

The Guildford Globe

August 2011

Issue: 73

www.guildfordglobe.com

EXCLUSIVE BOOK EXTRACT

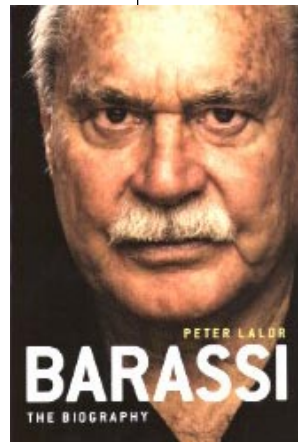
Local Boy Makes Good Barassi!

Ron Barassi is modern football's first-born son and saviour.

His father, Ron Snr wore the No 31 (as Ron Jnr did after him) for Melbourne, then was tragically killed in the Second World War just months after playing in a premiership.

Ron Barassi Jnr was raised in Guildford before moving back to Melbourne with his devoted mother. Later the boy was taken under the wing of legendary coach Norm Smith. He slept in a sleep-out at the back of Smith's home as together they conspired to take football to another level. Smith turned Barassi into the

definitive (some say the first) ruck-rover. The pair won six premierships in a golden era for the Demons.



Barassi's break with Smith, and Melbourne, shocked the football world. It was the "death of loyalty", an unconscionable betrayal, but at Carlton and later, North Melbourne, Ron fulfilled the second part of his destiny. The game's most determined player

became its super coach.

An exclusive extract from *Barassi. The Biography* by Peter Lalor begins on Page 5



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Inside:



She's 95 and she'll take no prisoners. P4



Why are these women smiling? P4



Horses for courses P11

PLUS!

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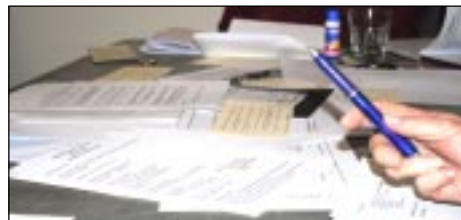
•Saddle Club Gymkhana P11

But Wait!!...There's more...

Progress Meeting comes to agreement not a Minute too soon

Another chilly night in downtown Guildford as the faithful again gathered on the first Monday of the month for the meeting of the Progress Association.

And this month's meeting drew a record crowd of 26 (including Bob Murphy). So much so, the round table had to be dispensed with, replaced by a theatre style arrangement facing the executive table.



tions, not to mention incoming and outgoing mail. It wasn't long before the head table was piled high with all manner of documentation and paperwork.

The issue of the minutes needed to be resolved as there was some con-

Continued on Page 2

Not enough Minutes! Love minutes! And amendments... And motions... Want more yummm

From the Editor



If there's one thing we've got here in Guildford, it's history.

You just have to look around, and speak to people and hear the stories to realise that Guildford has a rich past.

The Globe has a commitment to publish these stories and anecdotes, which we will be doing in our forthcoming issues.

If you have any tall tales and true from Guildford's legendary past, then send it through.

Speaking of the past, this month, we publish an extract from the biography of one of Guildford's favourite sons, Ron Barassi. Written by well known journalist Peter Lalor, the book covers Ron's life from his childhood in Guildford through to his football career until today. One thing the book didn't mention as Ron discovered during his episode of the SBS series *Who Do You Think You Are* his great-great-grandfather was transported to Australia for murdering his wife. If he hadn't done that dastardly deed then a Barassi would never have worn the number 31 for Melbourne.

Our thanks to Sandra Major, who is a great friend of Ron, for her assistance. The story begins on page 5.

This issue of the *Globe* is a little earlier than normal because I am going away for seven weeks. The next edition will be out in September with a full coverage of the Banjo Jamboree. Enjoy the break as I will.

Love
Rajeev

The Monthly Meeting

From Page 1

cern that they weren't reflecting the accuracy of what actually happened in previous meetings with respect to what was said or not said. GPA secretary Deb Dodson read out a statement confirming legal advice that the minutes should only reflect what was discussed and what was decided; not conversation. This in essence should put the matter to rest.

The lingering controversy over the transition of editorship of The Globe was discussed and conciliatory motions put forward, resulting in the matter being laid to rest.

The meeting went on to discuss many of the happenings that appear in this issue including the Trivia Night, the Ladies Lunch and the Franklin/Turner Street roadworks.

At the end of the evening peace descended. Chairman Jim Franzi declared the meeting closed and those who stayed enjoyed a cup of tea and Deb's famous orange cake and Sandra Major's fruit bread. And we all got home for Media Watch. Contrary to speculation, Jonathan Holmes did not mention The Globe.

Footnote: I attempted to take photos, but due to protest from some at the meeting I now offer my apologies as there was never any intention to offend. Out of respect to those who were offended, I have decided not to publish, in this issue, any photos,

R.

70 Up for Victor



It was all smiles at the General Store Restaurant last Sunday when Guildford stalwart Victor Rodda celebrated his 70th birthday with 34 of his nearest and dearest. Victor, pictured with his beloved Lyn and friends moved to Guildford 11 years ago from his farm at Glenluce. They have been married 42 years. Victor worked as a truck driver for Castle Bacon for 29 years before retiring. Way to go Vic.

Franklin St close to finished



After two weeks of activity it appears that the roadworks on the corner of Turner and Franklin St are near completion. Phew!

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Change in the air for Store

After 33 years being employed by Worksafe Trevor Martin now finds himself as co-proprietor of the Guildford General Store.



Trevor, along with his partner Hilary Lovibond last month purchased the business and freehold from Sally Davies.

Sally had been running the store with her daughter Gwyneth Manning for the past four years.

Actually, Trevor and Hilary looked at taking over in 2009, but the timing then was not right. But, what goes around, comes around and the deal was finally sealed at the end of May.

As to changes at the store, Trevor was circumspect.

"We are going to feel our way in the beginning," he said, "but initially we'll extend our range of stock so locals will be able to pop in for emergencies as well as more local produce.

"Mind you, we've been inundated with all sorts of suggestions from the community"

Because Trevor and Hilary have a passion for cooking they anticipate offering more cakes as well as muffins.



Roger McAuliffe

"I see the General Store as a real community centre and we want to encourage this aspect.

"As to the restaurant, at this stage we will probably just keep it as a function centre."

Trevor and Hilary have been living between Vaughan and Melbourne. He and Hilary have been involved with the CFA

here in Guildford for the past two years. Hilary currently works for the Government.

They officially take over on 23rd August. This is good timing considering it is three weeks before the Banjo Jamboree and the General Store's biggest weekend.

We await the muffins.

Meanwhile, back at the Bus Stop

The process of reviewing the buses across the shire is continuing.

Originally we had June 30 as a deadline for decisions from the Department but this has now been extended which is actually good news resulting in some very strong advocacy and planning work done by the Regional Office of Department of Transport on Mount Alexander's behalf.

"We are speaking to them regularly," said Leah Galvin, Transport Connections Project Officer for the Mt Alexander Shire

Council, "and the Department is very aware of what people living in Guildford and other parts of the Shire are wanting as a result of the community meetings we held. "The slower progress is really because they are taking the time to do a thorough review looking at all options."

Their next big meeting is mid July and we will hope to have a better idea after that.

Ms Galvin thanked again all in Guildford who took the time to let the Council know what they're thinking about transport.



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Knitworks host Long Lunch with the Ladies



It was just another quiet Thursday morning in downtown Guildford.

That was until David Wallace pulled up in the Party Bus fully loaded with the Party Ladies from Castlemine Health & Low Care Hostel.



David is the Recreational Officer at Castle-
maine Health and
& Joan Caddy

he and 30 year veteran Michael Kuhle, take the women on outings on a regular basis.

As many had relatives in the Guildford area, for some, the day had a sense of nostalgia.

"This kind of outing is a way to keep them connected with the community," said David.



Irene Fitness and Betty Cunningham, comparing rugs.

Spearheaded by 95 year old Bettye Can-
ning, the group descended on the Hall where the team from Social Knitworks had prepared

a huge lunch of sangers, pies and sau-
sage rolls. Along with more cakes than a cake shop. Needless to say they all left with doggie bags.



From left: Elsie Scoles, Joan Caddy & May Cue

Naturally, the women brought along their handiwork which ranged from knitting, crocheting and felting so there was much synchronicity in the air.

The atmosphere was jovial and light hearted and dare we say it, a good time was had by all...as the pictures attest.

On behalf of the gathering, Kate Masterman thanked the Guildford women for their support and hospitality. The group then went into the hall to view a display of their talent.

Then it was back into the bus and the drive back to Castle-
maine.

As the wise pundit once said, "They'll be back".



Joan Caddy in full flight



Michael Kuhle & May Cue



Kate Masterman

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*Yes Folks...you're right. That is our local member Maree Edwards back in Guildford for third time in two weeks. She just loves this town.

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Barassi

The Raising of Ron

By Peter Lalor

Ron Barassi has one shimmering memory of his father. A ghostly image. He is in uniform, they are walking in the bush at Guildford near the family farm. "That's the only recollection I have of him, which is sad in one way, but that is the way it is, I don't remember anything else."

He concedes it could be something his subconscious has conjured up, a dream that has found traction in his mind, a mental picture constructed

from a family story, or a boy's imagining. It is a poignant rendering, a marriage of bush



legend and the call to war that combined so profoundly in the early parts of that century. It must have been a comforting memory of his father in an idyllic setting, even if he was dressed and ready for distant conflict and death. He was a man in the country where he was raised and where his son now wandered alone.

Ron spent much of his childhood in the bushland around the family farm, no doubt aware that this is what other generations had done before him. He was to live out the first decades of his life in the shadows of his father, and would walk to primary school every day under a grove of trees planted by the road in his father's honour.

Ron Barassi Snr's last words to his family in Guildford before he stepped down from the train and saluted his father on the Guildford train station in 1940 had been, "look after Ron." The family had "an absolute sense of duty" according to one cousin, and were determined to take the boy back and raise him as Barassis had always been raised.

Ron's mother Eliza said "Grandad promised Ron, big Ron, that if anything happened he would help me look after our young son. When Ron Snr was killed, he went up to the farm and lived there until he was 11 years old with his grandfather Barassi and his aunty May Barassi.

A confident, vibrant and strong young woman, Eliza greeted people with a handshake. She had family support in Melbourne but life in a small bungalow with her brother and his family soon became too crowded. The Melbourne Football Club had sworn to provide her and her son with anything they needed, but while Eliza loved the social life

of the club and kept in close contact with the players and families, their charity was not something she would avail herself of.

Eliza reluctantly decided that she would give up Ronnie for his own sake. It was something she would do twice over the next decade. She was working at Miller's Rope Works running the canteen and at night and had a

similar job at a theatre in town. She couldn't mind a young boy too, not in the city. They were country people and she would have felt drawn to give the boy the freedom of a country childhood. And it was too crowded at her brother's house.

Ronnie was sent back to the family farm. He was the fourth generation of Barassi's to live in the little cottage on Shicer Gully Road where his grandfather Carlo and his aunt May now lived. He moved into the spare room.

One family member said it was the perfect environment for a little boy. "He came back to a loving Italian family and was raised by the most gorgeous woman who was the nicest person you could ever meet."

Ron remembers Aunty May as "a big woman, who had a fantastic voice and she sang and played the piano. She was single and was also his grandmother at his baptism in 1943. The piano was in the front room with a picture of Ronald Snr in pride and place above it. Later the Melbourne Football Club would send down three souvenir footballs from grand final wins with gold lettering on them and they too were placed on the piano and not to be touched.

Ron remembers no separation anxiety as he was with his family just as Barassis always had been. "I wasn't the nervous type of kid. I didn't have many problems. There was a strong link while we were living in the city because there was Grandfather and the other Barassis living in the country and also my mother's family was living in Maryborough nearby. We thought of ourselves as country people living in the city, so to go back was not a problem.

Ron never dwelt on pain. No use going there. Later in life however, he would weep for his father. One day, when he was around 50, his second wife Cheryl found him crying and asked why/ "I miss my father" he answered. It was a rare glimpse of his lingering inner pain.

Shicer Gully Road is an anonymous and charmless stretch of dirt tracking a creek through the hills of Guildford. It's a quiet road leading nowhere in particular and services a handful of farms. One the seat of the Australian Barassi clan. Once when cows grazed the hills, the creek ran with water, the vineyards flourished and the fruit trees were young, it may have been prettier. Today it is uninhabited and uninviting.

In the 1850's people came here in multicultural swarms looking for gold, among them an Italian refugee by the name of Guiseppe Mario Barassi Ron's great grandfather.

Giuseppe was born in northern Italy in 1826, but had fled early in life as a refugee with his parents to Switzerland. As he grew he realised Europe had nothing left for him-too many people, too many divisions and not enough land. He caught the human tidal wave that



headed towards those glittering nuggets in a place that had barely any people, nothing to divide and too much land. Guiseppe left Italy in December 1854. The ship's manifest suggests he travelled alone and he gave his profession as stonemason. He was an independent spirit as all Barassis proved to be.

Jemima Jarrett, Ron's great grandmother, was born in London in 1837 and migrated to Australia some years before Guiseppe arrived. At the age of 15 she married Danial Hill in Melbourne.

Like Guiseppe, Jemima and her husband joined the march along with tens of thousands of Chinese, Europeans and Americans and 'locals' making their way from Melbourne along what must have been the busiest dirt track in Australia, the path that was to become the Calder Highway. They came primarily on foot. Some could afford a primitive wheelbarrow, but the elite rode a horse or came on a Cobb & Co coach. They all sought their fortunes in the frontier lands around Bendigo and Ballarat.

Swiss Italians were attracted to the place. It is estimated that around 2000 migrated to Australia around this period and the majority of them seem to have settled in the area between Daylesford and Castlemaine. Disappointed with the reality of the goldfields many of them turned to farming. Guiseppe was one.

It is fair to say they don't make women like Jemima Jarret any more. Without women like Jemima the new worlds would never have prospered. In 1854, at the age of 17, she gave birth to her first son, Robert, in a hut on the banks of the Loddon River. He was, reportedly, the first white person born in the area. Jemima was Guildford's Anglo Saxon Eve, although one can be fairly certain this was no Garden of Eden. Just 12 years after young Robert's arrival she gave birth to her seventh child, even though at the time she was in mourning for Danial Hill, her husband, who had died just five days before.

A mother of seven, a widow and an English migrant from London and now washed up on the banks of a distant river in the Australian bush, she was so weighed down by children she could not get up and move when the gold ran out. And all this before her thirtieth birthday.

Giuseppe had not married but had set himself up with a vineyard out on Shicer Valley Road where he made his own wine and possibly sold it to passers-by. He was a handsome man with a big beard and later in life a bold moustache. After a while he took to visiting the young English widow at the end of the road and soon two spirited gene pools came together.

Family lore has that he was a Catholic but gave up the faith when he came home to find the local priest harassing his partner over her sinful state. They had their

first child in 1869 and another in 1872 before deciding to marry in the Christ Church in Castlemaine in December 1873. A third child Carlo Guiseppe, Ron's grandfather, was born within the bounds of wedlock in 1876.

Guiseppe had applied for naturalisation and there are reports that he became so assimilated that he was known locally as Joseph. The Barassis appear to have shed their Italian influences, wine aside, quickly. Ron says the only hint of that culture he could detect as a boy was the macaroni cheese occasionally served for dinner. Certainly, when he came to join the Carlton Football Club in the 1960's and wandered that suburb's Italian shopping strip he did not understand the shopkeepers when they greeted him in their native tongue.

The fertile and ample-framed Jemima may have loved the wine as much as she loved Joseph. In August 1899 Joseph, who was then in his 70's, was alerted by a neighbour that his wife was dead. "With exception of a head cold she was in usual health yesterday as far as I could judge." He swore in a statement the following day, signing his shaky signature at the bottom of the page.

Jemima had given the goldfields the first male child and the district some 30 grandchildren. The local paper said "a very large number of friends attended the funeral" Joseph died at the age of 84 in March 1910.

Their son Carlo Guiseppe took over the running of the family property with his wife Ann Connolly Dale. The couple had married in 1900 in Castlemaine. Anne was a local girl born in Guildford in 1874. Carlo had, according to family legend, ridden his horse into town to court her and she came from a well-off family.

Carlo had a falling out with great grandfather Giuseppe and is said to have torn out the vineyards. Certainly Carlo was a teetotaler all his life. "He was very anti-grog" Ron says, and believes Carlo's rift with Giuseppe may be responsible for some of the Italian cultural links being lost. There is another suggestion that it was Ann Dale who was the alcoholic. Either way, the vines went, the winemaking stopped and Ron's grandfather ruled the farm with a firm hand. He was "very strict" according to all accounts.

Carlo and Ann had seven children, six that survived childhood.

Their second youngest, Ron Snr, was a keen sportsman and worked at the local mine where he first laid eyes on Eliza Ray, the mine manager's daughter. They married in Maryborough in 1935. The young couple left



Sandra Major age 9 sitting on 14 y/o Ron Barrassi's knee.



Sandra and Ron during the filming of the SBS program Who Do You Think You Are in 2005

soon after Ron Jnr was born to make their fortune in Melbourne where their early relatives had set out some 80 years before.

In 1941, Ron would be raised in Guildford just as his father and grandfather were. "It was my birthplace and there were seven cousins running around the school and the town when I got back there," Ron recalled.



The house was simple and comfortable, Built so close to the road that the front step led almost onto it. It had no running water or electricity, but Ron says it was not primitive. There were three bedrooms, a kitchen a dining room and a living room. Simple and solid it is a setting straight from Australian bush legend and was like thousands sprinkled around the district and the country. There were a series of structures behind the house, three rows of chook sheds, a dairy, a milking shed, a store house, a covered cream cellar, horse stables, well and water tanks, even a primitive forge. Carlo would hand-milk the cows and young Ron would help him.

The Barassis were self-sufficient, as the time and their circumstances dictated. "It was three of us against the world," Ron jokes.

Carlo's daughter Daisy and her family lived nearby. They were the only playmates Ron had.

Once the Guildford school had almost 300 pupils, but by the 1940s there were barely 30. Ron was a star in all the athletic and sporting events, although there were never enough kids to form a footy team.

Today some people say it is hard to get close to Ron Barassi. He is a social man and a man intimately involved in his community but there is a separateness to him. He is self-contained and says he is completely comfortable being alone.

He had plenty of practise. Out on Shicer Road he was alone a lot.

Ron remembers the closest neighbour was an elderly Italian. "I didn't know much about him. I just know that when I was living there, when I was seven or eight my grandfather found him dead in the creek. I think he came home from the pub blind, fallen in and drowned in six inches of water...

He lived by himself in this huge place, I think he was a poet, some sort of intellectual...."

While Ron always had a football, there was no-one to kick with.

"I can remember having a kick with my grandfather and he pulled a hammy, that was his last time.

He was in his early sixties and probably hadn't

kicked a ball for 40 years so that was the end of that. I remember playing in the paddock by the house near the creek and kicking to my self."

Elza, however, visited regularly and brought Ron presents. "Once she bought up a brand new football from the Melbourne footy club. I think it was a full – size one. I must have been 10 or 11. Good on you this is fantastic. I cried. I yelled and I bolted out the back door and kicked this humungous punt kick and it landed right on the edge of the corrugated iron of the chook shed and that was the end of the ball.

One kick I'd had. Mum was not happy. I never had a shortage of footballs. Melbourne was a very strong club those days, not just a team, a club, and a lot of their people went to the war and mum stayed in the loop until the 70's. They always had a dance after every home match at the MCG and as she worked at Miller's Rope Works

which was a Melbourne Football Club stronghold and for all those reasons whenever I wanted anything in the way of equipment she bought it up."

Ron ran and outplayed everyone at primary school and punched above his weight against the older at cricket. Even in the bush, where there was no competition, the boy set himself goals to see how

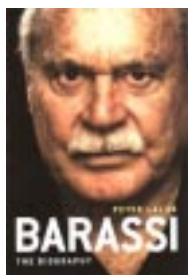


far he could go and how much he could achieve. He recalls "jumping little streams and stuff like that and saying, which I suppose you do when you are a kid, because I was by myself and our nearest neighbours were about half a mile away. I'd say "I'm going to jump that" and a little voice on my shoulder would say, "No you wont do that," and I'd go, "I bloody will."

Nobody, not even Ron Barassi, could tell Ron Barassi he couldn't do something, and it was to be that way for the rest of his life.

Shicer Gully Road hasn't changed much but the house lived in for four generations has tumbled down and only hints of the farm buildings remain. Since the creek dried up things seem desiccated, but there is a sense of history here. The crumbling walls of the cottage are like the site of an archaeological dig into the rural past of a family of football kings.

Ron left Guildford in 1947 when he was 11. Carlo, who had cancer, died in 1948. May had answered a call to write to soldiers on the front and in 1951 she married one of them and left town too. ©



Barassi-
A Biography by
Peter Lalor
(424 pp)
Published by
Allen & Unwin
www.allenandunwin.com

Pocket Full of Laughs at CFA Trivia Night

Some of the guests at the recent Guildford Trivia Night may have been a few clowns short of a circus, but 'Pockets' and his pals would get a gig under any big top.

There was a bit of confusion initially when somebody announced that the clowns had arrived, because there seemed to be plenty there already.

But the official clowns were a class act. 'Pockets' (aka Shane Samson), was accompanied by four clown clones, recognised behind the make-up as two Michelles, a Craig and a Trevor. Their spectacular entrance lifted the audience to an even higher level of fun and frenzy. The contents of the big orange bags slung over their shoulders did the trick.

It's amazing what effect a few hundred twister balloons can have on otherwise sane adults. Dormant childhood balloon twisting skills rushed to the surface, with mixed results. Of course, many found bursting the balloons irresistible, which added even

The "Hairy Legs" team from Beard's Hardware Store in Campbell's Creek: Greg, John & Sye. Would you buy a used chainsaw from these guys?



It was a barrel of laughs as Saturday night, but not many were caught short wearing their beach attire! When I asked Annie what dress up she had in mind as a theme, she said "anything at all", so we went with the dress-down look when it seemed everyone else had the dress-up thing happening.

When our team of "beaches" and "hairy legs" arrived, the green carpet had been rolled out and the blue marquis dusted off for the guests. The night got off to a raucous start with the first game involving everyone canvassing loudly to find who had the matching ticket number. And after that it didn't get any softer!



more noise to a joint that was already cacophonous.

Organised chaos may be a contradiction in terms, but it describes the night perfectly.

The organised bit was Annie Hardy ... the chaos part was everybody else. But altogether, it was a total hoot – rowdy, raucous and a raving success. Ringmaster Greg Edward

somehow managed to push through the pandemonium and get all the quiz questions out into the audience.

Another star of the night was Sarah Fitness, who continually waded through the multitude serving drinks, single-handedly, with a permanent smile on her face that wasn't painted on. A remarkable performance.

Somehow, eventually, quiz answers were checked, scores calculated and one table declared victorious. So well done them, whoever they were.

Loud applause too for 'Pockets' and his pals. And congratulations to all who put their hands in their own pockets and helped raise \$1,500 for the CFA. **Roger McAuliffe**



The night was well patronised, with hardly a spare seat to be had. The questions were very trivial at times, but this led to quite a few lengthy discussions going on. Ray Buckingham dusted off his kilt for the gala evening, with Betty wearing a beanie that was more suited to Royal Ascot.

It was a long evening of Q + A, but we all emerged after midnight with no casualties. A roaring success for the CFA and Guildford's sense of fun.

David Wallace



David's partner Markus in understated yet tasteful shirt

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THE RIGHT OF REPLY

THE GUILDFORD GOOD LIFE

I have just finished reading the *Guildford Globe* and was encouraged to respond to your comments regarding "comments and feedback". Soooo here goes:

I am enjoying the recent changed presentation and I don't envy your job for one moment. My mum did some journalism for a time.....she's now 84.

We have lived in the community of Guildford full-time for the past three to four years (had been coming here to "our block" for some 11 years). I have always picked up a copy of the *Globe* and enjoyed the read. It keeps me in touch with happenings about the community even though I personally may not be involved. Having said that I have enjoyed these last few weeks of Tai Chi which has allowed me to familiarise myself with some of the locals. Over and above this I have always found the community here to be warm and friendly.

Recently I heard part of an interview on the Castlemaine radio station. The comment was made with regards to groups dying out and no one seems interested as much today as in the past. I do not think the same could be said of the residents of Guildford.

Having been involved, in another

life, of leadership roles, I am well aware of "behind the scenes" tasks and responsibilities it takes to put on events or run groups. Over these past few years I have become familiar with many of the events held here. There always seems to be a plethora of activities for the young or young at heart. I recently attended with two of my grandchildren and daughter in law the "Circus Tricks " at Guildford school and my husband John and I with our grandson attended the folk night at the music hall despite it being a cold evening.

Things do not happen by themselves and I, as a local resident, want to congratulate those responsible in this community for all their efforts. Whenever I see another event unfold, either visibly or through the *Globe* it tells me this is a village that is alive and wants progress to occur. Perhaps one day I might get myself along to the Progress Association meetings.

For me, as a person who has not been outgoing in community events I would like to say thankyou to the *Globe* and those who contribute to it that has kept me informed of happenings/events in this beautiful area where we have chosen to reside.

Looking forward to the next edition

Christine Rowley

PS: I would be delighted to see the speed limit through Guildford reduced to a 50kph speed zone.

Thankyou for your thoughts , Christine and, yes, you would be a welcome face at the Progress meetings.

IT ALL LOOKS SCHMICK TO US TOO

Just a few points.

Congratulations on the layout, pretty schmick, however there are two items you reported on that had some inaccuracies;

Firstly, The new owners of the Guildford general store, to my knowledge have been semi locals and community volunteers for quite a few years and do not live in Vaughan Springs.

Secondly , The editorship of the Guildford Globe was NOT resolved with a vote that affirmed the status quo. It is my understanding that the editorship of the Guildford Globe is now a position that is voted on each year along with other progress association positions.

Michelle Fitness

We welcome your input Michelle. You refer to the item in the June issue of the Globe which was done at the last minute. The new owners of the General Store have a holiday place in, to be specific, Vaughan which will become more permanent when they take over the Store.(See Page 3) As for your comment on the editorship of the Globe. You are correct in pointing out that the Globe editor is voted on each year at the AGM of the Progress Association This, in essence means that the issue has been resolved. We hope this clarifies things for you.

LOVING IT

Just a short note to let you know how much I enjoy reading the *Globe*. A great effort from such a small town.

Keep up the good work.
John Raven

Love the Globe
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All Horseplay at Saddle Club

The Saddle Club Gymkhana, held last week, turned out to be a very successful day.

After a wet, cold week, we were blessed with fine weather and to be at the beautiful and historical old recreation reserve in Guildford mid winter made the whole event extremely enjoyable

The Guildford Saddle Club came near to closing last year but survived with the support of a few stalwarts and an infusion of members. These people encouraged the Club as a local family orientated horse riding club and to make events and riding lessons more accessible. They were also willing to put in the hard work to maintain the facilities set up by past members. It was a boost to the club to hold the Gymkhana which was quite a successful fundraiser and our thanks go to those who contributed or just came along to have a go, or watch and cheer on local riders.

Competitors came from many parts of central Victoria to attempt a variety of different classes from serious competition to fun events such as fancy dress and 'horse most like owner'. Beginner riders and green horses had the opportunity to start out in the novice classes and the Freshmans Jumping was well patronised by those keen to try their skills at getting around a show jumping course without the pressure of competing against others.



Many thanks to sponsors Shoe String Market, Winters Flat Butchers, Maxi IGA, Oxley's Chaff Mill, Midland Stock and Poultry, judges who contributed their expertise, members families, and local volunteers who made running the day feasible. *Fran Reed*

of a Night at The Circus



What came first? The chicken or the hoop? We hear it became a soup.

Maree Edwards

State MP for
Bendigo West,
including Guildford



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**Guildford
Primary
School**

**Enquiries for new
enrolments welcome!**

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guildford.ps@edumail.vic.gov.au

The Long

The Circus Performance Night held last week at the Guildford Hall was the culmination of Kirsten Pender's time as an Artist in School with Guildford Primary School made possible by an AIS Grant last year. It was a celebration of what the stu-



& the Short



dents have achieved during the term, by allowing them to show off their talents for the community. It was an extremely colourful and fun night featuring the kids performing hoops, sticks, juggling, stilts and more. They will be presenting a more detailed story-based performance at the end of year concert.

CORRECTION- Greg Edward

In the July issue of the Globe (issue 72), regarding the Shower Block project it was stated that Greg Edward had donated the electrical work.

This is incorrect.

Brian Adams, when asked for a comment said "whilst Greg has been very generous in his service donation we don't wish to give the Shire of Mount Alexander, or anyone else for that matter, the impression that there is nothing to pay. I trust that the Shire will meet its commitments to Greg."

What Brian Adams actually said in his short speech at the John Powell Reserve Shower Block opening was "Greg Edward did a great job on the electricals, solving complex problems as he went along".



Food + Entertainment

Guildford Family Hotel
Folk Club 17th August
Wednesdays weekly
Pizza Night
Thursdays
Curry night
www.guildfordfamilyhotel.com.au

Special Events

The Magic of Science
Thurs 18th August 6:30- 8:00pm
Guildford Primary School.
Join us in family friendly
hands on science activities
followed by a light supper.

8th Annual Banjo
Jamboree
16-18 September
Call Jeanette 54734201
www.banjojamboree.org
email: info@banjojamboree.org

Guildford Primary
School 150 Years
Sat November 19th

Organisation Meetings

Progress Association
Meeting. Monday 1st August;
5th September
Progress Association
Meeting. Public hall.
All welcome 7.00 pm

John Powell Reserve
Committee of Management
Monday 11th July
Annual General Meeting
7.00pm

Classes

Tai Chi Tuesdays in
the Hall 3.00pm
recommence 26th July

FREE CLASSIFIEDS

Got something to sell; Want to Buy; Offering
a service; Having a garage sale. List it in the
Globe's new classified column. Call or email
your listing, it's free. Max 15 words.

To have your event, class or
meeting listed here email us at
guildfordglobe@hotmail.com

Groups

Singing Group
9th, 23rd August; 6th
September 1.45-3.00 Tea
Rooms rear General Store

Social Knitworks
(Craft Group)
3rd, 17th, 31st August,
14th September
At the Hall.
There is a proposal
for a monthly Saturday
Social -Knitworks group.
If you are interested
contact Irene Fitness
on 5473 4292

Playgroup for 0-6 year
olds at Guildford Pri-
mary School. Wednesdays
During term 9.00-11.00 am

The *Guildford Globe*

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Progress Association Inc.

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