

ISSUE  
No. MAR. 91

# THE MERIDIAN

A W.S.C. MONTHLY PUBLICATION

## JOTTINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

G'DAY FRIENDS

MONDAY 18 FEBRUARY WAS A RED-LETTER DAY IN THE CLUB'S CALENDAR, FOR THIS WAS THE DAY ON WHICH WE CELEBRATED THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING OF OUR CLUB BUILDING. TWO "HONOURABLES", (ROS KELLY AND TREVOR KAINE), AND TWO SENATORS (MARGARET REID AND BOB MCMULLAN), JOINED OVER A HUNDRED MEMBERS AND OTHER INVITED GUESTS TO MAKE THE EVENT A TRULY MEMORABLE OCCASION.

THE "THANK-YOU-VERY-MUCH-FOR-COMING" POLITICIANS KEPT THEIR SPEECHES SENSIBLY SHORT, AND CLUB MEMBERS WERE QUITE TOUCHED BY SENATOR MARGARET REID'S THOUGHTFULNESS IN SENDING US A CONGRATULATORY BOUQUET OF FLOWERS ON THE MORNING.

FOUR NEW LIFE MEMBERS WERE CREATED: KATH RHODDA, MARY JAMES, KAY FULLAGAR AND LEN SMITH. SENATOR MARGARET REID WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO DELAY HER RETURN TO PARLIAMENT HOUSE IN ORDER TO PRESENT THE BADGES. ALL MEMBERS WILL SURELY JOIN WITH ME IN EXTENDING OUR HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS TO THESE FOUR NEW MEMBERS OF A VERY EXCLUSIVE CLUB-WITHIN-A-CLUB.

THE LUNCHEON WAS BEAUTIFULLY PREPARED AND EFFICIENTLY DISPENSED, AND CONGRATULATIONS MUST GO TO MARION AND HER HARD-WORKING HELPERS FOR A SPLENDID EFFORT.

THE WODEN SENIOR SINGERS AND ENTERTAINERS PERFORMED AFTER LUNCH, AND IT WAS DURING THIS TIME THAT THE ONLY SOUR NOTE OF THE FUNCTION WAS STRUCK. MANY MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE WERE TALKING WHEN THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN LISTENING, TO THE EXTENT THAT I HAD TO ASK THEM TO BE QUIET. I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO DO THAT AGAIN. WELL DONE, SINGERS AND ENTERTAINERS, AND I MUCH ADMIRERED THE TRUE-TROUPER MANNER IN WHICH YOU PRESSED ON REGARDLESS.

MR DAVID MUIR CONDUCTED HIS FINAL PERFORMANCE AND THANKS ARE DUE TO HIM FOR YEARS OF SERVICE AND DEDICATION TO THE CHOIR. YET, EVEN AS WE SAY 'GOOD-BYE' TO DAVID, WE SAY 'HELLO' TO AMELIA CONSTANCE AS SHE IS AWARDED THE 'ORDER OF THE BATON'. I FEEL CONFIDENT THAT THE CHOIR CONTINUES TO BE IN GOOD HANDS.

ONE OR TWO THINGS ARE GETTING DONE AND YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THE NEW FANS IN KITCHEN AND DINING-ROOM; THE NEW WIDE-ANGLE SECURITY LIGHT OVER THE BACK DOOR; SEATS IN THE PORCH; AND A SECOND REFRIGERATOR (VERY NECESSARY WHEN CATERING FOR LARGE NUMBERS); & WHITE PARKING LINES.

IT WAS A PITY THAT NUMBERS WERE DOWN A BIT AT THE LAST SATURDAY SOCIAL BECAUSE NINE DANCERS FROM THE HELEN POULOS DANCE TROUPE TREATED US TO A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF UP-TEMPO DANCING. TRULY STRIKING COSTUMES, VERY PROFESSIONAL ROUTINES, SPLENDID CO-ORDINATION, AND BRIGHT SMILES ALL COMBINED TO GREATLY PLEASE THE ENTHUSIASTIC AND APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE. QUITE A FEW PEOPLE COMMENTED ON HOW MUCH THEY HAD ENJOYED THE GIRLS' PERFORMANCES.

FANCY A COACH TRIP TO BATEMANS BAY AND TWO NIGHTS ACCOMMODATION AT THE 'CLYDE RIVER LODGE'? WELL, THAT'S THE PRIZE (FOR TWO PEOPLE) IN A RAFFLE CURRENTLY BEING ORGANISED. BE SURE TO GET YOUR TICKETS. IF YOU WIN, BUT CAN'T GO YOURSELF, WHAT A GREAT TREAT YOU COULD GIVE SOMEONE!

I'M OFTEN MOTIVATED INTO STIRRING THESE ANCIENT BONES INTO WALKING ACTION, USUALLY EARLY A.M. RAISED A FULL HEAD OF STEAM T'OTHER MORNING, TOOK A NOR' NOR' EASTERLY COURSE AND, JUST EIGHTEEN MINUTES LATER, TOOK THE FIRST STEPS ALONG A TRAIL WHICH LEADS UP AND OVER THE WANNIASSA HILLS. BATTALIONS OF FLIES THINK THEIR BIG DAY HAS ARRIVED - UNTIL THEY START SKIDDING OFF MY AERO-GUARDED FEATURES!

UP AND UP I TOIL, PUFF-PUFF, PANT-PANT, STOPPING OCCASIONALLY, EVERY FIVE METRES OR SO, TO CATCH MY BREATH (PUFF-PUFF) AND LOOK OUT OVER THE MOUNTAIN-GIRT TUGGERANONG VALLEY. TRULY BEAUTIFUL!

OVER THE NEXT RISE THERE IS A POND WHICH I KNOW TO BE INHABITED BY A FAMILY OF WATER FOWL. I'LL SNEAK UP EVER SO QUIETLY, SEE HOW CLOSE I CAN GET UNDETECTED. I'M STILL A GOOD TWENTY METRES AWAY WHEN THEY ALL GO WHIRRING INTO THE AIR. A KOOKABURRA STARTS CHUCKLING AT MY INEPT ATTEMPT AT STEALTH, SETS OFF ANOTHER, THEN A THIRD JOINS IN, UNTIL ALL THREE ARE LAUGHING THEIR SILLY HEADS OFF. I DISDAINFULLY CRUISE PAST THEIR TREE, LOOK BACK TOWARDS THE POND. HEY! IS THAT A CROCODILE CRAWLING OUT OF THE WATER? NAH - IT'S A PIECE OF TREE TRUNK WITH A SHORT BRANCH STICKING OUT EACH SIDE. LOOKS JUST LIKE A CROC THOUGH.

OVER TO THE RIGHT A MOB OF KANGAROOS STAND, QUITE MOTIONLESS, ALL LOOKING INTENTLY IN MY DIRECTION. GREY STATUES, BUT WITH EYES WHICH REMAIN RIVETTED ON ME AS I PROGRESS.