

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The big event recently, of course, was our annual Hills Tournament. The turnout was the best we've had in five years, with 54 players taking part. A significant part of that success was the large number of first-time juniors, most from Cabramatta Primary, so a big thanks to ex-NSW President Tony Hunt for encouraging the young ones to take part.

Bob Smith kindly agreed to be Tournament Director and as usual, things progressed smoothly. This year, we changed the tournament from an Open format to having four divisions, enabling far more players to receive prizes.



There were quite a few highlights. In Division A, Chris May proved why he is the top player in NSW after losing his first game, only to sweep all the others and snatch first place from a valiant Rael Hayman who had one of his very best tournaments. In Division B, the highly experienced and ever-cheerful Cheryl Michler showed the benefits of playing over 4000 tournament games by taking out first prize. Division C went the way of ex-Baulkham Hills stalwart George Khamis who pipped Pam Bennett on points difference. Division D once more proved that young Olivia Brown will be a force to be reckoned with in the future. Olivia swept all before her, taking out not only all eight games but also achieving high game with an impressive 540 points as well as high word.



No tournament worth its salt (no pun intended) wouldn't be the same without some good food available for the hungry multitudes. And our Club members certainly provided it. Thank you to Alice, Glenn, Genelle and Diana for providing food and also helping to organize in the morning as well as packing up afterwards.

Thanks to all who participated or contributed. Next year, I will be approaching the Council to once more include the tournament as part of the Orange Blossom Festival, a reminder of past years when Alan Gauci led our Club so successfully.

APOLOGY

When preparing this edition of the newsletter, I discovered I had confused October 19th with August 26th. Puzzled? So was I. Last edition highlighted the birthdays of most of our Club members and matched them up with famous people and events that shared the same day. Somehow I published Renate's birthday (Oct 19th) as being the same as Mother Teresa's. My mistake was uncovered when, by an amazing coincidence, Judy McDonald returned after a few weeks' absence, to tell me her birthday was August 26th. Upon looking this up, I was amazed to see Mother Teresa listed as being born on *that* day. Any other date of the year, I would have got away with it, but no!

But Renate, don't despair. You were born on the same day as Mother Teresa was declared a saint, which might give an insight into where I went wrong!

FULL RESULTS: BAULKHAM HILLS OPEN 2017



Chris May

DIVISION A

Place		Wins (out of 8)	Margin
1st	Chris May	7	+659
2nd	Rael Hayman	7	+552
3rd	Joanne Craig	5	+344
High Game	Graeme Lock Lee	584	
High Word	Rael Hayman	104	(SQUARING)



Cheryl Michler (second from right)

DIVISION B

1st	Cheryl Michler	7	+301
2nd	Moana Nepia	6	+388
3rd	Yvonne Edwards	6	+214
High Game	Janine Whittaker	522	
High Word	Lexie Neale	98	(TEACHERS)



George Khamis

DIVISION C

1	George Khamis	7	+499
2	Pam Bennett	7	+416
3	Fay Van Oyen	6	+338
High game	Karmel Patterson	450	
High word	La'Reine Lang	93	(INSPECT)

DIVISION D

1	Olivia Brown	8	+1652
2	Seraphine Bouf	7	+1112
3	Jai Shepherd	5	+520
High game	Olivia Brown	540	
High word	Olivia Brown	99	(HEADERS)

ANIMALIA

Most of us have had a pet at some time or another. When I was very young, our family actually had five or six different dogs that were all blue heeler by the name of Kubus (pronounced koo-boosh with the "oo" as in "book"). The name in Polish means "Patches".



My earliest memories of Kubus (which number, I am not sure) was when we lived in the town of Raymond Terrace, near Maitland. My father used to work at the Masonite factory and travel to and from work by bicycle. Dad was one of those people you could set a clock to, always arriving home at the same time each evening after work. Kubus, like many dogs I imagine, had an inner clock as well, so each day at exactly the same time, five minutes before Dad was due, he would trot up to the top of the dead-end road where we lived, pop himself down and wait for my father's bicycle to come over the top of the hill. The loyalty of these dogs is legendary and ours was no exception.

An even more amazing thing happened with Kubus (maybe the same one, maybe not). Where we lived was above a gully through which a creek flowed. It was a great playground for the three children in our family, particularly as our Mum could look out the window and see what we were doing. One day, Mum told us years later, she saw Kubus at the creek's edge, holding onto my older brother's clothes as George struggled to drag himself out of the water. George had cerebral palsy and his muscle coordination wasn't very good. Mum rushed down to the creek and found Kubus with his jaws firmly locked on George's pants to prevent him being dragged away. A truly remarkable hero!



NOT SO HEROIC

Robin doesn't have a dog, but his contribution to this edition focuses on a canine as well, but one we'd probably not want to meet.



Cerberus: My Mythological Pet by Robin

Cerberus in Greek mythology is a monstrous dog, often described with three heads and with snakes protruding from his body. He guards the gates of the underworld stopping the dead from leaving. Heracles captured Cerberus as one of his twelve labours.

- In Dante's *The Divine Comedy*, Cerberus is located in the third circle of hell where he feeds on the souls of gluttons and on dirt.
- C.S.Lewis in *The Screwtape Letters*, mentions Cerberus in a reply to a dinner speech in Hell, condemns petty men as not even worthy of being devoured by devils but "thrown to Cerberus and the hellhounds as unfit for diabolical consumption."
- Harry Potter fans will know of Fluffy (alias Cerberus), the monstrous three-headed dog guarding the philosopher's stone, located at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

SOME ANIMAL ANAGRAMS

COYOTE	OOCYTE		
LEOPARD	PAROLED	PRELOAD	
GIRAFFE	RIFFAGE		
TORTOISE	ROOTIEST		
MONGOOSE	GONOSOME		
SHARK	HARKS		
OCTOPUS	COPOUTS		
LOBSTER	BOLSTER	BOLTERS	
ANIMAL	ALMAIN	LAMINA	MANILA



Thanks to Glenn for this contribution about his experiences as a young boy. It brings back memories of the excitement of being young

GROWING UP IN GRAFTON by Glenn

When my grandmother was alive she lived in Lawrence (50 kilometres north of Grafton on the Clarence River) on a small farm. Having a few cows, a pig, chickens and ducks it was a wonderland for a city kid.

Up until the age of 5 the family travelled up each Christmas by car, which was a long trip (there was no M1 just the Pacific Highway and no bypasses and not many overtaking lanes). The number of trips declined because my mother passed away in Lawrence when I was 5 and my father did not want to go.

But, when I was 12 I travelled up on the Grafton Mail (super slow because it stopped at every station!) with my younger brother (yes, we travelled up by ourselves!). After three weeks of holidaying we were booked to return.

Now the last week of the three it rained, and rained and rained. The Clarence River had broken its bank in a few areas and the trip to Grafton station was exciting (especially at our age) because the river was so high and lapping the side of the road, or even over it.



The train (yes, the Mail train again) was to leave on time,

so our farewells had been said quickly. The diesel picked up speed, we waved until the curve away from Grafton and settled down for the trip. Then...

Telegraph Point!! The train stopped.....and didn't move. We were told that the water was lapping at the railway lines so we would be delayed. Great....the mail train trip even longer!

There was movement and noise.....the diesel engine was detached and replaced.

The diesel was replaced.....replaced with a wonderfully classic, full of character steam engine. And.....we started to move, albeit slowly. The lights of the train were bouncing in all directions on the waves which were rippling away from the rail lines as the steam locomotive pulled the carriages through the flooding waters.



To the two of us it was exciting: to have the steam train; the water lapping at the rail line; travelling by ourselves. The trip was halted again and for an hour we waited (once clear of the flooded river) to await the detachment of the steam train, and then once again we returned to the "modern era": the diesel. And, our uneventful journey back to Sydney (except stopping every stop!)

TOURNAMENT NEWS: BAULKHAM HILLS CLEAN SWEEP

At the recent Revesby tournament, ex-Baulkham Hills member Chris May took out Division A, I managed Division B and Krystna Batten won Division C. A great result!

Then, two weeks later, I achieved the highest ratings *loss* at the NSW Championships.

The Scrabble gods can be very fickle!



As we know, Glenn is multi-talented and below are a couple of plays he is acting in over the holidays. Apologies that this newsletter came out too late to also list his September performances.

"Secret Garden"	John Lees Evan St Penrith	\$25	Dr Crane	2pm 8pm 4 th November 11 th November 18 th November
"Snow White and the Vertically Challenged Excavators"	Picton Bowling Club Picton	\$15	Evil Queen	11am 2pm 13 th January 20 th January 27 th January

The Secret Garden is a stage adaptation of the book and film of the same name. Sad and happy. Friendship developing. Change. Acceptance. The children cast are certainly taking their roles very seriously (as are the adults!)but the children will certainly steal the show.

Snow White and the Vertically Challenged Excavators is a pantomime. The director wanted as many of the cast from *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* as possible: because it was a great success. The rehearsals are about to start. The script is full of corny jokes (for the adults?), slapstick (for the kids?), dancing, singing (oh woe is me I have a song as well), audience interaction, magic spells, talking trees..... A fun time for all.

This additional piece of information from Glenn draws the envy of every Scrabble player who sees a triple-triple as nothing short of Nirvana.

P.S. I was playing myself at home and I put 'mosquito' over two triple word scores (one letter was already down). Wow it felt good – my biggest score ever!

I beat myself convincingly.

--	--