



TOUCHER TOPICS

BORONIA BOWLS CLUB NEWSLETTER JAN 2014

EXECUTIVE DIRECTORS REPORT.

Happy New Year to everyone. I hope you all had a lovely break and 2014 is going to be a good year for all our members and the club. Let's hope we can come home strongly with our Tuesday and Saturday pennant teams.

You will have probably noticed our bright new yellow seat on the car park side. We have ordered another four seats to replace the other old wooden seats on that side, and they should arrive towards the end of January. The funds for these seats have come from the Saturday meat raffle. However, the seats on the other side and some on the back green also need replacing. We are putting it to the members, if anyone would like to donate a seat, a plaque on the seat will acknowledge the donation. It is a chance to own a little bit of history of the club. The cost of each of the seats is approximately \$530. Please let the committee know if you are interested.

I mention regularly the great work done by Graeme Greene with our sponsors. However, Graeme has a lot of other commitments and really needs some help. We need one or two other members to approach new sponsors. Sponsors are vital for our club. If you have a little spare time and can help, please talk to Graeme.

Before Christmas, we ran some very successful functions for outside groups. This provides extra income for the club, which can always be put to good use. Thank you to the members who gave up their time to help at these events.

Good bowling to everyone and enjoy the fellowship of the club for the rest of the season.

Margaret Grossbard.

A bowler stood at the Pearly Gates, her face was worn and old,
She meekly asked the man of fate, permission to the fold.
"What have you done, St Peter asked, "to seek permission her?"
"I was a selector of a bowling club for many and many a year."
The gates swung open sharply as St Peter touched the bell,
"Come in" he said, "and take a harp, "you've had enough of hell."

SPONSORS CORNER

The following are some of the sponsors that keep our club financial. Keep them in mind when you next need to make a purchase, repair or just some advice.

Metro Cinemas.

For a great night out at the Cinema

Metro Cinemas 216 Dorset Rd Boronia. Ph for bookings is 9762 8744

Meat Lovers

Those that have collected a meat tray marvel at the meat quality. Remember they are supplied by Meat Lovers and they are located at

Shop 9 / 36 Dorset Sq, Boronia VIC 3155

EASTERN DISTRICT LOCKSMITHS

For all security ***Solutions***

247 Dorset Rd Boronia Ph. 9762 5757

Fast friendly Service, Seniors Discount

As the batsman passed the man in the white coat, he said “That was never an LBW, you need glasses.

The man in the white coat replied; “So do you mate, I’m selling ice cream”.

15 MINUTES WITH PETER MARSHALL.

Ed

So Peter, where did life begin?

PM.

I was born in London but spent most of my working life in Hertfordshire.

Ed.

What did you do when you left school?

PM.

My working life can be divided into 3 parts. I was 9 years old when war started but didn't get a particularly good education because schools around London were continually bombed. However, I left school at 14 and most of my mates had joined the forces. I was too young but was able to be enlisted into the Royal Marines to be schooled in music. After training in Scarborough I was sent to the Isle of Man, an arm of the Royal Naval School of Music. I was told I was going to play saxophone, violin, and possibly clarinet. I finished up in the Royal Marine band playing saxophone, and violin in their orchestra. We used to parade in places like Burford in Oxfordshire, play concerts, and even play hymns outside the church while the congregation sang inside.

Ed.

So music was the first part of your life, what happened then?

PM.

I always wanted to join the police force but at 17 was still too young. I saw this ad in the newspaper wanting locomotive staff immediately for training with good pay. I rang the number and was asked to report to Stratford, London for the crash course. There I learned all about steam trains and had to go to Liverpool Street station for testing. The task was to take the train to Romford, and after being introduced to the driver, I got up a good head of steam and when we reached Romford was told I had passed the test.

I had to report to Hertford station locomotive department at 5.45am on the Monday to take the 6.15am to Liverpool Street. After getting the train ready, the driver said to climb down and hook up when he backs the train up. About two stations along the journey, the guard complains he's getting a rough ride, to which I replied "I'm not driving, he is." It seems however, that I'd hooked up the carriages to the engine instead of the engine to the carriages, the buffers were too far apart and when we braked they were banging into each other. I loved the job and the driver had taught me a lot. He also said that in 12 months time he would be retiring and how about I take over the driving. His eyesight was getting poor and he had trouble reading the signals.

Ed.

Now I know you eventually joined the police force, how did that come about?

PM.

I was riding home one afternoon on my motorbike when I came across this Wolseley sedan on the side of the road. It had a flat tyre and the driver was standing alongside wearing a nice clean white shirt. As I was in dirty overalls, I changed the tyre for him, for which he could not thank me enough. About six weeks later a letter arrived from the police force saying that as I was soon to be nineteen I was invited to sit the entrance exam. I had applied earlier to Hertford Police Station, and when I arrived was told the only person who could conduct the exam is the inspector who will arrive at 7.00pm. It just happened to be the same person I had changed the tyre for, and at the conclusion of the exam, he told me he would give me a pass provided I promised to study and improve my spelling and punctuation. So thanks to this gentleman, I joined the force.

Ed.

You seemed to be doing quite well. What made you emigrate to Australia?

PM.

I had a plum job as an area car driver, and one night shift we took a call about a stolen car. Sure enough, after a few minutes, this very same car drove by us. With some help we eventually stopped the car and arrested the driver. My superior suggested I return the car to its owner as it was on the way home. The owner happened to be Australian who was overjoyed with getting his car back with no damage. Over coffee he explained that he was a director of General Motors at Fishermans Bend, and that he was in England for a seminar. The car was on loan, and he was extremely impressed with our service. He asked how much I earned and I told him 4 pounds 16 shillings per week, 9 shillings and 6 pence pension, a house provided and no rates to pay. He was astounded that I could live on that salary and suggested I would be much better off in Australia.

I later received a letter from a Silas Porter, Commissioner of Police in Victoria, thanking me for looking after his friend. A follow-up letter offering me a job at \$21.10 starting and all expenses paid from England prompted me to check with a local businessman, who gave me books about Australia and said I would be much better off bringing my kids up there. In 1957 we took up the offer and all we had to do was get on a boat.

Ed.

So you landed in Victoria, where did you start work?

PM.

I was taken to St Albans and immediately wanted to go back home. The place was a dump in those days. However I had to work straight away but spoke to a mate who invited us to his place in Tecoma. Whilst there we saw this place in Upwey for sale, and after some checking we hired a taxi truck and moved in.

As for the police force here, I have had so many good jobs ranging from criminal investigations to special branch (where we guarded visiting dignitaries), instructor at St Kilda Road Police Academy, and to the homicide squad where you could work days without sleep. I was on a week-end trip to Wonthaggi when I fell ill and collapsed. The hospital doctor told me I wasn't to work homicide anymore, so I got another plum job at Clayton. I was soon asked to help solve a murder at my old job and five years later was

still there. I then took charge of Camberwell CID, and later successfully applied for a similar position at Ferntree Gully. I put in for retirement in June 1987 and was retired just long enough to take a world trip. On return I was contacted by the State Bank of Victoria to help them out, and where I also solved an arson case for them. As a private investigator I was also contacted by the Transport Accident Commission to investigate serious accidents. They provided me with the necessary staff. During this time I traveled to America and went to New Orleans. There I developed a cough and went to the local pharmacy for some cough tablets. I was referred to a doctor who took X-rays, and when I arrived back home, my doctor told me that I had a tumour. At 69 years of age I had a section of my right lung removed. I retired in 1999.

Ed.

How have you been handling retirement for the last 13 years?

PM.

I traveled a lot backwards and forwards to England and the UK visiting friends and family. However, recently I was visiting my son in Bendigo when I fell ill. I was taken to hospital and underwent another operation to repair part of my left lung. At the same time I was told I was not allowed to fly long hauls, so overseas was now out of the question. Now I am able to enjoy my garden and my bowls.

Ed.

How did you get into bowls?

PM.

Before I retired I was introduced to the game at Ferntree Gully. I later met John Cowling who suggested I go to Boronia Bowls Club. I'd be lost now without my bowls.

Ed.

What about your family?

PM.

My wife died in 2001. I have two daughters, one in Upwey and one in Avonsleigh, and a son who lives in Bendigo. They have all done really well and I'm proud of them all. I have a grandson who lives in Brisbane with his family, and every Christmas we all get together.

Ed.

Peter, you've had a most interesting life, good luck for the future and thanks for talking to me.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY



January.

Friday 24th: Cards and Casserole. 6.30pm

Always a fun night with excellent and plentiful hot casseroles. Be quick for this one.

Barefoot bowls: Summer seems to have arrived, might be a good time to help out here.

Sunday 26th: Smorgasbord. Never too late to enter a team, great day, great food.

February.

4th: Entries close for Club Triples. This is possibly your last chance this season to enter a club championship. Do it for yourself and the club.

9th: Open Mixed Fours. Still plenty of room to enter; more teams required for this excellent day of bowls. It is now a chicken lunch, don't miss out, only \$10 a head (or a breast or a leg or a wing!).

Wednesday 12th: Ladies Classic Day. A big day for the ladies with plenty of work. Please offer your services.

Friday 21st: John Cowling Memorial Triples. 10.00am start, 3 games of 14 ends.

Not too late to enter this inaugural tournament. Let's make it a prestigious affair. Proudly sponsored by Lipari Pizza.

Found in Christmas crackers.

Q: What do you call a boomerang that doesn't come back?

A: a stick.

Q: What happened to the hyena who swallowed a stock cube?

A: he made a laughing stock of himself.

Q: What did the policeman say to his stomach?

A: you're under a vest.

REFEREES APLENTY

Friday December 13th saw an invasion by 70 young basketball referees / players, come to test their considerable ball skills on the greens.

Games were organized by John McCarthy with finger food and service by Margaret Grossbard and her team. There were many members helping out on the greens, and the night was a big success for all the young guns and the club. A big thank you to all who participated.

BORONIA SHINES AT GLEN WAVERLEY.

Glen Waverley Bowls Club held a Christmas Bowls Carnival from Friday 27th December to Tuesday 31st. In what was a very successful tournament for Boronia, the ladies fours team of Leigh McLean, Ria Cleaven, Christine Gage, and Karen Barton, won the best second game on day 2. The surprise on their faces was worth the entry fee alone.

The men's team of Tony Buckingham, Terry Phillips, Ian McLean, and Alan Horwood, won the best two game winners on the second day. A hard two days of bowls up against some of the best, but for Boronia, the flag was kept flying.

HARD LUCK STORY OF THE YEAR.

In the same Glen Waverley Carnival, Lesley Russell and Annette Scutt entered in the ladies pairs event. At the end of the tournament they had won three and lost only one, and that by a small margin. The three teams they defeated finished up in first, second, and third places, while our girls finished up with nothing. They enjoyed the event but you would have thought.....?

HANDICAPS EVEN OUT 100-UP

Congratulations to Graeme Greene on winning the 100-up championship this year. To prove that those bowling arms in the right hands can be lethal, and that the handicapper almost has it right, in three very close games, Graeme beat Troy Haartsen and Tony Buckingham to reach the final, which he then won 101 to 99. It was an amazing and well deserved win which, no doubt, will be savoured until he defends the title next year with a handicap of 50.

It just shows that everyone has a chance to win this event, so perhaps next year there will be many more entries.

TELS TEASER.

A businessman was working in his home office when he realized he had left a five dollar note in the book he had been reading. He called his butler to bring him the book from the library. When he got the book, the note was no longer there. He then questioned the maid and the butler. The maid remembered seeing the note between pages 99 and 100 in a book to the left of a business book. The butler did not recall seeing the note, but was sure the book was to the right of the business book, because to the left of it there was a statistics book.

Who is not telling the truth?



OLDER BUT GOLDER

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

11th Carole Ashmore, 17th Daniel Price, 20th Max Lyon, 21st Elvie Williams,
25th Margaret Grossbard, 27th Irene Hunnam, 28th June Davies.

A special and exhilarating day to you all from your friends at the club.

FROM THE COACHES

The art of correcting. Many bowlers find it difficult to put on or take off an extra yard when needed and frequently over correct because they physically try to make the changes.

Instead, think about this. Let's say you have played a bowl and it has finished one yard (metre) short but on a good line. What do you concentrate on during your next delivery? Obviously you would set up your stance as for the first bowl with the same alignment and position on the mat. Then comes the second stage. The advice here is to concentrate on repeating your first effort, and focus your attention on releasing the bowl as smoothly as possible. Your subconscious mind will use your knowledge of the necessary correction without a physically obvious correction.

This involves the self realization that you must replicate the same speed of action in order to achieve your goal. If you go out onto the practice green and try this technique faithfully, you will discover the truth of it.

It also brings home the importance of watching your bowl until it has come to a complete stop, and listening to your skip as to how much to put or take off.

JOKE OF THE MONTH.

A young ventriloquist is touring Sweden, and one night he's doing a show in a small fishing town. With his dummy on his knee he starts going through his usual dumb blonde jokes.

Suddenly, a blonde woman in the fourth row stands on her chair and starts shouting, "I've heard enough of your stupid blonde jokes. What makes you think you can stereotype Swedish blonde women that way? What does the colour of a womans' hair have to do with her worth as a human being? It's men like you who keep women like me from being respected at work and in the community, and from reaching our full potential as people. It's people like you that make others think that all blondes are dumb! You and your kind continue to perpetuate discrimination against not only blondes, but women in general.....pathetically, all in the name of humour!"

The embarrassed ventriloquist begins to apologise, and the blonde yells:

"You stay out of this! I'm talking to that little sh.. on your lap!"

I was driving this morning when I saw an RACV van parked. The driver was sobbing uncontrollably and looked very miserable. I thought to myself, that guy's heading for a breakdown.

To all members.

Remember this is your newsletter. If you have any items of interest or any contributions to make, please contact the editor.

The editor retains the rights of exclusion or change.

Little boy gets home from school and says "Dad, I've got a part in the school play as a man who's been married for 25 years."

His dad replies "Never mind son, maybe next time you'll get a speaking part."

CLEANING ROSTER JAN/FEB

TEAM NO. 9		TEAM NO. 10	
Terry Phillips	13 Oct to 19 Oct	Bruce & Lin Perry	20 Oct to 26 Oct
Brenda Phillips	19 Jan to 25 Jan	David Inglis	26 Jan to 1 Feb
Mal Barrow	20 Apr to 26 Apr	Ray Bilton	27 Apr to 3 May
Daniel Price		Garry Overs	
David Fletcher		Ron Marsh	
		George Lynn	
TEAM NO. 11		TEAM NO. 12	
Vin Hughes	27 Oct to 2 Nov	Derek Pitt	3 Nov to 9 Nov
Ian Ball	2 Feb to 8 Feb	Tom & Olivia Lucas	9 Feb to 15 Feb
Kevin Hamond	4 May to 10 May	Bill Paus	11 May to 17 May
Bob Lancaster		Alan Cobb	
John & Dot King		Don Korver	
Pam Hughes			

A Prayer for Those Growing Old.

Lord, Thou knowest I am growing older. Keep me from becoming talkative and possessed with the idea that I must express myself on every subject.
Release me from the craving to straighten out everyone's affairs.
Keep me from the recital of endless detail, give me wings to get to the point.
Seal my lips when I am inclined to tell of my aches and pains. They are increasing with the years and my love to speak of them grows sweeter as time goes by.
Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong.
Make me thoughtful but not nosey; helpful but not bossy.
With my vast store of wisdom and experience, it does seem a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.
Amen.

Answer to Tels Teaser.

The maid, because pages 99 and 100 are two sides of the same sheet of paper.