



WALLAN INC.

Monthly Newsletter of U3A Wallan Inc, Victoria, Australia

NEWS & FEATURES

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Message from the U3A Wallan Inc. President

Welcome back to all our members. We have managed to find a way to conduct some of our classes under this new COVID 19 normal. I hope you have all weathered this difficult time and I am looking forward to chatting to you all in person. Stay safe, Marleen.

Message from the U3A Wallan Inc. Committee

2021 Membership Fees

The Committee met on Monday the 1st of February 2021. The motion of Memberships fees for the current year 2021 was brought before the U3A Wallan Committee. It was decided:

-that those members **who paid thirty dollars (\$30.00) Membership Fees in the COVID 19 Year of 2020** would only be charged a membership Fee of **Fifteen Dollars (\$15.00) for 2021.**

All other members would be charged the standard fee of thirty dollars (\$30.00) for the current year of 2021. Please have the **correct** amount of **money** when paying your fees.

A Message from U3A Network Victoria

U3A Joins Ministerial Advisory Group

In late 2020, U3A Network on behalf of the U3A movement was invited to join the Senior Victorians Advisory Group (SVAG) set up by the Minister for Aged Care, Luke Donellan. This group was established to provide input to the government's program supporting older Victorians through the pandemic and bushfire recovery. In particular, government departments recognise that many older citizens are in danger of isolation and loss of community and social contact. President Susan Webster represents us at the meetings.

Network is one of 30 peak bodies providing our views and suggestions on how the government and all of us can overcome these dangers. In particular, the government is acknowledging the U3A movement's move to digital delivery of courses and activities and also the work of individual U3As in partnering with other community groups and local government. Our work in both areas offers more opportunities to seniors both inside and beyond our movement.

The Seniors Commissioner, Gerard Mansour, will meet in March with the Network Committee to discuss our movement's plans and some of the challenges we work against to keep all our members involved and socially connected.

[Here is the link to the Ageing Well report, released in October 2020, that informs SVAG's focus.](#) U3A Joins Ministerial Advisory Group

Birthdays Celebrations

March Happy Birthday Wishes to:

Cathy F. on the 20th of March

Pat W. on the 22nd of March

Helen S. on the 27th of March

February Happy Birthday Wishes to:

Connie C. on the 1st of February

Wendy B. on the 2nd of February - 80th Milestone –
Congratulations!

Bob C. on the 4th of February

Sharon H. on the 21st of February

Sharon S. on the 22nd of February

January Happy Birthday Wishes to:

Paul B. on the 10th of January

Chris C. on the 26th of January



Milestones



A Tribute to my Parents, Grandparents, and those of their Amazing Generation

On the Advent of my 80th Birthday by Wendy Bennett

Good News and Bad News

The kitchen window was stealthily prised open. Tom, a black alley cat, struggled through the aperture. From his mouth dragged a string of sausages, he had half inched (pinched) from the high street butcher. Triumphant he alerted his adopted owner with a raucous meow.

Muriel heard the feline summons and looked down from the upstairs landing. Instantaneously, an exploding bomb sent out a shock wave that threw the young wife tumbling down the stairs of her first home.

It was late September 1940. No air raid warning had sounded. The culprit, a cratered bomb that had climaxed to its final tick. Most of the houses in the quiet London street were obliterated and Tom had used up the last of his nine lives.

When Dr. Sparrow, finally reached Muriel, he declared her veritably unharmed. “Just a few bruises that will soon heal.”



Photo: Muriel – Wendy's Mother

“What about this strange fluttery feeling in my stomach?” she asked.

“Oh that!” he replied. “That is just your baby quickening.”

That was the first moment that my mother knew of me. She had lost a baby a few years before. It had developed in her fallopian tubes, an ectopic pregnancy. It had nearly taken her life. Muriel was informed then, that it would be extremely difficult for her to fall pregnant again.

My mother was ecstatic. My father, who was a plumber with the London County Council and by night, carried out the injured and dead, from war ravaged buildings,

brought home a potion to get rid of the baby. “How can we bring a child into being in the middle of a war?”

My mother, secretly, flushed the potion down the toilet. Then, the next day continued on with her war work at the local aircraft factory.

Mum at the aircraft factory

Not long after her fall, communist agitators within the factory, led a strike for more pay. These were mainly men. My mother was disgusted with them. She recruited as many of the local women as she could. Most had a son or a husband or a father, or a brother and some, a daughter, or a sister, on the front line.



Photo - Spitfire Showing Roundel

Meanwhile, in Britain, innocent civilians were being bombed night after night, their main protection the brave pilots who flew into danger to protect them. The women marched with fervour and anger behind Muriel, calling out, “Shame!” to the onlooking strikers. The small army of determined women marched through the gates into the factory.

My mother was multi-skilled. She had worked in many parts of the building and was therefore, able to impart, enough knowledge and skills to her volunteer workforce of women, to keep the factory going.

Gradually the striking men slunk back. The essential war work continued and so did my mother’s pregnancy. She grew so big and ungainly that heeding the warning sirens was useless. Because of her condition she had been downgraded to the spray booth. Where she remained through the air raid dramas, kitted out in her protective overalls and mask, oblivious to danger, spraying the R.A.F Roundel onto the wings of the spitfires, tempests, and hurricanes. She used various sized dustbin lids as stencils to perform her important task to perfection.

A Wartime Birth

At last, it was time for my birth. Muriel made her way with a carry bag of necessities to the relative quiet of Hayes, in the county of Middlesex, to stay at her elder sister’s

house. Soon the Queen Charlotte nurses were sent for. They speedily cycled through the dark cold streets to assist my Mother.

At two a.m. on the 2nd of February, Candlemas Day, 1941 the first bomb dropped at the nearby R.A.F. base. Behind the blackout blinds, I burst into a World War Two world.

Mum knew that she had to leave Hayes and return home. Auntie Ida managed as best she could with her brood of children, who mainly uncared for, were dragging themselves up. Food was scarce and Uncle Herbert, Auntie Ida's husband was away in France. Serving in the army, deployed driving ambulances across the front lines. Ferrying the many wounded and dying soldiers to the busy makeshift Army field hospitals.

Auntie Ida was a skilled court dressmaker by trade, a skill that was redundant in war time. She now worked where she could and when she could.

Muriel, having carried her newborn baby on bus and train arrived back at their requisitioned flat in North West London. The landlord was not happy to see the new arrival in her arms.

His had been a comfortable existence, until his three-storey house was claimed as a suitable building for the unfortunate, who had been bombed out of their own homes.

His domain was now exclusively, the basement and the garden, which he guarded jealously. We could look at the garden through the window, but he forbade us to set foot there. Even the small Anderson shelter was out of bounds and when the sirens sounded, we made our way to underground stations to sleep with a sea of cheerful, cockney humanity, on the platforms or to a public shelter a couple of streets away which seemed less secure.



Photo Credit: London underground station used as a shelter
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:The_Home_Front_in_Britain_during_the_Second_World_War_HU44272.jpg

My parents lived in the made over top flat. I was not an easy baby. I cried frequently and slept very little.

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Mum soon realised that her milk had dried up. I had rejected the usual baby formulas and my mother and myself were in a desperate weakened state when Dr. Sparrow came to check up on us. He soon took over. In no time he had myself on a formula of condensed carnation milk, feeding me with a bottle himself, when my mother sank into an exhausted sleep.

When my father first saw me, it was instant love. He named me Caroline after his favourite film star Carole Lombard.

Muriel had other ideas. In the bus, on the way to the Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages, she noticed an advertisement for 'Wendy Knitting Wool'. She looked down at her cherished baby and knew that she had found the right name for me. Which she later, duly registered.

Dad came home that night from his busy, but poorly paid job and took me in his arms. "Hello my sweet Caroline," he cooed.

"Wendy!" Mum corrected.

On the Home Front

While I was a babe in arms, Mum was free to visit her parents in East Acton, a short journey away. Once there, mother and baby were welcomed with love and kindness.

Grandad in his sixties, travelled to and from Devon, in the West Country, on the 'Flying Pig', as the steam train was fondly called. Grandad was the guard in the guardsvan at the end of the train. Every goods train needed a brake van attached at the end of it. Most wagons were only fitted with hand brakes. The brake



Photo Credit - Guards van (Toad) - https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Staverton_siding_-_GWR_AA20_brake_van_17295_and_M1_shunter%27s_truck_41873.JPG

van added additional braking capacity. The general GWR nickname, Toad was derived for the brake van. A guard was required to travel at

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the rear of every train to ensure that it stayed as one train. The guard was first aid trained; his cabin held the train's main first aid kit.

Each Toad had a large Guard's compartment/cabin extending about two thirds of the length of the van, with the remaining "veranda" open on three sides but covered with a roof. Full length external footboards and handrails allowed the guard to ride on the outside during shunting movements. On the veranda, in addition to the screw brake handle, sand boxes were fitted to the rear to allow the guard to sand the rails if necessary, to stop the wheels slipping. Windows in both ends of the cabin allowed the guard to see out and keep an eye on his train, but actual operations were only possible from the open veranda, which made this a cold and weather-beaten job all year round. His job was essential, as indeed was the train itself.

Grandad was a Great Western guard. The GWR policy was that the guards built up experience on their runs. Grandad had accumulated a great deal of experience. This journey was most dangerous at night. Particularly when there was a full moon. The Luftwaffe tended to follow the shiny rail tracks. They would strafe any train they suspected of carrying troops or ammunition. Grandad's journeys were mainly at night. 'The Flying Pig' goods train left the London Old Oak Common goods yard at 10.45 p.m. bound for Exeter.

My Gran was an invalid. My Aunty Ena, my Mum's younger sister would pop home in her lunchtime, from her job at the corner shop to check on Gran and make and share lunch with her.

If the air raid sirens sounded, those at the home of 161, Old Common Oak Lane would all duck under the large, sturdy, round, proudly polished mahogany table. It took up a huge part of the front parlour come dining room. The room was made



Aunty Ena & Uncle Jason enjoying retirement in Devon.

cosy by a solid fuel stove. A welcoming, singing kettle always stood ready to move onto one of the hobs. A pot of tea was always on offer. Granny had her comfortable, high backed chair close to the stove and its twin stood opposite waiting for Grandad.

Like Aunty Ida, Aunty Ena's husband, Uncle Jason (Jay) was also far away with the army. He was fighting in

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Egypt. Aunty Ena was contributing to the war effort, by being part of the Air Raid Precautions (A.R.P). On many blitz nights, Aunty donned her uniform, ready to be stationed at a high vantage point on fire watch.

My Dad tried to be part of the fighting forces; however, he had been rejected on medical grounds. His legs had been badly mutilated at age fourteen when he was run over by a traction engine. I only ever saw my Father wear long trousers no matter how hot the day. Even at the beach he would roll up his trouser legs to just above his ankles. However, Dad too became a guardian by night. He used his amazing upper strength to rescue the bombed. Clear and search damaged buildings and most deadly of all, find and guard unexploded bombs. He would stay, while the bomb squad worked to detonate the bomb. He kept unsuspecting members of the public away from the danger.

Sometimes, Grandad would be at home. His free time would be spent in the garden, or on his railway allotment. He grew a wonderful array of vegetables which helped to keep us fed. Feeding a family was extremely difficult under war time rationing. It was something every family struggled with.

I was particularly hard to feed. When I discovered that the meat in a casserole was a rabbit, my imagination went wild and I refused to eat it. Our main meal at home, in those days was a watery stew, consisting mainly of cabbage. Meat was very scarce. Dad used to say, in his dry wit way, that the meat was waved over it. The kitchen was filled with the unpalatable stench of boiling cabbage. We would soak up the stew with slices of soda bread that my mother had baked.

Eggs in those days were egg powder. My mother made a scrambled egg concoction which I ate. However, obtaining nutritious food for me was difficult. In desperation my mother would resort to the black market. She sometimes obtained a real egg and a little butter. Happily, Mum would sit me down to a feast of soft boiled egg. The egg stood resplendent in a china egg cup set on a plate decorated with soldiers. (home baked soda bread, buttered, and cut into oblongs/fingers) the soldiers were then dipped into the yolk and eaten.

My granny devised a way of tricking me into eating vegetables when I spent time at 161. She always had apple sauce at the ready and smothered my dreaded Brussel sprouts and other greens with it.

I and all the other war time children were entitled to a ration of concentrated orange juice. I loved this juice and wondered about the fruit it was made from. One day when I was about eight my Mother bought an Orange from a stall at a London Market. It cost five shillings, which was a lot of money in those days. The orange was duly peeled, and we all had a segment. I thought it was wonderful.

Another exciting day was the time a parcel arrived from Australia. It contained such things as tinned peaches, dried fruit, corned beef, and other unobtainable treats. All of these were novelties to me.

As I grew older and it became necessary for Mum to return to her war-work, she had to find a string of baby minders for me. Of course, Granny was unable, and my father's parents had gone into the country to escape the bombings.

My Grandpa, who had served in France in the first world war, went to his sister's in Shepton Mallet in Somerset and my Grandma to her sister's in Reigate in Surrey. Grandpa later told me of the Christmas, when both combatant sides, in World War One laid down their arms and sang Christmas Carols together, only to take up arms again when Christmas was over. "This was difficult to cope with. You were now shooting at enemies that you had shaken hands with and shared Christmas Carols with."

He came back from the war a changed man. Became an alcoholic and drank his salary away. My poor Grandma would send my father, a schoolboy, to the pub that he might bring some of Grandpa's salary home to buy the essentials with. That was when she began scrubbing front steps for a living, to keep food on the table. I discovered this when on a walk with her one day. She showed me with pride, the white scrubbed front steps that she had cleaned in the street we were walking down. Her secret method of survival. I felt so sad for this gently bred, every inch a lady. But I was proud of her too.

Learning to Read

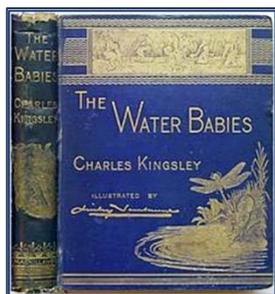


Photo Credit:
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Water-Babies,_A_Fairy_Tale_for_a_Land_Baby

From time to time, I was placed in a day nursery, together with a lot of other young children, whose parents were part of the war effort. After lunch we were all expected to lay down and sleep. Folding canvas stretchers were unfolded and set up. We were each tucked down under a light blanket. Unlike the rest of the children, I could never sleep. It was an agony for me to lay there. Eventually, Miss Christine would allow me to sit close to her. It was a time for the staff to have some respite. She gave me some books and after my constant questioning, would explain the letters that went with the pictures.

When I was nearly three years old, I was given a beautifully illustrated book by Charles Kingsley. The Water-Babies. The story featured an incredibly young chimney sweep called Tom. A fantasy, adventure story through which I escaped the horrors of the world around me.

I would study the wonderful illustrations and then puzzle out the words, over and over, until I became a fluent enough reader to comprehend the whole. After that the world of books became my best friend.

Chessington Zoo and a Hero

There were days of respite from the bombings. On one of these, I remember sitting high up in my wooden highchair, watching Mum prepare a picnic. She chattered to me, while she worked. Speculated on what we would see and do at Chessington Zoo that day. Uncle Vic, my Dad's younger brother was also coming, and things were always brighter when he was around.

I think my memory is made more vivid because the day became dramatic. Mum, looking up, noticed that I was fending off a mouse from the crust I was eating. She was extremely upset and tried to kill it. Somehow the mouse ended up in the oven and Mum closed the door and turned the gas on. I did not see it after that.

We all caught the train from Waterloo Station, in London. When we arrived at Chessington in Surrey, there was a quaint Motor Omnibus waiting. Dad clambered

up the outside spiral stairs, with me on his shoulders, to the top deck. Uncle Vic carried the picnic basket and followed Mum up. The deck was open to a cloudless blue summer sky. The sky was still blue when we went through the gates of the zoo and continued that way for the rest of the day. I cannot remember many of the animals that we saw, save that some appeared to be in pits.

What I do remember, and I remember it vividly, was the German fighter plane coming towards us. We had reached a part of the zoo from which we looked down into a deep green valley. I was on Dad's shoulders again. There was a collective gasp as each person turned towards the drone of the enemy plane. We had nowhere to run and nowhere to hide. But we had a saviour. A trainee pilot was up on his first solo flight. He deliberately flew his plane on a direct path with the enemy. I do not remember the impact, but I do remember the two planes spiralling down to the valley below in a death roll of smoke.

The Air Raid Shelter

The drama of the war was becoming even more potent. I remember it as a series of dramatic incidents that sometimes-held wonder.

One night I remember the intermittent shriek of the air raid sirens and my small family of three, racing to the local, community air raid shelter. Dad was with us that night. The shelter was underground, narrow, and lined with two storey, single, metal framed bunks on the right-hand side as you faced up towards the entranceway.

Mum had fallen into an exhausted sleep on the top bunk and I was curled up next to Dad, on the bottom bunk. He too lay asleep. I of course was wide awake and curious. I crept carefully away from where Dad slept and made my way up to the entranceway. A guard stood there with his back to me. His legs astride, his head bent back, oblivious to my tiny self as I quietly crawled between his legs and looked up to see what had seized his attention.



Photo Credit: View from St Paul's Cathedral after an air raid
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:View_from_St_Paul%27s_Cathedral_after_the_Blitz.jpg

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The velvet sky was a panorama of unfolding action. High up, barely visible, were our amazing spitfires. Like defending wasps, darting in and out of a swarm of Luftwaffe. The guard would jerk as our pilots made a kill.

Search lights, directed from the nearby Common of Wormwood Scrubs, were pinpointing the fringe enemy fighter planes with twin beams of powerful light. The air was rent with the sounds of the mainly accurate Scrubs' ack-ack guns, their shells following the paths of the search lights.

All this against a backdrop of distant stars and navy sky. When the drama was over, I silently slipped away, tucked myself down and puzzled out what I had just witnessed. Childlike I fell asleep and as a child is want, I kept my adventure to myself. Never discussing it with anyone.

The Street That Was No More

As best we could we went about our lives. The daylight hours had a relative frame of routine and normalcy.

One such day I remember walking happily with my beautiful, blue eyed Mother. We were walking along a sunlit street, admiring the nodding sunflowers, and tempting, colourful snap dragons (antirrhinums) in the neat front gardens. Mum had collected me early and I enjoyed so very much, being with her.



Photo Credit: After an air raid
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Blitzaftermath.jpg>

That night I awoke to a thunder of exploding bombs.

Mum was standing in my darkened bedroom peeping out of the window into the night. I crept up beside her. Outside the night was lit like day with the uncanny, brightness of orange.

The next morning, we had to walk the same street as the day before. It was unrecognizable. The streetscape was obliterated. No nodding sunflowers, no buildings, nothing. Just an acrid stench. My mother held my hand tightly. We had nothing to say. We just put one foot in front of the other. Hitler had frozen our sunshine with a dark, bleak chill.

Shepton Mallett and the Evacuee

That night I found myself in the corridor of a packed troop train. My Mother was sitting nearby in a congested compartment. The air was thick with cigarette smoke. I had wandered out and clambered on top of a pile of rucksacks. The steam train moved with a steady click, clack, I could feel the powerful tug of the engine and the sway of the carriage.



Photo Credit: Train Wendy was evacuated on to Shepton Mallett
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Shepton_Mallett_2_geograph-2189582.jpg

I just had to know where we were going and what was outside of the window. “Get down!” roared a kaki clad sergeant. Others saw me too and joined in the roar. I did not realise it, but I had displaced the blackout blind and let out the light. An invitation to any enemy plane.

We reached our destination of Shepton Mallett, in the county of Somerset, late at night. We walked dark streets until we came to a grand, three storey house. We could just make out its tall, angular structure. Swiftly we were ushered up to an attic bedroom. It contained two narrow, single divan type; beds set against the length of two opposite walls.



Photo Credit: Shepton Mallett
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Shepton_Mallett_marketplace08.jpg

I soon fell asleep. When I awoke my Mother was gone. I went in search of her. I followed the distant murmur of voices which led me down a long flight of stairs, until I reached a basement. The room was full of strangers. “Where is my Mother?” I asked of a grim-faced woman. “Gone back to London where she belongs,” was the sharp reply. “Here,” the woman motioned. “Sit next to your Grandpa and eat your porridge.”

I looked at the smartly dressed gentleman. I did not know him. His only resemblance to my father was his still dark, wavy hair. I had become an evacuee.

I did not eat my porridge that day or any other. In fact, I ate little. The woman had a granddaughter who had an amazing bedroom full of toys. The girl, also had a dolls pram and an assortment of dolls to go in it. The woman, my Grandpa’s sister, would take her granddaughter and I for long walks. I was never offered a turn at pushing

the pram. I do not remember being allowed to touch any of my cousin's possessions. It was as if I might contaminate them.

The family were once 'very well to do' as the saying goes. There had been a lot of money in the family. My Great Grandfather once owned a street of warehouses in Camden Town in London. In fact, the street is still named after him. My Grandpa's sister married well. My Grandpa's fortune disappeared while he was fighting in World War One. His younger brother, who was entrusted with running the business absconded to Australia. He took the money with him.

When my mother was spoken of, it was disparagingly as if my father had married beneath himself. I had never known snobbery. I was bewildered by it. I did not let this narrow-minded relation best me or my Mother. Grandpa never defended us. I was clearly there under sufferance. I did not understand why my Mother had abandoned me. I thought it was something to do with the train incident.

I ate less and less and soon realised that by not eating I had a means of seeing my Mother again. I went on a hunger strike.

I woke up one morning and there she was, asleep on the opposite bed.

I lay very still; afraid she would disappear again. When she awoke and held her arms out to me, I could not go to her. Something had frozen inside of me, an invisible barrier of hurt. I kept it always. A protection against loss I realise now.

Home Again

We caught the next train to London. Mum had given me a shiny, red on white patterned ball. I bounced it proudly as we made our way along Noel Road. The street where we lived. Mum cheerfully chatted about a baby called William. I lost control of the ball when I realised William was to be my brother and that he was in Mum's tummy.

The ball bounced into the road. In despair I darted after it. A lorry pulled up inches in front of me. The angry driver jumped out of his cabin and shouted at me. It was the train incident all over again. But Mum did not abandon me this time. Her war work and my days of being minded by others were as before.

The air raids continued. My Mother grew so cumbersome, in her last month of pregnancy, that it became impossible for her to travel to the air raid shelters at a speedy pace.

My father reluctantly set up a bed under the stairs. He would go out into the night leaving my Mother and myself tucked up under the stairs. I would watch him don his metal helmet, after straightening his navy ARP uniform. Then he would lift his gas mask from a hook. Lastly, he looked across at us, his eyes an expression of regret and deep sadness. Before he silently closed the front door, he would call, "Sleep safe. I'll be back come morning."



Photo – Wendy's father Jack

This memory had a profound effect on me. It haunted me for a long time. This poem of 'address' has been my way of dealing with the memory. I wrote it as an adult.

A poem of address is a way of describing hidden thoughts and emotions by addressing those thoughts to an inanimate object. To puzzle out the long ago, message in my Father's eyes I used the symbol of the protective hat that he wore. He would name it as his 'Tin Hat' in a sort of affectionate joking way. In fact, these helmets were not made to the same standard as those worn by front line troops and had small holes drilled into the rim to indicate this.

My Dad kept secret from my Mother and myself, the dangerous other life that he lived in the War. My brother, when a grown man, was introduced to my Dad's best friend Don, in a London pub by my Dad. Don soon realised that Bill had no idea of Dad's war time heroism and felt it his duty to enlighten him. Bill informed me and the information helped a lot to explain the misunderstandings in my memory.



Photo Credit: - Dad's helmet would have had an 'R' for Rescue.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Air_Raid_Precautions_warden%27s_helmet,_Museum_of_Liverpool.jpg

The italicised words are my imagined, Dad's inner thoughts.

Dad would often break out with the cockney speech and expressions of the Londoners that he met and worked with in the East End of London. He respected and admired them greatly.

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TIN HAT © Wendy Bennett

'Wake up my luvvies,
The air raid siren sounds.
Scarper to the shelter,
Until this lot's over'.

*Time to go Tin Hat
Time to cheat Adolf
Time to clear his mess*

'Hurry, dears!'
'No?
You'll sleep under the stairs?'

*Stubborn wife, tired!
Damn Hitler
Damn him over there*

'Try to sleep, littlun.
Tuck up with Mum.
No, I cannot stay.
It is my 'bit' to go.
I'll be back come day.'

*Please fate, that is the way
Of this weary London night*

*What world is this, where?
I leave all to chance
Brittle chance and stairs?*

*Some Dad, Tin Hat
I am leaving them
When they most need me
Our babe on the way
Our daughter just three*

'Good night my loves,
Stay safe.'

'What is that you say,
Take care?
I will be fine dear,
I only keep watch,
Not much danger there!'

*No! Tin Hat, why tell
Of falling walls
The real fires of hell
The stench and the smell
Of blood and torn limb
Of holes in the ground
With bombs ticking in*

*Best be gone, Tin Hat
And shut the door on night
Let the promise-bubble
Of new babe, new life
Protect them 'till morning*

A Family of Four



On the 12th of November 1944 something momentous woke me. Dad heard my cry and carried me from a large cot into the front room. The room was full of artificial light.

My eyes were drawn to my mother. She was laying on a bed facing me. Her face looked white and tired. Her expression was anxious yet happy.

She looked towards my sturdy, wooden dolls cot, which now stood in the centre of the room. The cot had been custom made for me by my carpenter uncle, Uncle Will. It had never held a doll. They were not available.

This day was different. The cot contained a newborn baby. I rushed towards the cot aware of gasps of anxiety. This did not stop me. I bent over the cot and gently picked up the baby and held him fast in my arms. It was love at first sight. I nuzzled my face into his golden curls and determined to guard and love him forever.

There were two other people in the room. Nurse midwives from Queen Charlotte Hospital. They showed me how to hold Bill correctly. They were patient and kind.

When they were assured that all was well, they left us to cycle back through the cold early morning streets.

It wasn't long before Mum had to return to the aircraft factory. Baby Bill and I were placed into an unfamiliar day nursery.

I kept close to Bill and was horrified when he was taken outside into the snow. He was in a pram with the hood up and the apron cover closed, but the day was very cold, and he felt chilled to the touch.

Remonstrating with the stern matron did not help. I was very afraid for my baby brother and kept him as warm as I could, staying with him throughout the day.

My Mother and Father were most upset when I told them about our day. Another day nursery was found for us, the one with Miss Christine. We were both safe there.

War Time Entertainment

The source of our greatest entertainment was the Chrystal Radio up on the dresser in the kitchen. The radio had a plain wooden cabinet but when you looked at the back of it you could see what looked like glass vials. They had a smoky hue.

The news bulletins and speeches by Winston Churchill and the King drew our attention the most. Mum and Dad relaxed with comedy broadcasts. It was wonderful to hear and see my parents laugh with 'Tommy Handley'. Dad would repeat the catch phrase, 'Don't mind if I do!' At appropriate comedic moments during our everyday life. He also loved Terry Thomas and Charlie Chester. Another great favourite was Much-Binding-in-The Marsh with Kenneth Horne.

What Dad could not tolerate was when Lord Haw Haw broke in with "Germany Calling". His real name was William Joyce. Born in Brooklyn to an English Mother and an Irish American Father. The family moved to Ireland in 1909 when Joyce was three and then settled in the U.K. in 1922. Joyce obtained a first-class honours degree in English Literature at London University. He became politically active and set up his own pro-Nazi organisation. Escaping Internment in 1939 he fled to Germany where he began working for the German English-Language Broadcaster.

He demonstrated in his broadcasts a great deal of insight and it was suspected that he ran a ring of spies. Although he upset my father, the troops found him very entertaining, not taking him seriously at all. His insults were often turned into badges of honour, for example the naming of the desert troops as, "The Rats of Tobruk".

Joyce was captured in 1945 and put on trial for Treason.

One of my favourite minders took me, along with her daughter, to Wormwood Scrubs Prison at this time. I must have expressed my fear that Lord Haw Haw would escape and upset my Father. She had me look up at the high walls and stout gates of the prison. We walked alongside, the outer walls of the prison, until I was satisfied that Lord Haw Haw could not escape and upset people ever again.



Wormwood Scrubs Prison Gates and Wall.

Photo Credit:

[2https://www.wikiwand.com/cy/Owen_Cosby_Philipps](https://www.wikiwand.com/cy/Owen_Cosby_Philipps)

On the 3rd of January 1946 Lord 'Haw Haw' was hanged in Wandsworth Prison.

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The Cinemas and Theatres remained open which was wonderful for morale. My Father and his brother Vic had a music hall act. They would begin by tap dancing. My Dad performed well despite his legs and taught me to tap dance. The highlight of their act was when Vic sat at the piano and by ear played popular melodies. Dad would then come in with his beautiful lyric-tenor voice singing popular operatic pieces.

Dad was trained from the age of seven by my Great Grandma who was a famous opera star.

My joy, as a child, was to sit on the edge of the bath while Dad shaved. He would always burst into song, easily reaching the high 'C'.

Unfortunately, not long before I was born, my Great Grandma gave up on life. Her home in Knightsbridge, with its grand piano and all the treasures of her career, was bombed. Nothing remained.

Buckingham Palace and the two Princesses

By the time that I was into the early part of my fourth year, Bill was thriving in the day nursery. I had intermittent minders and was part time at the nursery.

My favourite minder, the one who took me on outings with her daughter, greeted me excitedly one day, after I was dropped off by my Father. She announced, "We are going to Buckingham Palace!"

I do not remember the journey to the gates, but I do remember looking through the gates of the Palace. A crowd was building up behind us, but I hardly noticed it. I was transfixed by the happy smiles, and cheerful waving, of two very young ladies who appeared at a window, a few windows to the right of the formal palace balcony. The taller of the two attracted me in some important way. I wondered who they were. Such was their enthusiasm that I raised my arm and waved back.



Photo - Buckingham Palace and Gates

A voice behind me called, "Look! It's the Princesses!" "It's Elizabeth and Margaret."

A great cheer went up. The air was electric with excitement.

I with my minder and her daughter were one of the first to gravitate to Buckingham Palace on that momentous day VE-Day (Victory in Europe).

I do not remember, how we made our way back to my minder's home through the build-up of crowds, however, I do remember my mother telling her exciting account of how she and Jean, her Irish friend, danced in a conga line in Trafalgar Square to celebrate.

Jean was an Irish Catholic who found herself pregnant to her Canadian Airman boyfriend. Her pregnancy. was deeply frowned upon by the nuns in Ireland, with whom she sought shelter. She was made to do all kinds of hard labour, including working in the potato fields. She may have lost her baby if Patrick, her Canadian boyfriend had not found her and hastily married her. I am not sure when my Mother and Jean's friendship began but they frequently went on a night out, while Dad minded my brother and I. Dad and Mum, each had a designated night off in the week if it could be managed.

One night my mother came home with a parcel for me. It was a doll. A replica of Nancy Sinatra. Of course, I named this beautiful and treasured doll Nancy. She was my very first doll. Patrick had brought the doll back with him, on a return trip from Canada for me. A present for my fifth birthday.

War Losses of Those Who Served

Our family were incredibly lucky in that we only lost two of our family who were servicemen in the war. One, my Mother's cousin 'Sunny' who was a member of the aircrew in the first bomber over Germany and was later killed on its second run over there.

The other, another cousin to my Mother. He was one of the first of the allies to go into the concentration camp of Bergen-Belsen. What he experienced and saw that day affected him for the rest of his young life.

My mother blamed the cause of the cancer that killed him, on the stress incurred that horrific day of entering Bergen-Belsen.

Wendy the WAAF and a Sad Farewell

I joined the Women's Royal Air Force when I was seventeen and a half.

When I was stationed at R.A.F Upavon in Wiltshire, the war time air ace Douglas Bader came for a visit. The World War II pilot who had his legs amputated, and with great willpower, managed to walk, then fly again with fitted, metal prosthetic legs.

With his visit the whole atmosphere at the base changed. The officers assumed the same 'devil may care' attitude that carried them through the war.

Douglas Bader took up a plane and performed a flyover of the parade ground. He flew so low that he almost tipped the flagpole. It was a great 'salute' to us all from an ace pilot.

During a weekend leave pass I visited my beloved Granny. I knew at once that this leave might be the last time that I would see her. I alerted my Mother, and we contacted her two sisters, Ena and Ida. My Mother and I stayed with Granny for a while, then we went back home for a rest, ready for a long night of vigil.

I lay quietly on my bed thinking of Granny. At three in the afternoon, she appeared briefly before me. I knew then that she had passed. I woke Mum up and said we should quickly return to Granny and Grandad's home.

Aunty Ida and Aunty Ena opened the door at our knock, they were white and shaken. I sought out Grandad. "She's gone." He said. He looked bewildered and I opened my arms to comfort him.

On returning back to base I asked for and was granted a 48 hour leave pass to attend Granny's funeral. I wore my number one Uniform home and wore it to the funeral. I was proud to Salute Granny's coffin that day.

If I could don my number one uniform again I would salute them all. My Grandparents, my Parents, my Aunts and Uncles, and every one of their amazing generation. © Wendy Bennett 2021



2020 Christmas Luncheon Trackside - Hooray!



When Hogan's rang Carole that they had to cancel our U3A Wallan booking for the 11th of December so soon before the actual luncheon, it seemed like a disaster. However, Carole persisted and kept ringing around and Trackside were the first to confirm that they could handle our booking. What we did not know then was that they had to find new staff to fulfill their promise.

It is pleasing to know that not only did we have a great time at 'Trackside' but that we were also responsible for the engagement of new staff who served us admirably. The food was first class, the service was good, and we were made to feel very welcome.

Jan C kindly took the following photographs at our 'Trackside' Christmas luncheon on Friday 11th December 2020. No further words are really needed except to say thank you to Jan for the photos, a big thank you to Carole for Trackside and a thank you to Marleen, Carole, and Bev for the chocolates in their boxes, crafted for the purpose and the decorating of the tables.



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Enrolment / Registration / Open Day



**Neighbourhood
House Entrance
Foyer**



New Date - Friday 5th March 2021



**Annual General
Meeting
Neighbourhood
House**



Monday 15th March 2021 @ 1.00 pm

All positions become vacant – New Office Bearers to be Elected

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2021 Term 1 – Classes and Timetables

***Refreshment Trolley:** not supplied - bring bottle of **water** due to COVID-19. A mask to be carried – And to be **worn** if **unable** to maintain 1.5 m distance. Subject to Change.

All activities to be held at **Wallan Neighbourhood House (WNH)** unless otherwise indicated.

Class/Activity & Time

New Classes and Activities will be published as they become available

<u>Class</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>When</u>	<u>Location</u>
Book Club	To be Confirmed	To be Confirmed	To be Confirmed
Card Craft Making	To be Confirmed	Friday morning	WNH
Computer	11.00am-12 noon	Wednesdays Fortnightly from Wed 24th March	WNH
Dancing	1.00-3.00pm	Tuesdays Weekly	WNH
Italian	10.30am-12 noon	Thursdays Weekly Thur 4th March	WNH
Mah-Jong	10.00 am - 12 noon	Tuesdays Weekly	WNH
Pilates	9.30 am – 10.30 am 1.30 pm – 2.30 pm	Mondays Weekly Thurs Weekly	WNH
Tai Chi	9.30am-10.30am	Wednesdays Weekly	WNH
Walking	9.30am	Fridays Weekly	WNH meet top of stairs
Write for Life	12.30pm-2.45pm	Wednesdays Fortnightly from Wed 24th March	WNH
Water Aerobics	1.00pm 9.30am	Mondays and/or Fridays	HIDDEN VALLEY Cost: Casual \$12 or 10 classes for \$90
Fun Cooking Class	To be confirmed	Postponed until further notice	WNH

Visit the U3A [Website Photo Gallery](#) to see photos of previous classes and all the fun and learning that has been had by our many members.



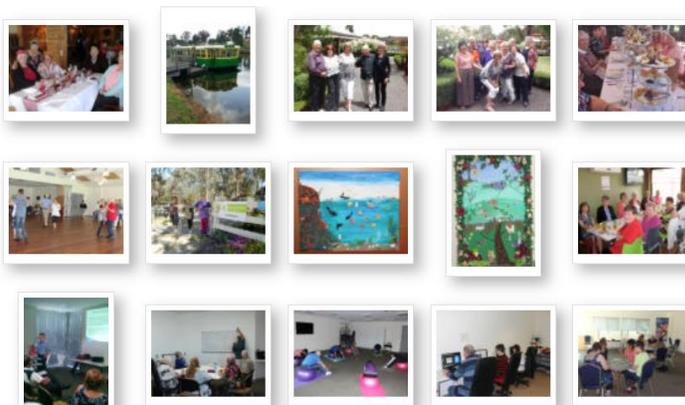
"The third age is the fun age"
Call us: 0438 107 300



- Home
- Welcome
- About Us
- Activities
- Newsletters
- Photos
- Membership
- Contact Us
- Downloads

Gallery

Here are a few photos taken at some of our events. For the full photo gallery click on the [Full Gallery](#) sub-menu under Photos.



TUTORS' MESSAGES

We have been incredibly lucky to have Andrea come along and volunteer to be our new computer Tutor. Andrea works for the Dept. of Education & Training and is giving us her day off to assist us with our computer learning.

Some of you will know Andrea from our Tai Chi classes. She is also assisting us with our Newsletter. Andrea has kindly put together an introduction and a flyer for her new computer classes. We say welcome Andrea and we are looking forward to your classes.

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New Computer Tutor (Everything InfoComTech 1:1 Needs)

Attention all U3A Digitally Savvy or Not Device Users – We are seeking expressions of interest for registration in to the new 1:1 Information and Communication Technology (ICT) tutoring **starting Wed 24th February (fortnightly)** during the U3A tutoring year. **Come along on the U3A Open Day on the Friday 5th March and register your interest in the new ICT tutoring program.**

A little more on your tutor.... My name is Andrea, and I am a middle-aged independent woman, a seasonal and worldly traveller, a learner, and a giver - who's 'hashtag' in life is **#livelovelearntravellongtime**. I have recently joined U3A to participate in some of the great learning opportunities, meet and share life stories and hope to impart and help you with **'ALL THINGS PHONES, TABLETS, IDPADS, COMPUTERS & TECHNOLOGY'** in the safest way possible. I have travelled and lived abroad for many years, however since my return to Australia in 2006, I have studied Aged Care, Nursing, Community Development and Human Services and now work for the Dept. of Education. But most importantly I have excellent knowledge of all things related to information, communications and technology; and the patience of a saint as my 80-year-old mother would say – “what would she do without me when it comes to what button to hit next!” So, let me help you too with what buttons to press next and share with you all the information you need to be a safer user on your devices.



These tutoring session will be designed to connect you safely with the introduction to Australian Government E-Safety '[Be Connected Program](#)', connecting you to your own devices or some borrowed devices during the sessions and instil in you the knowledge and skills your need on an individual needs basis.

Bring Your Own Devices to learn all things ICT. Some devices are available to borrow for each session only. Beginners - Intermediate - Advanced Learners Welcome!! More information can be read in the information flyer below and we hope to get started in a COVID_Safe environment during term 1!

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I:1 - ICT TUTORING

FORTNIGHTLY WEDNESDAYS

Open Day: 5th March 2021
Time: 10.30 – 12.30pm
Location: Wallan Neighbourhood House
42 Bentinck Street Wallan 3756

Seeking Expressions of Interest — I:1 Information and Communication Technology (ICT) tutoring held fortnightly on Wednesdays will offer you **one on one ICT tutoring that you are looking for catered to your individual needs.** **Bring Your Own Devices** to learn all things ICT. Some devices are available to borrow for each session only.

Beginners - Intermediate - Advanced Learners Welcome!!

SMART PHONES / TABLETS

ANDROID SYSTEM

APPLE iOS SYSTEM

Email - Texting - Files - Storage

Photo - Camera - Gallery

Apps - Internet Browsing

Other Systems & Devices Welcome

TERM 1	SCHEDULE (TO BE CONFIRMED)
DATE/TIME:	FREE WI-FI PROVIDED
WED 24TH FEB	SESSION ONE - WELCOME
WED 10TH MAR	SESSION TWO- BE CONNECTED
WED 24TH MAR	SESSION THREE-LEARNING PLAN

TERMS TWO, THREE & FOUR DATES TO BE CONFIRMED

COME ALONG TO OPEN DAY TO FIND OUT MORE AND REGISTER YOUR EXPRESSION OF INTEREST

U3A - I:1 ICT

Contact : Andrea

LAPTOPS / NETBOOKS / NOTEBOOKS

Internet Browsers - Firefox, Google Chrome, Safari, Edge, IExplorer Etc. - Email - Files - Storage

Windows / Apple Mac Systems

Microsoft Office & Other Compatible Software

Outlook, Word, Excel, PowerPoint, Publisher Etc.

All Types of Devices Welcome



☎ 0401 402 230 after 6pm

✉ andreabrislin@hotmail.com

Be Connected
Every Australian online.



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Pilates Equipment Return

When: 9.30 am – 10.30am – Mon Weekly
1.30pm – 2.30pm – Thurs Weekly

Meet: Neighbourhood House Wallan

Contact: For further information please contact
Tina on 0409 034 242



Just a short message to ask the members who have participated in Pilates and received a small, studded hand ball and rubber bands from U3A, if you are not intending to come back it would be appreciated if you could return these items as someone else could use them.

Walking Group – Come Walk to Talk to Get Fit!

When: Every Friday @ 9.30 am

Meet: Neighbourhood House Carpark

Contact: For further information please contact Tina on 0409 034 242

All levels of fitness of walkers are welcome!

Luncheon Club is BACK – Yay – Social & Fun!

When: Friday 26th February at 12 noon
Carpooling 11.30am at Neighbourhood House

Venue: Whittlesea Bowling Club
101 Church St, Whittlesea Tel: (03) 9716 1966



Please ring Carole to confirm your booking: Tel: 0400 270 419

We hope to see you all again after “COVID_19” took our meet, eat & greet away!!!

New Italian Tutor



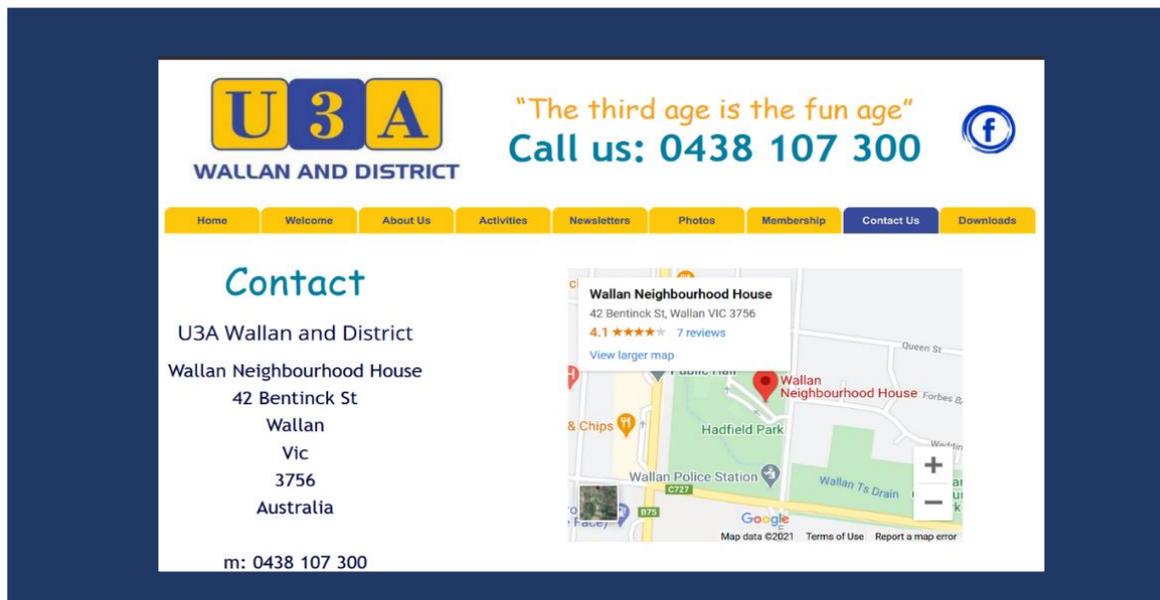
Jo has kindly volunteered to tutor us in Italian. We received a request for Italian classes in the wake of the loss of our French teacher. It has not been an easy request to fill. However, along came Jo, also a busy person, who has agreed to tutor us.

Welcome Jo, short for Josephine. We thank you and are looking forward to our Italian lessons.

When: Thurs 4th March at 10.30 am – 12 noon - Thursdays Weekly

Meet: Neighbourhood House Wallan

Contact U3A Wallan Inc. to find out more on all things U3A Wallan Inc. and about our wonderful classes and tutors. Members may choose to follow the U3A Wallan Facebook Private Group



The screenshot shows the website for U3A Wallan and District. At the top, there is the U3A logo and the slogan "The third age is the fun age" with the contact number 0438 107 300 and a Facebook icon. Below this is a navigation menu with buttons for Home, Welcome, About Us, Activities, Newsletters, Photos, Membership, Contact Us, and Downloads. The main content area is titled "Contact" and provides the following information: U3A Wallan and District, Wallan Neighbourhood House, 42 Bentinck St, Wallan, Vic, 3756, Australia, and mobile phone number m: 0438 107 300. To the right of the text is a Google Map showing the location of Wallan Neighbourhood House at 42 Bentinck St, Wallan VIC 3756, with a 4.1 star rating and 7 reviews. Other nearby locations like Wallan Police Station and Hadfield Park are also visible on the map.

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It is Time to say Farewell to Bruce and Pam

Bruce and Pam have been active, participating members of U3A Wallan for several years, ever since they attended their first French class with Lindsay. We not only enjoyed Bruce and Pam but became familiar with their delightful granddaughter, young Audrey. We supplied Audrey with toys, to divert and occupy her. However, it soon became clear that she was very much interested in the French lessons and much preferred those.

Bruce soon became our Technical Officer, growing and perfecting our Web presence, enhancing our Newsletters, and distributing them digitally when COVID-19 struck. He was also a great computer teacher.

When called upon, his photography He also filmed the Pilates class carry on when absent.



Bruce would bring skills to the fore. several videos for so that they could Tatiana was

When we had important promotions, Bruce was there with his computer, projecting onto the screen images that we wished to convey to our audience.

There were so many things that Bruce helped us with, our promotional brochures and so much more.

I am sure, our fondest memories of Bruce and Pam, were the times they attended a couple of morning teas with Bruce as guest speaker, outlining some of their amazing lives together. Pam would interject at appropriate moments which brought humour and reality to Bruce's talk.

**Farewell, Good Luck and Best Wishes from All of Us
Bruce Your Tech Savvy Abilities Will be Missed!**

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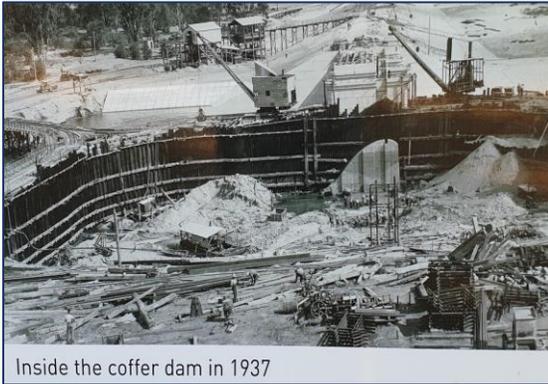
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Yarrowonga Weir Bridge Story – By Brenda N

Hi everyone, I was inspired by Nola's story about Echuca so thought I would write a piece about how the Weir Bridge at Yarrowonga was built.



Inside the coffer dam in 1937



Upstream

Before the first punt came to the Mulwala river crossing, there was no easy way to cross the river swimming across was possible, easier for cattle than sheep, not easy for people who were not used to swimming, which was most people at the time. The Weir Bridge was started in 1935 and completed in 1939, what a great achievement and it made such a difference to people's lives.



Barges used in the construction of Yarrowonga weir

Once construction of the Yarrowonga weir had commenced, some of the residents

thought that the top of the weir bank could be used as a stock route.

The extra cost to provide a stock route across the weir was estimated at about £ 20,000, the idea was excepted, the first stock to cross the weir bridge was a mob of sheep.



Lifting the weir gates into position. 28-4-1939

The workers used cranes and flying foxes to lift things into position.

In 1994 a power station was constructed a unique feature at the weir is a fish lift adjacent to the power station.

The fish lift provided the first opportunity in 60 years for fish to travel upstream. The fish are attracted to the power station discharge and into the adjacent fish lift structure.

The mechanically operated lift raises fish to the lake level. This is the weir bridge today (right).

With the completion of the weir the Mulwala lake was made possible, which is a favourite place for speed boats, water skiing, sailing, and fishing, Yarrowonga is a very popular place to holiday, so, if you ever get up the way go down to the weir bridge and have a look.



Downstream looking upstream at gates 3, 4 and 5.

Photo Credit: Yarrowonga Mulwala Tourist Information

QUIZ TIME...

- Q1. What is the name of the local historian who provided the article on Mac'sfield?
- Q2. On what date did Ann place Mac'sfield up for auction?
- Q3. What was the acreage of Mac'sfield?
- Q4. Which family purchased the property in 1968?
- Q5. Name 3 things, one was able to do at the Wallan Woolshed?
- Q6. What type of plane did Ivo Righetti fly?
- Q7. In what years did Ivo and Alison Righetti pass away?
- Q8. To whom are we saying Au Revoir?
- Q9. What is the name of Michael Downes latest story?
- Q10. In what year was the 'great siege'?
- Q11. What was BLETCHLEY PARK?
- Q12. How many letters does the Hawaiian alphabet have?
- Q13. In what year was the Wallan & District Netball Association formed?
- Q14. Who still supervisor's netball on Wed & Thur nights?
- Q15. In what year & what car did James Dean die?
- Q16. When did James Dean receive a speeding ticket?
- Q17. What was the name of the other driver involved in the accident which killed James Dean?
- Q18. Who bought the wrecked car?
- Q19. When does the U3A Walking Group activity take place?
- Q20. Who is the editor of the U3A Wallan Inc newsletter?
- Q21. In what year was 'God Save the King' last sung in Australian Primary Schools?



Q22. How many U3As are there in Victoria?

Q23. Which local nursing homes did our U3A Craft Group spread Xmas Cheer to?

Q24. What is the name of a U3A collaborative project?

Q25. When was the Hume Highway overpass to Mac'sfield built?

The Power of Mind Quotes:

Anyone who stops learning is old, whether at twenty or eighty. Anyone who keeps learning stays young. The greatest thing in life is to keep your mind young.
– Henry Ford

No cheating answers at end of newsletter



WALLAN INC.

Introducing our NEW Wallan Inc. Logo

(University of the 3rd Age)

THE PERFECT SOLUTION TO MAINTAINING BRAIN ACTIVITY, SOCIAL INTERACTION AND FUN.

"The third age is the fun age"

Call us: 0438 107 300



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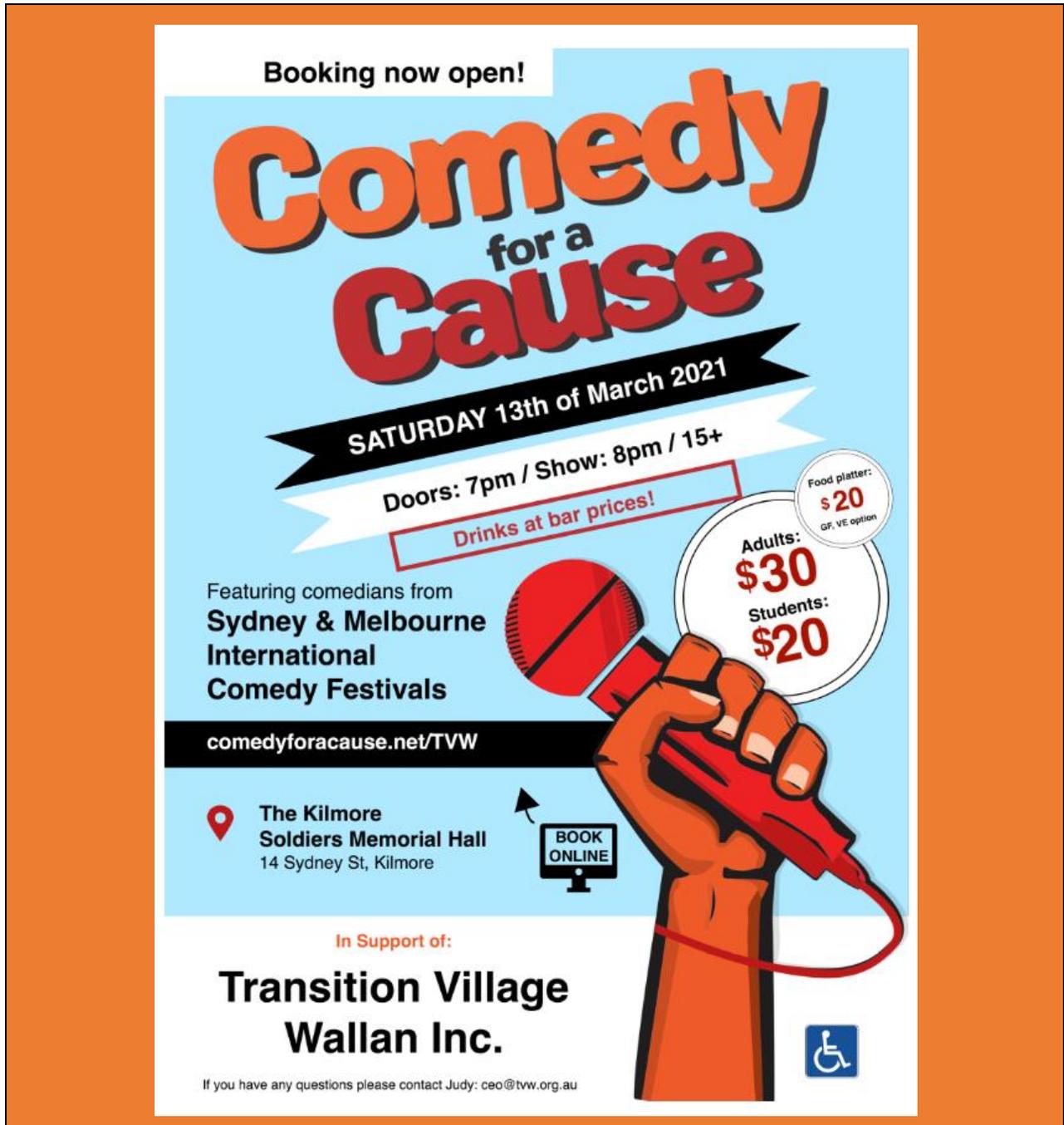
Sub Editor - Tina C

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COMMUNITY EVENTS



Booking now open!

Comedy for a Cause

SATURDAY 13th of March 2021

Doors: 7pm / Show: 8pm / 15+

Drinks at bar prices!

Featuring comedians from
Sydney & Melbourne International Comedy Festivals

comedyforacause.net/TVW

The Kilmore Soldiers Memorial Hall
14 Sydney St, Kilmore

BOOK ONLINE

Adults: \$30
Students: \$20

Food platter: **\$20**
GF, VE option

In Support of:
Transition Village Wallan Inc.

If you have any questions please contact Judy: ceo@twv.org.au



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Equip4Life – Health and Wellness Organisation



Equip4Life – Health and Wellness Organisation have tutored classes at numerous U3As over the last 10 years.

100% [Victorian State Government](#) funded course called the Life! Program, which is an evidence-based Healthy Lifestyle and Ageing Course aimed at improving the physical and mental health and well-being of community members.

The program is endorsed by the Heart Foundation, Diabetes Australia and Stroke Foundation, this course is available to our members at no cost and is tutored by university qualified professionals.

For further information about the program, please feel free to visit our website on equip4life.com.au/wellness



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A Message from Mitchell Shire

Following the great news about the ending of the current lockdown at 11:59pm tonight (Wednesday 17th February) please be advised that Mitchell Shire community facilities can return to pre-February 12 activities noting the considerations below:

- Masks are required indoors
- Masks must be worn outdoors if 1.5m distance cannot be maintained
- The existing density quotients and maximum room capacity will apply

We have considered advice from the Premier's statement here <https://www.premier.vic.gov.au/statement-premier-86>, the Victorian Coronavirus website <https://www.coronavirus.vic.gov.au/> and the email from Neighbourhood Houses Victoria.



Skye d'Avoine

Community Development Officer - Liveability

Mitchell Shire Council - 113 High Street, Broadford 3658

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We wish to thank all contributors to the newsletter

The U3A Wallan Inc. Newsletters can also be found on at
www.u3awallan.org.au

Member contributions to the newsletter are welcome

Please email contributions to

andreabrislin@hotmail.com

*At U3A we value your feedback and contributions.
Please do not hesitate in providing feedback on any of
our content, features, articles, classes, stories, and
format of the newsletter. Text Tina 0409 034 242 or
email secretary@u3awallan.org.au*

Answers to quiz:

1.Richard Cooper 2.April 23rd 1965 3.733 acres 4.Righetti, Ivo & Alison 5.Throw a boomerang, Dance to a Bush Band, Eat a traditional Australian meal, Be regaled with tales of rural Australia 6.A catalina 7.Alison in 1994 & Ivo in 1995 8.Lindsay (Our French Tutor) 9.The CREGGAN RATH 10.1689 11.It is where the British did their code breaking in WW2 12.13 13.1980 14.Dianne Dickson 15.1955 - Porsche 16.2hrs after starting a trip 17.Donald Turnupspeed 18.George Barris 19.Every Friday Morning at 9.30am 20.Wendy B. 21.1952 22.106 23.'Willowmeade' and 'Dianella' 24.Seniors Festival Reimagined 25.1973

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