



# ATHENE

## U3A BAW BAW INC.

SEPTEMBER 2011

email: u3abawbaw@dcsi.net.au

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

U3A BAW BAW  
EXECUTIVE

Incorporation No A0039458K

**PRESIDENT**

**RUSSELL BROWN**  
5623 4578

**VICE PRESIDENT**

**ESTHER MARTIN**  
5625 2023

**SECRETARY**

**MARGARET THEILE**  
5625 3857

**TREASURER**

**ROBERT GRATION**  
5628 4233

**PUBLIC OFFICER**

**JIM CONNELLY**  
5623 6121

**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.**

email. robken@dcsi.net.au



### From the President

There has been a steady growth in U3A across Victoria in recent times

There are now almost 100 U3A groups operating statewide

The growth in membership of Baw Baw reflects that development  
I'm pleased to say that we have seen several new members join this year.  
However with rapid growth there is a downside for the U3A organisation as a whole.

Government support has not grown at the same pace.

In fact the budget for the next 4 years is less than the previous levels.

Less funding has to be spread more thinly.

That means that the principles of volunteerism and co-operative learning are all the more important.

Our careful fiscal management will also help keep Baw Baw U3A vibrant.

As well as membership growth, 2011 has seen a consolidation of meetings, administration and classes at one venue.

Whilst this rental arrangement is satisfactory for the present I believe we should continue to explore possibilities for autonomous accommodation arrangements in the future.

Many U3A clubs enjoy free rental or the provisions of council premises.

The rapid growth statewide has also meant that delegates meetings in Melbourne are becoming somewhat unwieldy.

The U3A network is moving to regionalisation with the intent that regional groups will meet to discuss matters of common interest, after which delegates from each of the regions will attend a central meeting in Melbourne.

Baw Baw U3A has been grouped in a vast region covering the Latrobe Valley, Wellington and East Gippsland at present, although I feel that arrangements might change as more groupings are established.

Finally it is important that with the growth in membership we find a concomitant growth in course offerings.

The emergence this year of a walking group, a book group and the possibility of a theatre group are examples of the kind of things that can bring members together informally and lead to interactive discussion that is the essence of adult learning.

Russell Brown.

**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.

### U3A Baw Baw Civic Affairs Group

The Civic Affairs Group has been meeting approximately 4 times a term since the start of the year.

We have about 22 people with an interest in being part of the group.

Many topics have been discussed and submissions made, in particular to the shire on topics such as the integrated Transport draft report and the Warragul Town Centre Strategy draft.

Of recent times we have been discussing motorised mobility devices in particular electric scooters.

This type of scooter is growing in numbers with the consequential congestion of our footpaths.

Of concern to many of our group is the behaviour of some of the users of these mobility devices, in particular the safety of users and their scooter use in built up areas of shopping centres.

Our understanding is these mobility devices are for the purpose of providing “legs” to those who cannot readily walk and therefore should behave as one would expect a pedestrian to behave.

We appreciate for many of these users this is their only means of readily getting about, particularly for those who have lost their ability to drive a car or have a disability or handicap.

Deaths and injury rates are quite significant particularly for older users of scooters. There is very little legislation that governs the manufacture, sale, use including training and safety of scooters and their users.

Vicroads has produced a 24 page publication titled “A guide for choosing and using motorised mobility devices: mobility scooters and electric wheelchairs”.

From the literature we have perused, the presentations made to us including consultation with community police, an occupational therapist, Council staff and our own ‘think tanking’ we believe a key element that is missing at present in this wide ranging issue is **education**.

Not only the users of the scooters, or potential users, but also car drivers, shop keepers and infrastructure providers.

The group has prepared a 4 page submission

which summarises some of the issues and puts forward a number of actions that hopefully will make our footpaths, in particular, safer for all users.

Submissions have been forwarded to local government, local politicians and appropriate government ministers.

Copies of the submissions are available from the convener—John Parker at [park106@dcsi.net.au](mailto:park106@dcsi.net.au)

---

### Scrabble

Today 2nd September, Barbara was late, I was later.

Before we arrived Heather had put down her 7 tiles and scored 50 for that, plus her score for her word, which I don’t know what the word was.

**GOOD ON YOU HEATHER.**

About 11am we break for a cuppa and a chat, (as though we don’t talk through the game) We play every 2nd Friday.

We play at the ED Centre where we have our own room now which is really great.

Today we had 7 players.

(Editors Comment)

Scrabble is a delightful way to use up 2 hours on a Friday morning from 10am & the group that plays are a great group of people.

If interested all you need is to be able to spell cat & rat.

Contact for scrabble is Beryl Geisler  
5622 2612, Email [berysnow@bigpond.com](mailto:berysnow@bigpond.com)



Scrabblers enjoying their game of scrabble on a Friday morning.



**The English Plural  
according to....  
George Carlin 1937—2008**

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,  
But the plural of ox becomes oxen, not oxes.  
One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,  
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.  
You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of  
mice,  
Yet the plural of house is houses, not hices.  
If the plural of man is always called men,  
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?  
If I speak of my foot and show you my feet,  
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called  
beet?  
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,  
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called  
beeth?  
Then one may be that, and there would be  
those,  
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,  
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.  
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,  
But though we say mother, we never say  
methren.  
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and  
him,  
But imagine the feminine: she, shis and shim!  
Let's 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.  
We take English for granted, but if we explore  
its 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?  
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 didn't preachers  
praught?  
If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a  
humanitarian eat?

Sometimes I think all the folks who grew up  
speaking English  
Should be committed to an asylum for the  
verbally insane.  
In what other language do people recite at a  
play and play at a recital?  
We ship by truck but send cargo by ship...  
We have noses that run and feet that smell.  
We park in a driveway and drive in a parkway.  
And 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,  
And in which an alarm goes off by going on.  
  
And in closing.....  
If Father is Pop, how come Mother's not  
Mop.??????

---

**My Best Mates**

The day I was born my two hands started  
moving, exploring the world  
They haven't stopped since  
They have been with me every day. All day.  
They don't argue, disagree or fight with one  
another, if one can't manage something the  
other one always comes to its aid  
They often sit on my knee holding each other  
They are best friends Close mates  
  
My two hands are my best mates --- my right  
hand and my left hand  
They are exactly the same but strangely they are  
also exactly the opposite.  
I cannot do without them. I can do nothing  
without them  
They work together. I can drive a car, ride a  
bike, use the computer, go to the toilet, eat and  
drink, only when they help me  
Most of what they do all day is without me  
having to give them orders --- they do it while I  
am still thinking about it  
They always seem to be healthy. Reliable. I  
never seem to hear of anyone having a thumb  
transplant or palm replacement

Why don't I use my brain the same way ????  
Use a left view of everything and then a right  
view  
Why don't I sit in the middle and use both  
sides to make a decision about matters

History is chock-a-block full of people with  
one-sided brains--- righties or lefties  
They often manage to get their way and for a  
time, persuade everyone to follow them ---  
why does'nt everyone look at their hands and  
follow their example

If hands could rule the world maybe we would  
all live in harmony and balance

Dawn Gough

---

"I don't know the key to success, but the key to  
failure is to try to please everyone"

Bill Cosby

---

### OPEN DAY

Tuesday 11th October is our Open Day for  
seniors week Come along and see what we  
have going in the way of classes that you may  
find interesting.

Better still bring a friend along and see if they  
might be interested in joining U3A.

---

I would like to thank the people that responded  
to my plea for articles to put in this publication,  
without your input this would be a lot thinner.  
Thank you, Thank you, Thank you.

---

### Crafty Creatures

After a delayed start to this year we are once  
again meeting in each others homes for a chat  
and naturally, to do some craft.  
Scarves seem to be the "in thing" at the  
moment  
which some of the group have been making  
whilst others continue with their quilting or  
cross stitch.

We will be having a display at the U3A's Open  
Day. So come along and see what we do.  
Margaret Theile



As this is the last Athene prior to Christmas the  
Editor would like to wish you all a very Merry  
Christmas & a Happy New Year.

---

Unfortunately at the time of going to press we  
are still looking at venues for U3A's Christmas  
break-up.

We hope to be able to let you know where it  
will be at our Open Day on the 11th October.  
Christmas Lunch Cost will probably be \$30.  
Look forward to seeing you all there.

---

### Australian Modern Masters @ Ballarat

Rosalie has looked into an excursion for the  
24—25th October 2011 to view the Australian  
Modern Masters Exhibition  
at Ballarat.

Cost of accommodation is \$125 including an \$8  
entry fee to exhibition.

If interested you need to contact the Mercure in  
Ballarat on (03) 5327 1200 and book & pay.  
When booking you can select to have a single  
room or a double.

Train leaves Warragul at 07.15 arrives at  
Southern Cross in time for a coffee at 09.30  
then Ballarat train leaves at 10.07 arriving  
Ballarat 11.37 & bus picks up at station to ferry  
you to motel.



## An Article on Forced Adoption by Barbara Maison

### CURRENT SENATE INQUIRY INTO FORCED ADOPTION

No doubt many watched the ABCs '7.30 Report' on Friday 17<sup>th</sup> September, on the Victorian Stolen Babies and news of a Senate Inquiry, a precursor hopefully, to a Public Apology for the illegal methods in which they were taken from their mothers, and subsequent grief and suffering of those involved. Surprisingly for the Victorian media (on this subject) it was quite succinct, and the one mother's story echoed many more told by mothers throughout Australia today; those stories of which are currently being investigated by the committee of '**Commonwealth Contribution to Former Forced Adoption Policies and Practices**'.

To date Hearings have been held in Perth, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane, Canberra on the 28<sup>th</sup> of this month and possibly Adelaide, before the report date that is now anticipated to be in November, 2011. Originally it was set down to be completed by June 2011 but due to the unforeseen and vastly underestimated quantity, and depth of content, of written submissions together with the personal submissions on the full days of Hearings at Parliament Houses in each capital city, the date was extended another 6 months.

Finally achieving this Inquiry has been the focus of many mothers and fathers of children taken for adoption against the will of their parents, for many years. Many years of letters, lobbying and publicity.

Beginning with the simple need for emotional support and understanding by peers, of the pain, grief and trauma of the loss of a child; his/her whereabouts, substitute name, health and emotional wellbeing never to be revealed by the laws of yesterday, these support groups evolved into research groups and lobbyists with the sole purpose of revealing the truth. They have now been joined by support groups of adoptees whose lives did not turn out to be the perfect life with two married parents that their mothers were told they were not worthy of, to enable them to keep their babies.

The statistics of those separated by adoption are filled with high figures of depression, mental illness, suicide, drug use and penal institutionalisation; a social

experiment that for many went horribly wrong!

Fortunately for many it did not and some adoptees lived normal, happy lives with their new families.

But even with the total amount of approximately 250,000 adoptions over the peak years, it must be remembered that over 60% of unmarried mothers KEPT their babies because they had the vital support of family/partners/friends and were also privy to the financial support that WAS available, despite the popular myth that it only commenced with Gough Whitlam's change of policy. This special benefit was available years earlier, but until babies became a marketable product - as they are today - the social workers did not withhold the information as they did in later years. The popular cliché '*it was the mores of the day*' was encouraged together with the mind-set of shame and sin, keeping the supply of newborns flowing to complete families for infertile couples.

My son's father and I were shattered, distraught, separated and lived other lives than the one we had envisaged until 37 years later, father, mother and son were finally united, albeit briefly as another separation, this time cancer split us once again. His father died proud of the man his son had become and knowing our love had survived the years. I am one of the lucky ones!

Barbara Maison

September 19<sup>th</sup> 2011

Website: [http://www.aph.gov.au/senate/committee/clac\\_ctte/comm\\_contrib\\_former\\_forced\\_adoption/index.htm](http://www.aph.gov.au/senate/committee/clac_ctte/comm_contrib_former_forced_adoption/index.htm)

(Terms of Reference; Public Hearings and transcripts; Submissions received - over 300 written; media releases etc.)

Website: [http://www.aph.gov.au/senate/committee/clac\\_ctte/comm\\_contrib\\_former\\_forced\\_adoption/index.htm](http://www.aph.gov.au/senate/committee/clac_ctte/comm_contrib_former_forced_adoption/index.htm)

On the website under 'Submissions received' you can read the personal stories of mothers, fathers and adoptees, also Transcriptions of the Public Hearings, and if you missed the 7.30 Report, the video can be viewed on the following link: <http://www.abc.net.au/news/2011-09-16/victorias-trade-in-babies/2903552>



## Parts of my life.

### Esther Martin

I was born in a small Cotswolds town in England, of Scottish parentage. On one hand my childhood was fairly typical for an English child of the time – school, dancing classes, riding my pony. On the other hand was World War 2, which impinged on all aspects of my life, sometimes still does. But that's another story.

After the War my parents, respectively farmer and veterinary surgeon, were exhausted and looking for new beginnings. They decided to emigrate to Australia, where my father had spent some time as a young man. After many delays and upheavals we arrived in Warragul at the beginning of 1949, before moving to Drouin where we finally settled. I became a weekly boarder at the then Convent Notre Dame de Sion in Warragul.

Eventually I left school. And was not attracted to any of the careers then available to girls (banking, secretarial, nursing). It was always intended that I should not stay at home, so it was decided I should enter the Library Training School at the Public (now State) Library of Victoria, as the library world was beginning to open up. I started my career at the Public Library of Victoria in the newspaper and periodical room, where I became something of a specialist in small country newspapers. The library was not the grand well-equipped institution it is today and the prospect of a long-term career there palled, despite the friends I made there.

So I decided to move – to St Vincent's Hospital as a trainee nurse. However my training was interrupted by the reoccurrence of childhood eczema, and it all became too hard.

I returned to libraries, and to Drouin, which had founded a new library in recent years. Then my itchy feet took me London, where over three years, I backpacked around Scotland and England and travelled to Russia, and spent time in Italy, France, and Spain. The return to England meant linking up with family who were mainly unknown to me, due to war and emigration, and who were mainly interested in whether I spoke with an Australian or English accent. They were ultimately very generous and I wish I had learnt more about them. They are gone now, and one can only re-create so much through genealogical research.

Temporary work kept body and soul together until I obtained a post as an assistant librarian at the National Institute for Medical Research, Mill Hill, in north London. The Director was the Nobel Prize winner Dr Peter Medawar, other famous scientists included his research partner Dr Brent, they were responsible for immunological advances that led to organ transplantation. Other famous scientists included the eccentric Dr Frank Hawking, in charge of the parasitology laboratory – he was the father of the more famous Steven.

Before returning to Australia I also worked for a few months at St Mary's Hospital Medical School (famous for Alexander Fleming and penicillin, and Roger Bannister). It was a friendly and sociable environment and I was tempted stay. But three hard English winters had started to make even Gippsland's winters seem attractive, so I returned.

I obtained a library position at Queen Victoria Hospital 'by women for women' in Melbourne which was undergoing cultural and organisational change with the arrival of two Monash departments, which made it a teaching hospital. Most of the academic staff was male, which disconcerted some of the existing highly placed women. Then I was invited to join the Monash Biomedical Library staff and moved from one side of the hospital (literally) to the other where I spent several happy years working with Professor Carl Wood and co.

Internal library politics moved me on again – to my first taste of business, very big business indeed, Alcoa of Australia. Working at Head Office in Melbourne there were opportunities to go to the bauxite mine and alumina refinery at Kwinana, and the aluminium smelter at Point Henry, Geelong. Very large, and to me quite exciting to see the marriage of capital, resources and skill at work to produce an end product.

At Alcoa I was encouraged to take advantage of their generous study leave provisions and commence degree studies, duly graduating B.A. of Melbourne University with a supermajor in Politics and Economic History, and submajors in Indian Studies and East Asian Studies.

Regretfully, part-time study had proved too exhausting to combine with full-time work at Alcoa, so I made a huge cultural leap to the Education Department and Northcote Technical School. But after eighteen months the position I had always wanted became available, and I was appointed Librarian at the Royal Children's Hospital. There I found the organisational structure too controlling – there were two library committees for example, so I resigned in order to complete my last year at University full-time.

During that year I had applied to undertake a Diploma of Education and thought I had survived the interview process successfully. Unfortunately there was no advice of the result, so when offered a position at CSIRO Central Library, where I was working temporarily, I accepted. Two months later, a letter of appointment arrived from the Education Department. Too late!

After fourteen turbulent years at CSIRO, sometimes travelling to Head Office in Canberra or to interstate research Divisions, one of the frequent organisational reviews scaled back the Central Library and I was made redundant. I took the opportunity to complete the Graduate Diploma of Organisation Behaviour that I had commenced in an effort to understand what was going on around me and did library locum work in law libraries, a new experience, and at the National Companies and Securities Commission (superseded by ASIC) which I was surprised to find was even more strapped for funds than CSIRO.

I ended my paid working life as a research officer for a national employer association, and was replaced by a computer.

Before retiring I had decided to move to the country and after due consideration moved back to Drouin, commuting to Melbourne for nearly three years before retirement. I was made welcome by those who still remembered my parents well, and also by former school friends with whom I had lost touch.

And so life in the unpaid workforce began. First, at Vision Australia helping people with voice-assisted software. I enjoyed helping there, but left when invited to join the Committee of Management (later the Board) of Lyrebird Village in Drouin. That was a big learning experience, as I was Secretary for most of the time! I did this for about seven years until I realised that Lyrebird was becoming a very large business and I was meant to be retired.

At the same time I was on the Community Advisory Committee of the West Gippsland Regional Library Corporation (and am still), and a founder member of the Friends of Drouin Library. I belong to VIEW Club, Drouin Hills Probus, West Gippsland Genealogy Society, and the Baw Baw Writers Network.

These are only the bare bones of my life story; there is more to me than just a succession of jobs. Unfortunately, earning my living has always been a priority. Our generation was caught up in the creep of qualifications, where to maintain one's level it has been necessary to continually upgrade our qualifications. I had only vague notions of what would occupy my time in retirement. I did start some needlework, but haven't looked at it for years!

\*\*\*\*\*

### **A PRODUCT OF THE WAR**

I often wonder just how far back one's memory can reach. Do we just remember the good times and mentally block out the bad or do we view everything with rose-coloured spectacles? I suppose as we get older important events in our childhood start to take their proper place in our life story such as it is and I find that it is much more enjoyable to read a biography rather than an auto-biography because the biographer is much more dispassionate than ourselves.

My earliest memory goes back to the final months of the 1939-1945 war. I was born in February, 1943, during the time when the City of Sheffield was experiencing heavy bombing due to the industries for which had been famous for centuries. Fortunately for the British war effort, the German pilots were probably more accurate than were their navigators as most of the worst bombing hit the shopping centre and not the industrial east end of the city where the great armaments firms of Firth-Vickers, Hadfields, Edgar Allan and Steel, Peach and Tozers had their factories and the life blood for them, the Humber and Yorkshire canal which carried in the iron ore and the London and North Eastern Railway Company which carried the

finished product out, came through fairly well unscathed.

My uncle was a train driver and I well remember as a three-year old being taken to Millhouses Park which bordered the River Sheaf to wave to him as he thundered past in his huge Stanier class engine and try to count the trucks – I usually got to about four!!

Until I reached school age, my main memories are of trips into Derbyshire for the day and toddling along beside rivers and up and down dale and especially seeing the wild deer at Chatsworth House Park.

Derbyshire is a gem of a county being situated on the spine of England comprising the Pennine chain of mountains. Sir Walter Scott wrote his book 'Peveril of the Peak' centered on the village of Castleton and the story of 'Ivanhoe' took place in the City of Sheffield, especially its one time castle.

Starting school was a great day. Pre-school was not in vogue in the forties so when I was taken by my mother to 'Mrs Holroyd's Preparatory School for young ladies and gentlemen I thought I was really big-time.

However I remember little of my six years of primary education except I found out gradually that I preferred rugby to soccer much to the distress of the games master. Academic study, especially the three Rs, was the catch cry then as perhaps now and my father was most fastidious in making sure that I went on to the 'Grammar' well versed in these three necessities.

I passed the 'Eleven Plus' examination and was allocated High Storrs Grammar School for my secondary education. This was a new school built on the outskirts of Sheffield with breathtaking views over the city – definitely breathtaking on a smoggy day!!! Just as I was getting used to High Storrs, my father obtained a better position in Cheshire and accordingly on my twelfth birthday we crossed the Pennines and settled in Cheadle Hulme in Cheshire, a stone's throw from the 'Millinery' town of Stockport.

I was enrolled at Moseley Hall County Grammar School and quickly settled down to my studies there. Sport was voluntary and took place after normal school hours. Voluntary actually meant that one had to choose two sports and were then told the third. I opted for rugby and cricket and to forestall our sports master, Sid Pritchard, who was an ex-boxer, I so took on cross-country or marathon running. One sometimes wonders how one managed to study with all that activity but the running especially was great for the sorting out of the mind.

After six years I matriculated and started work with the North Western Road Car Co. Ltd as a management trainee and finally obtained a Bachelor of Commerce (in Transport) degree together with five years of excellent training.

Armed with this I left for Australia on the 30<sup>th</sup>. May, 1965 and have never returned to the land of my birth except for holidays since. I have always found Australia, particularly Victoria, a fine place to live and I wish most of the pessimists would take flight and the remainder be happy with what they have.