



Dingley Village Men's Shed Inc.

Inc: A01 02864R

PO Box 32, DINGLEY VILLAGE, VIC. 3172

email: secretary@dvms.org.au

ABN: 63 521 219 011

web: www.dvms.org.au

NOVEMBER 2021 NEWSLETTER



From 6pm 29 October Men's sheds in Metropolitan Melbourne can join those in regional areas and **reopen to fully vaccinated or medically exempt participants** with a density of one person per four square meters.

The current [Directions issued by Victoria's Chief Health Officer](#) state that only fully vaccinated or medically exempt people can enter Men's Sheds right across Victoria.



Anyone who is found to be either not fully vaccinated or is unable to prove they are medically exempt may not be allowed to enter.

The directions state that open Men's Sheds must operate with the following:

All people who enter must show evidence that they are either fully vaccinated or have a medical exemption each time they visit.

The operator (the shed committee) must set up and operate a system where a COVID check in Marshall is present at each entrance to the facility checking vaccination status.



Graham (Snow) Peterson
Member 106

It is with great sadness that we record the passing of our mate and fellow shedder, Snow Peterson.

Snow epitomises the real meaning and ethos of Men's Sheds. When someone new to DVMS walks through the front door, no one knows what talent or skills walk in with him. It's a new experience for everyone, for each of us have different expectations of what a shed will give us or what we can give to the shed. Mostly we are looking for mateship and if a new life discovery comes along, then that is a well appreciated bonus. And just what a bonus Snow gave us all. Such a likeable persona and very natural. "What you saw is what you got". No pretensions, no domination, a sharp wit as was his way with the weekly joke and above all an untapped skill to draw and paint. Who would have guessed that a new talent was being borne and Snow leaves us with a legacy of paintings that has encouraged others to follow. Rest in peace Snow, you are going to be missed by all that knew you.

We extend our condolences to Elaine, Scott, Craig and their families.



Just a small sample of art work / creations that Snow founded.



It's springtime. Along with all new life that comes with the change of the season, we'd like to remind community members to **be cautious around protective native birds, who will swoop anyone they think is a danger to their nests and offspring.**

To reduce the risk of swooping incidents, the City of Kingston has installed signage to alert community members that there are swooping risks in the area. Community members are encouraged to add any swooping sites onto the [DELWP map](#).

If you want to go to Queensland on a holiday, and are wondering about their Covid rules, let me explain. You can go to Queensland from Thursday to Monday, excluding weekends that have one or more full moons. If you have had your first vaccination shot and any of the above days, regardless of full moons if you have had both shots. but aren't allowed if you have had both shots but haven't been tested within the last 2 weeks, including weekends and aren't going for the purpose of watching footy, on weekdays but not weekends. If you are going to watch footy then you are allowed from Monday to Thursday, unless games are actually being played. If you have been tested but only vaccinated once, if you have been fully vaccinated and tested and want to watch a footy match you can if crowds do not exceed limitations as prescribed in appendix 1 part 3c.ii of the schedule. If you want to go to other sporting matches that aren't football and you have been fully vaccinated but not tested in the last 14 days you can if the sport is included in appendix 1 part 3c.11 (amendment 17.g). I hope that clears it all up for you, see you somewhere on the road, Regards, Peter Tosh.

"Houdini" – The Case of the Disappearing Visitor.

How many of you have had a “Special Visitor” who arrived uninvited and entertained all who came in contact with the unique features of this visitor?

Well we did and we are still talking about it. Here’s what happened.

Working in my office overlooking the common area in our complex of ten units I noticed a small brown object making its way across the grassy area the children use for a playground. I was transfixed because I had not seen anything like it in the seven years I have lived here.

As it made its way from the central grassy area to the various garden beds in front of each unit it made several circuits of the our complex stopping from time to time to feast on the few other natives it could find.

I took my iPhone with me to get a closer look and perhaps a pic or two. By now a couple of other residents had seen me and wondered what it was that I was so interested in. They too were soon fixated by our visitor.

Our complex is in Lower Dandenong Road right opposite Braeside Park. With the traffic halted for a couple of weeks whilst workmen finish the roadworks around the new freeway we believe our visitor simply walked across what would normally be a very busy thoroughfare and into our place. An amazingly brave act in itself.

So up the driveway it came but when anything caused it to seek shelter it quickly burrowed into the nearest bit of soft ground it could find. By now the children in the complex had become inquisitive and were squealing with delight and asking all kinds of difficult questions. With the pics they took on their mobile phones Show and Tell at school was sure to be a real hit!!

Our dilemma now was “What to do with the little critter?” One of the mums went away to make a couple of phone calls and before you could say ‘Jack Robinson’ Ranger Andrew arrived with the necessities to restrain and deliver our “visitor” back into the park. Well our little ‘Houdini’ was having none of this and made several attempts to avoid capture. At which point Andrew departed leaving me with an animal transportation box and towel. The idea being that I would catch it and hold it overnight for Andrew to collect the next morning.

After many unsuccessful attempts we finally coaxed it into a plastic animal box which had a metal grate at the front of the box with a spring loaded catch. In it went, quiet but not too happy about the process. I put the box in my garage and locked the tilt door then advised Andrew that we had achieved success.

The next morning Andrew arrived to collect our visitor only to find that ‘Houdini’ had not only found a way to open the grate on the box but had opened the locked garage door and bolted. The door was ajar but still locked.

We feel that under the cover of darkness our visitor had taken it’s leave and gone back home. At least we hope that is what happened as we searched to grounds to no avail and were delighted that there was no squished little critter on the road outside.

So, keep an eye out around your place or you could be asking “Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner”???

Text and pics by Geoff Hergt

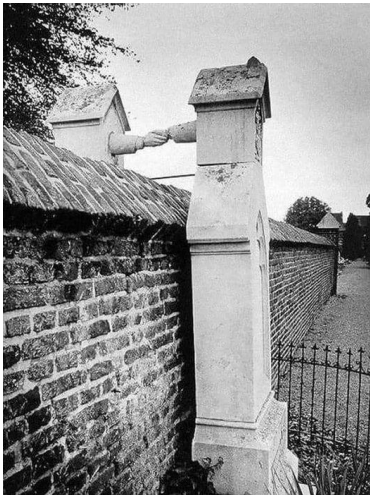


Who's on the sick list?

Our best wishes go out to Merv McConchie and to Gerard Pelicier as you fight to get over your health issues. We hope that you can very soon be part of our shed activities.

Birthday wishes to:

Member #	First Name	Last Name	Day
281	John	Adams	4
17	Eddie	Oak	5
149	Brian	Stooke	6
302	Brian	Dishington	6
95	Albert	King	9
60	Robert	Van Der Linde	14
229	Alan	Everitt	15
234	Kamal	Ghattas	17
49	Stephen	Knott	18
174	Neil	Robinson	18
110	Bill	Steward	27



The graves of a Catholic woman and her Protestant husband, who were not allowed to be buried together. On the Protestant part of this cemetery J.W.C van Gorcum, colonel of the Dutch Cavalry and militia commissioner in Limburg is buried. His wife, lady J.C.P.H van Aefferden is buried in the Catholic part. They were married in 1842, he was a protestant and didn't belong to the nobility.

This caused quite a commotion in Roermond. After being married for 38 years the colonel died in 1880 and was buried on the protestant part of the cemetery against the wall. His wife died in 1888 and had decided not to be buried in the family tomb but on the other side of the wall, the closest she could get to her husband. Two clasped hands connect the graves across the wall.



Please tell the Wild Bees to find a new home next Spring



If you live around here or drive by you may know me, or know of me. I am the little wooden house that stands near one corner of Boundary and Old Dandenong Roads in Dingley Village. If you *do* know me, I wonder whether you have thought *about* me as you passed? Judging by the speed of some in their modern cars, I doubt that many would give me a second thought; an old house sandwiched between shipping containers, sitting on a bed of weeds and wild grass. There are blackberry bushes and a bank of native plants and trees nearby, descendants of those that would have been planted in the late 1800's.

If you did have a stray thought about me, did you reflect about the people who may have lived here and who would have proudly called me home? Families with a Mum and Dad, daughters and sons, probably with frequenting cousins, grandparents, nephews and nieces, Uncles and Aunts. That's OK.

I think I still cut an imposing figure, even after all this time. I like to think that. And I have some great memories. Not much else to do in these, my declining years. Perhaps I should say my reclining years, if you see the poles that someone has placed against me to hold my frame up. There are a few other tell-tale signs, a few loose boards on my eastern flank, my tin roof now curling at the edges. Not bad for a hundred though. I could do with a coat of paint but I'm guessing that won't be coming anytime soon!

Old age makes you think. You have many options at your disposal to stoke memories of times gone by, those of challenge and those of joy. But I can remember as things were, In my own unique way.

A generation shared me, it was their home, not a house. A farmer and his family were my partner through the thick and thin of life on the farm from the early 1910's to 1965. We successfully weathered the ups and downs of storms that accompanied vicious south westerlies, thunderstorms, heat waves, water shortages, pests, grass fires, a flood or two, a depression and two wars. I did all right given all that. So did the family; their life challenges balanced by those occasioned by climate and the complexions of soil productivity that only farmers truly understand. Through the warmth, humour and sharing that only family life can bring.

There is now a fence between me and roads on either side of me. When I was built (around 1911 I think it was) there wasn't a fence. We were open to the world and our world was a face of friendly and supportive community of neighbours - the farmers and their families - and others, travelling dirt roads to market, initially by horse and cart, hardy men, women and children on bicycles and later, by tractors, motor cars and trucks.

Perhaps I may look a bit down at heel now, no one lives here, it's just me, so I am no longer a home maker. But I was, and I am proud of it. My *raison d'être* ceased when the farmer's wife left in 1965, the small farm no longer practical for her to run. She played the guitar, I miss that. There was also a young girl that played the recorder; I loved how her tunes rang through the house, pierced my wooden frame and then out over the fields.

Never mind the missing planks on my rear and left ribs, the two large poles holding me up on one side or the pair of wonky wooden pillars that have held my front veranda upright for so long. Never mind the rusty tin roof, curled at the edges, that once had a shiny red coat that was painted by my first owner, a recent migrant from Italy, a surprise for his new wife on their wedding night.

But that's *de rigueur*. Life's so quick now, I see that every day. A darn lot quicker than when I was built, on the edge of a field that had to be cleared of trees and rocks with the intent that it become as prosperous as the other fields on farms nearby. All part of our community's goal to feed the burgeoning population of Melbourne and the south east with vegetables and fruit.

It takes of care and ingredients to a make a good house and many more to make a good home. I had it all. The brick fireplace and mandatory chimney came first; in those days once you hoist those essential building blocks, the rest of the

materials were certain to follow! The farmer and his wife chose the layout and they chose well. I kept my small family reasonably protected from the cold (the fireplace should take some credit though) and while not perfect, relief from summer heat was a doorstep away. I was standard for my size when built but what space do families need really? Enough for the family to cook and eat, sleep, stay warm, play games, laugh and be together under a tin roof. When the farmer painted my roof red, I thought that was rather spiffy at the time, not that I was stuck up or anything. They faced me south; my solid white wooden front door looked over the dirt track, perhaps twenty yards away. It still sits there today, as strong and welcoming as ever.

Life passed like the ups and downs of the road in my view. The farmer managed the fields while his wife Marea looked after the home and the children. She did it all, she mended, cooked, sewed and supported others in their community of perhaps no more than eighty. Everyone helped everyone, a sharing culture trans-shipped from the old country, carried in the genes of migrant farmers. Guiseppe and Marea's parents would have been proud of their efforts to be successful and raise a family on the other side of the world.

There were big changes around 1914, just as the family had paid off their farm debt. Only the bank mortgage on me remained – but, bigger challenges beckoned. Just as Guiseppe and Marea were starting to see the benefits of their hard work and kindly weather, war broke out. Guiseppe felt compelled to serve his new country, leaving his wife and young children to manage things. As it transpired, she was successful in gaining the contract to supply their crop to the Dingley cannery. Canned vegetables from our District were shipped to Europe and her husband may well have eaten the produce that originated on his own farm.

Guiseppe made it home from the war, a blessing for Marea and the kids but he wasn't the same happy man, labouring on against the odds. Drought and pests took their toll while I managed to stave off a few threats, such as rising damp and a particular wood rot that invaded my walls. We won those battles. Even the depression of the thirties couldn't defeat us. Alessandro returned to the farm after leaving school and helped his ailing father. Gabrielle became a nurse. Again, as their lives began to take another upward curve, in 1930 the depression hit. Thankfully having a farm allowed them to survive. I recall the swaggies that would drop by, asking for work, a bite to eat or a job, anything. Guiseppe and Marea knew about tough times, they shared as much as they could.

The concerns of the depression slowly abated but worries about a world war started a new assault on the family's emotions. People from all over the world had apparently found more reasons to kill each other, so a second war began before the forties had run their course. I was still in pretty good condition so at last the family didn't have to spend any of their hard earned on my solid timbers. The spirit of our little home was crippled when Gabrielle and Alessandro signed up. Four years was a long time to wait for Guiseppe and Marea. A lifetime in a capsule of four nerve-racking years.

The light escaped when their children left. The physical work on the farm allowed Guiseppe and Marea some separation from their anxieties but their capacity to cope with adversity was greatly challenged. They were highly commended as leaders in the community, going without so that others could manage on meagre rations.

War ended! What a week that was when Gabrielle and Alessandro joyously returned home to us! Oh, what a time that was! All the District seemed to be here to celebrate with us; the laughter, wine and love flowed! New life breathed into every crack and crevice. Gabrielle and Alessandro chose a different path after that and left home. They were safe, what else mattered?

Guiseppe passed in 1965. A sad day in our home. I was still standing tall, a tribute to the loving hands that built me, but I knew that a major change was coming for the family. Marea had lost her rock and the farm was going to be too much for her to manage. Alessandro found her one day trying to repair the tin roof on a windy Spring afternoon. She moved shortly after to live with friends nearby, and I was sold off.

I had the option to feel forlorn and neglected but that was an option I quickly rejected. I had experienced so much and willingly played my role as a protector and a crucible for their love - and the lives of others that they enriched. I missed the sounds of the days and nights of family comings and goings, their raucous dinners and conversations in front of the warm fire but I was, and am, proud. I have that to sustain me now as I look out and hear the busy traffic that frequents my corner of the world.

I hope every other house has the chance to share what I had. I am happy to sit here now and take whatever life offers me. I had a good shot.

The only thing I ask is that someone pass on the news to the bees that I won't be around a lot longer and that they will need to find a new home in the spring. Oh, and the cockatoos. They will have to find other window frames for their late afternoon treats.

Warren Duncan, 2021

Meet your member

Well it has finally happened, an article being submitted to help you get to better know your fellow members. We've been trying to get this going for years and many members have approached the subject but never quite get around to penning it. So now that we are off and running, how it a few more follow.

Paul Brennan. DVMS Secretary.

I was born in the St. Kilda Hotel, the day Grey Boots won the Caulfield Cup, 14th October 1950, the youngest of 3 boys. We moved to Kyneton 1951 when Dad & Mum took over the Club Hotel. That is where I went to kindergarten. 1956 saw us head to Terang to another hotel. I started school in Terang, some of the lasting memories of Terang are being a mascot for the footy club & learning to ride a bike. The big smoke of Melbourne was our next move, specifically to Prahran, Post Office Hotel. Finished primary school at CBS in East St. Kilda. The boy in my class to become the most famous was Daryl Somers. While still at primary school I had my 1st paying job working at Dan Murphy's Cellars, a couple of doors down Chapel Street from our hotel. I got paid 1 penny for each wine bottle I washed. In those days Dan Murphy also had a wine bottling operation, bottling wine for private individuals.

My secondary education was to go where my 2 elder brothers had gone. Monivae College a catholic boy's boarding school in Hamilton. My elder brothers had started there when we lived in Terang. Its students came from country Victoria, Melbourne, Aboriginal boys from Northern Territory, Nauru, Philippines & Hong Kong a real international student group. Monivae was staffed by catholic priests, no lay staff. It was situated on 150 acres & there was a farm that the boys could get involved in, outside school hours. Going to boarding school was an interesting experience & has given me many happy memories that I to his day. Sleeping in a dormitory of 200 boys was fun, we soon learnt the roster that they used to feed us & we only came home at the end of each term. Travelling from Melbourne to Hamilton was by a 6-hour train trip. I left school after Intermediate.

Started work in the glass industry at Oliver Davey Glass in Port Melbourne. By this stage we were living in Port Melbourne in Flower Hotel. I worked at Oliver Davey for 23 years until I was retrenched because of the recession of 1990. When I started at Oliver Davey, I was in the Glazing Dept, as the junior, during the ensuing years I work in all the various department so go a great grounding of what made a successful glass company work. We were involved in glazing a lot of the Melbourne skyscrapers which was exciting & still gives me great pride in the fact that I have been involved in some of the great landmarks of Melbourne I spent all my working life in the glass industry working in all facets of the industry in small family run companies to larger public companies. I retired from work on 14th October 2015, the day I turned 65.

I met my wife Helen through our church St. Peter's in East Bentleigh. We were married in 1973 & on returning from our honeymoon we moved into our new

home in Village Drive Dingley Village, we have been here for 48 years. During that time, we have had 3 children, our daughter Kara & 2 sons Luke & Nicholas. We have 7 grandchildren, Holly, deceased, William, Henry, Banjo, Percy, Flynn & Alya. They give us great joy & thankfully only 2 live in country Victoria, so we get to have plenty of involvement with the other 4 close by in Cheltenham & Aspendale.

We have been involved in many varied activities during our 48 years watching Dingley grow & prosper. Being involved in our children's activities we have met many people who have remained friends with for years after. An interesting & enjoyable part of Dingley Village Men's Shed is I have come across some men we haven't seen for years.

Our time here enjoyable & we have no intentions of moving elsewhere.

Thanks Paul, now members, how about some more to follow for next month.



REMEMBRANCE DAY

HONOURING 21 YEARS OF SERVICE IN THE 21ST CENTURY



Every year at 11am on 11 November—the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month—we pause to remember those men and women who have died or suffered in all wars, conflicts and peace operations.

This year, the Remembrance Day Service at the Shrine will reflect upon 21 years of service in the 21st century. The past 21 years have seen Australians serve all over the world in conflicts, peace keeping and peacemaking missions. Here at home, the Australian Defence Force has served supporting our community through some of the most challenging experiences of our generation—from floods to bush fires and in the front lines of the current pandemic.

We are pleased to welcome visitors to the Shrine's Remembrance Day service. Bookings are not required. Attendees will be required to check-in using the Service Victoria smartphone app, displaying proof of double vaccination status.

The service will also be live-streamed and available to watch via our website, [Facebook](#) and [YouTube](#) channels, for commemoration at home.



RED TO REMEMBER

In the 10 days leading up to Remembrance Day, the Shrine and other Melbourne landmarks will be lit red. Share your pics with us at [#shrineofremembrance](#) [#redtoremember](#)

Thanks to Paul Brennan for this article.

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