THIRD QUARTER VIII

FORE !!!!!

Some 20 members attended our dinner meeting, held at the conclusion of our Golf Day at Rosanna Golf Club.

Everyone seemed in excellent spirits and even better spirits as the golf participants relaxed and allowed a little beverage to ease their aching backs, shoulders, elbows, feet and blistered hands. The buffet style dinner was of a good standard and more than enough provided for seconds or even third servings for the hungry golfers.

Special Guest Ross Henshaw entertained those present with tales of his interaction with his coach Ron Barassi; glad it wasn’t me in his boots.

The trophies were very impressive and the Award Prizes and Raffle Prizes were of a very high standard, thanks to the more than generous donations and contributions of our many sponsors and supporters.

See Geoff Cook’s overview later in this edition.

Looking forward to our next meeting at Vasko when we will be joined by Jacques Miller.

Noel

Thought for the Week

There is enough on this earth to meet everybody’s need.

But not everybody’s greed.

Mahatma Gandhi
RC Heidelberg Charity Golf Day
Last Monday saw our Club’s 19th Charity Golf Day come to fruition and despite the weather being somewhat worse than the absolutely wonderful days of all the years preceding, this did not reduce the enthusiasm of all the participants.
At 56, our playing numbers were again down compared with many previous years however all participants that I managed to speak to said that they thought it was a wonderful event they thoroughly enjoyed, and would be back again next year.
The prizes we were able to offer for the winners and second and third place getters were quite spectacular. Our thanks must go to the Old England Hotel, Sir Henry Barkly Hotel, East Ivanhoe Foodworks, and the Rosanna Golf Club for their assistance in providing these.
Again thanks go to “Smokey” for using his many years of dedication to broadcasting sport, to obtain the services of Ross Henshaw to talk about his football experience in the 70’s and his perception of “Barassi” as a coach. These speakers normally charge a lot of $’s for their time and is a great benefit to the club that we have Smokey, and we thank Ross for his entertaining address.
The team from Axial Wealth Management (Rob Campbell’s company) took out the first prize with a net score of 58.5, along with the honour of having their names on the Geoff Matthews Memorial Shield. Cookie and friend and 2 young personal trainers took out the NAGA award.
The dinner was attended by in excess of 20 Rotarians (players and non-players) and it was pleasing to see such a good representation from the club.
Thanks to Peter C, Ken N, Leigh W, Graeme O, and Bruce N and Rodger T for their assistance on the registration desk, driving the drinks cart and taking photos.
More reports to follow on the financial outcome of the event.
Cookie

The Axial W M Team led by Rob Campbell, accepting the Geoff Matthews Perpetual Trophy
MEN’S SHED IN THE CITY

Yes, I’m a member of the Savage Club. It's not what you think
By David McLean

To misquote Marx, “How exclusive can a club be if it would have a proletarian like me for a member?”

Yes, I’m a member of the Savage Club, a recently derided bastion of traditional male dominance and prestige. But, just as Karl and Groucho become confused in the imagination, so too has the community’s appreciation and awareness of such institutions. If I described the Savage Club as a men’s shed, would there be the same degree of disdain?

True, we’re not repairing engines or building furniture. My association began after a presentation I gave to The Poets Table about the World War I poet, Wilfred Owen. I was invited to join even though I was a lowly retired school teacher. Since then, I’ve attended functions on world affairs given by retired diplomats. I’ve heard talks on P.G. Wodehouse and John Donne. I’ve participated in plays written by members and sung at concerts.

If you look at the vision and aims of a men’s shed, it is to address the physical and emotional health of men by helping them to remain active and by providing a society where they can share and feel part of a community. The Savage Club is no different. There’s a tackle of men who like fly fishing, a carafe of wine connoisseurs and a palette of artists. The musicians, of course, blow their own horn on the club’s stage – curiously, the Savage Club is one of the few Melbourne clubs to have such a thing.

There were men in whom I could confide when I was diagnosed with prostate cancer. They didn’t need to say much for many knew exactly what I was going through. The timing of my association with the club couldn’t have been more fortuitous.

The fact that the club was founded in 1894 links it to a social period where there was inequality. Class and gender were looked upon differently. That doesn’t mean the club’s thinking has remained caught in the past. But even in 1894, this antipodean offshoot of British society took, for its sobriquet, the name of a disgraced and obscure poet, Richard Savage, who once found himself condemned for murder and whose parentage might best be described as dubious. He claimed to be the offspring of an association between Lady Macclesfield and Earl Rivers and didn’t hesitate in seeking financial compensation from them both.

As such, the club has never taken itself too seriously or worried unduly about convention. Of course, the Savage Club could merge with the Lyceum Club at the leafy top end of Collins Street. Their interests are also literature, art and music. But wait, they’re a women’s club founded by Constance Smedley in 1902. They might consider the presence of men problematic. Their right to self-determination might be contravened by the imposition of a society demanding equality in all quarters of life – even that of societies for women.

The collaboration the clubs enjoy, however, continues undiminished by the changing mores of social propriety. And when you think about it, that’s just how they began by snubbing social convention. Surely, that’s a tradition worth preserving and one that both Groucho and Karl would approve.

David McLean is a Melbourne writer.
Ross Henshaw is a former Australian rules footballer who played for North Melbourne in the VFL. Henshaw was a tough defender and played in either the back pocket or half back flank for North Melbourne during the 1970s and into the early 1980s. An attacking defender who teamed with David Dench, Frank Gumbleton, Ken Montgomery, Dennis Pagan, Gary Farrant and Gary Cowton, to be part of one of the best defensive line ups for its era.

MC Smokey Dawson

WHERE ARE THEY NOW

Laurie and Jane – Sri Lanka
Wayne and Doreen – Away (Noosa?)

Please Note: Ken Norman always seeks to finalize numbers by Monday 10.00am by collating responses about attendance at that day’s meeting. So please try to telephone or email Ken by that time; and, at the same time, forewarn of any guests. (Predicting our numbers as closely as possible helps to minimise our catering costs)

ken.norm5@bigpond.com or 0437 770 831 –

Ken also collates the attendance information. He needs to know of “make up” events