

THE COMMITTEE FOR LORNE

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LORNE WARD EVENTS CALENDAR

December

- 8 Christmas Market**, Local Art & Craft at The Store Deans Marsh 9am-2pm
- 15 Carols on the Lorne**, St Cuthbert's Church Lorne, sausage sizzle from 6:30pm and carols from 7:30pm
- 16 Carols in the Marsh**, Christmas fun for Community, family & friends. 6pm Deans Marsh Reserve.

Melbourne Cup Day at the Aquatic Club

A whiff of camphor and corruption

Cup Day began with two crows noisily beating the crap out of a koala outside my window. They chased him as he leapt from one branch to another and one of them landed on his head and pecked him as he groaned sadly.

I've read enough Shakespeare to recognise a koala/crow battle as a bona fide augury. I went for the form guide in a rush. Clearly the signs were telling me to back something or other. But, try as I might, I was damned if I could match a runner's name to the aforementioned scenario. "Finche" was as close as I could get. It only needed an S to be two birds or more. But would The Fates send two crows to bash up a koala to tell me to back Finche? Finche was nicely weighted at good odds so, yes, The Fates would. Down to meet the bookie.

Cup Day at the Lorne Angling and Aquatic Club runs along traditional lines. A marquee had been set up in the beer garden to keep the rain off. Free champers on arrival. Salads supplied by devotees of Mrs Beeton and the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Union. Carrots had been julienned, but no one had been radicalised towards pomegranates. Excellent.

The women had taken trouble to look good. And did. But I detected a schism in male fashion at the Anglers this year. A political rift, it seemed. One group of anglers was favouring the in-your-face stylings of Al Grassby and thus resembled Ecuadorian rodeo clowns, while the other group had clearly dressed to memorialise

the late South Australian premier Don Dunstan. I speculate many of their outfits were snatched from the Lorne Op Shop on the Monday before the Cup and dumped back there on the Wednesday after. A whiff of camphor rose off the men with every passing shower.

Rumpole won the men's fashion on the field. He looked splendid in his three-piece suit but had to be warned off the sausages mid-afternoon for occ-health and safety reasons. The buttons on his waistcoat were threatening to take out someone's eye. My eldest daughter came third in the ladies' section behind the two wives of the two judges. I don't condemn such corruption. It can be a long summer if the missus' Cup frock goes uncelebrated.

The commodore took up the mic and announced he had won the footy tipping comp this year and was putting the \$400 prize money on the bar. A couple of malcontents who had run for high office at the club and been rejected muttered that it seemed fishy that a commodore of a fishing club could win his own footy tipping comp. Mighty fishy, they said, as they queued for his beer.

Our bookie was battling technical difficulties, betting agencies were offline, the internet was sporadic. Here was a man alone, taking on a slew of frenzied punters. Have you ever noticed how people who don't know which end of a horse to shove hay into, are suddenly Bart Cummings on Cup Day? And when they're in a queue to put a bet on and the field is about to jump and the bookie is slowed by circumstances beyond his control their nag is a dead cert and they become panicky and hostile and



say things they later regret?

I missed getting on Finche, my omen bet, my certainty. And regretted everything I said about the bookie almost immediately. Because the horse finished fourth.

As the Cup was run, I noticed a group of Chinese tourists wandering past, staring at us in honest incomprehension. What type of backwoods corroboree had they stumbled upon? Wild speculations passed through their number. What the hell was this? A crush of Aussie nuts in fancy dress drinking champagne and screaming at a flatscreen through sausage smoke until a crescendo of hugs and high-fives and people hysterical with joy and others stomping their tickets into the mud and damning their luck.

I told them it was a religious gathering. And I think I was right. They'll be wondering about our fevered ceremony for a long time. Remember that day in Oz? Those crazy Anglers? What the...?

It was a lovely day. And in the evening,

with the last race run and the crowd thinning, the marquee was lifted by an onshore easterly and dumped approximately 44 gallons of cold water on my wife, making her sole entrant of the Surf Coast Shocked and Angry Ladies Wet T-Shirt Competition.

Anson Cameron

This article was published in The Age on Saturday November 17 and is reprinted with Anson's permission.



COMMITTEE FOR LORNE

A WORD FROM THE CHAIRMAN

What an amazing weekend of activity in Lorne for so many different reasons and if there were any doubters out there as to the ongoing advantages of having a vibrant, community focused, Lorne Angling and Aquatic Club – then it's time to think again! Over the weekend our leading Commodore, Keith Miller, was front and centre in three ocean rescues all of which required off shore marine assistance.

Not having any coast guard sea and rescue services at the beck and call of our blue water enthusiasts, the risks associated with boating in this area are greater than the norm with the rescue services that do exist, based far from Lorne. It is times like these recent rescues, and many from the past, that it is so comforting to know that we have such a group of skilled volunteers

ready to jump into action.

Night or day, we have committed community members, across many varied disciplines, going above and beyond in their endeavors to help others.

It was with a touch of jovial good humor when our Commodore Keith was returning home late on Sunday evening after a rescue, that he attracted a subtle "barb" from another strong local volunteer, one with a strong Local Government connection. The latter, enjoying a night out with good friends at a local restaurant caught a glimpse of the Green Tractor heading down Mountjoy Parade following the third successful rescue, texted the Commodore with a message of request to slow down so as to ensure the tractor noise didn't upset the wine. It was all in good jest and a sign of

the immense mutual held for all.

It should however, not be too much of a surprise given the volunteer culture of our town. Whether it be CFA, SES, our local police and ambulance services or the amazing team at the Lorne Community and Hospital Op shop, just to name a few, all of whom support so many. We are so lucky to enjoy the culture that is Lorne.

In recognition of one of our finest, the "Camel Lily Pond Walk" will be officially opened at 2-00pm on Sunday 25th of November. The naming of this beautiful walk pays tribute to the contribution to the reserve and to the Lorne Community by Michael "Camel" Callanan and all are invited to attend.

On Monday last, there was a follow-up meeting, initiated by the Lorne Business

and Tourism Association (LBTA). Those present included representatives from the executive team of the Amy Gillett Foundation, Surf Coast Shire, Vic Roads, Emergency Services and Community Members. It was well facilitated by Tony Elder and in my view, brought all stakeholders closer together in ensuring the 2019 Gran Fondo event is one of the most successful yet.

Don't forget to mark in your diary two important dates. First, the final Committee for Lunch for 2018 on Friday December 7 and then Annual General Meeting on December 13 at 5.30 pm at the Lorne Leisure Centre.

Ian Stewart

Chairman - Committee for Lorne