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ADVERTISING AND ARTICLES:

Maureen Naughton,
SpringDale Community Cottage, Phone
(052) 53 1960.

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ABOUT AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS 1945 - 1995

Australia Remembers 1945 - 1995 is a special program commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II.

Launched nationally by the Prime Minister and the Minister for Veterans' Affairs on 14 August 1994 *Australia Remembers* gives every Australian the opportunity to remember those who served in the armed forces; those who lost their lives or the lives of loved ones; and those who worked so hard on the home front to sustain the war effort.

The Prime Minister, Paul Keating - in launching the Australia Remembers program - said... "Australia Remembers should encourage recognition of the importance of a nation to believe in great ideals and to have them at the forefront of ambitions. It is a substantial program which should engage the attention and involvement of all Australians, which will honour our veterans and all those others who served in non-military roles, and which will deepen our understanding of events which so profoundly shaped the story of Australia."

A Message from the Minister for Veterans' Affairs, the Hon Con Sciacca MP (Mr Sciacca is responsible for the co-ordination of the year's celebrations.)

"Australia Remembers 1945-1995 will be looked on by future generations as a 'moment in history'.

I cannot think of a better way to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II than with our Australia Remembers program, a unique commemorative year aimed at

involving the entire Australian community. It will reach its climax with a national event in Brisbane on the 50th anniversary of Victory in the Pacific (VP) Day on 15 August 1995".

Springdale Community Cottage is very pleased to have the opportunity to share in the Australia Remembers Campaign.

We are doing this by producing a very special issue of the "Messenger" dedicated to the campaign.

We have gathered together a broad spectrum of stories, poems and written thoughts from our community. They are as diverse and as fascinating as our people, with input ranging from primary school children; secondary and university students; through some presently serving in the forces to the people who actually lived those years 1939 - 1945.

We hope you enjoy this issue and we sincerely thank our loyal and generous advertisers without whose support we could not afford to pay for this special effort.

We also wish to thank the Department of Veterans' Affairs for the contribution towards the part funding of this issue.

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THE CLOCK

The clock of life is wound but once
and no man has the power to tell when
the hands will stop, at late or early hour
Now is the only time you own
Give love and toil with a will
Place no faith in tomorrow
For the clock may then be still

Anon - Serviceman

ANZAC DAY SPEECH

BY MAJ P.D. HARRIS DRYSDALE RSL 1995

Today is not a day to glorify war, it is a day during which we should reflect the origins of ANZAC. We remember the thousands of young men and women who have given their lives in the service of our country so that we can be free to stand here today, and to reflect on the future.

The scene on the Gallipoli Peninsula where Australian and New Zealand forces landed is now steeped in tradition. A legend was born; and lives on today 80 years later. It was the coming of age for the Australian nation, which had ceased to be a colony of England only 14 years before. It was this baptism of fire that focused the nation, and people regarded themselves as Australians, rather than Victorians, South Australians and Queenslanders etc.

The young Australians at Gallipoli showed the world that Australia was prepared to stand up and be counted to ensure the freedom of mankind. World War 1 was costly in casualties.

From an Australian population of 5 million, 1½ a million were in uniform and more than 100,000 were casualties. In these testing times qualities were developed which Australians have been and still are admired for around the world. These qualities include: unselfishness, dedication, determination, courage and mateship. The quality that stands out today and typifies the ANZAC spirit is Sacrifice. But we should be reminded that there is no glory in war.

The Second World War began just twenty years after the First World War ended. Again another generation of young Australian men and women fought for the freedom of our way of life. The ANZAC spirit was enhanced in the air, on the land and at sea in the theatres of Europe, Africa, Malaya, New Guinea and the Pacific and Indian oceans. Today we remember the sacrifice made by those men and women.

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In conflicts since the Second World War the sacrifice and commitment to a secure way of life and our freedom has also occurred. We must also remember those who served and gave their lives in Korea, Malaya, Borneo, South Vietnam and the more recent peace keeping operations. Although these other conflicts and the more recent peace keeping operations have not involved the total nation they were nonetheless demanding on those who served this nation's call. A call to continue to fight to protect our freedom.

What does ANZAC day mean to young people today. It is a day to be proud of your nation and those members of your family who may have served the nation. Some may have a father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, or an uncle, aunt or friend who has served their nation. This year has received more publicity through the 'Australia Remember' campaign commemorating the 50th year since the Second World War. This has helped to show the total commitment made by a nation from both soldiers and civilians, male and female, in time of war. As a child I can remember ANZAC days and proudly reflected back upon my parents' and grandparents' service. But at the time I didn't really understand the bond of friendship between those who had served. That bond of friendship was forged out of extreme hardship, loneliness, fear and the dependence upon each other for survival. The bond between servicemen can not be adequately explained in words. Through my own 17 years of service I have a better understanding of what it means and to each serviceman

and servicewoman here today it has its own special meaning.

We hope to never have to fight again. However, our defence force is capable and is an insurance against any threat to our freedom. The Gulf War of 1991 showed how quickly a foe can appear. It is therefore still important that we maintain a defence force prepared to react to any threats to our freedom.

Finally we should remember that the hardship and heartbreak of war does not finish with the end of war. It goes on. Many people continue to be directly or indirectly affected by strains, traumas and hardships from war. Many of you here may have been affected. I noticed on the Drysdale memorial that there are 15 names of those who died in WW1 and 56 who died in the 2nd WW. We should spare a thought for the spouses, children, relatives and friends who still suffer the effects of past wars. They too have sacrificed much for our country.

In closing I would like to read you a poem by Fay Freeman, of Shepparton, one of the six children of Pte GRINTER who died in the SANDAKAN Prisoner Of War atrocities in the Second World War.



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TREAD SOFTLY PLEASE

Tread softly please the poppy fields of Flanders
The earth still echoes their blood's cry.
Tread softly please the jungles of Malaya
Beneath their tangled growth our loved ones lie.

The body of my own beloved father
Lies beneath some bloodied Borneo track,
But his spirit, like the spirit of Anzacs,
Is with us still lest we forget today.
They marched from Sandakan to Paginatin
Their bodies lined the tracks along the way
But six returned to tell the story.

Memorial gardens stand, lest we forget today
When we gather to pay homage to our loved ones
Remember they kept this country free,
You would not have this land to stand and
demonstrate upon, if not for them.
Learn your history, lest we forget today.

So do not demonstrate against the Anzacs
Or rubbish us upon Remembrance Day.
We have no graves to visit, no place to put our
flowers, except the Shrines.
Tread softly please, lest we forget today.
And when at the eleventh hour the bugle sounds,
remembrance wreaths we lay,
Carry flowers not placards to the Shrine, friend,
Tread softly please lest we forget today.

-By Fay Freeman, of Shepparton
One of the six children of Private Clarrie Ginter, who died in the Sandakan P.O.W. atrocities



Japanese Bayonet and Scabbard taken from a Japanese guard at Changi Prisoner of War Camp, Singapore by an English prisoner on release in August 1945. The sword was given to Mr Geoff Wisbey, president of Drysdale R.S.L. by freed prisoner when he was working with P.O.W's in Manila 1945.

COUNCILLOR DENNIS BLAKE REFLECTS ON VE DAY

Most of you will have memories of your own of the end of World War II. I would like to share with you what younger people may have thought in a fascinating poem that was sent to me recently by one of our community representatives in our ward.

VE DAY

I saw a kid marchin' with medals on his chest
He marched alongside diggers marching six abreast.
He knew that it was VE day - he walked along with pride.
He did his best to keep in step with the diggers by his side.
And when the march was over the kid was rather tired.
A digger said, 'Whose medals son?' to which the kid replied:
'They belong to Daddy but he did not come back
He died up in New Guinea on a lonely jungle track.'
The kid looked rather sad then and a tear came to his eye.
The digger said "Don't cry my son and I will tell you why,
your Daddy marched with us today - all the blooming way.
We diggers know that he was there - it's like that on VE day."
The kid looked rather puzzled and didn't understand

but the digger went on talking and started to wave his hand.

'For this great land we live in, there's a price we have to pay.

For we all love fun and merriment in this country where we live

The price was that some soldier his precious life must give.

For you to go to school my lad and worship God at will

Someone had to pay the price so the diggers paid the bill.

Your daddy died for us my son - for all things good and true,

I wonder if you can understand the things I've said to you.'

The kid looked up at the digger - just for a little while,

And with a changed expression, said, with a lovely smile.

'I know my dad marched here today - this, our VE day,

I know he did - I know he did, all the blooming way'

I would like to thank everyone at the SpringDale Messenger for the opportunity to share with you some of the memories of those who served overseas, memories of the end of the war, that we will all never forget.

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KOKODA REVISITED

Australia Remembers Contribution From:

Garry Spry MLA
Member for Bellarine

For many of us born at about the time of the Second World War, memories from 50 years ago of the end of the War in the Pacific - VP Day, bring back mixed emotions. Memories of mothers, fathers, uncles and aunts in service uniform, of bundling up parcels of goods for "Food for Britain", of jumping on the back of a trailer pulled by a tractor with tin cans rattling down the streets of the local township in celebration of the end of the War, of the anxiety of mothers, wives and families left at home while their men were fighting. All these fading memories crowd in on each other.

One of the greatest and most significant battles in the defence of Australia itself took place in Papua New Guinea, in the early days of 1942. A decisive battle was won in the Coral Sea which prevented the enemy from storming ashore at Port Moresby. At the same time the enemy had landed on the northern side of Papua New Guinea, and were intent on taking Port Moresby by land over the Owen Stanley Ranges. This battle on the Kokoda track raged from July 1942, when the enemy relentlessly pushed the Australian troops back over the ranges. Thanks to desperate and ferocious fighting from the Australian troops, the wave of the invasion faded at Ioribaiwai Ridge, when the tide turned and the Australian troops eventually forced the invaders back to a beach head on the northern side of PNG, and some months later cleared the country altogether of the Japanese invasion.

To mark the occasion, 3 State MP's - the Member for Wantirna, Kim Wells (leader and coordinator), Member for Benambra, Tony Plowman, and myself - together with 3 civilian friends accompanied and guided by 5 wonderful Papua/New Guineans, and from time to time 2 or more native "journeymen" who joined us for safety, have just completed a 9 day trek along the Kokoda track from Kokoda to Owers Corner, following the route of the retreat of the Australian troops in 1942. Many fox holes which were dug by both the Japanese and Australians can still be seen over 50 years later, along the ridges which this torturous track takes on its journey over the Owen Stanley ranges. A quite horrific journey in the best of conditions - which we enjoyed, with almost no rain at all compared with conditions in 1942, where it rained practically every day despite the fact that it was the dry season - with troops plagued by horrific war wounds



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and sickness, including malaria and dengue fever, dysentery and lack of food; conditions which were almost unimaginable.

Those troops - some of whom were ill-trained militia men in the early days of 1942 from the 36th and 53rd Battalions, were eventually joined by veterans of the Middle East and other campaigns. They managed to thwart the Japanese invasion and save Australia in those dark days. Nothing but complete admiration for those desperate troops could be felt by anyone who walks the track nowadays. In 1942, there were virtually no maps and the Australian forces had to rely on local knowledge.

The contribution made by a very small Papuan force of native fighters as well as the wonderful contribution by the so-called "Fuzzy-wuzzy Angels" in their job as carriers and stretcher bearers during that campaign is well documented. To meet some of the descendants of these native carriers, is to gain some insight into the care and respect they had for the Australian troops. The contribution which these carriers and stretcher bearers made towards the War effort in 1942 and 1943, cannot be highly enough acclaimed.

On arrival back at Owers Corner, after 9 days, fatigued but happy, we stumbled into a group of Veterans who were making a return pilgrimage to PNG. Overnight we had time to clean up (we were pretty much "on the nose" by then), and attend a Dawn Service the following morning at the Bomana War Cemetery where 120 Veterans, 60 or so regular Australian Army personnel and Australian Government representatives, representatives of the American and British forces, as well the host PNG Government, paid tribute to the colossal War effort of 1942/43.

Over 2000 Australians lost their lives in the campaign, 16000 Japanese similarly perished, and an unknown number of native Papua New Guineans as well. How sad that number is unknown! The magnificent War Cemetery at Bomana marks the final resting place of the

Australian soldiers who gave their lives so that we could live the lifestyle we do today.

Following the service, a small contingent of some 20 or 30 Veterans of the Kokoda track journeyed up to a place called Sogeri in the foothills of the Owen Stanley ranges, where a plaque commemorating the campaign on the Kokoda track itself was unveiled by the Australian Minister for Veterans' Affairs, the Hon Con Sciacca. Other Australian dignitaries including the Shadow Minister, Wilson Tuckey, were also present, and our little group of trekkers had the good fortune and honour of being there as well.

The stories which some of those Veterans had to tell, concentrated on the lighter side of those dark years. They seem to want to forget the dark side - quite naturally. Most of the "Vets" were matter-of-fact about the sacrifices made and the wounds sustained, and seemed to take it all in their stride. They mentioned some of their comrades who had died in the War and the memories were of smiling, young faces, enduring hardships that nowadays we find hard to imagine.

That journey gave the 6 of us who went on it some inkling of the campaign on the Kokoda track. Names like the villages of Kokoda itself, Isurava, Ilola, Efogi, Myola, Ioribaiwa Ridge, the Goldie River and Imita Ridge are just a few which will strike a chord in the memory of some of the Veterans who fought there. It was an honour to be able to retrace the steps of those heroes, a journey through Australian War history which we shall never forget.



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A VITAL WAR JOB -

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The Australian Women's Land Army was established in July 1942 under Directorate of Manpower. The Land Army's purpose was to supplement Australia's Supply of rural labour engaged in food production.

Women aged between 18 and 50 who were not from rural families or already employed on the land were eligible to join. Land Army members were obliged to go where directed and undertake any work they were allocated by their employers.

The Land Army women, nicknamed "Spud Diggers", ploughed the paddocks, milked the cows, picked and packed fruit and vegetables, worked in the rural factories and produced the flax that made parachutes and soldiers' uniforms, all for - "Two pounds a week and their keep".

A peak of about 4,000 permanent and auxiliary members was reached in the 1943-44 harvest season. In Victoria about 1,500 women answered the call to patriotism - many of them still teenagers. Some of those young women came here to the Drysdale area and as shown in the photograph are still here fifty years later.

The training depots at Mont Park, Kooweerup and Werribee gave new recruits a brief introduction to dairying, poultry, agriculture, horses and machinery.

Hours of work were laid down, but no farm work has ever fitted to a timetable. Asparagus, for instance, was best harvested at 4 a.m. Between 1944-45 a group of eight girls looked after the asparagus at Ling's property at Barwon Heads. An Asparagus factory had been built at Drysdale on the corner of Whitcombes and Beacon Point Roads in the 1930s and it was here the harvested vegetable was processed, packed and dispatched.

Early rising was a feature at Bellarine too. Girls assigned here in early 1943 moved into an old house in Church Road. They slept on palliasses filled with straw, no electricity was connected so candles, lanterns and flat irons heated on the stove were the order of the day. Their responsibility was the growing of onions, peas, garlic and potatoes on the Wiffen's Willey's and Pigdon properties. Every thing had to be done by hand and the work was hard, hot and dirty. One girl remembers how she



*Efhil Wiffen (Powell)
aged 16
Joined, 1942
AWLA*



Vi Malcolm (Reeves) with her brother Douglas

could think of nothing better than to walk down the side of Mount Bellarine to Portarlinton and into the sea, clothes and all.

At the Bellarine Farm there were a hundred dairy cows which were the assignment of a couple of girls and any males available. One of those girls now Mrs. Vi. Malcolm describes the Land Army as not a "Bad Life". "We were up at the dairy at 4 a.m. and I had to start the milking machine with a hand turned engine and of course it did not always start. Then we repeated the exercise each afternoon".

The girls organised concerts at Portarlinton and attended dances at Drysdale and St. Leonard. Large numbers of young people regularly turned up at Wiffen's for Sunday night tea. A very convivial event.

In December 1945 the Bellarine base of the A.W.L.A. was closed and the Service was disbanded on the impending return home of the men whose jobs the girls had been holding.

It was not until this Australia Remembers campaign that the members of the Land Army have received equal recognition with other areas of Service. A special Medal has been struck and is being distributed in recognition of their vital role in Australia's war effort.



*Land Army girls 50 years on
B.R. Vi Malcom, Edith Watsom
F. Ethel Wiffen, Dorothy Beck*



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'50 YEARS AGO'

MEMORIES BY 'KEL' DAVIS

My first thoughts of the 'War Years' were of the complete black-out of all windows in houses and other buildings. All the driving lights on motor vehicles were almost completely blacked out with only a small slit to show some light.

The 'A.R.P.' Wardens would meet and have training for night raids and powerful searchlights from Queenscliff would light up the sky. The only Air Raid Siren was in Wyndham Street at Gallop Bros. butchers shop.

Lots of people built their own Air Raid Shelter which was usually a trench dug in the ground deep enough to stand up in. (Some had wooden slats in the bottom to keep your feet out of the water!) There was a big shelter in the 'Court House' yard (in those days it was the Shire Office and Depot). We lived in the National Bank building and our shelter was in the block next door where the Fire Station now is.

Many locals were in the V.D.C. (Victorian Defence Corp) Forces who used to train at Queenscliff. The first Army Camp to come to Drysdale was the 'Light Horse' which was stationed at the Park where the Sunday market is now held. The horses were all tethered under the acorn trees.

The Army then realised that horses were not going to help much in this War so they then turned to Infantry and the Park became a large camp. They then started to build a WAAF's Camp on the rise near Belchers Road where some of the concrete 'Igloos' can be seen to-

day. There were two Radar Towers and some of the buildings went as far over as Princess Street. The WAAF Camp was never opened. There was a fairly big Cheese Factory where the Drysdale Medical Centre (Dr. Nick's) is now on the corner of Eversley and Princess Street. There was also an Asparagus Factory where Brian and Melva Bennett's house is now in Clifton Springs Road. (In those days it was known only as 'Springs' Road) and later it was used as a Straw Factory. There was a large Flax Factory in High Street where the Shell Service Station is now and later on it became an Olive Oil Factory for a short time.

The old Clifton Springs Hotel became a great 'watering hole' for some of the American Servicemen in their big 'Landing Craft'.

Where the hardware shop now is in the main street there was a garage owned by Dave Parish (Norma Taylor's father) and I can remember Bren-Gun Carriers stored in the workshop. In those days, and for many years after, I worked for Reg Butcher Transport which operated from the shed that is now Ron and Kath Gunn's Antique and Secondhand Furniture (Kath Gunn is Reg Butcher's daughter) and we carted Flax to the Mill. It was hard to get men for labour and I had two Land Army girls working with me. The Flax was then taken from the Mill to paddocks at the 'Finger Post Corner' (Grubb Road Roundabout) where the flax was spread out over the ground and left to 'ret'. When the flax was 'retted' it was carted back to the Flax Mill. It was used for

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making tents, water bags and for lots of other uses.

To get fuel for the trucks was very hard as you had to use ration tickets. My boss had to put a 'Gas Producer' on the truck so he could keep it going. The gas producer burnt charcoal and although the trucks lost some power they ran reasonably well. Ration tickets were needed for sugar, butter, tea, clothes, practically everything!

I remember when it was reported that Jap submarines had been found in Sydney Harbour there was much concern over how much further South they might come. When the Atom Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima it was thought that the War was over. The first Peace Celebration we had in Drysdale was about half way through when they found out that the war was *not* over and the celebrations were abandoned.

About a fortnight later we had our peace celebrations and I remember leaving the Free

Library (now the Craft Shop) in Reg Butchers truck which had a siren fitted to its exhaust. Lots of people got dressed up in clothes that came from the Tivoli Theatre in Melbourne and there was a good supply of wooden barrels of 'Vollum Beer' which was made in Geelong.

A local identity, Bill Grigg was posted missing believed killed in action as a Spitfire Pilot and his belongings were sent home. Some time later he turned up and married a local girl, Lesley Whitcombe. A few years later, Bill had one of the first Ferguson Tractors to which he fitted a potato digger that was locally designed and made by Vin Capon (Bev Serle's father) and I was persuaded to drive the 'Fergie' to Warrnambool to demonstrate it to the potato growers in that area!

These are just some of my memories of Drysdale around 50 years ago when I was in my late teens.

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DRYSDALE 1939-1945 THROUGH A YOUNG GIRLS EYES

By: Pat Chergwin

During World War II an Army Camp was situated at the Drysdale Recreation Reserve, the present day football oval and between the trees was covered with tents, administration buildings and all the necessary buildings required by the occupants.

The first camp established was a 'light-horse' unit. It was soon discovered that this was obsolete, and the horses were changed to a mechanised bren gun unit. It was quite a change for our small, mostly rural area, to see soldiers marching along the roads, and the bren gun carriers doing their manoeuvres.

For entertainment, dances were held in the Assembly Hall, and pictures were also held there. Plenty of partners for the local girls were on hand at the dances.

When they finally left the district and travelled up north to protect Australia from the onslaught of the Japanese, things generally returned to

normal. The Army then restored the football oval to its original state.

Later on an electronic scanning device (radar) station was erected at the corner of Belchers Road. Concrete bunkers and two high towers were erected overlooking the district. The WAAF's were to man this station. A camp for them was situated in Princess Street, quite a distance from the towers. However, before this unit became operational, thankfully the tide turned in the war in the Pacific. The Coral Sea battle took place and with the help of the Americans, the Japanese were beaten.

Eventually the towers were dismantled, leaving only the bunkers, one of which remains on the site today.

In our small way, Drysdale played quite an important part on the home front, during World War II.

WE'LL EAT AGAIN !!

Rationing

The one thing that really effected a huge number of people around the world between 1940 and 1945. Rationing.

Rationing, mostly through the use of coupons was introduced in Australia at various times during the war years to restrict civilian consumption of essential items needed to support the war effort.

Petrol was first rationed in October 1940. Private motorists were initially allowed enough petrol to drive about 4,000 miles a year, however, by 1942 the standard issue allowed only 45-60 miles of running per month.

Rationing of clothing and footwear began in June 1942 and general food rationing followed. In 1944, the weekly ration scale for each adult was 2 ozs. (50 grams) of tea, 16 ozs (400 grams) sugar, 6 oz. (150 grams) of butter and 2 1/4 pounds (1 kg) of meat.

This was actually double the allowances in force in England at the same period.

Many can remember the long queues, the empty shelves and the excitement when it was rumoured something special was on sale at the butchers.

Silk stockings disappeared from the shops ... in fact stockings disappeared from the wardrobes of most working girls entirely and the range of cosmetics available was very limited.

Queues became the order of the day - especially for cigarettes, films and transport. Beer was in short supply and Scotch whisky practically unknown.

The fact that clothes were to be rationed was announced some weeks before the regulations came into operation and this resulted in a scramble to buy clothes, with the result that shops had to introduce a quota system and close departments for certain hours each day.

Some very inventive recipes appeared in magazines and cook books, especially those using dried eggs. It came in powder form. To reconstitute it was mixed with water. If too much powder was added it was inclined to have a somewhat unpleasant taste.

The coupon rationing system was generally well accepted by the Australian public, although the illegal practice of swapping ration coupons and exchanging goods was common. Some rationing continued until July 1950.

WATER

In Australian cities today, if we want water we just turn on the tap - we can shower for half an hour if we want to. However, during the two World Wars when Australians were fighting in the deserts of Palestine and North Africa, water was a scarce resource. For example the daily desert ration of water for a man in Palestine during the First World War was at most one gallon; frequently it was cut down to a quart and at times to a pint. But horses required five gallons per day.

For the A.I.F. in the western deserts (Egypt, Cyrenaica) during the Second World War, the water ration was half a gallon a man a day for all purposes. This of course included water for all the vehicles in each unit. In practice it meant one bottle of unpleasantly saline water for each man for drinking and washing. If a man shaved he could not wash his body. The salinity of the water was due to the Italians salting the water as they retreated.

So I am certain that men who served in these areas must, every now and again, feel

obliged to reduce their usage of water, remembering the problems faced in the desert when a lack of water meant we had no means of transport. Horses cannot carry you, nor can vehicles, if you have not water.

Although the water supply in New Guinea, where the A.I.F. served also during the Second World War, was a different matter, the desert conditions will never be forgotten.

C.A. Vivian

2/1st Fld. Regt. (6th Div. A.I.F.)

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PEACE AT LAST

After six long years of deprivation and worry, the war was finally over and peace was here at last.

Joe Butcher, a local lad, tells what it was like in the old town when peace was declared.

"The people of Drysdale and district, like all the people of Australia at the time, were overjoyed at the wonderful news and decided to celebrate the event in the best way possible.

The local policeman, Constable Bob Clark, was elected to take charge and arrange all the celebrations.

A bon fire, with a BBQ was arranged and held on the common, on the corner of Elgin Street (opposite the old Police Station).

Visitors came from everywhere, some even came from Melbourne and surrounding districts.

Difficulties were experienced in obtaining sufficient meat for the BBQ, as rationing, enforced by the Government of the day was still very much in force, but the local farmers came to the party with beef, mutton and some lamb and so a sumptuous feed was had by all who attended. Beer, we were glad to say, was not rationed and all present enjoyed the amber fluid and danced the night away round the bon fire - a delight to behold.

The celebrations in the district, carried on for days.

A parade was organised. This moved through the town and ended up at the Drysdale Recreation Oval, where a band, comprising Syd Lacy, piano; Don Carlon, accordion; Ray Sayers, plus a few self taught instrumentalists, helped make the evening a great success. There would not be one able person in the town who did not participate in the event.

A ball was then organised, with a debutante set. It was equal to any Tivoli show. The only two debs alive today are Lester Rogers and myself, Joe Butcher.

Later, news was circulated that our boys were returning by ship to Melbourne, so several locals, in the good old Aussie tradition, scrounged enough petrol to make the trip to Ocean Grove to watch the race between the two ships, "Strathnaver, and Arcadia", to see which would be the first through the heads.

It was a wonderful sight, especially knowing that some of our local boys and nurses were on board, returning home for good.

The celebrations continued for weeks, but during all the celebrations, those who were there vowed never to forget those brave boys and girls who had given their lives to save this fair land, "Australia".



*B.R. Reg Butcher, Fred Serle, Bill Styles,
Lin Knights
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Teenage Memories 1939-1945

by Aileen Galway

I was almost fourteen when war was declared, so my early teens were influenced by a great feeling of patriotism; when men were being called into the services, and women were encouraged to volunteer for the services, land army and munitions.

When I was sixteen, two of my friends and I joined a voluntary group called the Australian Women's Legion which was run along military lines. Weekends were spent performing army manoeuvres and training. I was allotted to the A.R.P. section which meant classes in the defence of Melbourne should there be an air raid, and rostered to spend nights on duty at the Melbourne headquarters, gas masks at the ready waiting for the sirens to sound!

A natural progression from the A.W.L. was to join one of the services, so a friend and I enlisted in the A.W.A.S. Papers were signed before I was eighteen so I would be in the first intake in 1944. This, I must add, after great pressure was put on my mother for her per-

mission, as she thought I was far too young to be leaving home.

Training camp at Darley was all hustle and bustle with so much to be achieved in a day, but one soon adapted, and eagerly awaited the first posting.

This, for me, was to the Sydney showgrounds as a clerk, being billeted in private quarters at Homebush, sharing a unit with three others. I often wondered what mother thought of that! After three months I was posted back to Melbourne to live at home and to work as a secretary to the officer-in-charge of the Salvage Unit which had offices in Swanston Street.

Not exactly what I imagined army life would be, so after seven months of this uninteresting but very demanding position, I applied for a transfer.

This time I got what I had wanted, life in a camp situation, with army routine. 1 Base Ordnance Depot, Bandiana, was a huge camp with thousands employed in various tasks. I went to the Transit Shed as Secretary to the officer-in-charge being the only girl amongst many men who were marvellous to me.

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I enjoyed life in the women's camp and shared a hut with the transport drivers, and, when off duty, was often able to go on trips to Albury and Bonegilla when they had supplies to deliver or troops to transport.

Men and women shared much together and had a lot of fun in leisure times. Picnics at the Murray River were a favourite, with raids on the kitchens for meat, bread etc. River lobsters were caught and cooked, we went swimming, and always enjoyed the comradeship.

Even at work there was time for a laugh. Especially when the C.O. decided to ban a frequent request for "Don't Fence Me In" to be played over the intercom. He said it was upsetting the morale of the troops.

In December 1945 I was discharged, and after a short leave entitlement I was back into civvy life. Fortunately I was able to return to my old position of accounting machine operator at Swallow and Ariells and was soon back into a routine of family life.

Although we were regimented, had long hours and sometimes hard work, there was also a lot of enjoyment. We were the lucky ones, we were in Australia and away from the front lines and prison camps.

It is a part of my life I would never wish to change. It was a great experience.

Aileen Galway

LEGACY REMEMBERS

It is easy to remember a big event such as a World War, but it is not always easy to remember those small personal things which may cause difficulties in the following years of peace.

Many of the problems Legacy faces in its efforts to obtain pensions for War Widows are caused by lack of information which should have been provided by the veteran before he died.

Apart from actual war injuries or illnesses, tobacco and alcohol are probably the next main contributors to many of the diseases and complaints which cause the death of ex-service people.

If veterans kept records of their smoking habits and attached them to their wills, then much of

the trouble their widows have in getting pensions would be overcome.

Smoking is now an accepted cause of many forms of cancer as well as heart trouble, airways problems etc. etc. So a few minutes recording your smoking and drinking habits could be time well spent.

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Looking back from Down Under

*** A Young woman 1939 - 1945 ***

It is flat and uninteresting - skip it and go on to Yorkshire some people would say. "It" being Lincolnshire, that bulge between the Wash and the River Humber. It also happens to be the place of my birth and childhood.

Lincolnshire isn't completely flat. The City of Lincoln was built on a hill and the mighty 900 year old Cathedral towers over the surrounding landscape. Lincolnshire even has some hills in the N.E. of the county - the Lincolnshire Wolds. It was on these hills, near the market town of Louth that a huge complex of towers rose up amongst the farms and hamlets of rural Lincolnshire. That it was something to do with the coming conflict with Germany was accepted by all but speculation was rife as to its specific purpose.

The most persistent rumour was emphatic that if you drove your car too close to these towers "they" could cut out your engine and you couldn't get moving again until "they" decided to release the spook they had put on your car! Perhaps the rumour was akin to the later one that attributed more precise bombing performance by air crews to improved eye-sight through eating carrots.

In late 1942 I joined the W.A.A.F. as a R.D.F. (later, Radar) operator and so became privy to this extraordinary invention and learned that the towers near Lough were a C.H. Radar Station called Stenigott. Later, the secret of the carrot-induced improved navigation was found to be due to the Radar installed in a blip on the undercarriage of the Lancaster bombers.

The flat nature of the county and its nearness to Germany and its conquered European coun-

tries, saw Lincolnshire become dotted with aerodromes for heavy bombers. Not for us the aerial battles of the fighter planes down south, but the incessant drone of planes going over in wave after wave in the night to meet the flak and searchlights over conquered Europe, to drop their bombs into the inferno below.

As hostilities progressed, we noticed amongst the light blue uniforms of the R.A.F., the darker blue of the Australians who had come from Down Under to join us in the fight against Hitler's Germany.

The village of Wickenby - near my home - had its ploughed fields turned into runways 'for the duration'. Friendships were struck between locals and service people - the White Hart pub at nearby Lissington often being the contact point. My family were farmers and my mother a generous cook and over the war years entertained many of the Wickenby aircrew. Some only visited once or twice - then we would learn that they had 'bought' it on such and such a raid. Very few crews lived to complete the 30 operations that they had to complete before they could be given a safer ground posting.

One such Australian who did survive was "Griff". He spent much of his off duty time at my home and being a farmer's son (from South Australia) he revelled in helping to bring the harvest in that summer when the war in Europe was over and he was waiting to be repatriated to Australia. "Griff" returned home, as so many did, with a war bride but kept in touch with the family.



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It was in 1955 when the S.S. Strathnaver docked in Adelaide on the way to Melbourne, bringing myself, husband and two small children as migrants to Australia, that I heard my name over the loud speaker and there was Griff at the other end of the phone, having been alerted to our arrival by my sister. We spent the next day with Griff and Betty being driven around a very wet Adelaide. On that and subsequent meetings, the reminiscences of the war years were not of the horrors but - for Griff - it was the farm and the family life he experienced and going to my Mother's funeral that he liked to recall. My Mother, who had been hostess to so many service people, died a few weeks before Germany capitulated.

As the years pass by, fewer and fewer participants of that war, 1939-1945, are left. (Griff died in 1987). But up on its hill Lincoln Cathedral still stands - that mighty edifice, that on moonlit nights so long ago, heralded a safe homecoming to returning aircrews. In its treasury is the ancient charter of 1072, given by William the Conqueror to the first bishop and the Magna Carta came to be as much a beacon to free peoples all over the world as was the Cathedral itself in those dark days of W.W.II.

Barbara Archer, June 1995.

ANZAC DAY 1995

by Robert Tobin - Scout

My Great Grandfather fought in the First World War as a Dispatch Rider.

My Grandfather fought in the Second World War in the 9th Division, in the Army service Corps, in the Supply Corp. On Anzac Day this year I had the honour of wearing their medals. My Great Grandfather and Grandfather received 4 medals each.

My Great Grandfather left with the first contingent for France in 1914, there he carried messages from the front lines to the command posts under heavy fire for some of the way. He was hospitalised for a short time because he was gassed with mustard gas. He came back to Australia in 1918, he died in 1953.

My Grandfather fought on the Pacific Front in the 9th Division. He fought in North Borneo,

New Guinea (Milne Bay) and Brunei. Early in the war he moved to the Supplies Corp. In the Supplies Corp. he travelled on a barge with supplies of food and ammunition for the spotters who watched for enemy aircraft flying overhead. To me being a supplier for the spotters sounds dangerous, especially when the suppliers had to travel at night and sleep amongst the coastal mangroves during the day. If they travelled by day they would be seen and shot or bombed by the enemy.

I was very proud to wear my Great Grandfather's and Grandfather's medals on Anzac Day. The medals help me to remember the sacrifices many thousands of Australians made in fighting for our freedom.

Robert Tobin

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VICTORY DAY MEMOIRS BY RON LAMSHED DRYSDALE

RAAF BOMBER COMMAND ENGLAND

Recently when reading about Victory Europe Celebrations I was reminded of a non-operational experience I had on Victory Europe Day.

My log book says 8th May 1945 to Oslo 15 Paratroops (Commandos) to occupy Oslo. 4 Hours day flying 4 hour night.

The scene starts approx. 9.00am warming up the Hercules motors of my 4 engine Halifax Bomber, as 15 happy and jubilant ex D.Day commandos climbed aboard at Bomber station England.

As a crew we had celebrated our survival of the war the night before (not real fit).

Not to worry it was a beautiful day, navigation easy, up the North Sea, over the Skagerrak, into Norway between Stavanger and Christiansand over the Fiords and high mountains onto Oslo.

We were the first aircraft in and when approaching the operational aerodrome outside Oslo I tried to contact their flying control for permission to land (with no response)

We circled at 1000 feet several times trying to make contact still no result.

Was our T.R. (Air-ground communication) on the blink? Did we have incorrect radio frequencies? or don't they want us?

I was hating the delay and could feel tension building up within myself. I conferred with the commando Army Captain on board and explained the situation.

As Captain of the aircraft the decision was mine to land without permission, after all I had bodies not bombs to deliver.

On the first approach flying control sent out a red flare, this indicates not to land, three times

this happened. Finally on the 3rd approach I decided to land the aircraft, the commandos prepared themselves in the event of trouble.

After landing and before we had taxied off the runway, George our flight engineer who had 360 degree vision out of the astro-dome, reported over the intercom that an open Mercedes Benz was approaching from control.

Flying control next made radio contact requesting Captain of the aircraft (myself) to report to the approaching car.

The car contained 6 high ranking Luftwaffe officers. Still uncertain what was going on I was reluctant to leave the aircraft. The Army Captain was up front with me, I suggested he report to the dignitaries. This he did reluctantly.

I left the engines running and after 10 - 15 minutes he reported we were the first British in and the Germans wanted to formally hand over their responsibilities. The reason for delay was, they were not prepared with formal documentation.

Our Wing-Commander arrived approx. 1 hour later and accepted all responsibilities. We stayed a few hours after placing a guard on the aircraft (sabotage was not beyond the realms of possibilities).

My log book says we operated over Norway 18th and 23rd April (approx. 2 weeks previously).

We tried to fraternize with Luftwaffe aircrew, some accepted us, others did not.

When walking into their officers' mess, my bomb-aimer and I came face to face with a fighter pilot, who spat at us.

Mac copped the lot. The next time that pilot spat, some teeth fell to the floor. (Mac's bonus for the pilot's indiscretion).

"Not very nice" after all the war was over.

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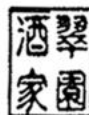
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August 15th 1945

Sixth Division A.I.F. stationed in the mountains behind Wewak New Guinea - A Digger Remembers.

No sooner had the men of the Sixth Division learned of the Japanese surrender than the question on everyone's lips was

"When do we go home?"

"The Sixth might be the first out as it has been the longest in battle"

"Will the lucky cows going on leave now have to come back?"

"Wonder if they'll give us an extra bottle of beer this week These were among the leading questions asked that day. Hunting "Japs" over the razorbacks, men on patrols advised each other: "Keep your head down Dig!" The news reached the patrols by native drums, over portable signal outfits and by the inevitable, mysterious grapevine. Word finally came to the units over the army signal lines late at night on the 15th August, ending a day of the wildest rumours. August 16th an A.N.A. Silver Douglas plane on its daily run up the coast from a southern base made three sweeps over Sixth Division headquarters before dropping the previous day's mainland newspapers. Some of the papers were torn apart in the wild scramble

for the latest news flashes. The Japanese in New Guinea were being told of the progress of Japan's peace proposals through radio, public address systems and surrender leaflets dropped from R.A.A.F. Beaufort Bombers. Royal Australian Navy launches called Fairmiles rigged with loud-speakers, which could be heard for miles over the water, co-operating with the Sixth Division, broadcast invitations to the Japanese to surrender. One entire enemy unit were induced to lay down their arms. One Japanese soldier who had recently given himself up to one of our patrols told his countrymen of the surrender of Japan through a microphone from the deck of a Fairmile, which steamed repeatedly within half a mile of enemy headquarters on Muschu and Kairiru Islands off-shore from Wewak. it was estimated that there were more than 500 Japanese on these islands. I came home to Australia by December 1945 and returned to my pre-war job in January 1946. I had left it on the 6th December 1940.

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A YOUNG MAN REFLECTS

By: Matthew A Hibbins B.A.

It was a new day, a new beginning. The sun rose in a brilliant spectacle of pink and orange hues, across the foreign and unknown landscape. It was a familiarity, a hope that shone through a darkness that enveloped us all. The sun might have been rising over a new world, a new adventure, that beckoned the need for further exploration, however, this mirage of beauty was but a flicker of the imagination, perhaps a grasp at a past memory or a reassurance of an uncertain future. The stark reality of the situation filtered back, all too quickly. This land was foreign to these men. Familiarity was but an instinct of the past, the hollow loss, anguish, stress and uncertainty of their situation, was replaced with a bravado and mateship, that compared with no other.

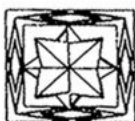
Boys had been quickly turned into men, their childhood dreams, hopes and aspirations left back in Australia, along with their families, girlfriends, wives and their lives. It was a rude awakening for some, for others it was too much to handle. A civilian cannot understand the emotion of war. The media and letters home could only scrape the surface of what for many is certainly unspeakable. It is the grip of war, a stranglehold, that not only plagues us now on the battlefield, but holds onto us for the rest of our lives. There is no half time, no time out. The reality of war cuts its players off from reality itself. It places them in an unnatural setting, isolating them from their past life, from their normal selves, wrenching a civilian from society, moulding and shaping them into a soldier along with all the baggage of war, and then returning them to society, to normality, a vision that seems intangible in the light of our present circumstances.

The rising sun bathes the new world, christens a new day, and unites us all. We cling to the memory of home, a strong memory that is carried with us in a letter or photo, the shape of a hat, or a smile on a face. It carries us through the worst of times, bringing us hope and the strength to carry on, like a light at the end of a seemingly endless dark tunnel. Like the sun, it is always there. It is a new tomorrow. Regardless of what happens today, our memory of home, like the sun will spur us on and ensure a type of sanity in the insanity of war.

We remember the tears in our fiancées and new wives eyes as we left for abroad, the emotion in each tear, sinking deep into your heart, knowing, but shielding the fact that this may be the last time you see one another, the last time you see your family, the last time you see your home. However, our memories spur us on, and if we are to survive, we must never let go of hope. It is a vicious endless circle that has enveloped my great-grandfather, grandfathers, father and now me. Although separated by time, we are none the less united by a common element; the element of war and the loss of innocence. The loss of innocence bears light on a new world, and the memory of home ensures the possibility of a return to normality; whatever that is. The sun rises, the sun sets, and through the darkness the sun will rise again and christen a new day, a new life.



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LEST WE FORGET

By Captain Don Shields, Army Reserve

50 years since the end of World War 2 the Federal government has initiated the "Australia Remembers" campaign to remember all those who fought and the many who paid the ultimate sacrifice for Australia and our freedom. But does Australia remember? In this article I provide a modern twist to the "Australia Remembers" campaign and will draw alarming comparisons between the community attitude and defence preparations, then and now and ask, "Does Australia really remember?"

At the end of the World War I, Australia like most civilised people around the world hoped that the "Great War" would be the "war to end all wars". Our politicians partly due to our isolation allowed the Defence Forces to be run down. Australians did not perceive that there was any risk of our involvement in any way, even with the warning signs of Japanese aggression in China. Luckily for Australia there was a small dedicated volunteer unpaid citizen force, the CMF, Citizens Military Forces. The CMF provided the basis for the expansion of the Armed Forces when war did eventuate. In peace time the CMF had retained many of the lessons, skills and knowledge paid for in blood by the soldiers of World War I. Most of the Officers and Non-Commissioned of the 2nd Australian Imperial Forces (A.I.F.), for example, transferred from the CMF. Additionally the CMF retained the technical knowledge of the skills which cannot be learned overnight, such as Gunnery. Geelong has a distinguished place in history as having the only Anti-Aircraft unit in the Australian Army, prior to the war. With the importance of air power and defence against it in World War 2, this unit played a vital part in Australia's defence preparations.

Today, Australians do not perceive any threat to Australia and as a result service in the Army Reserve is low on community priorities. After all, there's sports, nightclubs, televisions and many more enjoyable things to occupy the minds and time of our young men and women, this attitude is no different to that between the two world wars.

Australia maintains a citizens military force, which although it is smaller than that between the wars, the government has at least ensured that it has some of the technology and equipment to compete on a modern battlefield, and Australia cannot afford more than this. The problem is that its units are undermanned and we will not in any future war have the time to bring them up to strength and train sufficiently to be effective.

The solution I suggest is that the community attitude must change to encourage our young men and women to serve part time in the Reserve, otherwise I believe Australia has not remembered the lessons of the past. Hopefully it won't mean that one day the service and sacrifice of Australians who fought and paid in blood for our freedom will not be in vain.

For those wishing to obtain more information on service in the Army Reserve, I would be happy to speak to you and can be contacted at my Drysdale Office, Shields Insurance Services, 15 Hancock Street, any Tuesday or Thursday, phone 53 2992.



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Travel, Young Children, War Time,

A Young Mother's Story

My fiancé Les Hardiman and I were married in November 1937, just after he had played for Geelong in their Premiership winning team. He had been signed up, with two other Victorian players, Bunton and Shea, to go to Perth to play for the Subiaco Football Club. After the wedding and big farewell led by the Mayor of Geelong at the railway station, we travelled to Melbourne where we boarded the M.V. Duntroon for the voyage to Fremantle, Western Australia. On arrival we settled in Subiaco - our home for the next five years.

In November 1938 our daughter Judith was born and our first son Bill in 1941. In 1943 I was pregnant with our second son Geoffrey when he enlisted in the Infantry - West Australian 2/11th Battalion and before Geoff's birth in February 1944 was seeing service in New Guinea.

As I did not have my own home, we rented a flat, I began to worry and felt the need of my family's support, but they were a long way away in Victoria - it was a long and difficult journey. By August 1944, I was desperate and frightened not knowing if Les was even coming home alive and facing the prospect of rearing three children alone. I needed my family. It was time to pack up and move home - back to Geelong.

Difficult to obtain permits were necessary to travel at that time. However, once these obstacles were overcome, I packed up the three children Judith six, Bill three and Geoff seven months plus two very large suitcases and several bags and boarded the train in Perth.

We were lucky enough to have a First Class compartment to ourselves and with the help of a very kind guard we settled in for the first day and a half journey to Kalgoorlie. Here we had to change trains for Adelaide. To my dismay

we were put in a second class compartment with two other women travellers. That meant there were six in a four berth compartment. I told the guard I would need soup for my baby. "Don't worry, I'll look after you", he assured me.

I never saw him again.

To go to the dining car I had to go through two long carriages leading the two little ones and carrying the baby. We were only permitted half an hour per sitting. I don't remember eating at all until we reached Adelaide three days later.

On arriving in Adelaide we again had to change trains for Melbourne, there was several hours delay before departure. It was here that the "Red Cross Lady" came to my rescue. She took Geoffrey - he had travelled all the way in his basket - and sent me off with the two children to have a good wash and a very good dinner.

We boarded the train that night and with the help of another very kind guard we settled down for the last day and a half journey.

About noon Sunday we arrived in Melbourne and the loveliest of surprises.

There was my dearest sister Molly and her husband Harold. They had hired a taxi in Geelong and come to Melbourne to meet us and take us home.

There were no trains between Geelong and Melbourne on Sundays and petrol was severely rationed at the time but they managed it.

I thanked God! I felt safe at last.

Les finally returned in late 1945. He was ill but he was alive. I had not seen him for over two years and he was meeting his baby son for the first time.

By Nance Hardiman
with the help of her granddaughter Karen.

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MY PA - THE SOLDIER : VP 113363

Like his father before him, my Pa, Edward Chidzey was eager to join the armed forces and asked his father to sign the enrolment forms to allow him to enter. However because of his father's experiences during the First World War he was unwilling to do so. In describing these personal encounters with war between 1914 and 1918 Edwin, his father, claimed in a letter sent home to his sister that : "You people in Australia have no idea of the cruelty of it all and what is taking place here at the moment is enough to drive anyone mad." With this in mind in 1940, he refused to sign his son's papers.

Despite his father's protection, Edward ended up in the army one month after his eighteenth birthday. He was called up as part of the Government's conscription policy along with many of his friends. He came from a small country town, Dimboola, and enlisted there on January 6th 1942. With ten or twelve of his mates, he boarded the train for Melbourne, carrying a small suitcase which contained his toothbrush, razor and a pair of pyjamas! He promptly swapped these for a soldier's outfit, including a slouch hat and a 303.

From April 1942 to February 1943, Edward was based on the north-west coast of Western Australia, because the Japanese were supposedly going to invade there at some stage. As history went on to show, this development did not eventuate.

In March 1943, Edward's division, the third of the thirty-eighth battalion, underwent jungle training in Queensland. They soon discovered that Edward was a good shot during rifle training and he was transferred to the Bren gun because of his skill in this area. In June of that

year, Edward had his first and only leave before undertaking active service overseas. This totalled twenty-eight days and Edward headed home to Dimboola to see his family. His father told him to "keep his head down and be careful", while his mother remained very quiet and thoughtful.

From Queensland he headed to Darwin in August 1943 where he stayed until October 1944. During that time he experienced many Japanese air raids and felt the terror of war first hand. In the middle of the month, the thirty-eighth battalion was transferred to the eleventh battalion and this new battalion was sent to New Britain to reinforce the Fifth Division via a liberty ship called the Jane Adams. This arrival in the islands of New Guinea coincided with Edward's 21st birthday, not a location he had expected for such an important event. He had no party to celebrate this occasion!

While in New Guinea, he went out on many active patrols. On these patrols, there were only ten soldiers involved. It was his task to man the Bren gun and while doing this a soldier had a life expectancy of between two and three minutes. Whereas a rifleman had a life expectancy of seven to eight minutes. Patrols usually lasted about a week. Each of his patrols normally had two "fuzzy wuzzy Angels" or New Guinea natives attached to them. At night-time, these men would go further into the jungle and make a sketch of the Japanese gun posts to be attacked in future campaigns. The fuzzy wuzzies gave him special protection because of his extraordinarily fair complexion, something he came to appreciate even more as each day went by.

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When peace was declared, Edward was based in Wide Bay. Yet although the war was over, he continued active patrols for a further month. He then went by ship to New Ireland where he supervised the disposal of Japanese guns into the sea. At the time, there were between two to three thousand Japanese soldiers on that island.

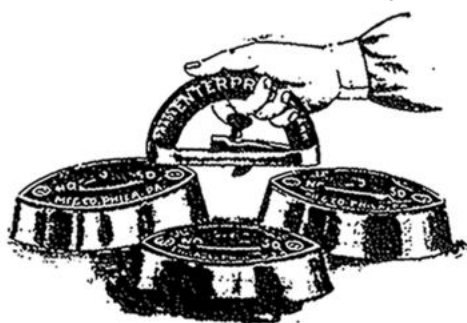
After four and a quarter years of active service, Private

Edward Chidzey came back to Australia on the hospital ship "Manunda", suffering from chronic dermatitis and jungle-related foot diseases. From Sydney, he travelled by hospital train to Heidelberg Hospital and contracted malaria shortly afterwards, where he remained until May 1946.

Ironically he was discharged by a corporal who had served with his father, Edwin, during World War One and even more amazingly, he later had his only grandson born on Anzac Day 1986, something very special for any Australian soldier!

My Pa did not join the army for the money. His weekly pay totalled seven shillings and sixpence, the sixpence representing his responsibility as a Bren gunner. Instead he fought for what he thought was right and wanted to give people like me a chance to live in peace and freedom. While I may be at university or working when I am eighteen, rather than at war like him, I want him to know that I am thankful for what he did and proud to call soldier VX 113363 my Pa!

Lyndel Chidzey
Year 6
The Geelong College



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CHILDREN REMEMBER

The following thoughts have been written by the students of Drysdale Primary School, Grade 5M and Clifton Springs Primary School, Grade 6M.

We thank them all for their efforts and for the time they have spent to help the readers of the "SpringDale Messenger" commemorate the 50th Anniversary of VP Day.

Unfortunately space does not permit us to print all stories submitted but hereunder is a selection from the students at Drysdale Primary School:

I understand that the men of the war had to leave their family to be prisoners. They had lack of food and were just made of skin and bones. Things they had to go through were so bad and I'm glad I was not alive in 1945. Some of the experiences were like watching a friend die, or decisions to kill some one.

My Grandfather was in the war and he was an aeroplane pilot. He does not like talking to people about it because he had to kill people in aeroplane fights. I have talked to him a couple of times but he has not told me much.

I feel that wars should end, all it is doing is destroying peoples lives and countries. It is also polluting the air by the army tanks. Wars are not very happy things, maybe in those days there was need for them but now our countries should not be afraid of wars starting up again.

It is now World War II
50th Anniversary

Lisa Walker

It was 50 years ago the war broke out and many people returned to the welcoming homes. Many homes threw huge parties with happiness. As the days went on they became very skinny and unhappy, because they were badly treated as prisoners and lack of food.

My Grandfather went to the war but did not fight for his country but I am not quite sure what he did but I know he came back happy because he is still alive and he now enjoys as a sport golf to keep him fit. I think he is now 72 years old.

I know that if I had to go to war I wouldn't really want to go because I really don't like hurting people and even animals and still I don't like the sight of blood if it is somebody elses.

Kristy O'Connor

In my own words I believe that war does not prove a thing but the volunteers from Australia were brave and young people who wanted fun it is even more sad.

I think my great grandpa was in the Army but I never talked to him before I'd have to think the bravest must be the artists because they were unarmed and sit sketching all the scenes and I think a lot about the artist.

I would go in the Army to represent our country but watching your friend die is bad. In 1995 it is the 50th Anniversary of World War 2.

Julian Hildebrand

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Extracts:

Kelvin Bellears writes:

"Some kids that were 14 and 15 lied about their ages because they were looking for adventure and some even thought it would be fun but some elders could tell you it really wasn't".

Jeremy Kerigan says:

"If there was another war and I was fifteen I would not lie about my age and go to war".

Roger Rickard's thoughts are:

"When the war was on 50 or so years ago there was no cameras so they got artists in and they painted and drew good pictures (from what I saw on the ads). When some of the people came home from the war big parties were held".

Tyler E. says:

"During the war my Grandad was an officer and my Grandma worked in the factory making scopes for the guns".

Sarah Stratton writes:

"It was 50 years ago can you guess? Yes the war. Many people trained ready for the war including my Grandpa. While he was training he fell out of the side of the tank and badly injured his leg. He went to at least 15 different hospitals with his leg. He was in hospital so long he missed the war. He was super lucky because the rest of his group were bombed in the middle of the ocean heading to Japan."

Emma Bellears thoughts are:

"One of my great grandfathers went to the war. He got a few medals for bravery but I think anyone should get a medal of bravery just for going to war."

My opinion about the war is "war is silly". I can't understand why we have to do it. It is horrible how people have to die for silly reasons. War should stop."

Dylan's thoughts are:

"At home I found a photo of my grandad from 1942. He went in the war and he is still alive today. This year is the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II. Had I the chance to go I would definitely NOT have gone."

War is a terrible thing. Soldiers were badly treated and didn't get much food. I think that it would be terrible to watch a friend get killed."

Stories from Clifton Springs Primary School:

War of Tears

The second World War was bad enough
with soldiers strong and very tough
But when it ends it hurts inside
'cause people die and
Relatives cry.

H. Wong

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The Day I went to Pearl Harbour

Just last year in 1994 I went to Pearl Harbour. I then realised how many people had died when the harbour was bombed. I learnt a great deal. I also learnt that the Japanese attacked the American army on December 7th and 8th 1941. When I think about all the people who were in the war, I really thank them for their sacrifice.

Rebecca Johnson

War

Combat
Terrible Terror
Fighting, Hoping, Praying,
Battling for your country
Conflict

Jesse Thomas

The Road to Victory

The Japanese were going to invade,
We needed help, straight away.

With an urgent message, we begged and pleaded,
But our calls were simply not heeded.
They, unfortunately, did not believe us.

So we set up our own Military Base,
So we could fight them face to face.

The men all volunteered to go,
So the women took over jobs they didn't know.
Some women went to war as a nurse,
While the others at home feared for the worse.

The Japanese slipped into Darwin Harbour, but we
kept them at bay,
So now we are the proud country, we are to-day.

So don't be ashamed of our heritage,
Instead remember all that went into it.

Katie Poole

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My Grandfather

My grandfather was in the war, he served in the Royal Signals Territorial Army. He started off in England and went to Egypt. He was in Egypt from 5.8.1940 to 15.2.1941. Then he went to Crete to fight. He fought from 16.2.1941 to 31.5.1941 but was captured in Crete and then became a P.O.W.

His P.O.W. camp was STALAG VIII B (344) Landsdorf. It was situated in Eastern Germany near the borders of Poland and Czechoslovakia. They were right near a number of concentration camps and often smelt burning flesh but never knew what was happening.

Then the Allies started coming and they began walking to get away. In freezing conditions, like 35 degrees C. They went for days with no food. The food they did eat consisted of thin soup, raw potatoes, a scrap of bread and occasionally coffee or tea. My grandfather was a P.O.W. for four years and was released in April 1945.

Michelle Welsh

In the War

Loss of loved ones

Over time so many people died

Sacrifice of giving up their families

So many people fought in the war

Over time people had been very brave

Families giving up their husbands

Loneliness when people died

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Overwhelming joy when people came home

Very many people oppressed and down

Every day they hoped they'd be alright

Determination to fight for their country

Over the war time people made good friendships

Never thought bad things were going to happen to them

Ending six years of unhappiness

Separation from their families

Crystal Stankovic

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MY GRANDFATHER

My name is Kristen Thompson. My grandfather went to World War 2. He watched his friend die and got shrapnel in his dog tag. Amazingly he survived. He was in the Air Force. He flew in a plane called a Spitfire and his plane was shot down. He came home and some years later died. My dad was only one year old. My grandfather's name was John Brown Thomson.

Kirsten Thomson

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LOCAL TEENAGER CONTINUES TO REACH FOR THE SKY

Samantha Webster - a 17 year old Year 12 Sacred Heart College student is enthusiastic, sensitive and unassuming, but also a very determined and head strong young lady - knowing exactly what and where she wants to be. She wants to 'fly' - pilot any aircraft she is qualified to, whether it be fixed wing or 'choppers'. Her dream that one day she would be a pilot in the Royal Australian Airforce began in 1991 after seeing the movie 'Top Gun' and joining the Air Training Corps - 28 Flight - Geelong. The support and enthusiasm she receives from her 'flight' has been and is tremendous. Most school holidays have been spent at various camps - whether on bivouacs, work experience or promotion courses. In January of this year, Samantha deservedly attained the rank of sergeant.

After an introduction to flying through the Air Training Corps, Samantha enrolled in the Bacchus March School of Aviation, which she works for and pays her own way. She holds a student pilots licence and is presently endeavouring to acquire the recommended hours to carry passengers.

"Local teenager continues to reach for the sky"



ing to acquire the recommended hours to carry passengers.

Late last year, Samantha applied for a scholarship with all three of the services. In April of this year - she successfully qualified for and won an airforce and navy scholarship. However, she was only permitted to select one, so Samantha chose the \$1000 Airforce award. She also received a merit from the Australian Army, guaranteeing her a position at the Australian Defence Force Academy (ADFA) in Canberra in 1996 should she so desire.

When asked what she wished to be - Samantha positively replied "a pilot". Why the Australian Defence Force? "It's all about a challenging career, duty, honour, camaraderie, adventure and reward. I thrive on a challenge and know that ADFA is where I want to be. It offers hard work, study and a degree, and guaranteed employment upon graduation. I don't want 'just a job', I want more and believe the lifestyle I

gain in the ADFA will push me to my limits, while training me to become a leader in one of Australia's largest organisations."

Samantha, through the Air Training Corps - 28 Flight, was nominated and selected to represent Australia at the International Cadet Exchange in England at the beginning of third term this year for two and a half weeks. As cited by the Australian Air Training Corps, cadets chosen for this privilege have proven themselves to represent their country overseas. Samantha strongly believes that the youth of today are not accepted and/or understood, but that they still all have potential to excel given the scope, right advice and direction. Whilst many do not expect to be war heroes, they are prepared to fight for their country, just like previous generations. "I believe my generation is still proud to be Australian."

Samantha is very proud to be seventh generation Australian and will, if required, conscientiously and proudly fight for her country, family and heritage - as did her great, great, great, great, great grandmother, Mary Reibey, the lady who now graces our \$20 note.

Congratulations and good luck in your future Samantha, you are an inspiration to us all.

Air Training Corps - 28 Flight, parade every Thursday evening. Inquiries contact the Flight between 7.00 and 8.00pm Thursdays on 296748.

SPRINGDALE WRITERS' REMEMBER **HE CAME HOME IN 1945**

She'd heard the news the night before,
It was over at last - this wretched war.
He was coming home, to her, today.
It had been three long years, since he went away.

She stood on the dock, at the end of the pier,
waiting for her darling, she loved so dear.
He'd fought the battle that had to be won,
this brave young man, of just twenty-one.
He hobbled down the gangway - at long last
her years of waiting were now in the past.
They clutched each other in loving embrace.
She held him close; tears staining her face.
Battle-scarred, weary, he was alive.

What a wonderful day

- in 1945.

Suzanne Bellears

Les and Maude Remember:

In 1942, Maude was 15 and went to work at H.A. Manahan and Sons P/L, grocers, in Muruillumbah, NSW.

Several months prior, Friday late night shopping ended, due to the blackout enforced in Australia during the war.

Rationing of tea, butter and sugar eventuated in grocery trade and although goods like coffee and biscuits didn't have to be purchased with coupons, they were hard to obtain. Maude recalls the biscuit train which came up the line from Sydney, dropping off quotas of biscuits once a month to all the stores along the way.

The store where Maude worked also sold small goods. These were able to be purchased without coupons and were very popular. Each Friday morning seven whole hams on the bone would be sliced up to meet the demands of the Friday and Saturday morning shoppers.

Regular customers were looked after when rationing came into force. Initially, hard to get goods were displayed on the shelves as usual, but the grocers soon found people from Brisbane, who passed through the area, would buy up all the groceries they couldn't obtain in the City. Tinned items such as salmon and asparagus, fresh eggs, tobacco and even sweet biscuits went 'under the counter' to be offered to their own loyal customers.

Although the War ended in 1945, rationing of food continued for a year or so afterwards.

Leanne Arnott

The Springdale Messenger

Two years after being refused a release by his employer, International Harvester in Geelong, Les finally joined the Australian Airforce in 1943. He was sent to Tocumwal for rookie training and then to Laverton, Victoria, where he recalls unpacking the engines for American planes that were sent out during the War. His next posting was at Melbourne Show Grounds where Les slept in the number two bull pen and completed his basic training.

Although he longed to travel overseas, all of Les's postings saw him moved by troop train to different bases in Australia. After Melbourne came Adelaide, then Mallala in S.A. and finally Tocumwal, where Les was Aircraft Rigger, looking after planes sent out from England that were used in Airforce training.

Les often ate at mobile messes which catered for up to 1,000 men per day. Food was basic - bully beef fritters were common and desserts of rice and prunes have made Les not particularly fond of either to this day!

The accommodation huts at Tocumwal were built to resemble normal houses from the outside. If an enemy plane flew over, they would see Tocumwal as just another town, rather than an Airforce Base. The Base was huge - 33 miles around the fenceline. Roadtrains would collect personnel from their living quarters to take them to work each day.

When peace was declared, Les remembers that over half the personnel disappeared off the Base to celebrate - there was no asking for a leave pass that day!

Leanne Arnott

AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS

I can see how they were treated in the prisons of the enemy. They were treated very badly. The prisons were made out of barbwire fences. Teenagers that were around 14 and 15 lied about their ages. Some returned to their families and loved ones, but some could not because they were up in Heaven. Some were looking for adventure, some even thought it would be fun. But you can ask elders who were in the war, it really wasn't fun at all.

The tragic war ended in 1945 - 50 years ago.

Written by
Kelvin Bellears

Age 10.

MY GRANDAD.

My Grandad is 83 years old, and was a Rat of Tobruk. The soldiers were called rats because they dug holes to hide in. My Pop took lots of photos of bomber planes flying over his hole, but left his camera behind when they had to get out quickly and could not go back for it. Grandad saw a lot of horrible things during the war. His leg was badly injured when a bomb exploded near him and he was hit with flying shrapnel.

He was taken to a hospital and then sent home. Pop's leg still gives him trouble even after 50 years, but he still plays bowls and enjoys a game of golf.

Grandad was awarded medals, and was very brave. He also played saxophone to help cheer up the other soldiers.

I am so glad my Pop made it back home safely, or I would not be here today. I am very proud of my Grandad and love him very much.

Ross Barrett
Bellarine Secondary College

A NEED TO KNOW

Listen now, to those tales of old,
For time is rapidly running out.
Recalled stories still to be told,
Our soldiers their memories fading.

Our Dads and Grandads suffered greatly,
To give us the lives we now lead.
Be proud, give them our respect,
These brave men, we must not forget.

Let our children be aware,
the terrible tragedy of war.
So they may grow with the knowledge,
that Peace should reign ever more.

Lorraine Barrett

A DIFFERENT TIME, A DIFFERENT AGE.

My father is weeping, wrenching sobs; his face buried behind his hands. He will be alone, alone in their home which stands above the bay. He has been a man with a temper and strength but now he is unbelievably frail. I wonder if my mere touch will make him crumble like so much dead ash. I cannot bear to touch him as he weeps. I am frightened by his weakness, his unbearable grief.

I have not been a 'good' son. I have visited my parents only once since they moved here five years ago. I have children and a business to consider. Perhaps that has been an excuse for me. I admit that I have found their decline into old-age painful. It is Mother's death which has brought me to their home to sit with my grieving father. I turn away from him to stare across the water. It has become a sheet of pale grey, its blueness usurped by the bright glare of the setting sun. The pier lies black, spare and long in the motionless sea. My father was right, it is very beautiful.

"I'm glad you've come," said my father. he had raised his eyes. I do not know how long he has been watching me. he is old, I have never realised how old until now. I can see his hands with their worn fingers and the grey, wrinkled skin on their backs.

"I wanted to. I should have come long ago."

"It is good you are here. Helen (my sister) will be arriving tonight. I've asked her to stay in the spare room."

"That'll be fine," I answered. "I can sleep in the lounge."

I follow the contours of his face. It is a different person to the man in the old photograph beside my mother's bed. Then his face was smooth, clean shaven poised in a gentle half-smile. He wore a khaki uniform. He was looking beyond the frame.

"Who were you looking at in the photo? The one in Mum's room."

"I can't remember. The photographer says to turn a certain way or another. Couldn't see much point in arguing the toss. I just did as I was told."

"Is that why you wore the uniform, joined the army, because you were told to?"

I'd only said that to make a score, another mark in a battle between us that has gone off

GOOD NEWS!

**from Clifton Springs Baptist...
a friendly Church where you can
meet new friends and become
friends
with God.**

I was listening on the radio recently to a senior and experienced medical specialist. Do you know what he said was the most painful form of human suffering? It wasn't AIDS or cancer or other frightening diseases, as terrible as they are. In his opinion, it was loneliness. A lonely person drips a unique type of pain and suffering, he said.

Loneliness is the terrible pain of broken and unfulfilled relationships where people are without meaningful connectedness with others. It is really an occupational hazard of being human. It seems to hit everyone at some time or another, either for a while or even, very sadly for many, over a lifetime.

One of the most reassuring verses from the Bible is this: "the Lord your God goes with you... He will never leave you or forsake you". When God came to earth in the person of Je-

sus Christ, He experienced loneliness, alienation and abandonment. God understands loneliness, is with us in our loneliness and helps us through our loneliness. There are certainly no easy answers but we can start by getting in touch with ourselves, with others and with God.


Our Church might be able to help out. We have people skilled and experienced in lending a listening ear and, if desired, in counseling. Somehow, coming to worship can be helpful too. We enjoy our time together each Sunday at 10.00am at 45 Central Road - and you are always most welcome! For men, we have a breakfast at Dallimores this Saturday at 8.00am and a special Fathers' Day service on Sunday 3rd September at 10.00am.

Any queries, please phone me at any time on 51-2973.

Warmly,



David Sharrock
Pastor




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and on for years. I hated to hear his war stories, about his bravery and his mates. None of this had any relevance for me. My father was a conscript who only managed to make it to Private after three years. By the time I was that age, I had a successful franchise and had the business acumen to actually profit from the '87 crash. I said nothing and turned to the window to avoid his eyes.

He said: "I spent five years of my life in the Army. I was proud to wear an Australian uniform and fight for my country. Do you want me to feel ashamed of having been in the war?"

"But the War, your bloody war has hung over this family like a curse. When you came home I can remember the scenes, the fights you and Mum had. You always argued, you always thought you were right but you weren't. You were not a General and we were not your soldiers."

"Your mother and I sorted all that out a very long time ago. I'm not proud of the way I was. It wasn't easy for either of us, a new child and an older one in her arms I'd only read about in letters. I admit and I admitted to her many times, it was hard... as hard coming back, as going in the first place."

I played with the handle of the cup of tea in front of me. On the outside there were red flowers in the shape of a bouquet, a twist of straw tied about the stems. The tea was cold and undrinkable. I twisted it slowly right then left and watched the brown liquid as it hardly moved.

"It wasn't easy for me, not knowing when you would explode. Everyone knew about your temper. Mum was frightened sick of you. Then you'd just go out and spend all night with your drinking friends, the returned soldiers."

"I don't expect you can ever understand," said my father. "I have spent fifty years trying to. I think your mother did, otherwise she'd have left in those first few years. I couldn't be normal again, not just like that. I couldn't feel the same way. I couldn't think the same way. War changes all of that."

"I've had to battle too. I've struggled," I said.

"I know that," said my father, "but it's still different. I have come to understand that war changes all the rules, all the standards we try to live by. I know the sight and feel of death. I can still see and hear a mate being torn apart by a torrent of bullets. It could have been me. It starts to make you think it should have been me. I was no better a man than him, so why

not me? Seeing a man die must change everything. It wasn't a game or, if it was, not for long. Any man who died wasn't someone you'd never met before. He was more than an anonymous name in a newspaper. He was a mate. We shared our food and our lives, we all did. That's all gone now."

"What's all gone Dad? What do you mean?"

"No-one really cares about anybody else."

"That's not fair. I love my family, my children and Jean. I've friends I care about."

"Friends you would give your life for? I doubt it. I don't suppose I'd want you to. But in wartime, in a jungle where a sniper is anywhere or a mine is beside your foot, I had to look out for my mates. And yes, if I had to give my life for any of them I would have as they gave their lives to protect me."

The sky was growing dark and the stars of early evening were starting to appear. My father sat quietly now, he was spent and tired. His eyes were closed, perhaps he was dreaming of mates who died in the high ground near Rabaul, the friends who did not return from Tobruk or the schoolmates who were captured in Singapore and died of emaciation and disease. I got up and turned on the gas jet, lit it and put the kettle on. I rinsed our cups and refilled them with fresh tea when the water boiled.

"Dad. I have one question."

He nodded.

"Was it worth it?"

"I don't know. The war should never have happened. But it did. I was not a brave man, I just tried to do my best."

"You are wrong about one thing," I said. "You are a brave man."

Bruce Barker 1995

Remembered Snippets

Gran: "Those sneaky Japs come, I'm crawlin' up a holler log."

Frank (returned P.O.W.): "Don't ask me to care like other people. I've seen too much." Awarded B.E.M. for services to society, late 1970s. Frank - you cared more than other people.

Infant Mistress in class. Teaching while non-stop knitting for the boys overseas.

SpringDale Writers.

COVER TO COVER

DRYSDALE LIBRARY NEWS

This month we are going to look at books that deal with social issues - not dry dusty tomes, but titles that have you thinking long after you close the back cover.

Has your work place been "down sized" as a result of a technological "upgrade", re-structured and so forth? Then take a look at Michael Palin's wickedly funny novel, "Hemmingway's Chair" - efficiency strikes the Post Office and it's so close to the mark! The message is the same no matter where you toil.

"The First Stone"/ Helen Garner is a far more serious account of alleged sexual harassment at Ormond College, Melbourne University. The case was splashed all over the newspapers and TV a couple of years ago and in this book the author tries to make some sense of it all - very readable.

Finally, "Hot Zone"/ Richard Preston's best seller (Ebola virus) has been joined by "The Coming Plague"/ Louise Garrett - a book that

governments are taking notice of - where ecological changes to the environment, due to global population explosion, are uncovering deadly viruses unknown to man, with dire consequences.

LIBRARIAN'S LOWDOWN

The Mountbattens have always created enormous interest. The latest title is "Mountbatten: the private story"/ Brian Hoey. There is also an official biography by Philip Zeigler and two engrossing books on Edwina - one by Janet Morgan and the other by Richard Hough - intimate and fascinating reading.

STORY TIME

-last Friday of the month - 10.00 - 10.45a.m.

Ring 51 3855 to Renew, Reserve and for Reference help. There are "withdrawn" LP records for sale too at \$4.00 each.

Margaret Skeen

CLIFTON SPRINGS GARDEN CLUB INC.

The July meeting was an Auction Night with proceeds going to North Bellarine Hostel for the Aged Inc. This was a "fun"

night with visitors from Portarlington and St. Leonards Garden Clubs and this meant a nice friendly crowd with a lot of competition for the "Bargains". Next meeting at the Uniting Church Hall, 7.30 a.m. August 21st - new members very welcome.

Sarah's Fitness Centre
Ph. 531795

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IN YOUR GARDEN

The first signs of Spring are starting to pop up and they are a lovely sight. There are daffodils in the course of flowering, hyacinths, tulips and the like all heralding the start, hopefully, of the warmer weather. Even though we still have a bit of Winter to go and the notoriously unpredictable early Spring, the thought of some good weather is not an unpleasant one at all. Still there are some quite pleasant things to be enjoyed at this time of the year. Some Camellias are out in flower with a great splash of color. The heady fragrance of Daphne can be savoured wafting from the gardens lucky enough to have a good size bush. If you are lucky enough to have a nice Daphne, then cut the occasional sprig off and pop it into some water in the house and enjoy. The perfume will permeate the whole house, doubling the enjoyment.

Members of the boronia family are starting to bud providing the promise of things to come. Although there are quite a few different varieties of boronia, probably the most fragrant would be the brown boronias. The Brown Boronias vary in height and color from quite small growing (under 50cm) through to the

more common Brown Boronia (2-3m). The Yellow Boronia also has quite a lovely fragrance with the advantage of quite unusual lime yellow colored flowers. When established in the garden this shrub can look absolutely magnificent when it flowers. Unfortunately Boronias have a particularly nasty reputation of throwing in the towel of life for no apparent reason.

They are best, a little sensitive to their growing environment, it is important to look after them in the extremes of weather that we seem so blessed with. Most Boronias prefer morning sun and afternoon shade with well drained but not dry soil. There are a few exceptions that will grow in the full sun, the red Boronia and Sunset Serenade Boronia are worthwhile plants, even though they do not have the magic fragrance of the brown. After flowering most Boronias will benefit from a good haircut to promote a bushy growth habit, otherwise you will end up with a long lanky plant that will not look good when it is supposed to.

Neil Muhlhan
Alinga Nursery

PALMERSTON COURT AGED CARE HOSTEL

Our Aged Care Hostel has, this month, celebrated its first year of operation.

Palmerston Court, as distinct from the community based North Bellarine hostel, is privately owned and operated, but it does operate under the same Government Legislation. As the result of a recent inspection by the Government Outcomes and Standards people, staff and management received a glowing report on our level of care and respect for personal dignity and rights.

The Hostel structure has proved to be a great success and it is now home to 30 residents who enjoy our services and facilities.

The spacious lounge, dining room and private bedrooms with en suites, have proved very popular and enable the residents to socialise or enjoy the privacy of their own room.

Activities including regular bus outings to places of interest, have been started but it appears that "Bingo" remains a firm favourite.

The staff, under the supervision of Carol Brislane, provide a level of care that is now well known in our community.

Demand for Respite Care has been high, particularly in the colder winter months and in many cases not wanted to leave our warm and comfortable environment.

If you are in need of Respite Care or are interested in permanent Residency, we suggest you ring us on 532582 or call in to see us.

The Hostel is well located being close to the Drysdale shopping centre on the corner of East and Palmerston Street.

BELLARINE PENINSULA

COMMUNITY HEALTH SERVICE INC.

ASTHMA INFORMATION NIGHT

Thursday 17th August, 1995 from 7.30 pm - 9.45 pm at the Ocean Grove Community Health Centre, Cnr. Presidents Avenue and The Avenue, Ocean Grove. Supper provided. No need to book - free admission. There will be a Paediatrician, Thoracic Physician, Dietitian and Physiotherapist, talking about the latest trend in management. Highly recommended for parents, teachers, community leaders and adults. Inquiries to Carolyn Brand, Community Health Nurse. 48 1944.

WELL WOMEN'S CLINICS

A Boon for Womens Health:

Well Women's Clinics are operating on the Bellarine Peninsula and are now operating at Ocean Grove and Drysdale. This will give women a chance to have routine pap smears and breast checks.

According to the Victorian Cancer Registry, about 100 women die of cervical cancer each year. Most of those have never had a pap smear or have not had them every two years.

The good news is that 90 per cent of cervical cancer may be prevented with adequate screenings.

Many women feel too embarrassed or scared to have pap smears more often. A lack of accessible services also prevents some country women from being regularly checked.

Women's Health Nurses from the Bellarine Peninsula Community Health Service conduct these clinics and provide more time so you can discuss any other health concerns you may have.

Clinics are conducted at Ocean Grove Community Health Centre or Drysdale Community Health Centre by appointment. For details/bookings phone 58 1944.

BELLARINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At the annual meeting of the society on 12th July, Mrs Myrtle Filbay was elected President for 1995/1996. Mrs. Filbay will be supported by Mrs. Shirley Lindsay - Secretary, Mrs. Irene Buckle - Treasurer, Mrs Margaret Hocking - Minute Secretary, Mr. Noel Lindsay - Vice President and Publicity Officer and Mr. Barry Buckle as Public Officer.

The Society meets at the Old Court House Museum at 8 pm on the 2nd Wednesday of each month and during winter the Court House is open between 1.30 pm and 4.30 pm on the 1st Sunday of each month for people researching family histories of the peninsula and to view the constantly changing displays. Great interest has been generated by the Society's Pioneer Register which now contains more than 4000 names and further additions are welcomed.

New members will be welcomed and a programme of interesting Guest Speakers is being arranged for the coming year. The Society can be contacted on 50-1783 or 51-2693.

DRYSDALE SENIOR CITIZENS CENTRE

The Annual General Meeting of the centre was held on Monday, July 10th when Mrs. Marj Lovatt was elected, unopposed to the position of President. She replaces Mrs Ruby Rose, who retired. The other members of the Executive are Bernie Ashworth - Snr. Vice President; Harry Waixel - Junior Vice-President; Joe Kennedy - Treasurer; John Brownhill - Hon. Secretary; George Goninon - Asst. Hon. Secretary.

The members of the centre are looking forward to a really great year of activities, such as

bowls, ladies' keep fit class, line dancing and square dancing, craft and much more.

On Monday, July 10, a great party took place in the hall and what a party it was - sausage sizzle accompanied by cakes and trifle. Enough food to feed an army of children.

After all had their fill, the tables were cleared and the concert party under the direction of Bernie Ashworth, took to the stage and gave one of the best concerts seen in the hall for a long time. It is still being talked about. The theme was "Songs of World War II" and featured songs, music and sketches of that era.

The concert party is in desperate need of male members, so if you can sing or act in any way and feel like joining this happy group, contact Bernie Ashworth - he will welcome you with open arms.

The concert party does not only put on concerts in the hall, they also travel all round the district and often outside the district, entertaining the sick and frail members of the different nursing homes and rest homes. They should be congratulated for their efforts.

Saturday, August 12 is a date to remember, because this is the date chosen for the social function of the year. This will be a time to let your hair down and at the same time to celebrate VP day. There will be dancing, singing and much more.

Bring a friend, bring a CD or tape, or if you have any, bring a plate, with some food on it for supper, but above all, bring yourself.

This night, we hope, will be the forerunner of many more socials. No alcohol will be permitted.

Are you lonely and feel no-one wants you? If you feel this way, just forget it, because the members of Drysdale Senior Citizens are waiting to welcome you into the club. As long as you have reached the ripe old age of 55 years, you are eligible to join, so don't just sit there, make the first step and speak with the Secretary on Monday, Wednesday or Friday after-

noons, and lose that loneliness by joining in the fun.

John G. Brownhill
Hon. Secretary

NATIONAL SENIORS ASSOCIATION - GEELONG

The Geelong Branch of the National Seniors Association is a community based organisation established in April 1994 to promote the interests of people who are 50 and over in Geelong and surrounding districts.

National Seniors Geelong aims to assist people in meeting and making new friends while joining in worthwhile social and community activities and is one of the 101 Branches throughout Australia with a national membership of 86,000.

** For information contact President Iris Nickless -
Phone 786578
Secretary - Carmel Gellion - Phone 411029

** We invite people 50 and over to participate fully in
social issues that affect our lives and well being and to
enjoy the company of members in social and community activities.

Drysdale Primary School 1875 - 1995

The first children enrolled at Drysdale Primary School on 2nd August 1875, so we are celebrating a 120 year history of education.

On the 21st to 24th August our children will be involved in parades, plays and bookswaps in conjunction with the 50th Anniversary of Bookweek. During the week August 14th to 18th we have activities to celebrate Science Week with a special activity day on Wednesday 16th where any interested community members are welcome to attend.

We welcome continuing our educational ties with the community and would be pleased to have you visit during our celebrations. Please contact Debbie Read on 512272 if you need any further information.

Any families wishing to enrol their child for 1996 are welcome to call at the office for a tour at any time.

SPRINGDALE OCCASIONAL CARE

Register now with occasional child care at SpringDale Community Cottage. Sessions running Tuesday morning, and Thursday afternoon-vacancies in both sessions. Please phone SpringDale for further information on 531960.

DRYSDALE COUNTRY WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION

This Branch was formed in March 1948, so we still have three years before we are "50". By this time in 1948, quite a few of the members who were in the services were discharged and the Land Army girls were home and quite a lot of marriages had taken place. The decision to form the Branch was made and the young "Mums" and their babies and children were pleased to have a local "Club" where they could meet each month. This friendly atmosphere has continued since then and the help given to local organisations still continues. We

were able last month to give over \$900.00 to Multiple Sclerosis, Geelong and Breast Cancer Research, but only with the help and support of the local people. We need this to continue helping local organizations, so are very grateful. Please consider joining us every 2nd Tuesday 1.30 pm at the Springs. We would welcome new members.

Lindsay.

Shirley

COMMUNITY CRAFT

The 13th annual meeting of the Drysdale Community Craft Shop was held on the 13th July. Office bearers:

President	Bill Kirtley
Secretary	Margaret Harry
Treasurers	Susan Whetton, Lesley Taylor

If you would like to become a member of the craft shop, bring your craft any day and leave for the approval of the committee. New members warmly welcomed.

Shop Hours: Thursday to Monday 10.00am to 5.00pm

Closed Tuesday and Wednesday during winter.

W men's Aglow Fellowship Bellarine

(Inter denominational)

Thursday September 7th,

10.00am Morning Tea, 10.30am Fellowship

***Speaker:** Mrs Joan Gordon (Werribee Christian Centre)

The SpringDale Messenger

Venue: 'Buckleys' at The Springs

Entry: \$5.00 (Creche - Free)

Dianne Williams
(052) 512218

Sandra Harvey
(052) 532228

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*Phil
Hodgkinson
AH 55 1043
018 520 352*



*Brett
Thompson
AH 53 2364*



*Phil
Cumming
AH 51 3047*

ABOUT THE LOGO

The *Australia Remembers Logo*, as shown on the front page was very carefully chosen from many suggestions put forward to the Federal Government.

It depicts a returning soldier embraced by his wife with their son and daughter showing great joy at their father's return.

The soldier represents veterans, the wife reflects those who stayed at home and the children are indicative of the youth of Australia who were to become the Australians of the future, those who benefited from the sacrifices of the veterans and the efforts of the Australians who remained at home.

The soldier and his family pictured is Patrick Walsh of Sydney who enlisted in December 1939 - 6th Division AIF and was assigned to the Royal Australian Engineers. He sailed for the Middle East in January 1940 and saw service in Egypt and Greece before being captured in Crete in 1941. He was interned in Salonica and later transferred to Stalag VIIA in Germany then to Stalag VIIIB. He was released by the allies in May 1945 and arrived back in Sydney in July 1945.

During the war years his wife Varlie shouldered the demanding responsibility of raising their five children, the two youngest Jeannette and Barry are those in the photograph taken on their father's return in 1945.

LEST WE FORGET

- This explanation is sponsored by Guyett Real Estate Pty Ltd

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