

KYNETON & DISTRICT OLD TIME DANCE CLUB INC.

"KEEPING IN TOUCH NO. 9 – SEPTEMBER 2020"

Sunny days, lots of wind, smell of spring in the air. Life is testing our resilience, full of challenges for most of us – for some there are many challenges, for others (like myself) we are lucky that we live where we live, and, apart from boredom and social limitations, we do have some freedoms. Getting together and dancing is probably still a long way off. Won't it be wonderful when we can catch up again as friends with a wonderful common interest in Old Time Dancing. It will happen, we have to hold onto that thought. In the meantime, there are lots of magic memories of good times with good friends, doing something we love to do. Lots to look forward to.

"We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when – **BUT I KNOW WE'LL MEET AGAIN....**"

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*****A last-minute message from Ann Mason, with some worrying news about her partner, Clive Niemann.** She has asked me to pass it on so his friends know what is happening with him.

She writes "Clive was hit by a car while riding his bike on Monday (7th) afternoon. Xrays at the hospital then he walked home. Tuesday I went to check on him and found him on the bathroom floor, conscious but confused. He is now in hospital and had an MRI yesterday. Still haven't heard the results. So difficult when you can't visit. I have spoken to him and he still sounds confused and dehydrated, but waiting for the official diagnosis. I have Clive's mobile so I can only contact him through the hospital".

(Clive is known by so many people, he is such an integral part of our dance family through his website, his calendars, his attendance at so many dance venues, and his special personality – always cheery and interested, always involved and ready to connect with people. I'm sure that everyone would want me to pass on their best wishes for a speedy and successful recovery to Clive, and our love and respect to Ann and Clive. Ann will keep in touch so I can pass on Clive's progress.)

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There is a message from John and Jill Bennett (New Gisborne), as follows –

"Normally at this time of year, the Kyneton Daffodil Festival is in full swing. An important part of this is the KOTDC community dance when everyone gets dressed up in yellow.

We thought we would try to capture the same feeling by encouraging dancers to GET DRESSED UP IN YELLOW for the Zoom Dance next Saturday night."

John also points out that Clive's calendar for September 2020 shows many happy people who dressed up for the 2019 event enjoying the night. Check it out if you have a calendar.

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It is interesting to note just how many people are linking on to John's Zoom dances – people from far and wide, as well as members and associates of K&DOTDC. It just shows how the unavailability of dancing is affecting so many, how people are missing the chance to join together in a community setting to meet and dance together. It is a wonderful opportunity that John has organised to give those who want to, and are able to, the platform to continue to dance in the company of others, albeit electronically. A huge effort and commitment on the part of Jill and John, although I realise that it gives them the chance to keep dancing as well, but also to keep the Club alive and active in a creative and sharing way.

If you haven't joined in yet, give it a try. It is not hard to link in to. Just send John your email address and let him know of your interest. He will send you a link, which you click on at the appointed time, and then he, as the host, will admit you to the dance. If you need to know more, contact John on 0400 908 401 or by email –(john_n_bennett44@bigpond.com) for assistance and information.

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Bill Darling sent this photo from the 1990's, he thinks it relates to Easter, but I feel it may be more to do with Kyneton Daffodil Festival. Bill says that there are two faces he is not able to put a name to, but he lists those he does know. He thought maybe someone could remember who they are. He also said that, Bev Kingston, whose passing we noted previously, is the person second from the left, and that she was Club President for a time - he thought this was after Bill and Marj Tangey.



Bill lists them as –

Back row – L-R – **UNKNOWN**, Bev, Dorothea, Enid, Wee Mary, Bill, Elaine, Maisie, Elsie, Rosemary and Alf. Front row – L-R – **UNKNOWN**, Roley, Reg, Dick.

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It was lovely to hear from Lois Makepeace and Noel Aplin (Bendigo). They are alright, staying at home for the most part, still able to get out and go for walks. Noel is keeping amused doing a jigsaw at present. They said to say hullo and pass on their regards to all. I think they have forgiven me for dropping their name off my email list - thank goodness.

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Heather Van Der Reest (Bendigo) is looking forward to moving into her new home this week, she is all packed up and ready to go. Stressless Removals is helping her with the move. Hopefully, this will be as smooth a transition as the company name makes it sound. All the very best, Heather, for the next chapter of your life's journey. Bendigo is a nice city and a good place to call home.

PS. At the time of printing, Heather has now moved successfully and is settling in comfortably.



Just one of the Coronavirus problems!

Eileen Cardillo (Clarkefield) has sent me "Twelve Commandments for Seniors".

1. It's okay to talk to yourself. There are times when you need expert advice.
 2. "In style" are the clothes that still fit.
 3. You don't need anger management. You need people to stop pissing you off.
 4. Your people skills are just fine. It's your tolerance for idiots that need work.
 5. The biggest lie you tell yourself is – "I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it".
 6. "On time" is when you get there.
 7. Even duct tape can't fix 'stupid' – but it sure does muffle the sound.
 8. It would be wonderful if we could put ourselves in the dryer for ten minutes, then come out wrinkle-free and three sizes smaller.
 9. Lately, you notice people your age are so much older than you.
 10. Growing old should have taken longer.
 11. Ageing has slowed you down, but it hasn't shut you up.
 12. You still haven't learned to act your age and hope you never will.
- "One for the road" means peeing before you leave the house.

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I spoke to Robert Waller (Broadmeadows) about ten days ago. He said he was going well but Marie had broken her hip in fall at home, and been taken to Royal Melbourne Hospital, where she had a replacement hip put in. At that stage, for the first time, she had been able to sit up on the edge of the bed.

I phoned Marie on Tuesday 8 September to check on her situation. She had been able to return home on 1 September. She has started to walk around the furniture at home, without relying on a wheeler. She had half the staples removed on the day I spoke to her, the other half will be removed on Friday 11 Sept. The doctor is pleased with her progress. She was feeling tired when we talked, as she had done quite a bit of walking and also been to have the staples out, is feeling rather washed out, but is having no pain. Tests have shown that she is short on Vitamin B12, potassium and magnesium, so she is having supplements to build her up. She has a phone appointment with a doctor about some minor skin cancers but otherwise things are looking up.

She said that Robert is not as well as he says he is, he is not healing well internally after his earlier health worries. It will probably take until the end of the year before he feels better.

Her daughter, Ann, finally got back to her family at Katherine after being locked down here in Melbourne for some months.

The Wallers have had a nasty year with health problems all round, including Ann while she was down with them, on top of Stage 4 restrictions, etc. Marie asked after quite a few people and asked to pass on best wishes to all from Robert and herself.

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It was great to hear from Nancy Winderlich (Bendigo) and have a good chat her. She passed on the following (about fruit and veg) :-

I feel melon-cauli, dear, since you have bean away.

The thyme has bean so very long and I pine for you each day.

The sugar beets your sweetness. Don't turnip your nose at me,

But take this 18 carrot ring and lettuce married be.

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Ray Sharrock (Bendigo) texted to say how much he enjoyed Gordon Parsons or Joe Daly singing 'Trumby's Ghost'. You will find these on You Tube. Ray said that it lovely just to listen to, or a beautiful slow freestyle foxtrot, or a sequence dance – as he says, just lose yourself in the Marilyn for five minutes, but expect some tears.

(Look it up and have a listen. It is such a lovely old Australian country song. Thanks, Ray. I enjoyed Stan Coster's version.)

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I received an interesting family tree story from Shirley Jakowenko (Taylor's Lakes), and very much appreciate her sharing it with us.



Shirley and Neil, at St Mary's.

She writes - "Back in 1971, I began working on two family trees. I went back to my maternal grandmother's grandparents (both sets). They each migrated from Scotland around the same time. David and Elizabeth Bett came in 1849, arriving at Point Henry (Geelong) with one little daughter. David was employed on the Drysdale Estate as a blacksmith. They went on to have many more children. This year (2020) in March, Rupanyup celebrated 150 years, so that had a back-to weekend. (Fortunately, it was just before the virus really hit us.)

Now, whilst I have never lived there, I have visited the town a few times because of my interest in family history. David and Elizabeth are buried there. David had a blacksmith business there. He made a plough which has D.Bett engraved on it. It was at the wonderful Wood's Museum on the edge of Rupanyup, but was given to the Historical Society to use. It is now the main item in front of the Historical Society, which was once the Masonic Hall. Also there are a number of photos of early pioneers, one of them being David Bett's photo. I went up for the weekend as I was asked to speak at the Cemetery tour on the Sunday. Also on the Sunday was a Coutts family gathering. Janet Coutts was a sister of my great-grandmother Jane, who married John Bett, son of David. I am fortunate enough to have two photo albums which belonged to John and Jane Bett, and therefore quite a few photos of the Coutts family. It was lovely to meet the people who came, and I was able to copy some of my photos for the people who are descended from those early Coutts people. Others there have also shared information with me about their particular families. Janet and Jane and their siblings were the children of George and Margaret Condie, who came from Scotland, arriving at Point Henry in 1853, so that is the beginning of my other family tree. What I set out to do was to trace the descendants of these couples. That, in itself, is a never-ending task, but I find it interesting. When I retired, I decided to tidy up my bits of paper. However, with much more information available from computers, I am doing more than ever, gleaning more information through Ancestry, or Vic Births, Deaths & Marriages. A satisfying way to spend this virus while this virus is interrupting our lives."

Shirley finishes up by saying "It will be nice to once more be able to mix with or friends who are still 'warm and vertical'. She commented that there are probably others out there who are also working on their family trees. She sends her regards to everyone.

(Thankyou, Shirley, for your interesting letter. It is certainly a fascinating and sometimes exciting journey following the trail of family and how they arrived here and from where, then what they did.)

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It was terrific to get a text from Margie Garle (Sunbury), who is finding Stage 4 boring and missing her grandkids, but keeping busy with housework, gardening, lawn mowing, walking her dog most days. She said that her brother, Frank Fagan and his wife, Elaine, (many of you will remember Frank and Elaine) are safe and well at Heathcote.

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I had an email from Club member, Charlotte Roberts (Newham), who moved to Newham from Melbourne just before the lockdown started, and is very happy to be living out of the metro area in Macedon Ranges. She initially included some of her music, which can be accessed on UTube. I asked her for a background to her music to provide a context.

She replied with the bio for her upcoming release of an album entitled “Incantations”, due for release towards the end of the year. I have, to some extent, précised it – as follows :-

“Growing up between Melbourne and Macedon Ranges, Charlotte began song-writing and improvising music from a very young age – and never stopped. Experimenting with recording herself, composing songs as gifts for herself and others, dancing, participating and then leading choirs. She then began developing and facilitating The Musical Body (a body based, responsive improvisational process to cultivate vitality and spontaneity through music, breath, imagination and voice) from 2003. She has since worked with a variety of communities including the United Women’s Voices Project of 2019-2020, funded by a Vic Arts grant. She has been involved in numerous multi-artform collaborations with dancers, story tellers and ther instrumentalists, and has performed at multiple Fringe Festivals and La Mama Theatre solo shows and improvisational musical installations including Incantations, Songs in Time, Dr Lalalulu is Coming Out, and Sounds from Planet SOL. She has supported and improvised on stage with various artists.

Her debut album, ‘Stayin Your Power’ was released in May 2018, and is a vocally based exploration of drone, loops, beatbox, stacked harmony, tribal rhythm, hip hop, spoken word and rock explosion; engaging with themes around intimacy, sovereignty and mental health. Her upcoming album, ‘Incantation’ draws on the breadth of voice as an instrument, and creates moments and landscapes featuring nature and textural sounds, rhythmic play, beat box, soloing, layering of harmony and interweaving of all these elements.

Check it out on Charlotte’s website is www.charlotteroberts.com.au or www.themusicalbody.com.au or you can find her performances on YouTube – e.g Stay on Your Power Album, Solsito Music Video – amongst others. Charlotte says she will let us know when her new album is released.

(Thankyou, Charlotte, for sharing this with us. It is a different type of music but certainly interesting, such a variety of influences interwoven with beautiful voice interpretations. For me, a quite new and fascinating musical experience.)

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Since the No 8 letter two or three weeks ago, Steve and I have heard from quite a few folk. Not much news as there is very little happening, but great to get to talk with them and hear that they are okay and coping, although missing dancing and socialising. They send their regards to everyone. As well as the items above from people, these include – Fay Sheldon (Welshman’s Reef), Jenny Trehwella (Bacchus Marsh), Sheila Salas (Riddells Creek), Margaret Gray (Malmsbury), Jo White (Maribyrnong), Jeanette Ford (Newstead), Yvonne Code (Kilmore), Paul Mallia (Bendigo), Barry Birmingham (Sunbury), Pam Brooks (Riddells Creek), Mary Thornely (Riddells Creek), Angela van Orsouw (Kyneton), Klaus Sieber (Kyneton), and Margaret McDonald-Kerr (Sunbury), Joyce and Graeme Orr (Bullarto), June Wishart and Robbie Wright (Castlemaine).

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It was great to hear from Barbara Poulton. She sent us a joke, which I think is very good – *(I don't know how people think these things up.)*

“Two Irishmen walk into a pet shop in Dingle. They walk over to the bird section and Gerry says to Paddy, “Dat’s dem.” The owner comes over and asks if he can help them. “Yair, we’ll take four of dem dere little budgies in dat cage up dere”, says Gerry. The owner puts the budgies into a cardboard box. Paddy and Gerry pay for the birds, leave the shop and get into Gerry’s truck to drive to the top of Connor Pass. At Connor Pass, Gerry looks down at the 1000 foot drop and says, “Dis looks like a grand place.” He takes two birds out of the box, puts one on each shoulder and jumps off the cliff. Paddy watches as the budgies fly off and Gerry falls all the way to the bottom, killing himself stone dead. Looking down at the remains of his best mate, Paddy shakes his head and says, “Well, I’ll be damned. Dis budgie jumping is way too dangerous for me.”

THERE’S MORE

Moments later, Seamus arrives up at Connor Pass. He’s been to the pet shop too and walks up to the edge of the cliff carrying another cardboard box in one hand and a shotgun in the other. “Hi Paddy. Watch dis”, Seamus says. He takes a parrot from the box and lets it fly free. He then throws himself over the edge of the cliff with the gun. Paddy watches as, halfway down, Seamus takes the gun and shoots the parrot. Seamus continues to plummet down and down until he hits the bottom and breaks every bone in his body. Paddy shakes his head and says, “And I’m never trying dat parrotshooting either.”

IT IS NOT OVER YET

Paddy is just getting over the shock of losing his two friends when Sean appears. He’s also been to the pet shop and is carrying a cardboard box, out of which he pulls a chicken. Sean then takes the chicken by the legs and hurls himself off the cliff and disappears down and down until he hits a rock and breaks his spine. One more, Paddy shakes his head. “Damn dat, lads. First there was Gerry with his budgie jumping, den Seamus with his parrotshooting and now Sean and his damned hengliding.”

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I would like to express my personal appreciation of the wonderful work that John and Jill Bennett have put in to get the Zoom dancing up and running. It is great that the numbers becoming involved are increasing every session – and coming as far away as Queensland and also several regions all over the Melbourne metro area. They have given people a chance, not only to dance, but also to actually see people when they are dancing and chatting between dances. The music is first class, and the way John explains which dances can be done to each bracket of music, makes it well worth watching, listening and chatting, even if you don't want to dance. Steve and I, and I think everyone involved in the dance community, including those who are not able to link in, would like to thank you for providing these regular opportunities and giving us all the choice to go dancing.

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A cute little story. Earlier in the year, I needed to attend Epworth Hospital quite regularly. We would often see a ginger cat lying in the hospital gardens sunning himself. Steve, as a cat lover, would speak to him each time. On the ABC news last night, there was a little segment about Elwood the cat, who lived across the road from the hospital, but unbeknown to his owners, he would spend most of his days visiting at the Hospital. Steve is happy, he now knows his friend’s name is Elwood.

Thanks very much to Jeanette Ford (Newstead), who sent a couple of videos which I will send separately, hoping you enjoy them. Love and best wishes to all. Stay safe. Keep in touch, stay connected, and keep smiling. Talk to you next time. (JW)

