



# ATHENE

## U3A BAW BAW INC.

APRIL 2011

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PO BOX 1320 WARRAGUL. 3820. www. u3abawbaw.org.au

U3A BAW BAW  
EXECUTIVE

Incorporation No A0039458K

### PRESIDENT

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### THE COMMITTEE MEETS

1ST TUESDAY  
OF MONTH  
AT 10:00 AM

E.C.G CENTRE  
SMITH ST  
WARRAGUL 3820

GENERAL MEETINGS  
ARE HELD 2ND  
TUESDAY OF MONTH  
AT 2PM AT THE  
R.S.L. MEMORIAL  
COMMUNITY CENTRE  
94 ALBERT STREET  
WARRAGUL 3820

ATHENE IS  
PUBLISHED TO  
COINCIDE WITH TERM  
BROCHURE

ALL ARTICLES TO BE  
IN HANDS OF EDITOR  
BY END OF PREVIOUS  
MONTH.

Robert Gratton  
5628 4233, 0403 16 23 65

email. robken@dcsi.net.au



Adult Education in  
the Community

### Botanic Bounty

On Tuesday 22 March, a small band of U3A members set forth to visit two most interesting botanic gardens—Wilson Botanic Park, Berwick, and the Royal Botanic Gardens, Cranbourne. The excursion proved to be an eye—opener and revelation. Wilson Botanic Park is located on the Princes Highway at Berwick (Melway, p. 111, B6) It occupies the old Berwick quarry site of 39 hectares which was opened by the Governor General, the Hon. Bill Hayden A C in 1992.

The original quarry, owned by William Wilson, began operations in 1859 and provided early Melbourne with high quality basalt.

Ballast from this quarry helped build the early Gippsland railway from Oakleigh to Bunyip in the 1870s. Today this beautiful botanic park boasts an eye—catching Oak—lined driveway, some 1000 different plant species, a huge variety of birds and other wildlife, three small lakes and scenic walkways all on a magnificent

elevated setting in the middle of suburbia. The Royal Botanic Gardens, Cranbourne (Melway, p.133, G 10) occupies over 300 hectares. Established in 1970 it is dedicated to Australian flora's conservation, display and enjoyment.

Managed by the Royal Botanic Gardens, Melbourne, it comprises two distinct sections.

The larger one contains natural bushland laced with bushwalking tracks while the smaller section is a beautiful display garden of Australian plants.

Both of these are recent botanic gardens. However, Victoria has a history of establishing beautiful gardens from the beginning of European settlement.

Superintendent Charles La Trobe formed the Melbourne Botanic Gardens in 1846.

Within a decade other botanic gardens were established in Hamilton, Geelong, Kyneton, Portland, Malmsbury, Bendigo and Ballarat. Sale was established in

1860. A small but quite exquisite one was established at Tyers in central

Gippsland which Jean Galbraith featured in her wonderful 1939 publication "Garden in a Valley". Last year we were privileged to have Gippsland historian,

Dr Meredith Fletcher, as our July Literary Luncheon speaker.

She is Jean Galbraith's biographer and gave wonderful insights into Gippsland's premier botanist, gardener and publicist of the last century.

This year's Literary Luncheon (Tuesday, 12 July, 2011) will feature Peter and

Ann Synan who have just published a remarkable edition featuring the Sale Botanic Garden and Lake Guthridge. It is entitled "Summer Walk".

They will present us with an illustrated talk on the development of the historic garden and the inputs of such important figures as Dr Ferdinand von Mueller (Director of Melbourne's Botanic Garden 1857—1873 on the development of such gardens across Victoria and the various forces that impacted on their

development. Terry Synan.

U3A BAW BAW wishes to thank the member for Narracan, Gary Blackwood and staff for assistance with printing of the newsletter.

Thanks also to the department of Victorian Communities, Community Support Fund And U3A Network Victoria for financial assistance for same.

## LITERARY LUNCHEON

To be held at  
Elizabethan Receptions  
**Tuesday 12th July 2011**

Peter and Ann Synan share a passion for history and for gardens, and when opportunity presented to write a history of the Sale Botanic Gardens, they jumped at the chance. They have collaborated to produce this beautiful historic and botanical record of Sale's Gardens and Lake Guthridge.



Peter is a Regional Historian, with an impressive number of publications to his name, including several grants and commissioned works. Ann has also published, winning first prize for the Victorian Community History Awards in 2003. Both are longstanding members of the Sale Historical Society, the Royal Historical Society of Victoria and the Australian Garden History Society.

**Cost of Luncheon \$30:00**

Where possible monies to be given to **Nancy Bourke** in an envelope marked **Literary Luncheon & Name** on envelope prior to the Luncheon.

### Annual General Meeting

Once again our A G M is drawing closer,  
second Tuesday in May  
(the **10th May 2011**)

Nomination forms can be found elsewhere in this publication, Don't forget if you are not happy with the way things are done in U3A maybe it is time for you to step up and nominate yourself for a position on committee.

Give this some thought!!!

Nomination forms are to be in the hands of the secretary **Margaret Theile** by **Friday 29th April 2011**

## **CRAFTY CREATURES**

This group has met only once this term due to the ill health of the convener, Margaret Theile. Dates will be arranged for term two and hopefully we can meet on a regular basis for the rest of the year I wish everyone a safe and happy Easter. M T.

### **Gerry's German Class**

Our German students have made a great start for the year in Term One. Public holidays unfortunately cut into our available class dates; but we are looking forward with anticipation to the next term after the Easter break . Gerd Theile (Course Presenter)  
I very much enjoy my German language Class for the challenge, for the stimulation of the cranial wheels and the cultural learning Gerd brings us along with the language. Alan Pugh. I really enjoy our German language classes with Gerd Theile. We are a small group who all get along very well together, which is a bonus. We do have fun and get a few laughs from our gaffs. I think each of us has studied this language at some stage earlier, some more than others. My previous experience was over 30 year ago with the CAE in Melbourne so my skills were certainly rusty to say the least but the basics were still there. Hopefully we will continue with our studies for quite some time to come. Bev Pascoe. Wir machen spass. Our German Language class under the expert guidance of Gerd is a small but cohesive group. What we lack in numbers we make up in enthusiasm. Our motivation comes from a shared love of language(s). No-one is concerned about gaining qualifications, nor are we swatting up in preparation for travel overseas. It's all about understanding how the language works and having a go at using it in a supportive environment. It's fun, it's stimulating and something we all look forward to each fortnight. Bev Russo. Our German Language class is going well. Challenging, but never dull. The two hour sessions never seem long enough, the time really does fly and our tutor is very patient. Janet Postma.

"Wir wünschen allen ein frohes Osterfest". We wish everyone a happy Easter !



## THE DISTANT MAN

He is a very distant man  
What is inside his head  
The things he's seen and had  
to do  
He knows they can't be said

He signed the 'official secrets  
act'  
So he must seal his lip.  
Oh! What he'd give to bear  
his soul,  
But he can't afford a slip.

Our war's been over fifty  
years,  
The distant man's not done,  
It lives in his unconscious mind  
Where dark fearful films still  
run.

He cannot share his thoughts  
of guilt,  
Oh! Why did he survive,  
He saw men slaughtered shot  
and burned  
Yet still he is alive.

His good loyal mates fought  
to the end,  
They fought their battles  
brave,  
Their blood was spilled on  
foreign soil,  
This soil became their grave.

The distant man came home  
again,  
To the country he fought for,  
He gave his all and still  
survived but  
We needed him no more.

And did we show him  
empathy,  
For his years of sacrifice?  
No, we gave him a new  
demob suit,  
We felt this should suffice.

We took no heed of wounds

so deep  
That would not seem to heal,  
We sent him out to build new  
roads  
And grateful he should feel.

He had a job this distant man,  
Who no longer seemed to fit,  
Into this selfish peaceful world  
Which seemed not to give a  
shit

The distant man got on with  
life  
No sympathy he sought  
His family knew that he had  
changed  
Between love and guilt he's  
caught.

Guilt of knowing he survived,  
When brave good mates are  
dead,  
The guilt that lives within him  
still  
Oh, when can it be said.

He used alcohol trying to  
forget,  
But memories still came,  
His family were quite helpless  
But they felt his fear and  
shame.

Fear of memories oh so bad  
The dreams so dark and real  
The nightmares came in  
daytime too,  
His soul cries out to heal.

This was the lot of the distant  
man,  
For more than fifty years,  
But now there's hope of  
healing deep  
As we understand his fears.

Now there's hope from clever  
men  
Who understand the mind  
How can they help the distant  
man

Some peace of mind to find?  
"Communication that's the  
word!  
Talk it out my son",  
And fifty years is what it took,  
This permission to be won.

Permission for the gift of  
speech,  
Of talking out his fears,  
Fifty years of making up for  
Silence misery and tears.

Hoping that his children  
family and friends,  
Would understand and know  
it's true,  
The angry moods and silences  
Were not really aimed at you.

But what a waste of time gone  
by,  
The years so quickly past  
The babies then are adults  
now,  
They slipped right through his  
grasp.

The war no longer secrets kept  
And the healing now can start  
The distant man can now let  
go,  
And open up his heart.

So now he can look forward  
To his remaining years,  
With smiles and good  
companionship  
With his mates, as they talk  
put their fears.

And yet we send them off to  
war,  
To foreign countries still  
Oh! When will we realize,  
War will nothing fulfil.

It wastes the youth of this fair  
earth,  
Each mother of each son,

Abhors the thought that her fair child,  
Died under some foreign sun.

Yet have we learned to let them speak  
To their family and friends,  
Of fears and guilt's they feel inside,  
That's the only way to mend,

Let them talk and talk and talk  
As they spew out their fears.  
Let them laugh and sing and cry  
Not wait for fifty years.

They can't be whole with unplayed tapes  
Inside their unconscious mind  
It isn't fair to expect this  
It isn't fair or kind.

But where does kindness go in war,  
I've yet to see the signs  
Of kindness done for kindness sake,  
Mostly it's left behind.

It's not the first time or the last,  
Will men be called to aid,  
It's time we granted them a voice,  
So, our debt of honour can be paid.

This poem is printed here with kind permission of the Author,  
Margaret Geddes. (U3A Baw Baw)  
(As Anzac Day is approaching I thought it most appropriate, The Editor)

## A LESSON THAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT IN ALL SCHOOLS.

**B**ack in September, on the first day of school, Martha Cothren, a social studies school teacher at Robinson High School, USA, did something not to be forgotten. On the first day of school, with the permission of the school superintendent, the principal and the building supervisor, she removed all of the desks out of her classroom. When the first period kids entered the rooms they discovered that there were no desks. *'Ms..Cothren, where're are our desks?'* She replied, 'You can't have a desk until you tell me how you earn the right to sit at a desk.'

They thought, *'Well maybe it's our grades.'*  
'No,' she said.

*'Maybe it's our behaviour.'*  
She told them, 'No it's not even your behaviour.'

And so, they came and went, the first period, second period, third period. Still no desks in the classroom.

By early afternoon television news crews had started gathering in Ms Cothren's classroom to report about this crazy teacher who had taken all the desks out of her room.

The final period of the day came and as the puzzled students found seats on the floor of the deskless classroom, Martha Cothren said, 'Throughout the day no one has been able to tell me just what he/she has done to earn the right to sit at the desks that are ordinarily found in the classroom. Now I am going to tell you.'

At this point, Martha Cothren went over to the door of her classroom and opened it.

Twenty—seven (27) War Veterans, all in uniforms, walked into that classroom, each one carrying a school desk. The Vets began placing the school desks in a rows, and then they would walk over and stand alongside the wall...By the time the last soldier had set the final desk in place those kids started to understand, perhaps for the first time in their lives, just how the right to sit at those desks had been earned...

Martha said, 'You didn't earn the right to sit at these desks. These heroes did it for you. They placed the desks here for you.

Now, it's up to you to sit in them. It is your responsibility to learn, to be good students, to be good citizens. They paid the price so that you could have the freedom to get an education. Don't ever forget it.'

By the way, this is a true story.  
LEST WE FORGET.

### THE SENILITY PRAYER

Grant me the senility to forget the people I  
never liked anyway.  
The good fortune to run into the ones I do,  
and the eyesight to tell the difference.

## NO EASY WAY

“Life wasn’t meant to be easy”  
Is a saying, sad but true  
For while we walk this earth plane  
There are many things to do  
Our life must strike a balance  
With the good times and the bad  
For we can only learn from  
Experiences we’ve had  
It’s only through the happy times  
And also knowing pain  
Our characters are moulded  
And we can rise again  
For our destiny has been mapped out  
By that force above  
And testing times are part of life  
To prove to those we love  
That we can cope from day to day  
With whatever comes our way  
And our future holds for us  
Pray from day to day.

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## YOU THINK ENGLISH IS EASY???????

The bandage was wound around the wound.  
The farm used to produce produce  
The dump was so full that it had to refuse  
more refuse.  
We must polish the polish furniture.  
He could lead if he would get the lead out.  
The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the  
desert.  
Since there is no time like the present, he  
thought it was time to present the present.  
A bass was painted on the head of the bass  
drum...  
When shot at, the dove dove in to the bushes.  
I did not object to the object  
The insurance was invalid for the invalid.  
There was a row among the oarsmen about  
how to row...  
They were too close to the door to close it.  
The buck does funny things when the does are  
present.  
A seamstress and a sewer fell down in to a  
sewer line.  
To help with planting, the farmer taught his  
sow to sow.  
The wind was too strong to wind the sail

Upon seeing the tear in the painting, I shed a  
tear.

I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.  
How can I intimate this to my most intimate  
friend.

**Lets face it– English is a crazy language.**

There is no egg in eggplant, nor ham in  
hamburger, neither apple nor pine in pineapple.  
English muffins weren’t invented in England or  
French fries in France. Sweetmeats are candies  
while sweetbreads, which aren’t sweet, are  
meat. We take English for granted. But if we  
explore it’s paradoxes, we find that quicksand  
can work slowly, boxing rings are square, and a  
guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.  
And why is it that writers write but fingers don’t  
fing, grocers don’t groce and hammers don’t  
ham?. If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn’t  
the plural of booth, beeth? One goose, 2  
geese... So one moose, 2 meese? One index, 2  
indices?. Doesn’t it seem crazy that you can  
make amends but not one amend?.

If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get  
rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?.  
If teachers taught, why don’t preachers praught?.  
If a vegetarian eats vegetables what does a  
humanitarian eat? Sometimes I think all the  
English speakers should be committed to an  
asylum for the verbally insane. In what language  
do people recite at a play and play at a recital?  
Ship by truck and send cargo by ship?  
Have noses that run and feet that smell?.  
How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the  
same, while a wise man and a wise guy are  
opposites? You have to marvel at the unique  
lunacy of a language in which your house can  
burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a  
form by filling it out, an alarm goes off by going  
on.

English was invented by people, not computers,  
and it reflects the creativity of the human race,  
which, is not a race at all. That is why when the  
stars are out, they are visible; but when the lights  
are out, they are invisible.

PS.—Why doesn’t ‘Buick’ rhyme with ‘Quick;?’  
continued on page 7

A grandfather was delivering his grandchildren  
to their home one day when a fire truck  
zoomed past. Sitting on the front seat of the  
fire truck was a Dalmatian dog. The children  
started discussing the dog’s duties. “They use  
him to keep the crowd back” said one child.  
“No.” said another, “He’s just for good luck.”  
A third child brought the argument to a close.  
“They use the dogs.” she said firmly “to find the  
fire hydrants.”

## My Journey to U3A Baw Baw

Having spent all my working life involved in education, initially teaching in State high schools and latterly in Catholic school administration, it seems only natural that in retirement, I would gravitate towards the University of the Third Age.

I must confess, however, that a long career in schooling and educational administration was not my childhood career dream.

I was born to second generation Selectors.

My parents were the progeny of Irish South Gippsland hill farmers who selected and cleared their pioneer farms out of Gippsland's cool temperate rainforest—my mother's father, Michael Foley, on a property on O'Grady's Ridge Road, Foster North; and my father's father, Michael Synan, close by Fish Creek township.

During my war—years boyhood on my father's Fish Creek farm I experienced an amazing amount of military activity.

This occurred because Wilson's promontory became Australia's and New Zealand's commando training base.

Initially called No 7 Infantry Training Centre, this base stretched from Darby River down to Tidal River and was a "most secret installation".

Later it was known as the School of Guerrilla Warfare.

Other WW2 military facilities on the Prom included The R A N 'S War Signal Station, No 14 Radar Station and the R A A F 'S Yanakie airfield with its aeroplane hides.

I saw more war than most young Australians of that era and rode a horse to school along roads filled with hectic military traffic.

My farming father was in a reserved occupation but nonetheless did his utmost to assist the war effort.

He joined the Voluntary Defence Corps (Dad's Army).

He also put our farm on a war footing growing potatoes, peas and other crops along with milking a small herd of Jersey cows.

These precious animals he named after Australian fighter pilots once intelligence from the war front revealed their flying skills and kills.

After school I would ride my horse down the

paddock and drive these milkers into the yard next to the milking shed.

Each evening I would yard such celebrated "pilots" as Nicky Barr, Mervyn Shipard, Bobby Gebbes, Killer Caldwell and Bluey Truscott.

Many of them had won DFCs and DFM's so I took pleasure in my association with our "distinguished flying cows" and "dignified fighting milkers".

By now you have probably twigged that my youthful goal was to follow in my father's footsteps and become a hill farmer also.

However, fate decided otherwise.

Not long after the war my father died, before I was old and mature enough to take over the farming reigns.

A conference of the extended family decided that the best way forward for my bereaved family was to sell the farm and we moved to Sale where I attended St Patrick's College receiving my secondary schooling to what was then called matriculation level.

At the conclusion of my secondary schooling I was fortunate to win what was, in 1953, called a Secondary Studentship from the Victorian Education Department.

It provided me with an opportunity my mother could never have afforded—four years of study at Melbourne University to become a fully qualified secondary teacher.

Serendipity doubtless plays a significant role in many lives as it has in mine.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my career in education.

I taught in secondary schools during the late 1950's, 1960's and early 1970's.

These were freer times than now and, as teachers we had lots of fun with the students. Staff teams played sport with them and for years I played in a school cricket team, made up of staff and students, in weekend competitions.

I came into the Catholic education at a time of opportunity as those schools were expanding using lay (as against religious) staff and were receiving increased amounts of government funding.

A huge amount of new infrastructure had to be created in educational developments at the local state and federal levels.

Following what was for me a very fulfilling career, U3A has provided a most enriching experience during my retirement years-an opportunity to continue teaching and learning.

I have found that teaching and learning are very closely linked.

To teach successfully one must learn afresh so that the knowledge and ideas you impart comes across as fresh and vital.

Accordingly, many of the U3A courses I have offered over the years have developed my knowledge and understanding far more than I imagine my students gained.

This was defiantly the case with such courses as "Nobel Laureates of Australia" "Worldly Philosophy" "Man's Attempt to Understand the Cosmos" "Disasters the World Could Have Done Without" "A History of Australian Defence Policy" and "Mankinds Interest in God (or no God)".

U3A offers tutors and course presenters complete freedom to design courses and determine their content, length and depth of learning.

It offers the possibility of the learners bringing to the course as much, and sometimes more experience and knowledge than the presenter .

This is very enriching as is the situation of having no educational conscripts on board.

Thank you U3A.

Terry Synan  
President

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### Bill Richardson's Profile

**B**ill Richardson was born and raised in Brisbane, Queensland.

His father, Cecil Richardson spent his time during WW2 on Thursday and Horn Islands fighting the Japanese; he served as a sapper in the "Thursday Island Fort Engineers". During W.W.2, Thursday Island became the headquarters for the Torres Strait Forces; the base for the Australian and American forces.

Thursday Island and nearby Horn Island were both bombed by the Japanese in 1942 and 1943 at various times. Later in life, Cecil worked and lived on Peel Island, which was a leper colony off the coast of Queensland.

Bill's mother Rosena raised the family and ensured a good education for her children.



At the age of 20, Bill moved to Melbourne to live, as his older brother John, had already moved there. At 22, Bill married and settled down to family life and raised 3 daughters. Living mainly around the suburbs of

Melbourne, Bill found employment firstly at Camberwell, Northcote and finally in Brunswick for a firm that made ladies lingerie and undergarments.

During this period of his life, Bill and his first wife Sue became involved in breeding and showing West Highland White Terriers and Bill became a qualified Dog Obedience Instructor, a discipline he still follows, as an instructor for the local Warragul Dog Club. Bill became involved in dog training also with the Croydon Dog and the Knox Obedience Dog Club during that time.

In 1970 the family moved to Longwarry in Gippsland and Bill was employed by Flora Pac Plastics in Drouin to help decentralise their business at Glen Waverley up to the old Drouin Knitwear factory. This was a very successful move but unfortunately the firm went into liquidation after about six years and was taken over by a Japanese Company.

Bill continued on as Factory Manager for this company until he switched employment in 1980 and took on the task of running an employment program for unemployed youth which was funded by the State Government and run by a local administrative committee called "The Workshop". After six years, the program was incorporated into a federally funded program and was rated as being "ahead of its time" in helping the long term unemployed.

Eventually, this program became "Skillshare" which was a program aimed at helping unemployed of any age to gain employment or to re-train in another field to find work. Bill developed many programs during this period in computer training, horticulture, office administration etc., and provided many short courses which were a stepping stone into a TAFE course or to University.

After Skillshare was closed due to a change of Government, Bill spent the rest of his career as an

Employment Consultant/ Counsellor, working in Gippsland in the towns of Morwell, Moe and Warragul running training courses in Life Skills and Job Search Training.

During this time, Bill has also been an Honorary Probation Officer, Adult Education tutor, numeracy/literacy tutor, and was also involved on many committees concerned with helping youth and the long-term unemployed.

Bill re-married in 1989 to Leone and now has an extended family of 4 daughters, one son and twelve grand children.

Bill was a foundation member of the local fm radio station 3BBR FM and was president and newsletter editor during his time there. Bill presented a Jazz program every Sunday and a Blues music program every Thursday night. As well, he produced a gardening show, an employment show, a computer show all of which usually ran for half an hour and included many featured guests. With the help of Neville Pellitt and Rob Tassie, Bill helped train all of the early presenters for radio.

Being an keen writer of short stories and poems, Bill was engaged for a period of time to write gardening articles for an American publishing online site "Suite 101", covering a wide range of plants and bulbs. All of these articles are still available online.

Since retirement due to illness, Bill has enjoyed many activities including dog training, adult education and growing plants.

A website on the South African Species "Ixia" has been a long time 'love affair' and can be viewed at: [www.angelfire.com/ri/ixia](http://www.angelfire.com/ri/ixia) .

Bill grows many species of bulbs and has a large collection of Liliium grown from seed, which is accessed from many counties around the world. Presently, a website on Liliium is being developed. Joining U3A has given Bill the opportunity to continue using his knowledge in tutoring small courses, which he enjoys immensely and he also produces the monthly "Chat Sheet" for U3A general meetings. He is also web manager of the U3A website

Probably the highlight of Bills retirement is being the "leader" of the choir in Warragul, the "Heart and Soul" Singers, who meet every Thursday evening to sing. This year the choir has done two public performances one at the Ficifolia Festival and also at the Darnum Music Village and the choir has done concerts at Lyrebird Village and Fairview Homes. Anyone wishing to join us is most welcome. Just contact Bill 5625 2602.



continued from page 4

You lovers of English language might enjoy this— there is a two—letter word that perhaps has more meanings than any other two—letter word, and that is 'UP'

It's easy to understand UP, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake UP ?

At a meeting, why does the topic come UP ?

Why do we speak UP, and why are the officers UP for election, and why is it UP to the secretary to write UP a report?

We call UP our friends. And we use it to brighten UP our room, polish UP the silver, we warm UP the leftovers, and clean UP the kitchen. We lock UP the house and some guys fix UP the old car. At other times the little word has real special meaning. People stir UP trouble, line UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, and think UP excuses. To be dressed is one thing, but to be dressed UP is special.

And this UP is confusing: A drain must be opened UP because it is clogged UP. We open UP a store in the morning but we close it UP at night. We seem to be pretty mixed UP about UP!

To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of UP, look the word UP in the dictionary.

In a desk sized dictionary, it takes UP almost 1/4 of the page and can add UP to about thirty definitions. If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways UP is used. It will take UP a lot of your time, but if you don't give UP, you may wind UP with a hundred or more. When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding UP. When the sun comes out, we say it is clearing UP...

When it rains, it wets the earth and often messes things UP. When it doesn't rain for a while, things dry UP. One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it UP for now my time is UP, so ..... it's time to shut UP!

**NOMINATION FORM**

I .....  
(Proposer's name in **block letters**) (Signature)

and I .....  
(Proposer's name in **block letters**) (Signature)

hereby nominate .....  
(candidate's name in **block letters**)

for the position of .....(insert office position)  
(President, Vice-President, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer, Ordinary Committee Member)

I ACCEPT THE ABOVE NOMINATION

Signature..... Date.....

Nominations must be received by the Secretary of U3A Baw Baw Inc.  
P.O.Box 1320 Warragul 3820  
**not later than Friday 29th April 2011.**

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I .....  
(Proposer's name in **block letters**) (Signature)

and I .....  
(Proposer's name in **block letters**) (Signature)

hereby nominate .....  
(candidate's name in **block letters**)

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