



TOOWOOMBA RANGE PROBUS

Newsletter

Issued 22nd April 2026

Next meeting – Tuesday, 28th April 2026

at the Ballymore Room, Gold Park, 341 Hume Street, Toowoomba

Guest Speaker: Angus Young

Toowoomba's Angus Young is an Indoor Bowler who is currently on the Queensland and Australian teams. He is the current Australasian Men's Pairs and Fours champion, an Australian Men's Pairs champion, and has won 20 State titles. He is also a three-time Darling Downs Champion of Champion Singles winner in lawn bowls and previously represented Australia in the Winter Olympic Sport of curling, having won 5 national championships.

Angus, 35, started playing indoor bowls at 12 years of age at Nobby School of Arts hall, and will talk about his early days in bowls, through to a career at the highest level of the sport, often thought of only as a social endeavour played by retirees. He will talk of his passion for the sport itself, the honour of representing Australia, and reaching the pinnacle of the sport in 2024 when Australia won the Australasian championships for the first time in 15 years. He will also discuss why he feels these sports are crucial to society, bringing together young and old as equals both in competition and friendship.

Angus will answer questions about bowls, curling, and the value of sports like these in today's fast-paced world.



MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE 2026/27

President	Mike Butt	0438-666-411	mikebutt5@bigpond.com
Vice President	Mel Kong	0488-591-997	mlkong@bigpond.com
Immediate Past President	John Randall	0427-984-370	john.randall@gmail.com
Secretary/Welfare Officer	Tony Mullen	0408-238-091	anthonybmullen@yahoo.com.au
Treasurer	Ken Stephenson	0439-552-106	kenstephenson@internode.on.net
Programme Director	Rob Catto	0415-956-100	robcatto67@gmail.com
Trips/Outings Coordinator	Paul Barrett	0422-820-825	vpbarrett262@gmail.com
Trips/Outings Coordinator	Floyd Wilson	0418-110-344	floydwilson@email.com
Newsletter Editor	Bruce Hinchliffe	0418-795-038	hinchb@bigpond.net.au

Members unable to attend the next General Meeting should contact the Secretary by email with an apology.

Suggestions are welcome for such matters as guest speakers, outings and trips, and meeting procedure, and should be made to the relevant committee member.

Payments to the club are preferred by EFT.

Details: **Payee:** Toowoomba Range Probus Club Inc

Account number: 00931546 **BSB:** 064-433

Reference: Name and reason for payment (Sometimes, "reason" could be merely the date)

BIRTHDAYS in MAY: George Gothe 7th, Elton Thompson 18th, Graham Mayes 29th

Next Outing – Twenty intrepid travellers will hop on a plane for Adelaide, then jump on a coach for Kangaroo Island from May 4 to 9. They're bound to have a great time! Details of their flight and other arrangements are being circulated to participants by email and post.

Next Outing – Number 2

As has now become practice, an additional outing is organised when there's a restricted take-up of a trip.



And so next month we'll visit **Club Glenvale**, "the home of Toowoomba Hockey", 564 Boundary Street, on Tuesday, 12th May.

Arrive around 11.30a.m. for lunch from noon. We'll have a reserved area for up to 40 of us. There's no charge. Just announce at Reception that you're from Range Probus and you'll be directed to our spot. You may order and pay for your own lunch and drinks.

A call for starters will be made at next Tuesday's General Meeting.

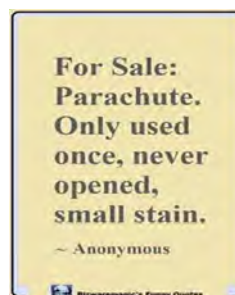
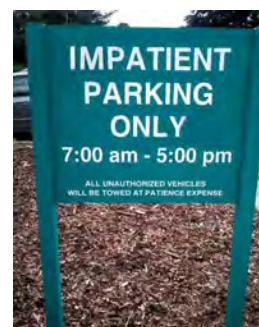
Smile a While



It's not my age that bothers me; it's the side effects.



The older I get, the earlier it gets late. When I say, "The other day," I could be referring to any time between yesterday and 15 years ago.



Word for the day:
Hurkle-durkle
a 200 year-old Scottish term meaning to lounge in bed long after it's time to get up.
Happiness is hurkle-durkling.

JUNE OUTING – Our Trips and Outings Directors, Paul and Floyd, are planning a Brisbane River Cruise on Tuesday **9th June**.

Cost is \$120p.p., including barbecue lunch and coach to Brisbane and return

Paul and Floyd will be calling for starters at next Tuesday's Meeting

TIMETABLE

8.30A.M. DEPART Picnic Point by coach

10.30a.m. All aboard! From Hamilton Wharf Recreation Hub Commercial Pontoon

11a.m. to 2p.m.: River Cruising

2pm. Depart for home, arriving Picnic Point about 4p.m.



The Lady Brisbane is a classic timber vessel “offering timeless charm for those who appreciate traditional craftsmanship. With polished wood interiors, spacious decks, and breathtaking views, it’s perfect for any event.”



Annual General Meeting and Changeover - Range Probus Club

Newly inducted President Mike Butt, in presenting his hopes and aspirations for the year ahead, expressed unqualified confidence in his new management team's ability to provide another year of good speakers, interesting outings and smooth operation of Toowoomba Range Probus.

He said emphasis would continue to be placed on fellowship, friendship and fun.

Mike confided that he drew his inspiration from Kermit* and Aristotle**

The talk, short and sweet, augurs well for a year ahead of Probus fun, fellowship and friendship.

**Kermit: Kermit the Frog became famous as part of the original Sesame Street cast, where he often appeared as a calm, slightly exasperated news reporter trying to bring order to chaos. His gentle humour and "everyman" personality made him instantly beloved.*

*** Aristotle (384–322 BCE) was an ancient Greek philosopher and polymath whose ideas shaped Western thought for more than two millennia.*



AT RIGHT: President Mike Butt
congratulated by outgoing
president John Randall



The 2026-27 Management Team: Floyd Wilson, Paul Barrett, Mike Butt, Mel Kong, Rob Catto, Ken Stephenson, John Randall, Tony Mullen, Bruce Hinchliffe.



Welcome, Dave McEvoy

Former Crows Nest Shire Council CEO Dave McEvoy (at right in photograph) was inducted into Range Probus Club by outgoing President John Randall.

Dave, a structural engineer, lists his "hobbies, sporting and other interests" as bronze sculpting, golf and travel.

He was introduced to the Club by proposer Bruce Hinchliffe.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT 2025-2026

Members, Ladies and Guests,

The past year has been one of considerable success for the Toowoomba Range Probus Club. This success is overwhelmingly the result of the support and participation of each and every one of you. A President's Report such as this usually consists of firstly thanking individual Members for the efforts. Today, I want to take this opportunity now to personally thank each and every one of you for your support during the past 12 months of office.

When I took office last year, I made a public commitment to you all that I would go out of my way, to promote the ideals of Probus as in "fellowship, friendship and fun." I feel that I have succeeded in this promotion, as personally I have enjoyed your fellowship, made some great friends, and managed to have some fun along the way. With the ongoing help of the Management Committee, there have been many adjustments to our monthly meeting procedures. A lot of this streamlining may have gone unnoticed, but my goal has always been to get to the Morning Tea segment of our monthly meetings as soon as possible. I have learnt that a wise President never stands in the way of a robust Probus member headed for his equally robust morning tea.

During the past year, we have welcomed new members to our Club. I again repeat my words always articulated to you, the new members, during your individual inductions, that you all truly enjoy being a member of the Toowoomba Range Probus Club. Sadly, during the past year, we also saw the passing of esteemed members, all with many years of service and participation to Range Probus. I would like again to acknowledge these members in this Report, and also to extend a warm invitation to their wives or partners to participate in all Club activities in the future. Our Constitution recognizes past members' wives and partners as being an important part of Range Probus.

Our Club has run like a well-oiled machine over the past 12 months, Mainly due to our Secretary, Tony, who has filled the role of Chief Engineer admirably with his oil can at the ready. Thank you, Tony. And a special mention here to our Club Actuarist, Bob, who so accurately maintains our membership records.

To our Treasurer, Ken, who as Navigator of the ship, has kept us well and truly financially afloat and well away from uncharted reefs and hazards. Thank you, Ken.

To Vice President, Mike, who has admirably stood in for me as needed. Thank you, Mike.

Now to our Expeditionary Force, the Burke and Wills of Range Probus, who have taken us (and brought us back again) to such far flung places as Norfolk Island, Shute Harbour, the Bunya Mountains and even the inimitable Oakey RSL. To Floyd and Paul, a job very well done. An enormous amount of effort (and expertise) is required for this Dynamic Duo to continually perform at the level they do. Thank you, Floyd and Paul.

To our Club Director of Good News, Bruce, our Newsletter Editor par excellence. Bruce, you continually amaze me with how your motto is that there is no such thing as bad publicity, how you can put lipstick on a gorilla, and how you keep us all informed each month. Thank you Bruce, you are our own Rupert Murdoch.

Lastly, what can I say about the man with the biggest Little Black Book of contacts ever seen here in Toowoomba. To our Program and Welfare Director, Rob. Rob has pulled out of his rather woolly hat over the past twelve months, an impressive line up of guest speakers. We've learnt about Bunnies from the Rabbit Board, Fire Ants from the Fire Ant Force, Bees from a Master Apiarist and the important part that the Toowoomba Foundry has played in the development of Toowoomba.

Members, Ladies and Guests, a sincere thank you to all for having the confidence in me to lead our Club over the past twelve months. It has been truly rewarding.

Thank you.

John Randall

VALE DOUG GORDON, QUIET ACHIEVER

A Probus member for 15 years, Doug Gordon, aged 84, passed away in St Andrew's Hospital on March 31, after a brave 12-month battle with leukaemia.

Doug and wife Veronica were ardent supporters of Toowoomba Range Probus Club and took part in many trips and outings.

Doug Gordon was one of 11 children and grew up in Pittsworth. He became a jackaroo for a time after leaving school. Later, he joined the Australian Post Office, delivering telegrams initially, then working on the exchange. He worked his way up through the mail centre of the Post Office to eventually become manager. He retired at the age of 59.

Over a time, he lived in four houses that he had built in Toowoomba and one (occupied by a son) in Dalby. He put to good use his considerable handyman skills to refurbish them for sale. He and Veronica lived at Palm Lake Resort for seven years where he took an active part in the resort's social life. They moved to Sea Change more recently. For the past 24 years Doug and Veronica were enthusiastic caravanners and travelled to many parts of the country. They also enjoyed extensive overseas travel.

They have two sons, four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Doug's funeral service was held at St Anthony's Church on 17th April.

Doug was, by nature, a quiet man. He achieved much but did not broadcast his achievements.

He was, indeed, the Quiet Achiever!



Doug was a keen supporter of Probus events, along with his wife, Veronica



It was bonza, mate !

Bushbashers entertain Toowoomba Range Probiants in Esk

A coachload of 36 from Toowoomba Range Probus Club was treated to warm, nostalgic, good-humoured Aussie entertainment from the Esk Bushbashers on April 14.

The almost-four-hour show, presented at a local Church Hall, was, in Bushbasher talk, a real *bobby dazzler!*

The dozen-or-so performers played bush ballads, recited bush poetry, told bush jokes and yarns, and had the highly appreciative Range Probus audience joining in rollicking presentations of the Hokey Pokey and a conga line.

Sexagenarians through to nonagenarians let their hair down and lustily sang along to old favourites that included Roll Out the Barrel, Botany Bay, and the Wild Colonial Boy – all to the melodiously combined sounds of piano, accordion, bass guitar, drums, and mouthorgan . . . with a bush bass (one string on a stick jammed into a tea chest) and half a dozen lagerphones (bottletops on a pole) thrown in for good measure.

It was an Outing to Remember . . . and one that could well stand repeating!



Guest artist Floyd Wilson at the Bushbashers Band's April 14 recital. Where did he get that hat!?



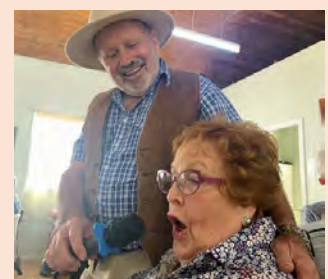
President Mike Butt mastered the lagerphone at Esk



The Menace with the Mike was popular Bushbashers' MC Bill Jennings. His "victims" included Lyn Free (above) and Sue Englart (below)



A Ladies' Quintet was seconded from the ranks of visitors to the Esk Bushbashers Show



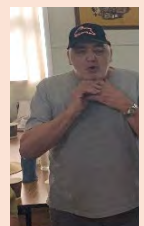


The big moment is at hand . . . lagerphones and maracas are at the ready and song books on hand for the start of the Big Invitational Performance at the Bushbashers' concert in Esk.



It's the boys' turn . . . The Lagerphone Five accompanied themselves for a rousing rendition of *Bound for Botany Bay*, under the baton of Maestro Floyd ("Never Miss a Beat") Wilson.

It's Hokey Pokey time !



and that's what it's all about !

Member Tom Bence sent in this contribution a year ago - too late for inclusion in the pre-Anzac Day 2025 Newsletter, but in plenty of time for today's . . .

THE ANZAC ON THE WALL

I wandered thru a country town, 'cos I had some time to spare,
And went into an antique shop to see what was in there.
Old Bikes and pumps and kero lamps, but hidden by it all,
A photo of a soldier boy – an Anzac on the Wall.
'The Anzac have a name?' I asked. The old man answered 'No'.
The ones who could have told me mate, have passed on long ago.
The old man kept on talking and, according to his tale,
The photo was unwanted junk bought from a clearance sale.
'I asked around', the old man said, 'but no-one knows his face,
He's been on that wall twenty years... Deserves a better place.
For some-one must have loved him, so it seems a shame somehow.'
I nodded in agreement and then said, 'I'll take him now.'
My nameless digger's photo, well it was a sorry sight
A cracked glass pane and a broken frame - I had to make it right
To prise the photo from its frame I took care just in case,
Cause only sticky paper held the cardboard back in place.
I peeled away the faded screed and much to my surprise,
Two letters and a telegram appeared before my eyes
The first reveals my Anzac's name, and regiment of course
John Mathew Francis Stuart - of Australia's own Light Horse.
This letter written from the front... My interest now was keen
This note was dated August seventh 1917
'Dear Mum, I'm at Khalasa Springs not far from the Red Sea
They say it's in the Bible - looks like a Billabong to me.
'My Kathy wrote I'm in her prayers... she's still my bride to be
I just can't wait to see you both, you're all the world to me.
And Mum you'll soon meet Bluey, last month they shipped him out
I told him to call on you when he's up and about.'
'That bluey is a larrikin, and we all thought it funny
He lobbed a Turkish hand grenade into the CO's dunny.
I told you how he dragged me wounded, in from no man's land
He stopped the bleeding, closed the wound, with only his bare hand.'
'Then he copped it at the front from some stray shrapnel blast
It was my turn to drag him in and I thought he wouldn't last.
He woke up in hospital, and nearly lost his mind
Cause out there on the battlefield he'd left one leg behind.'
'He's been in a bad way Mum, he knows he'll ride no more
Like me he loves a horse's back, he was a champ before.
So Please Mum can you take him in, he's been like my own brother
Raised in a Queensland orphanage he's never known a mother.'
But Struth, I miss Australia Mum, and in my mind each day
I am a mountain cattleman on high plains far away.
I'm mustering white-faced cattle, with no camel's hump in sight
And I waltz my Matilda by a campfire every night
I wonder who rides Billy, I heard the pub burnt down
I'll always love you and please say hooroo to all in town'.

The second letter I could see, was in a lady's hand
An answer to her soldier son there in a foreign land.
Her copperplate was perfect, the pages neat and clean
It bore the date, November 3rd 1917.

'T'was hard enough to lose your Dad, without you at the war
I'd hoped you would be home by now - each day I miss you more'
'Your Kathy calls around a lot since you have been away
To share with me her hopes and dreams about your wedding day.
And Bluey has arrived - and what a godsend he has been
We talked and laughed for days about the things you've done and seen'
'He really is a comfort, and works hard around the farm,
I read the same hope in his eyes that you won't come to harm.
McConnell's kids rode Billy, but suddenly that changed.
We had a violent lightning storm, and it was really strange.'
'Last Wednesday, just on midnight, not a single cloud in sight,
It raged for several minutes, it gave us all a fright.
It really spooked your Billy - and he screamed and bucked and reared
And then he rushed the sliprail fence, which by a foot he cleared'
'They brought him back next afternoon, but something's changed I fear
It's like the day you brought him home, for no one can get near.
Remember when you caught him with his black and flowing mane?
Now Horse breakers fear the beast that only you can tame,'
'That's why we need you home son' - then the flow of ink went dry-
This letter was unfinished, and I couldn't work out why.
Until I started reading, the letter number three
A yellow telegram delivered news of tragedy,
Her son killed in action - oh - what pain that must have been
The same date as her letter - 3rd November 1917
This letter which was never sent, became then one of three
She sealed behind the photo's face - the face she longed to see.
And John's home town's old timers - children when he went to war
Would say no greater cattleman had left the town before.
They knew his widowed mother well - and with respect did tell
How when she lost her only boy she lost her mind as well.
She could not face the awful truth, to strangers she would speak
'My Johnny's at the war you know, he's coming home next week.'
They all remembered Bluey he stayed on to the end.
A younger man with wooden leg became her closest friend.
And he would go and find her when she wandered old and weak
And always softly say 'yes dear - John will be home next week.'
Then when she died Bluey moved on, to Queensland some did say.
I tried to find out where he went, but don't know to this day.
And Kathy never wed - a lonely spinster some found odd.
She wouldn't set foot in a church - she'd turned her back on God.
John's mother left no Will I learned on my detective trail.
This explains my photo's journey, of that clearance sale.
So I continued digging, cause I wanted to know more.
I found John's name with thousands, in the records of the war.
His last ride proved his courage - a ride you will acclaim
The Light Horse Charge at Beersheba of everlasting fame.
That last day in October, back in 1917

At 4pm our brave boys fell - that sad fact I did glean.
That's when John's life was sacrificed, the record's crystal clear
But 4pm in Beersheba is midnight over here.....
So as John's gallant spirit rose to cross the great divide,
Were lightning bolts back home, a signal from the other side?
Is that why Billy bolted and went racing as in pain?
Because he'd never feel his master on his back again?
Was it coincidental? same time - same day - same date?
Some proof of numerology, or just a quirk of fate?
I think it's more than that you know, as I've heard wiser men,
Acknowledge there are many things that go beyond our ken
Where craggy peaks guard secrets 'neath dark skies torn asunder,
Where hoof-beats are companions to the rolling waves of thunder
Where lightning cracks like 303's and ricochets again
Where howling moaning gusts of wind sound just like dying men.
Some Mountain cattlemen have sworn on lonely alpine track,
They've glimpsed a huge black stallion - Light Horseman on his back.
Yes Sceptics say, it's swirling clouds just forming apparitions
Oh no, my friend you can't dismiss all this as superstition.
The desert of Beersheba - or windswept Aussie range,
John Stuart rides on forever there - Now I don't find that strange.
Now some gaze upon this photo, and they often question me
And I tell them a small white lie, and say he's family.
'You must be proud of him.' they say - I tell them, one and all,
That's why he takes - the pride of place - my Anzac on the Wall.
By Jim Brown

AS A SIGN OF RESPECT TO ANZAC DAY, MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE YESTERDAY AGREED TO A REQUEST BY ROB CATTO THAT THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BE SUNG IN FULL AT NEXT TUESDAY'S MEETING. HERE ARE THE WORDS FOR THE TWO VERSES OF THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM, *ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR*

Australians all let us rejoice,
For we are one and free;
We've golden soil and wealth for toil;
Our home is girt by sea;
Our land abounds in nature's gifts
Of beauty rich and rare;
In history's page, let every stage
Advance Australia Fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing,
Advance Australia Fair.

Beneath our radiant Southern Cross
We'll toil with hearts and hands;
To make this Commonwealth of ours
Renowned of all the lands;
For those who've come across the seas
We've boundless plains to share;
With courage let us all combine
To Advance Australia Fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing,
Advance Australia Fair.