



Bulletin

Probuc Club of Bacchus Marsh

August 2026

Est. 1988



President

Jean La Franchi

Coming Event

Wed 26 August:
visit to Ballan
Vintage Tractor
Club at 10 am;
morning tea will
be provided for
\$5 per person;
Greendale Pub
for lunch (own
expense)
carpool
available Let Lin
know

Booking through
Lin and Russ
Home wood

0429 978 690



Back to Bacchus Lunch

As July comes to a close and most of Winter past, hopefully we might get some warmer weather and much-needed rain.

The camellias and bulbs have been putting on quite a show.

In early July, some of our members ventured to Ballarat for the Everly Bros and Friends Show, which was enjoyed by those who attended.

Morning tea in the shopping centre was well attended. I was on Nanny duties and took my youngest granddaughter, who had a wonderful time showing one of our lovely ladies her book.

Last week our dine out was at Back to Bacchus. It was great to see so many members enjoying their delicious meal and chatting. (It was good being local and not having to travel out of town during this cold weather.)

At our last meeting, we had two of our members give very interesting talks and show photos of two very different trips.

Ian Backhouse talked about his recent trip to Sri Lanka. He told us of its history and showed many photos of his adventures. (His story of tuk-tuks reminded me of India.)

Eileen Hodge gave us a talk and photos of her family trip to Birdsville and getting bogged.

The date of our Christmas Lunch has been arranged for 10th December at the Wallace Hotel.

Till next time, take care and stay well.

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Jean's Journal

Jean

Birthdays

We are saving on the chocolates this month.

No Birthdays for August

Anniversaries

Ian & Jenny Malloy 12th

Alistair & Liz Davie 17th

Morning Tea Duty

Rus & Lin Homewood
& Jan Tucker

Door Welcome Duty

Pauline Magri
& Sylvia Merry

MEETING APOLOGIES

Ring Mary Baulch

0428 438 980

CLUB NOTES . . .

Where have you been

The date was July 1 and that is Territory Day and we booked a harbour cruise with a buffet dinner. The fireworks started at 5:30 when we boarded and at 7:45 the council fireworks began. They continued for 45 minutes with the rising blood red moon behind them. Peter believes they put on that show especially for our wedding anniversary. I am not so sure I hope this encourages others to relate their experiences. Thank you Noreen.

Back to Bacchus

The choice of this venue definitely hit the right "note" because, despite the rather cold day, the warmth of friendship and the volume of noise emanating from the "Crowded House" was great to feel and hear.

We had an excellent gathering of 35 members who all appeared to soak up the convivial atmosphere. It was noted that most dinner plates being returned to the kitchen would have needed minimal washing as they had already been cleaned so well.

It was great to help Liz Fitzpatrick celebrate her (?) birthday, we hope there are many more healthy, happy ones to come Liz.

Four lucky members ticket numbers were drawn which resulted in Grace, Marion, Anna and Alf each taking a small pot of colour home.

The success of the day was largely due to the co-operation and assistance we received from Alex

Retired Bikies??

Members Peter and Noreen Tonks in Darwin. Age is no barrier. But I noticed Peter didn't take charge of the Steering. He has been known to fall off bikes



and his team at Back to Bacchus, for which we were very grateful.

A big thank you also to all those who helped share and make the day. I am pleased to advise that everybody expressed their appreciation by paying for their meal.

Lin & Russ Homewood

P.S. Well done Lin and Russ



A Little Bit of History . . .

Victorian History: A Tired Public Servant's Briefing Note

40,000 years ago — First Peoples

Country is thriving. Culture is strong. Systems work. Honestly, it's the most functional governance Victoria will ever see.

1803 — First European Settlement

A small convict camp is set up at Sorrento. Within weeks, everyone decides it's too hard and leaves. A tradition of abandoning projects early is born.

1835 — Batman's 'Treaty'

John Batman writes, "This will be the place for a village." Public servant response: *"Noted. Requires further consultation."* Government response: *"Invalid. Please resubmit."*

1851 — Gold Rush

Population explodes. Public servants begin drafting the first ever "Urgent Whole-of-Government Response to Sudden Influx of People Who Won't Fill Out Forms Properly."

1854 — Eureka Stockade

Miners revolt over licence fees. Public servants quietly update the risk register to "red" and prepare a ministerial talking point: *"We acknowledge the concerns of the mining community and will undertake a review."*

1856 — Eight-Hour Day

Workers win fair hours. Public servants celebrate by working a 14-hour day to prepare the announcement.

1880s — Marvellous Melbourne

Boom time. Grand buildings. Cultural institutions. Public servants write 400-page reports explaining why trams are a good idea. Ministers skim the executive summary and say, "Yes, but can we make them faster?"

1901 — Federation

Victoria becomes a state. Public servants are told: *"Everything stays the same, except everything is different, and also we need a new logo."*

1956 — Melbourne Olympics

Massive international event. Public servants coordinate 17 committees, 43 subcommittees, and one rogue horse event in Stockholm. Someone asks, "Do we need a risk plan?" Someone else says, "What could possibly go wrong?"

2009 — Black Saturday A devastating tragedy. Public servants work around the clock, exhausted but determined, writing recovery plans, community support packages, and briefing notes that blur together after day three without sleep.

2020 — COVID Lockdowns Public servants enter a new era:

- Zoom fatigue
- 11pm "urgent" emails

POET'S CORNER

The Country Pub Shuffle

Out by the highway,
dusty and scrub, stands
the proudly wonky old
country pub. Its roofline
leans like it's had a few
beers, and the front
door squeaks like it's
shifting gears.

The locals roll in with a
nod and a grin, claiming
their stool like a
territorial win. Old Baz
tells yarns that grow
taller each night, and
swears the dartboard
"moves left and right."

The jukebox crackles
with hits from '82, while
someone's pet kelpie
sneaks in for a chew.
The bartender, Cheryl,
runs the whole show—
she pours a cold pot
with a single eyebrow.

At happy hour, chaos
arrives in a pack: the
pool balls scatter, the
footy's on crack, and
someone insists they
can sing like Slim
Dusty— but the
windows disagree and
turn slightly crusty.

Yet for all its quirks, it's
the heart of the town— a
place where the troubles
get gently washed
down. A haven of
laughter, of stories and
cheer— the country pub
magic that keeps us all
near.

A Little Bit of History cont . . .

The **Border Inn** is one of the oldest and most historically significant buildings in Bacchus Marsh, with a story that mirrors the town's growth from a tiny settlement to a busy gold-rush thoroughfare. Here's a clear, structured history drawn directly from authoritative sources.

Origins (1850–1851)

The Border Inn was built in **1850** as a single-storey brick hotel. It officially opened in **1851**, owned by **John Pilmer**, with **James Watt** as its first licensee.

Why it mattered immediately

James Watt established **Victoria's first regular coaching service** (Melbourne ↔ Ballarat) from the Border Inn in 1851, making it a crucial stopover for travellers heading to the goldfields.

Gold Rush Era (1850s–1860s)

During the Ballarat gold rush, the Inn became a bustling staging point for Cobb & Co coaches and other transport services. Travellers often stayed overnight before continuing their journey.

In **1856**, the Border Inn hosted the **first meeting of municipal government** in Bacchus Marsh — the Road Board.

Building Evolution (1863–1936)

The Inn expanded repeatedly as the town grew:

- **1863** — Second storey added by John Pilmer.
- **1866** — Purchased by **Edward Jones**; the Jones family ran it until **1939**.
- **1883, 1904, 1936** — Additional upper-storey sections added.

Architecturally, it evolved into an **Old English–style two-storey hotel**, with timbered upper bays, verandahs, and a distinctive seven-bay façade along Main Street.

Heritage Significance

Heritage studies describe the Border Inn as:

- A **pioneering pre-gold-rush building**
- A key **transport stopover** on the Ballarat route
- The site of **Victoria's first rural public transport service**
- A long-standing **community meeting place**



It is considered by local historians to be **one of the most important buildings in Bacchus Marsh**.

Recent History (1970s–2024)

Locals remember it as a lively venue with bands and social events through the 1970s–80s. The hotel closed in **July 2024** and was put up for auction in October, prompting community concern about preserving its heritage.

Members Contribution . . . By Dot Kennedy

REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD

I was born and bred in Balwyn. There was still a lot of undeveloped land in the area. At the bottom of our street there were many empty blocks, and during the war Dad was offered blocks for free if he would pay the rates. Like most families, money was tight so Dad declined the offer.

Dad was the “breadwinner”, and Mum was fully occupied in housekeeping. On Mondays Mum would boil the copper in the wash house and slave over the laundry. Mum made sure that we were well fed and clothed.

Some early memories are of waking to the clop of horses pulling the milk truck or the baker’s cart.

There was also an ice cart that delivered big blocks of ice for use in ice chests. I was fascinated by this as we did not have an ice chest because Dad, who was a toolmaker, made a refrigerator for us. It chugged away for many years until Mum and Dad decided to buy a more compact fridge and a modern unit.

We didn’t have a car for a number of years, and I recall walking from our house in Balwyn, up to Doncaster Road and from there to Bulleen to go to a wildlife park. It was a long way for a four- year- old child. I don’t recall anything about the wildlife park so I assume that it may not have been worth the effort!

My only memory of kindergarten was that I was stung on the eye by a bee and was given the “blue bottle” treatment.

I attended Balwyn State School in Balwyn Road and would either walk or ride a scooter to and fro. Mum insisted that I come home for lunch, which didn’t allow me much time to eat. Once a month I was allowed to buy lunch, which was a treat. I stopped quite often to watch a Blacksmith at work at his forge in Whitehorse Road. When horses were no longer required to pull delivery carts etc., the blacksmith disappeared

Eventually we got a car. It was a 4-cylinder Standard Tourer, and it had a canvas roof. I can only recall having the roof down once, as Dad said that the canvas would crack and leak. Dad was right. One day around Christmas we decided to visit relatives at Middle Park, but it was raining. So Dad put a sheet of plastic on the inside of the car roof. Everything was fine until we got out of the car and were drenched by the water that had collected inside the plastic sheet.

One Easter we went camping in a tent at Marysville. It was very cold, so Dad found a hut and built a fire and we were cosy for the rest of time.

After that experience, Dad decided to build a caravan of plywood. The construction seemed to take forever, but it was finally ready to take on holiday. Our holiday destination was Lakes Entrance and the trip took two days to get there. As we approached Berwick, Dad revved the car to get up the Berwick hill without going backwards from the weight of the caravan. Lots of cars passed us with grinning occupants looking in disbelief and wonderment at the little car towing a caravan that was triple its size.

The caravan soon earned its worth at Lakes Entrance as there was heavy rain and tent campers were washed out while we stayed high and dry.

Occasionally we would go for Sunday drives to Warrandyte. Doncaster and Templestowe were still countrified, and we would drive past a brickworks, dairy and numerous orchards to get there.

These were the ‘good old days’. Life was uncomplicated, and we were well provided for from Dad’s single wage. It felt more relaxed, and there was a feeling of being safe.

Those early years seemed to drag by though, and it seemed to take forever to become a teenager.

By Dot Kennedy

Members Story . . . by Margaret Murray

Two Family History (Hysterical) Stories

1. In 1992, I had to go to the hospital for a major emergency operation. This left my family of three boys and their dad to manage a dairy farm (which was my job), look after their normal jobs and visit their mother/wife in the hospital for a whole month.

My husband was a pretty good cook, so he set out to make the evening meal. He decided chips would be easy, so he got out the deep fryer, filled it up with oil and turned it on. Easy, just had to wait for the temperature to be right. In the meantime, he peeled and turned the potatoes into chips. By this time, the deep fryer would be ready. He put the first lot of chips into the fryer and let them cook. They didn't look normal, but he decided it must be the different oil so took them out of the cooker and tipped the chips into a bowl. It was time for the taste test. Suddenly, the boys who were sitting relaxing in the lounge, heard a very loud mountain of colourful expletives coming from the kitchen. They rushed out to find Dad tipping the oil from the cooker down the sink. They asked why did he do that. He told them to taste the chips, which they did. Now they knew why he was cranky. He had filled the deep fryer with vinegar instead of oil, which they thought was hilarious and laughed so loud that their father finally joined them. Our youngest son nicknamed his father Vinnie Vinegar Chips which stuck for a long time. I asked them what the chips tasted like and they said "A bit like Vegemite".

2. I had gone off one evening to see my brother for an hour. While I was away, my husband decided he would make some butter out of the cream he had skimmed off the top of the milk. He got the Sunbeam Mixer out and went into action.

I came home about two hours later, walked into the kitchen and couldn't believe my eyes; it was so much cleaner than when I left. Now let me tell you that it's not something I expected with four men in the house who weren't particularly house-proud.

It also invited a lot of questions from me as to what had happened.

You see, the mixer was very old; it once belonged to my mother, and it had nearly outlived itself. It only had two speeds: stopped and flat out. Apparently, hubby had put the cream in the bowl, placed the beaters in the bowl and turned the mixer on slow, but of course slow didn't work anymore and it turned on full speed and instead of beating the cream in the bowl, at a great speed the beaters lifted the cream above the bowl and it sprayed all three of four walls in the kitchen including dishwahr, stove and cupboards. Just imagine how that must have looked: cream was dotted everywhere, and the kitchen had been redecorated in tones of cream. It was a big mess. It was all hands-on deck to clean up before Mum came home.

At the time, a thought crossed my mind that now they knew how to make things really clean, that they might be a little more house-proud. Can a woman dream? Dreams don't always come true! And at the end of the day there was no butter.

Editor's note: Thank you very much, Dot Kennedy, for your contribution to the Bulletin. Dot is taking a break. I am sure there is someone else out there who can help out; let me know please

"Dad's Day in the Kitchen: A Domestic Disaster Double-Feature"

Mum was out, the coast was clear, Dad said, "Boys, let's cook in here!" A brave idea... though history shows Dad's kitchen skills are mostly woes.

He sliced potatoes, thin as chips, But grabbed vinegar for their first dips. Into the pan the sour stuff poured, The boys just laughed, Dad looked floored.

The smell rose up — a tangy blast — A fish-and-chip shop gone too fast. The chips came out all pale and tragic, The boys declared it "vinegar magic."

Then Dad said, "Butter! Easy win!" He tipped in cream with a hopeful grin. The old mixer roared like a wounded jet, The boys yelled, "Duck — you'll get wet!"

Cream sprayed high, cream sprayed low, A dairy blizzard in full flow. Cupboards splattered, ceiling streaked, Dad's face covered, the boys shrieked.

A butter lump appeared at last, But oh, the clean-up — unsurpassed. Two disasters, one afternoon, All while Mum was gone — of course, the tune.

Quote . . If the world laughs at you laugh right back, It's as funny as you are!

Probus Club of Bacchus Marsh

It's *your* club and needs *your* input, whether as a member of the committee, a volunteer for morning tea, or a contribution as a five-minute speaker or simply putting forward ideas for the bulletin or the committee to consider. It is all important to the ongoing success of our club.

Whenever I see a warning label on Peanut Butter that says "May contain peanuts"

I understand why Aliens don't visit us anymore.

It makes sense that when I'm stressed I eat cake, ice cream and sweets.

'Stressed' spelt backwards is 'desserts'

You put your left leg in, your back goes out, you're creaking and cramping and you've got a dose of gout....

You twist and shout and a little wee comes out....

That's what aging is all about!

Why did the computer catch a cold? It left its windows open

Why was the computer late? It had a hard drive.

How do trees get on computers? They just log in.

Why couldn't the computer take its hat off? It had its CAPS LOCK on

The plumber said, "Why haven't you paid the bill for the work I did last Friday?"

I replied, "Well, it was not what you quoted me".

The plumber said, "I didn't give you a quote"

I replied, "Yes you did! When I asked what day you could come You said that you were free on Friday!"

Ice cream is essential to survival. Dinosaurs didn't have ice cream and look what happened to them.

Get the ice cream!!!

One of the ants on my ant farm dresses up as a clown to cheer up his friends.

He's an anti-depress ant.

(compliments of the treasurer)

Recycled

Editor: I put this photo in because it appeals to my sense of humour. My son must have inherited it because he

Smile and Smirk

The Drug Sniffing Dog

A man settles in his seat next to the window on a plane, when another man sits down next to him and seats his Black Labrador Retriever in between them. The first man looks very quizzically at the dog and asks why he's allowed on the plane. The second man explains that he's a DEA-Agent, Sniffer-dog. His name is Sniffer, and he's the best there is. I'll show you once we get airborne, when I put him to work."

The plane takes off, and once it has levelled out, the agent says "Watch this. He tells Sniffer to 'search'". Sniffer jumps down, walks along the aisle, and finally sits very purposefully next to a woman for several seconds. Sniffer then returns to its seat and puts one paw on the agent's arm. The agent says, "Good boy", and he turns to the man and says: "That woman is in possession of marijuana, so I'm making a note of her seat number and the authorities will apprehend her when we land." "Say, that's pretty neat." replies the first man.

Once again, the agent sends Sniffer to search the aisles. The Lab sniffs about, sits down beside a man for a few seconds, returns to its seat, and this time, he places TWO paws on the agent's arm. The agent says, "That man is carrying cocaine, so again, I'm making a note of his seat number for the police." "I like it!" says his seat mate.

The agent then tells Sniffer to "search" again. Sniffer walks up and down the aisles for a little while, sits down for a moment, and then comes racing back to the agent, jumps into the middle seat and proceeds to poop all over the place. The first man is really grossed out by this behaviour and can't figure out how or why a well-trained dog would act like that, so he asks the agent, "What's going on?"

The agent nervously replies, "He just found a bomb!"



A bit more . . .

A Friendly Lunch Tale

Lin and Russ, with cheerful punch, Declared, "Right then — let's organise a lunch!"

Word spread quickly through the club's planner, And members connected in a friendly manner.

They chatted, laughed, and shared a bite, Stories flowing left and right.

A simple lunch, but oh, the charm — Warm as sunshine on Bacchus Marsh farm.

Lin beamed bright, Russ grinned wide, Proud of the gathering they'd supplied.

For nothing beats good food and chatter When friends connect — that's what truly matters.



It was great Lunch at

Back to Bacchus

Sorry some of you missed out

MY APOLOGY FOR THE LATE EDITION OF BULLETIN.
SOMETIMES THINGS CAN BE TAKEN OUT OF OUR
CONTROL

Contacts: President Jean La Franchi - 0423 635 536, Secretary: Gillian Loughman - 0417 583 753,
Treasurer: Ian Backhouse - 0408 518 290, Ladies Welfare: Liz Fitzpatrick - 0407 814 673,
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NOTE: Can you please let welfare carers know if somebody is unwell, as they may need assistance?