heart scare and they moved to Tower Hill Road where Don still lives. Unfortunately Euphie passed away in 2009.

Don retains his south-of-England accent after more than 50 years in Australia. Born in Cambridge, he grew up from the age of 2 in the quintessential English seaside town of Bournemouth on the south coast. It was the proximity of the sea that no doubt dictated the path which Don would follow – the sea.

The other influence was a trip around the Isle of Wight in a paddle steamer that was Don's reward from his father for passing the entrance exam for Bournemouth Grammar School. At the end of the trip Don said: "I'm going to go to sea".

He joined Pacific Steam Navigation Company in Liverpool as an apprentice in 1945 after going to navigation school at Southampton. The company sailed mainly to the West Indies and South America.

He recalls sailing in a 100-ton sailing ketch in Southampton water on D-Day and pointing out that the ketch was not allowed outside the restricted area because of the danger of mines.

Don says the wages were poor and young navigation apprentices like him were in effect working for virtually nothing and had to be supported by their parents.

His wages in his first year were £7 (\$10) a year rising to £8 (\$12) in the second year and £10 (\$15) in year three and £15 (\$23) for the final year. He was able to survive, he said, because the British government decided that no merchant seaman should earn less than he had at the end of the war which meant that Don received £12 (\$18) a month 'war risk' payment to augment his meagre salary even though it was peace time.

The system of indentures was in effect a method of paying for on-the-job training as the pay on its own was really only a token and obviously not sufficient

to live on – in effect the indentured person had to be supported by parents or have a private income. It was common at the time and covered other occupations such as accountancy and the law.

However, Don said that while the pay and the war-risk payment wasn't much "we managed".

After he received his second mate's ticket his father hinted that perhaps it was time Don might like to lessen the burden on the family's finances by getting a better-paid position and it was then, 1950, that he joined Shaw Savill Albion line sailing as fourth mate. His first ship was the Tamaroa, a mixed cargo and passenger vessel built in the 1920s.

Don stayed with Shaw Savill and sailed

in seven different ships. He obtained his master's ticket but sailed as first mate (second in command) which was normal practice in the British merchant navy as command came with seniority and competency.

In 1961 Australia and a shore role beckoned and Don immigrated and started working in the stevedoring industry. He joined Seatainers in 1976 at the start of the containerisation of shipping. The company was then taken over by TNT Shipping and Development and Don headed up a roll-on and roll-off operation and a number of other roles within the company until his retirement in 1991.

TONY DUBOUDIN

looking for a lost bird down a drain. We were on something, he was sure of that. I decided that the best way out of this was to explain the whole thing in detail; that way he would arrest us on the spot for substance abuse or concede and drive off. I must say that what I was about to tell the man was something I would take sheer delight in relating. Of course if he were a bird-watcher they'd stay and enjoy the show.

I first explained the gap at the rear of the drain. Then I went into detail of how this small bird, about the size of half your thumb, would drill a hole 20 mil in diameter a metre or so through the soil to where it would shape a nest the size of a mandarine. This would be lined with grass, feathers and leaves.

"The bird we saw entering was the male, notable by its vivid colouring, especially the white dots over its plumage, so giving it" (and this was the part I waited for) "it's name, the Spotted Pardalote." The senior stared in either awe or total disbelief. His lips began to move; we were about to hear our fate.

Suddenly, god bless his little spotted heart, our man appeared, emerging from the drain. Flying between Bob and myself he landed on the rear-vision mirror, right in front of the senior constable.

May I say the moment was priceless? Pardalotes are very busy birds; quickly he jumped around in a circle deciding the best way to go and he was off.

The senior looked at us. "I'll be ..." he said. "Have a nice day gentlemen." "Thank you," we replied, and we all went about our daily business.

LINDSAY PULLIN

The hippies, the bird and the constable

I have a friend we call the oldest hippie in captivity. He's very neatly groomed, well dressed, well read etc., totally laid back and as eccentric as they come. Let's call him Bob. On one occasion during a visit, I asked him to help me identify a little bird that had moved in, nesting in the front-garden bushes next door.

In no time at all we agreed that it was a grey fantail. These little birds are listed in the bird watcher's book as bird-watcher friendly. He didn't disappoint us with his acrobatic aerial displays. We soon found the nest which is an avian delight: about the size of an eggcup woven into the y-shaped twig connections of small branches. The nest itself made of what seems the sheerest white nylon.

As we observed this entertainment another small bird flew past, disappearing into the opening of the roadside drain. Fascinated, we got down and looked to see where our little friend had gone. We noticed that the large heavy concrete lid of the drain was not sitting squarely on the concrete base, leaving a gap of about 30mm that the little fellow had taken great advantage of.

While kneeling there discussing the wisdom of this little creature we failed to notice the police divisional van pull

up next to us. A calm authoritative voice asked us gentlemen if we had lost something. In great surprise we stood up dusting ourselves down, probably looking all the more suspicious. Again not thinking, I said "Yes, a bird". The senior looked across at the driver and in a droll voice said, "They've lost a bird down the drain. So where do you blokes come from?"

"Well I live there," pointing to our house, "and Bob's visiting." "OK, and do you lose many birds down the drain?" It started to dawn on me (and I don't blame the man), that here were a couple of strange-looking characters. No shoes on, scruffily dressed, Bob's huge but well-groomed beard, on our hands and knees



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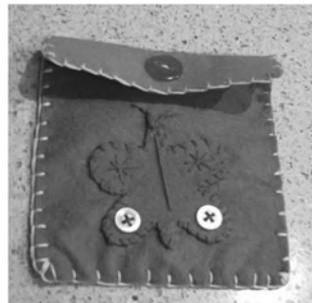
Hand Stitched Felt Coin Purse

You will need: Scraps of different coloured felt, embroidery needle, embroidery thread, different coloured buttons.

Instructions:

1. Your scraps of felt will determine the size of your purse. A good size is 12cm X 10cm. The purse is made up of two pieces of felt stitched together. The bottom piece is larger (approx. 15cm X 10cm) and the top piece is a little bit smaller (approx. 11cm X 10cm). The overhang will create a flap to close the purse.
2. Appliqué embellishments on the smaller piece of felt. This will be the front of your purse. For example you can appliqué a butterfly or a flower made from scraps of felt or you can sew on some different coloured buttons.
3. Sew a button above the embellishment (on the top) on the front of the purse.
4. Blanket stitch around the outside, thus stitching the two pieces of felt together.
5. Carefully, with scissors, snip a hole big enough for the button to fit through.

Show mum how much you love her by making her this simple coin purse. She will love it!



Hey kids, check out these easy home-made gift ideas for Christmas. They are fun to make and are sure to be a big hit with everyone!

Aromatherapy Rice Bags

You will need: *Satin or organza bags from the \$2 shop, 2 cups of uncooked rice, zip-lock bag, food colour, lavender essential oil*

Instructions:

1. Put your uncooked rice in a zip-lock bag together with 10 drops of lavender essential oil and your choice of food colour. Try a few drops of red and blue to make purple. Lock your bag.
2. Mix the rice while it's in the bag, so that the essential oil infuses into the rice and the food colour changes the colour of the rice.
3. Pour the rice out on a tray and leave to dry for about an hour.
4. Pour your rice into individual satin or organza bags.
5. This aromatherapy bag can be used in the wardrobe to create a wonderful scent. Your friends will love it!

KIDS in THE kitchen

Holiday Crackers

You will need: *Scissors, Christmassy wrapping paper, cardboard tubes, clear tape, coloured ribbon, wrapped sweets, small toys, glitter and any other tiny surprises you might want to add.*

Instructions:

1. Cut a piece of wrapping paper that's 15cm longer than your cardboard tube and wide enough to completely go around the tube at least once.
2. Wrap the paper tightly around the tube making sure that the tube sits in the middle, and that there are equal amounts of excess paper at each end.
3. Twist the excess paper at one end, secure with clear tape and tie with a ribbon.
4. Fill the tube with wrapped sweets, small toys, glitter and any other tiny surprises you might want to add.



Scrumptious Rocky Road

Ingredients: *250g pink and white marshmallows, halved; 1 cup unsalted peanuts, roughly chopped; 1/2 cup glace cherries, halved; 1 cup shredded coconut; 350g dark chocolate, chopped*

Method:

1. Line the base of a shallow 20cm square cake tin with baking paper leaving it to hang over the two sides.
2. Mix together the marshmallows, peanuts, cherries and coconut.
3. *(Adult supervision required in this step)* Put the chocolate in a heatproof bowl and microwave in 30-second bursts until melted making sure you mix well every time you put it back into the microwave.
4. Add the chocolate to the marshmallow mixture and mix.
5. Press the mixture evenly into the tin and refrigerate for several hours until set.
6. Lift out and cut into small pieces.
7. Package it nicely in a cardboard box with pink tissue paper.

Edible home-made gifts are the best kind . . . especially if they are prettily packaged. Try this Rocky Road recipe to impress.

Bath Salt Gift

You will need: *a recycled and cleaned glass jar, Epsom salts, Food colouring, your favourite Essential Oil*

Instructions: Combine the desired amount of Epsom salts (enough to fit in your jar) with food colouring. Mix well so colour is even. Add your essential oil and mix again. Spread the mixture out on a sheet of wax paper to dry for a couple of hours and then put it in the bottle or jar.

For best results leave the salt and essential oil to set in the jar for a few



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Stop the presses ... no need, they're already slowing down

As we watch the slow and perhaps inevitable decline and possible closure of printed newspapers it might be a good time to consider the impact this will have on society and the various businesses and industries that depend on newspapers.

Because make no mistake, the change being imposed on newspapers and other segments of the economy are seismic and will have a profound impact on our social, working and political lives.

Retailing is already feeling the cold draft of competition from the online economy as people hunt on their computers for bargains here and overseas. The mainstream retailers have to maintain expensive buildings, pay large numbers of staff, pay for public liability insurance, heating etc. and they are increasingly finding it hard to compete with someone who needs only a computer server and a warehouse.

For the media the cost pressures are similar, particularly as advertising is moving away from traditional print and using social media, PR and a range of non-print outlets. This is particularly true of jobs and real estate advertising that was the mainstay of the 'quality' broadsheets such as *The Age* and the *Sydney Morning Herald*. The old days of the 'rivers of gold',



The Age newsroom circa 2000.

as Frank Packer once described Fairfax classified advertising, have gone, never to return.

If, as is quite possible, newspapers like *The Age* cease to produce a print version – and one of the options considered recently by Fairfax management was to produce an on-line version of *The Age* Monday to Friday and a print version only on Saturday and Sunday – then this will, I believe, profoundly change the social fabric of Australia.

While I realise the Australian media is not alone in facing tumultuous times, our newspapers have played a significant part in building the nation. Australian journalists have also carved out a reputation worldwide for being fearless and controversial – John Pilger and Phillip Knightley have made names for themselves in Britain and Australia while Rupert Murdoch's father Sir Keith Murdoch created our first national media chain and blew the whistle on the carnage at Gallipoli.

So the demise of one or both Melbourne printed newspapers would force everyone to consult an iPad or computer for their news. Of course that begs the question of whether the large news-gathering organisations that Fairfax and News Ltd currently have at their disposal will still exist. If these organisations do not come up with another way of paying for their journalistic staff then we will be doomed to rumour, opinion and a considerably smaller pool of journalists who will struggle to adequately cover Victorian news, never mind national and international events.

Perhaps my greatest concern is that the dumbing down of issues, which we are already seeing, will only accelerate. With fewer journalists the media's ability to do the in-depth stories that keep our politicians at all levels if not on the straight and narrow, at least aware that they might be exposed, will be restricted in the face of economic pressure.

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We could reach a situation where everything will be reduced to 10-second TV-style grabs and there will be no serious discussion about issues and policies and let's face it there is precious little now.

This raises serious concerns that our democracy could be in danger. The simple slogan or thought instead of serious debate was exactly the sort of tactics used by Hitler, Stalin and Mao to hold their people in line.

The rise of social media, bloggers, Twitter and Facebook and all the others is obviously a social revolution but does it lead to a better-informed population? I doubt it.

Who really cares if someone of some remote suburb believes that Julia Gillard is wrong about same-sex marriage, for example? It hardly adds to the sum total of human knowledge. Does anyone care that someone is a follower of a particular person or that someone else on Facebook 'likes' something someone else has done or said? Well I don't but obviously people do, which poses the question how trivial can our society get?

What are the other consequences of a reduced or non-existent printed media? What will the talkback radio stations do if there are no newspapers to set the agenda each morning? Online isn't quite the same and with the decline in the number of journalists will we get the sort of investigative journalism that sets people talking?

With Fairfax planning to shed 1900 jobs over three years and News Ltd also flagging the loss of around 1000 jobs across the board and declining circulation in all print media, others likely to feel the pinch include: newsagents; newsprint manufacturers and ink makers to name a few. It is rather like throwing a pebble into a pool of water, the rings keep expanding outwards.

TONY DUBOUDIN

Tony Duboudin worked for The Age for more than 20 years as well as The Times in London and in Australia and several other newspapers here and overseas. He started his career with newsagency United Press International in Paris and then London.

Grumpy page

Our changing language

Language is a living thing, so it is bound to grow and we must accept common usage, although this doesn't excuse carelessness and shouldn't cause inaccuracy.

Errant apostrophes

An apostrophe is designed to indicate that something has been left out of a word: for example, Fred's bicycle (short for 'Fred, his bicycle').

Nowadays, many people add an apostrophe before every 's'. Indeed, it seems that every time they press the 's', the apostrophe automatically jumps before it.

'His', 'hers', 'its' are possessive pronouns, and need no further encouragement.

The indefinite article

More and more people (especially polliés) pronounce the indefinite article 'a' as 'ay' instead of 'uh'.

Pronunciation changes

- Princes Highway is now often called 'Princess' Highway.
- The first two months of the year now seem to be pronounced 'Janry' and 'Febry', even by newsreaders!
- The inner beachside suburb used to be 'S'nt Kilda' – now it's 'Saynt Kilda'. However, the one near Sunshine is still 'S'nt Albans'.

Mispronunciations

Mispronunciations due to carelessness rather than real language changes can, regrettably, enter common use, but need correction. Examples are:

- 'pronounciation' instead of 'pronunciation'
- 'knowen' instead of 'known'
- 'mischeevius' instead of 'mischievius'

- 'could of' (even 'cooda') instead of 'could have'

- 'debut' should be pronounced 'de-boo' not 'day-boo' (there's no acute accent on the 'e')

- ewes are female sheep; 'youse' is not a word – the plural of 'you' is just 'you'

- 'Austrahya' is becoming more common – it's used even by senior polliés

- 'Tasmaya' must annoy learned Taswegians.

The eighth letter of the alphabet

It is a sign of careless speech to leave out the aspirate – except in those born within the sound of Bow Bells, who are required to do so. In Australia, at one time, 'haitch' was only pronounced with an 'h' by those who attended certain varieties of primary schools. Now it is even creeping in on the ABC (at least in its SBS persona).

Spins-off from texting

Written material now frequently uses lower case:

- letter 'u' instead of y-o-u
- the figure 4 instead of f-o-r
- 'lol' can mean 'lots of luck', 'lots of love', or, unrelatedly, 'laughing out loud'
- afaik = as far as I know
- rofl = rolling on floor laughing
- btw = by the way
- imho = in my humble opinion

(There are others which cannot be translated in this family publication.)

Americanisms

- potato crisps are now 'chips', and 'chips' are now 'fries' or 'French fries'
- salad dressing is 'mayo'
- potato cakes are now 'hash browns'
- tomato sauce is often 'ketchup' (but 'catsup' is British English)
- something unexpected comes 'from left field' – a baseball term, as is 'stepping up to the plate'

- you ‘stomp’ on an opponent’s foot
- cakes are ‘cookies’, biscuits are ‘crackers’
- instead of a holiday, you have a ‘vaycation’
- you fly in an ‘airplane’
- ‘different to’ is incorrect English (it should be ‘from’); different ‘than’ is correct American
- the last letter of the alphabet is ‘zee’ in the USA, but ‘zed’ in UK and most of the world

Another Americanism becoming common is added emphasis on the last syllable, and pronouncing its vowel. Examples are ‘secretary’, ‘military’, ‘commentary’, ‘ceremony’. We used to virtually leave the last syllable’s vowel unpronounced. Perhaps the Yanks are actually more correct?

(When I was sixteen, in my first job, my boss objected to me using ‘OK’ instead of ‘very well’ or ‘yes, Sir’; but I can’t imagine anyone nowadays complaining.)

Dates

During my years as a public servant, there was a short-lived preference for using the date-form year/month/day/time (2012-08-14-0930 meaning half-past-nine on the 14th of August), but, logical as it was, it caused so much misunderstanding in Canberra (not a good thing to do) that it was quietly buried. It is still used in some more esoteric scientific communications.

Newspapers used to be dated ‘Monday 20th July’; now it’s ‘Monday July 20’.

(This becomes confusing when only the figures are used: for example, when the disaster on ‘nine-eleven’ means 11th of September, not 9th of November.)

The Herald Sun uses the month/day form; *The Age* previously used day/month, but now embraces the US order. I wonder who makes these decisions.

I sometimes wonder why The Age, presumably the ‘leftish’ paper, still uses the royal coat of arms (the Lion and the Unicorn) on its masthead; The Herald Sun (ostensibly the more conservative publication) doesn’t. The daily Press lives in its own little world.

Changes in meaning

- a single occurrence last night is now ‘overnight’ – which used to mean ‘all night’ (perhaps when we were younger?)
- the former adverbs ‘mercifully’ and ‘thankfully’ have been used as sentence-modifiers for well over 50 years. With ‘hopefully’, a more recent innovation, they are accepted by all save the purists, and are acknowledged because we don’t really have an equivalent single word.
- ‘guys’ is now androgynous, meaning both male and female and anything in-between
- ‘back-to-back’ means ‘consecutive’, and not two 19th-century gentlemen about to perform a duel – I don’t know how three consecutive actions would be described
- ‘fabulous’ should mean something untrue but curious, a fable – now it means ‘very good’

Youth-speak

Younger folk often finish sentences with ‘like’, and deny something with ‘so not’, or just ‘not’.

Some make every statement sound like a question? (This used to be restricted to some South Australians and Queenslanders.)

Fill-in words in speech

‘Y’know’; ‘ah’; ‘um’: these are the hallmark of an incompetent or insecure public speaker, and ‘hopefully’ will not become generally acceptable in oral communication.

I expect that our great-grandchildren will use language in ways even more puzzling than many of the words of Chaucer are now to us. Think of ‘google’ and all that follows!

It is our obligation to work toward understanding current language, and to use it ourselves, in the interests of clear communication, for that is one of the most important characteristics of humanity.

IAN TAYLOR

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Quote

Wisdom is the reward you get for a lifetime of listening when you’d have preferred to talk.

Doug Larson

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Five Short Stories

Jeff Grant was a teacher at Somers Primary in the early 1990s. His teaching style was unconventional and storytelling was a key skill. He took some time away from teaching to write a book of short stories which, having unsuccessfully done a round of publishers, has languished on the bookshelf. Here we publish the first of them for the first time. Others will be published in subsequent issues

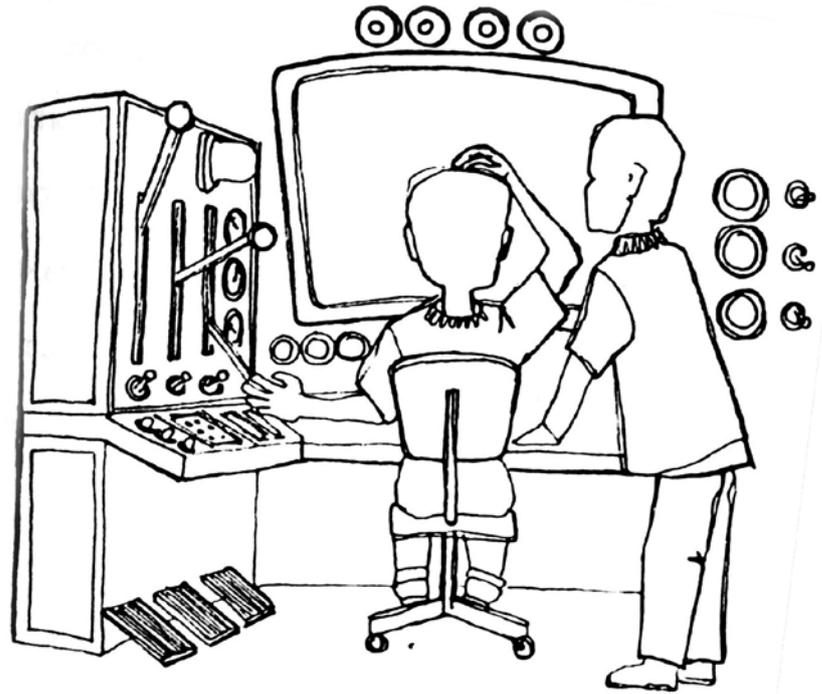
The beginning

I had this idea that at 36 years of age I maybe had at least five reasonable tales worth writing about. After years of just telling them, I figured I'd better write them down. Just imagine my reaction with a train about to demolish me on a level crossing: "Drats, why didn't I write those stories down!"

Writing to encourage you was also in the back of my mind. Like me, you might sometimes consider life relatively boring, but don't be fooled! At any time, either you or somebody nearby is acting out a scene that could one day make a marvellous story. The trick is to see or hear about it and then remember it. I love to remember things that happen around me.

Recalling how I reacted in certain situations is something I also enjoy. That's why I'd like to introduce my 'brain operators'. These are the little creatures that live in my head and organise things for me on a daily basis. As the stories unfold, you'll discover how sometimes these operators are hopeless, and sometimes they're even worse. They always try hard, but on the odd occasion I don't think they'd make it happen on a pensioners' Bingo night.

You have brain operators upstairs as well. I don't know anything about them, or the techniques they use to help you survive, because the beautiful part is, we are all different. How I will react in particular situations will vary from the way you react. Where you might be brave, I



might run away. It's just my brain operators deciding differently for me.

So remember, they're up there and they need looking after. They don't last forever. I sometimes think I have a few less every day, but don't ask my friends, they'd more than likely agree!

Imagine you are standing on the edge of a humungous highway. From across the road the fish-and-chip shop is beckoning you with its tempting smells of freshly fried fish and Chiko rolls. The only obstacle between you and a bellyful of greasy potato cakes is seven metres of cold hard bitumen. With legs taut and nostrils flaring your body is ready for 'Mr Brain' to say charge! Then suddenly, out of the corner of your eye, a crazed monster appears. Roaring like a cyclone, and displaying all the gentleness of an elephant with a wasp up its trunk, a Kenworth descends upon you. The choice is simple: kick those legs into overdrive; or wait a little longer until the hunk of maddened metal flies past. I could of course be mistaken, but I've always been of the opinion that head-butting a semitrailer at 60km an hour would be a pretty 'uncool' thing to do. So with what little brain donated to me, I'd decide to delay the run. I mean I want to eat a potato cake, not look like one.

Through all of our lives we try to stumble safely from one day to the next. In my case I'm a real chicken. I hate pain – it hurts! So as far as humanly possible I try to avoid any situation that could hurt. With all human beings generally having the same wish, it's no doubt the main reason we were given a brain. Yes! You may not have noticed, but I guarantee it's there: located behind your eyes, in between your ears and underneath your hair; an extremely intelligent computer that can run for years and years without ever changing the batteries.

Just for a second, imagine the type of life those brain workers must have inside a normal two-legged human waking up: "Oh Crikey, he's awake! Open his eyes! Rub his eyes! Tell him to yawn. Send a message to his legs. Roll out of bed. Remind his eyes to stay open. Danger, danger! He's heading for the wall. Urgent reminder! Go to the toilet. Reverse, reverse! The alarm clock needs turning off or you'll wake the whole household. Immediate response required. Scratch that mossie bite. Total emergency! Get him to the toilet. Cease all operations! Direct him to the cupboard for a dunny roll. Danger, danger! He's naked, repeat naked, send him back for a towel."

I mean the poor little brain operator has only been at work for 48 seconds.

So somehow we manage to cope with

millions of little problems that confront us every day – plus stay alive! Sadly however, our little brain operators ‘trip up’ every now and then and we find ourselves in situations we’d prefer not to know about – in other words, acting in a totally outrageously stupid way. All this draws me close to another yarn.

Sharky

One of these crazy acts came my way in the middle of 1985. I spent all of that year trudging around Australia in an old bus. This old friend of mine was an ancient 1964 school bus. Having retired from full-time work, it merely wanted to go travelling. So it had allowed a group of us to tamper with its insides and when we trekked across to Western Australia, a bodge old school bus had materialised into a majestic pleasure machine. Complete with kitchen, shower, bedrooms, stereo,

curtains and carpet, it had everything to be discovered in a modern home.

Anystate, back to being outrageously stupid. If any of you have cruised up the West Australian coast you’d appreciate how isolated some places can be. Exmouth National Park falls into this category. The bus perched only metres from the aqua brilliance known commonly as the Indian Ocean. The breakfast campfire was crackling, toast browning, fish and chips grilling and billy tea bubbling. Nothing like freshly caught fish and chunky potato chips for brekky. Today was a big day, for as soon as breakfast was consumed Shane and I were going fishing. One thing I hadn’t mentioned was our little boat. Complete with anchor, it perched on top of the bus like an aluminium safety helmet. So when the urge for fresh fish hit, down it would come and out into the wild blue yonder we’d head.

The evening before, we had observed a kilometre offshore, rows and rows of little waves breaking onto a reef. “For sure,”

we exclaimed, “that’s the spot for some snorkelling in the morning!”

So with satisfied stomachs and thrill-seeking thoughts we cruised. After 20 minutes or so we finally came to the reef. Up until this stage the water was calm and the sea-bed could clearly be seen some five metres away. However, once upon the reef only a metre of water covered the coral. We dropped the anchor and swallowed the breathtaking view. Thirty metres away the Indian Ocean had turned from a vivid blue into a black and brooding swell. Little breakers were occurring where the cold ocean collided with the edge of the reef.

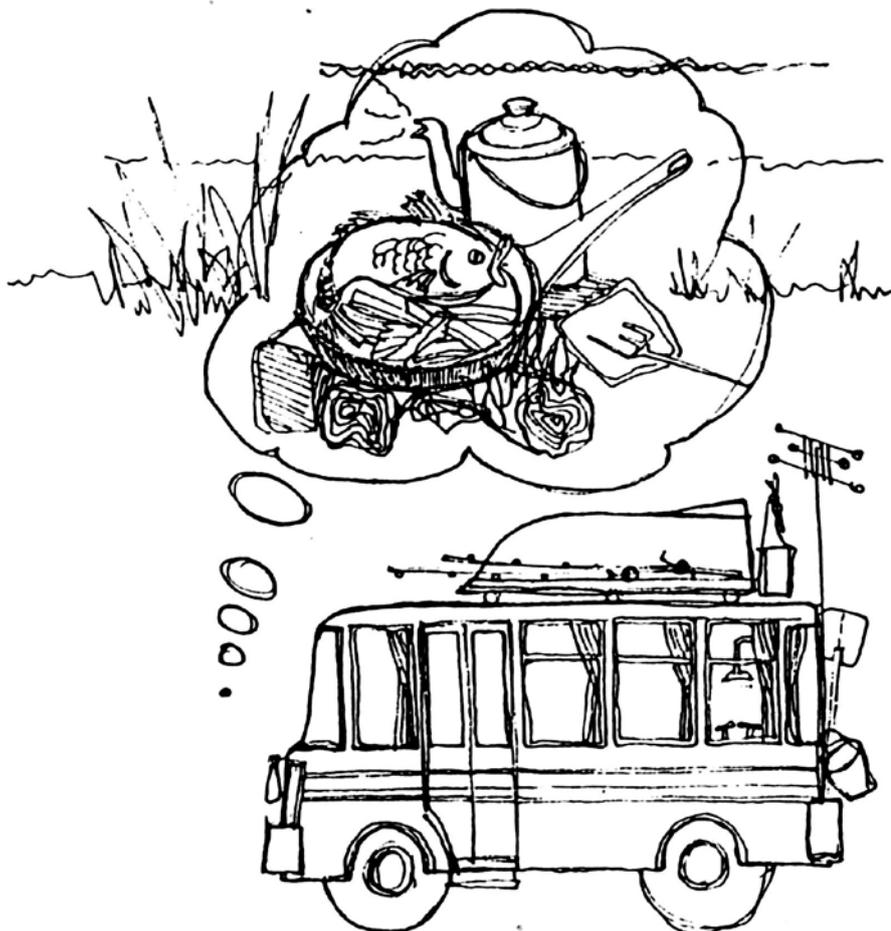
At this stage my little brain operator had gone off-shift and no one was at the main panel. Otherwise I’m sure someone would have pressed the ‘Warning, Warning!’ sign.

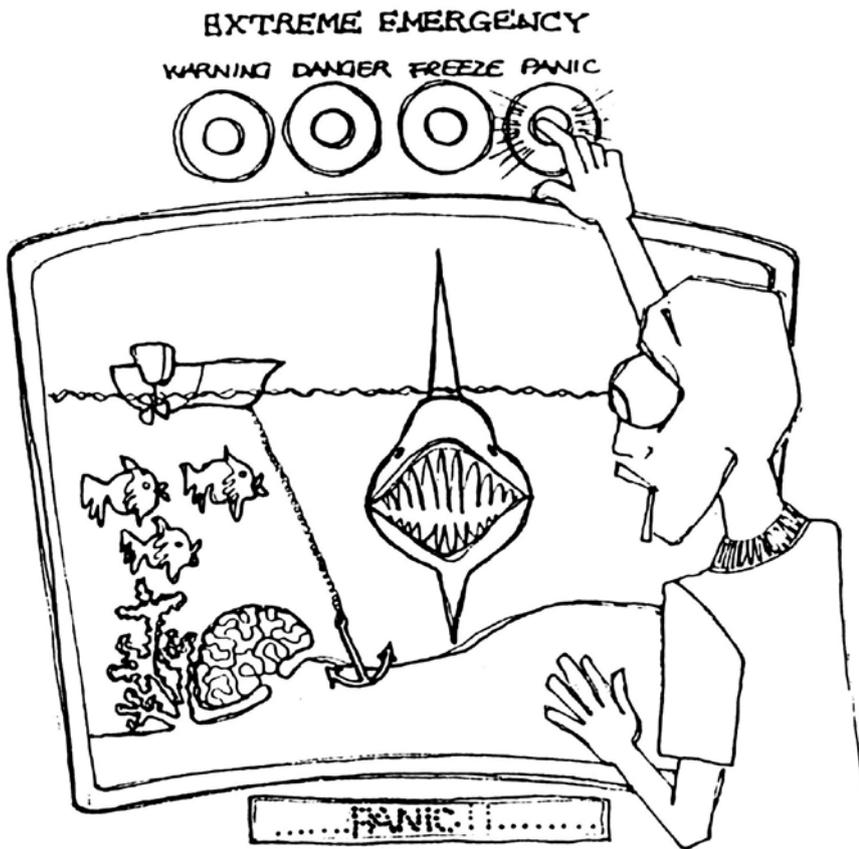
Minutes later, with snorkelling gear connected, we slid over the side of the boat. Instantly our world was transformed: thousands of fish, large and small, brightly coloured shapes and more bubbles to be found than in an Aero Bar factory. With the sight of so many fish, Shane swam rapidly back to the boat to collect the speargun.

Armed with our weapon, we swam further from our little ship, and as it turned out, from our safety. Not being a particularly strong swimmer, I couldn’t help but notice how the water pushed us along. In fact, rather than swimming, I felt as if I was being propelled along a river.

Just at this moment a new brain operator came in for the next shift. Sitting down at the panels and having a squiz around the control room he discovered where and what my body was doing and he really wasn’t all that impressed. “Warning, Warning! Where is your boat? What about those shark signs? How come you haven’t got a wetsuit on? Where is your speargun? Repeat. Warning, Warning!”

All of a sudden it occurred to me. What am I doing in the middle of nowhere, swimming on an isolated, shark-infested reef without a speargun? I frantically stood on the razor-sharp reef in an attempt to find the boat. Standing waist deep in water, to my complete horror I observed the





little vessel was 100 metres away. “OK,” I said to myself, “no need to panic. But I think it’s time to swim back and do some fishing from the boat.” With these calming thoughts I lowered myself under the water and pushed back in the right direction.

Meanwhile back in the control room, the brain operator had just looked at the observation panel. Within seconds every possible alarm bell had been pushed. Danger! Warning! Freeze! Immediate Panic!

I mean, even my little toes were trembling with mind-numbing fear. There, before my eyes, the worst nightmare had become a terrifying reality. Cruising from left to right was two metres of smooth, mean, powerful grey flesh. This was no overgrown flathead! Directly in front of me was a shark, dripping with teeth and power. This was not like being at Marine World, poking out your tongue as a shark cruised past a heavily reinforced glass window. This was definitely heavy-duty stuff!

The brain operator had flipped his lid: the only button he was pushing had

PANIC written all over it.

With no thought of anything else I stood up and hollered “HELP!”

An argument had developed in my brain-control room. A supervisor had come on duty and was screaming orders at the panic-ridden operator, who was still madly pushing the PANIC button. “Get him under the water. Look for the shark you dummy! Locate the human called Shane and hide behind him – he’s much bigger, plus he’s got the speargun.”

So once again I eased myself into the water. With relief enough to make me cry, I quickly found Shane. With the pair of us squatting on the reef, speargun outstretched and me peeking over Shane’s shoulder, we awaited our doom. It was all in slow motion. Not content with cruising by, the shark had motored powerfully straight towards us. Jaws agape, showing rows of razor teeth, eyes cold and unblinking with tail swaying like a snake. The monster came within five metres, then four, three, then only two metres away.

Upstairs the brain operators were coming up with some really wonderful

thoughts: “I think we’re in a little bit of trouble! I hope his left arm doesn’t end up over the edge of the reef, it won’t help his golf! His mother had warned him about doing anything dumb!”

Then suddenly without any warning, the shark slammed sideways and rocked through the shallow water like a wriggling torpedo.

Until the day I die I’ll never forget how quickly that monster took off. It made Olympic swimmers look like slow-moving turtles. I had been so frightened through the whole episode I couldn’t have moved, so badly frozen was I with thoughts of bits of me floating all over the reef. A total zombie!

Not surprisingly, the panic bells were ringing full blast again. Swimming wasn’t even an option. Man has never run over water as fast as I did that day. There were no thoughts of dangerous stonefish on the reef. I was lying outstretched on the bottom of the boat so fast my little tootsies hadn’t touched a thing.

The next day I was still shaking my head in disbelief. I’m not sure whether I was more thankful for still being in one piece or just plain angry. How could all of those lessons have been forgotten? I considered myself smart enough not to head-butt a Kenworth on a busy highway, but was so stupid as to forget only to swim in safe water. What a turkey!

The final point worth mentioning in this tale of stupidity came the following day when chatting to the Park Ranger. He stood dumbstruck as we explained where we had snorkelled. The tale reached the shark encounter as he shook his head in disbelief. Very quietly he recalled his numerous visits to the reef. Not only had he seen many reef sharks feeding (the variety we had met) but, to our horror, he mentioned a four-metre tiger shark swimming in the same area. It would appear that local knowledge forbade any swimming on the reef as it was a known breeding and feeding area for the dangerous shark.

I think a few brain operators were sacked over that incident.

JEFF GRANT
Illustrations by Bronwen Gibbs

Migration to Westernport

Early summer trippers to Westernport during the week-end were surprised to note the sudden appearance of an embryo sea front township at Palm Beach, Balnarring. Seven or eight houses have been built during the autumn and winter, and an enterprising storekeeper has pegged out a central site for the erection of a shop and refreshment-rooms. Other houses are in course of construction, and a new foot-bridge is being built over the creek to give access to a remarkably fine stretch of clean, firm sand, offering every attraction for bathers. The township has been planned on the "cartwheel" model, with roads radiating from the most elevated part of the land overlooking the sea and the panorama of distant coastline. The central reserve is being laid down in tennis courts, and a very commendable beginning has been made with a comprehensive scheme of tree planting. Wattles, cypress, and flowering eucalypts have been placed in lines that should produce attractive avenues of shade and shelter. A boulevard skirts the edge of the town along the sea front and below a public reserve has thick tea-tree in which a lively population of opossums is being carefully protected. A road leading in from Balnarring station on the Red Hill line gives access to the new township and road builders are preparing a better surface for the expected transport of building material and furniture in the next few weeks. Plans have also been prepared for a jetty for yachts and motor boats.

From *The Argus*, 21 September, 1926
(Contributed by Chris Hackett)



Somers General Store in the early 1930s.



It may be hard to believe now but where this bridge is, was just to the west of the yacht club. I believe the photo would have been taken in the early 1930s. The bridge was eventually washed away. In the 1970s/80s several of its posts could still be seen before being swallowed up with wind-driven sand.

Sir Stanley George Savige, Legacy and Somers

Stan was born in Korumburra to parents Sam and Anne in 1890. His parents had moved there during the Depression of that period seeking employment, which his father found working in the coal mine. With his four brothers Stan led an adventurous life roaming the then densely forested hills. At 10, he joined the Junior Cadet Detachment which had been formed as a result of the Boer War in South Africa and in 1907, when the family moved to Prahran, served as a senior cadet. He also joined the very recently formed Boy Scout movement and was a scoutmaster for five years.

His mother Anne would take herself off to Parliament to listen to the debates. She was involved with the movement for the emancipation of women and became a public speaker on behalf of the Labor Party.

In 1915 Stan enlisted in the First Australian Imperial Army and served on Gallipoli where a series of promotions saw him commissioned at Lone Pine. No more than a month later

he commanded one of his battalion's rearguard parties during the evacuation.

He was sent to the Western Front in 1916 as an intelligence officer, taking part in operations at Pozières and Moquet Farm after which he was promoted to Captain. Later he was wounded at Flers. For "consistent good work and his devotion to duty" during later fighting he was awarded the MC.

Volunteering for special services he joined the Dunsterforce, a combined Allied force sent into Persia in 1918 to protect the oil fields from Turkish armed forces. For protecting refugees while under fire, Stanley was awarded the DSO. He was also mentioned in despatches three times.

Returning to Australia in 1919 he married Lillian Stockton in the Baptist Church, South Yarra. He began work as a selling agent for the Returned Soldiers and Sailors Woollen & Worsted Co-operative Manufacturing Co. Ltd in Geelong.

Prompted by his war-time commander Major General Gellibrand who had established a Remembrance Club in Tasmania, and by his own concerns for the families of fallen comrades, he played a key role in the establishment of Legacy in 1923. The concept originated at a luncheon club made up of former 24th Battalion members which sought to assist in the rehabilitation of servicemen. This led to caring for the widows and children, and it was said at a luncheon that "The dying wish of any of our coppers would be that we should look after his missus and his kids".

It was later decided to call those involved in the organisation Legatees, and the children they were caring for, Junior Legatees. A youth club was initiated for the boys that mainly involved physical education and at the first gathering over 100 boys turned up. "It seemed to Stan and the other Legatees that half the supporters of Collingwood and Richmond Football Clubs had assembled."

Stan, always believing that "A boy

doesn't become a man until he has fallen out of a tree and eaten a pound of dirt", organised a camp in 1926 for male Junior Legatees on one of the blocks of land he had purchased in Tasman Road, Palm Beach (Somers). The Army provided tents, hotels provided utensils and food came from donations of club members.

Later girls were brought under the umbrella joining in gymnasium classes with uniforms again provided by donations. Next came the Intermediate Legacy Club for those who were too old for the junior classes and they were given the opportunity to help with the younger Junior Legatees.

In 1929 a Club House was erected on Stan's land in Somers at a cost of £400, the money being raised by a special appeal. The Education Department hired the hall for use as a school until 1957 when a new school building was erected in Camp Hill Road. In 1933 five additional huts were erected, amazingly to us now, at a cost of £30 each. Another Legatee was George Browne who had a house in Haven Lane, close to Stan's properties. George, who became a specialist in education curriculum, was a well-known radio and TV personality in the 1950s and '60s with his *Professor Browne's Study*.

For nearly 10 years Stan was camp controller until he left for active service. He resumed his Legacy activities after the war but much to his distress the Legacy Board, which appeared to be Sydney-centric, no longer desired that camps at Somers be run by the Melbourne club and so arrangements were made for the Somers Camp to be wound up. The Prahran Methodist Mission then made use of the facilities.

More recently the main building was shifted and became part of the new school precinct in Camp Hill Road.

As well as his intense involvement in Legacy, Stan joined the Militia back in 1920 and was promoted to major and then lieutenant colonel by 1926. Prior to the outbreak of war in 1939 he had been promoted to temporary brigadier.

Seconded to the AIF in 1939 Stan was appointed commander of the 17th Brigade of the 6th Division. This appointment may have been brought about by his friendship with Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Blamey with whom he had been associated since their time together as cadets. He also defended Blamey when he was forced to resign as Commissioner of the Victorian Police Force in 1936.

The 6th Division was sent to the Middle East and became engaged in fighting the Italian Army in Libya. During the battle of Bardia one of Stan's battalions was badly mauled trying to capture a strong Italian position and the two remaining battalions were disorganised during the main attack. He was criticised by other senior officers of the Division for his performance during the demanding conditions of modern warfare. This criticism made him become suspicious of his army contemporaries and more defensive of his own performance.

His brigade provided supporting roles in the attack on Tobruk and the advance to Derma. This same year he was made CBE.

Although the 17th Brigade only played a minor part in the disastrous Greek campaign, his personal example and bravery helped to steady those around him during the constant withdrawals and air attacks. The Greek Government awarded him its Military Cross.

Following their withdrawal from Greece the brigade was involved in the hard-fought battle of Damour which he regarded as "My most successful operation throughout the war". He was again mentioned in despatches.

In December 1941 Stan returned to Australia after three strenuous campaigns in six months and as he was now 51, a number of senior officers felt he should be retired. Fate intervened though when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour.

In 1942 he was promoted to major general and placed in command of the 3rd Division. This division fought in

the Wau and Salamaua areas in New Guinea in 1943.

Stan showed consideration for the welfare of his troops and made concerted efforts to visit the front lines, something many higher commanders failed to do. He encouraged his subordinate commanders in their tasks and impressed all by the control of an effective artillery support for the troops. By the time he was relieved his troops had been involved in bitter fighting as they captured many of the Japanese strongholds.

For the conduct of the campaign by Major General Savage and for his contribution to the capture of Salamaua he was made CB.

In the following year Stan was promoted to temporary lieutenant general and given command of One Corp. He commanded this Corp on Bougainville where the terrain and political imperative to minimise casualties required patience and understanding. In September 1945 he accepted the surrender of the Japanese force.

His forte as a leader had been his personal leadership and knowledge of men, his ability to inspire and build

rapport with his subordinates and his concern for the troops on the ground. He always showed a genuine interest in their welfare. Post-war he served as co-ordinator of demobilisation.

Later he resumed his business interests, becoming chairman and director of several large companies. In 1950 he was elevated to KBE. Sir Stanley died of coronary heart disease in 1954 one month after Lillian had passed away, after a lifetime of service to his country and to the war widows and children of deceased servicemen.

ROD NUSKE

References: *There Goes a Man*, W.B. Russell; *All Our Somers*, Bruce Bennett; Stanley Savage, Wikipedia.



Presentation of a valour award in 1945 to a Papuan police associate on Bougainville, by Lieutenant General Savage, for exceptional bravery in the face of heavy Japanese fire.



Lieutenant General Savage, presiding at the surrender by Lieutenant General Kanda of the Japanese forces on Bougainville on September 8th 1945.



The Legacy clubhouse on Stan Savage's land in Tasman Road Somers, erected in 1929 at a cost of £400, which was collected in a special appeal. When not in use it was hired out to the Education Department to become State School 4458. Much later it was moved into the grounds of the present school in Camp Hill Road, where it has become an important part of the facilities.

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My inventive Dad

Our dry country farm of 220 acres in the northern Goulburn valley proved difficult to make an adequate living, so Dad developed a contract business pressing hay for other farms. People liked the square bales of pasture hay. Dad started with a small Mitchell hay press sometime in the 1930s. The hay was cut with a horse-drawn mower, left to dry, then brought to the hay press with a 'sweep' pulled by a horse. The sweep was about four metres wide with wooden fingers almost two metres long which slid along the ground gathering the cut hay. Dad forked the hay into the Mitchell hopper and the little engine valiantly drove the press mechanism. The 'maggie' bobbed up and down to push the hay into the baling chamber where the 'ram' squeezed the new hay into the bale shape. A wood 'bale divider' was dropped into the bale chamber and wires threaded through and tied around each bale. Five men were required, one on the sweep, another forked hay and one each side of the baling chamber to feed and tie the wires around the bales. A fifth man cleared the pressed bales and stacked them.

Demand grew! The little Mitchell was replaced with a larger McKay stationary press. Dad towed it to the farms with our family car, Rego 97003, a 1930 Pontiac with a strong six-cylinder GMC engine. Dad's hay fork became a family relic, recognised by the groove Dad wore around the top of the handle by his thumb and first finger. The International

LA engine (the 'pig' design) from the McKay press was later used to power our family 32-volt lighting plant for years.

Dad decided to purchase a bigger machine and talked with H.V. McKay. They were developing a pick-up hay baler which moved to the hay and picked it off the ground itself. I think there must have been discussion with the War Department who had to approve all new purchases. In 1943 Dad took delivery of the prototype McKay 'pick-up baler' and a new John Deere AR tractor. This tractor was delivered with steel wheels. Dad and Bill Doney, another farmer engineer, refitted it with rubber tyres to register it for road travel, Rego GF 313. The baler was not tested under field conditions and that fell to Dad. Many technical problems were discovered including some basic design faults. The tractor engine drove both the pressing mechanism via a PTO shaft and the forward movement. The ideal conditions of crop density matching the forward speed were very rare. Hay raked using a horse-drawn dump rake gathered hay into three-metre-long clumps dumped into rows. The baler tended to gulp a clump of hay then choke trying to press it. Dad's ingenuity and engineering skills got busy with modifications. Early changes were a rope control of the belt drive to the hay pick-up and elevator mechanism. This enabled controlled feeding of those hay clumps into the baling chamber. He added front wheels to support a separate engine to drive the hay-press mechanism. Nash 4, Nash 6 and Dodge 4 engines were tried to discover the Dodge 4 was best with its heavier flywheel and good fuel economy. Each engine was modified to use kerosene fuel which was less restricted by wartime rationing. Now Dad could control the forward speed with the tractor while the press engine was kept working at top speed.

Dad took his machinery to the rice fields at Barmah, NSW to press rice

straw for the war effort. He bought a smaller John Deere BR for mowing ahead of the hay press. However another war-office person insisted that Dad was only entitled to one tractor and he had to sell it. Dad was away for what seemed like months. When he came home he introduced us to spaghetti which he had learnt of from Italians at the rice fields.

Dad continued to modify this machine to solve problems he found: breakages of the hay-feed elevators, tangles of the wire-feed bins, main gearbox cracking, short life of the main drive chain exposed to the dust, overloaded tyres, breakage of the wire-threading needles. There was very little not modified to meet field conditions. Of course McKay's engineers were monitoring the progress of their prototype and particularly the spare parts asked for. We remember three engineers visiting us on the farm with a truckload of spare parts and staying for three weeks. Tom Connor, Les Shea and Ted Watters carefully inspected the machine. Their frequent question was, "Albert, why did you change this?" or an exclamation of "What a good idea!" Their friendship with Dad became firm. They refitted many new parts they brought with them in response to early failures. Dad's modifications appeared on new machines. We smile remembering one man who disputed that Dad's machine was built in 1943. He claimed correctly that the extra wheels in the elevator drive were first released in 1947. We had him look carefully at the wheels Dad had built from four-gallon oil drums with wood inside, the prototype!

Tom Connor and Les Shea formed their own Connor-Shea company. They wanted to continue the tradition of Australian-built agricultural machinery. Dad's engineering and field-testing skills were recognised in their offer to Albert of a role in their new company. That put a smile on his face and caused some anxious consideration, but he loved his farm life too much to move us all to the city.

The McKay hay baler became a

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reliable machine which enabled Dad to continue his contracting business mainly in the Katandra and Invergordon dairy irrigation areas north of Shepparton. The machine was a joy to watch in operation. Rotating fingers picked up the hay at ground level and fed it under the elevator bars which dragged it higher into a 'cross conveyor' of sliding floor bars and two spiral rotating helices. This pick-up and elevator mechanism could be slowed or stopped by the tractor driver with a rope control, controlling the rate of hay fed into the baling chamber. Meanwhile the press engine worked hard driving the ram compressing the hay fed by each downward magpie stroke. There were other 'clicks and clacks' as spring-loaded 'dogs' clicked back to hold the newly compressed hay in place. The wire-threading mechanism made its own noises. The bale-measuring wheel triggered feverish movement of needles carrying wire through the baling chamber while the ram was back, and onto more needles bringing the wire around the bale. The wire-feed bins had better not tangle! A man sat beside the baling chamber to cut the two continuous wires and tie the ends for each bale. A 'half figure eight' knot proved fastest to tie by hand. Finding a man willing to work in hot and dusty conditions was often difficult.

Family members have some interesting memories of some of these men. Notable was Jack Chamberlain from the British Expeditionary Forces. Our family sponsored Jack's family and for many months we added Jack and Ruth and son John to our household. John was a small, underfed British 15-year-old who our Mum was determined to feed well. Maybe he might yet have a chance to grow like his father had. They were good company. Dad and Jack had a good relationship despite dust and heat. I ponder where did they go? Has John a family? Is he still living? Clem from Casterton was another regular worker who came back year after year.

My brother Graeme and I teamed up as wire-knotter crew sometimes, mostly

for Saturdays although Graeme often did extended periods with Dad on the hay press, missing school towards year's end. Graeme remembers managing the hay press when Dad was ill. Really too young to drive, he collected the helper and drove to Katandra. Both of them young teenagers, they managed to start the tractor engine but the Dodge 4 was too heavy to crank. However the farmer, 'Smoker' Saunders had more muscle and started the Dodge. With both engines going, Graeme managing the tractor and press controls and the helper tying bale wires, Smoker's hay was pressed on time and Dad's contracting schedule maintained. In the 1950s McKays developed a mechanical knotter. Although these needed careful maintenance, they enabled Dad to continue solo operation.

Dad's hay-pressing season began in October and lasted until late March each year. The irrigation farmers and the seasons were always difficult to organise. Dad's regular customers would be booked up ahead with Dad predicting when he would arrive at each farm. He advised the farmer when he should cut his hay and have it raked ready. Dad's schedule was often upset by rain or farmers who ignored Dad's timing and cut their hay "because it was ready". Some expected Albert would come at their bidding! Dad tried hard to bale hay

at its best. Another hazard was farmers who irrigated their paddocks close to hay pressing. The wet paddock would bog the hay press. Jacking up the press and lying slabs under the wheels is hard work, I well remember! Rightly we didn't oblige all of the farmers' expectations.

Those farmers included some doughty characters. Smoker Saunders was one of 22 children in the Saunders family of Tungamah. Mum's best friend at school was one of his sisters. Dad told many stories about Smoker but had great respect for him as a farmer. Paddy and Dick Wren used to collect the bales from Smoker's paddocks and build them into a haystack. Graeme remembers them following close behind the baler collecting the new bales. Others included Harold Bergman and several brothers; Col Montgomery, Luther Stone, Alwyn Fletcher. Dad's summer seasons of hay pressing with the McKay continued from 1943 until 1959 when he purchased a New Holland hay press. A much lighter machine, it didn't bog easily and it pressed hay faster with fewer hassles. Newer, smaller machines became available and more farmers bought their own. Dad's hay-pressing business gradually shrank and Dad moved into another interest of water boring. But that is another story!

KEVIN CLOSE



Dr Tiv's handy tooth tips



School holidays are the time of the year that dental emergencies are most frequent. So I thought I'd share some handy tooth tips with the parents and grandparents in Somers who may be spending time with children over the holidays. I'm hoping you will never need to apply this knowledge into practice, but just in case you are ever faced with an accident involving trauma to the mouth or teeth you will know exactly what to do. I will describe a few scenarios that I have found to be most common in practice.

What do I do if a tooth breaks?

In an accident it is common for one or more teeth to be broken. In these situations there will probably be some cuts and grazes to the face and mouth so attend to these first by applying pressure to the bleeding areas using a clean handkerchief or cloth. The next thing to do is to find the broken tooth fragments. There is a possibility that a fragment may have cut the lip or mouth and become embedded there. Regardless of the extent of damage you need to get to a dentist fast and bring the tooth fragments with you. If there has been damage to the nerve of the tooth a small red dot in the centre of the tooth will appear and immediate treatment is necessary in an attempt to keep the tooth. It is best to keep the broken fragment hydrated in some milk

(or better yet saliva – just have your child spit into a cup).

What do I do if a tooth is knocked loose?

Sometimes in an accident a tooth may be knocked and it may become loose. Usually it will remain in approximately the same position and will bleed from the gum. With clean fingers you can pop the tooth back into position by applying firm but gentle pressure on the tooth to position it back to where it usually sits. The faster you can do this, the better chance the tooth has in the long run. Check that the child can bite their teeth together without interference from the knocked tooth. Clean up any other wounds, apply pressure to any bleeding and call your dentist for further attention.

What do I do if a tooth is completely knocked out?

When a tooth has been completely knocked out you must handle it with a lot of care and you must act quickly, but remain calm. Pick the tooth up with clean hands but only by the crown (the part that usually sticks out of the gum) to minimise damage to the fragile root. If the tooth is a baby tooth then leave it out and place it in a cup of milk; if it's an adult tooth there are just a few more steps required.

Now this is not for the faint-hearted. If you feel confident enough, have your child suck the dirt off the tooth and stick the tooth back in place with the root (pointy part) going into the socket.

Try to get the tooth the right way around if possible. Now I know this may seem disgusting, but your child's saliva is the best thing for the cells on the root surface of the tooth; water will actually destroy the fragile cells that will help reattach the tooth into the gum. Sticking the tooth back into position as fast as possible will get nutrients to the cells as fast as possible. Remember, this is the best course of treatment but again not for the faint-hearted. Please call your dentist as soon as possible for dental attention.

If you are not feeling confident, place the tooth in milk (saliva is better) and contact your dentist as soon as possible. The tooth is fragile so do not attempt to scrub or dry it. This option will not lead to an ideal outcome but has some benefits.

Those of you who know me will know that I always say prevention is far better than cure and the best way to prevent dental trauma is to wear a professional mouth guard when playing contact sports. They are easy to make and can be custom made in fun colours, e.g. footy colours, to encourage children to wear them. Remember that even seemingly non-contact sports like netball and basketball need mouth guards. I've seen too many sad children who have had elbows to the mouth to recommend otherwise.

I sincerely hope this information helps you in a dental emergency and you are welcome to call me if you have any questions at the Balnarring Dental Centre on 5983 5348 or email me on smile@bdental.com.au

DR THIVAGAR 'TIV' NIRMALANN



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10th anniversary Somers Arts Fair

28 October, 2012

As the sun slowly descended behind the roofline of the administration block and the last of the totem poles were placed on the back of the delivery truck, exhausted, but feeling peacefully happy and satisfied with what we had achieved, the volunteers made our way to Pauline Drummond's office to share a toast from a bottle of vintage Stoniers Cabernet. Bottled exclusively for the first Somers Arts Fair, Pauline had put it aside in 2002 with the desire of opening it on the 10th anniversary. The cork popped and glasses held high in anticipation, unfortunately



This grade 6 'Commemorative Totem Pole 2012' was created by the combined efforts of Paul Mutimer, Dirk Rynaard and students of grade 6. The Hon. Greg Hunt, MP with his children Poppy and James are being shown this unique commemorative work by Paul and 6th grader son Thomas. Greg later performed the duty of officially opening the Arts Fair.

the wine lacked the commitment and stamina of volunteers past and present, but nothing could dampen our exhilaration when Pauline gave us the initial figures; we will have to keep you guessing as to what they are as we cannot publish the final result until all our expenses are taken out.

Somers Primary School and the Arts Fair Committee would like to take this opportunity to thank all the artists, performers, parents, sponsors and community members for their generosity and continued support. Without you our fair could not be what it is. A local businessman and one of our long-time supporters remarked how positive and welcoming he finds the atmosphere of our Fair and how fortunate he is to be treated like part of the Somers Primary School community even though he does not have children at the school.

Sadly, 2012 was possibly Geoff Hook's last caricature workshop; however, like John Farhnam's last live concert tours, he may be returning next year! Andrew Wilson hung up his totem pole tools in 2012 and his final donation, *Le Dance*, attracted lively bidding in the main auction. Thank you both for your substantial contributions over the past 10 years. New to the fair this year was Soul Circus, who performed on the main stage and followed up with a circus-skills workshop. We hope they will join us next year.

As always the artwork proved very popular and we were fortunate to have Paul Mutimer donate his magnificent sculptures for the main auction. The sale of *Equidistant* generated a record-breaking \$5000. Thank you to Robert (Bart) Bartholomew for being our auctioneer once again.

The Somers Arts Fair was officially opened by Greg Hunt MP, the Federal Member for Flinders. Greg also unveiled the grade 6 totem pole created by the children in collaboration with Paul Mutimer. It has become a tradition of the grade 6 classes to gift their totem poles to the school as their legacy. It is a magnificent

piece called *The Next Step*, and is located near the main entrance gate to the school on Camp Hill Road.

As you know the Somers Arts fair is not only about art; patrons were spoilt for choice as there was something for everyone, young and old. The Frankston RSL Pipers Band piped in the start of the Fair at 10am, live entertainment continued throughout the day including the Woodleigh Concert Band, Hunter Reyne + Co, Jack Cannon Duo and Somers' own Probus Men's Choir. Local community radio DJ, Pete Smedley, presented music between the live acts. The oval was also a hive of activity with rocket launcher and dampers provided by the Balnarring Scouts, an animal nursery, a jumping castle, *Bat the Rat*, face painting, *Sand Wizard*, *Zen Do Kai* martial art sessions and Monique Morey's pastel workshop. The craft stalls on the basketball court were many and varied. Lattes, cappuccinos and beautiful homemade cakes could be purchased on the deck, at *Café D'Art*. Slushies, sausages, sandwiches, calamari, pizzas and hot roast-beef rolls were just a small sample of what was available.

Children full of fairy floss and show bag lollies raced around the attractions dragging tired parents and grandparents with them. Luckily, refuge could be found in the child-free bar tent which sold a selection of Mornington Peninsula wine and beer.

As 4 o'clock drew near it was time for the inaugural Egg-a-thon; the stakes were high, a Guinness world record needed to be broken! Established on 12 November in Jewett, Texas, in 1978, the world record has stood at 98.51m since. If the incentive to beat the US was not enough, the chance to win the Golden Egg Trophy certainly was. One hundred people, lined up in pairs face to face, goal post to goal post, eggs in hand; the competition was fierce and quite messy but it came down to two young boys with a winning throw of 18 metres. At the end of the day we may not have succeeded in beating the egg-catch world record but we felt like we had achieved a record-breaking Somers Arts Fair!

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The auction in progress with Bart Bartholemew in command as he seeks bids for two of Paul Mutimer's donated metal sculptures, 'New Dawn' in the foreground (fetching \$2700) and 'Equidistant' in the background (fetching \$5000).



The chicken man (a man of mystery) encouraging Ric Cloberty to enter into the egg-a-thon. This entailed entrants hurling an egg (not hard-boiled) as far as possible with their partner striving to catch it in an unspattered condition. Don't really know how Ric got on. I wonder whether he was the thrower or receiver.



Another of Paul Mutimer's creative concepts. Coloured barbed wire spheres. Never seen the like of it before! Nor have James Jansen, Frances McMurray, Cliff Hills and Jenny Atherton.



"Gosh Dad that's really sharp," opines young Sam to his father Brad Billings as he touches the exotic metal fish sculpture.



Local gold- and silver-smith Katrina Newman assists Renee Vant'padje in her choice of a pendant from amongst the many beautiful ones on display.



Diana Burgess and Poppy Mollett are quite intrigued with this colourful floral totem pole made by Ron Roach with the collaboration of grade 3 & 4 students.



'The Spanish Senorita' is a quite colourful painting by Gary Turner, and it seems to me that Jessica Williams on the left could have been Garry's model. Jessica and sister Rebecca had been Somers Primary students.