



Mundaring  
Community Bank® Branch



2025

# JULY JUMBLE

Vale Deirdre O'Neil - May 1934 to June 2025 – a celebration of Deirdre's life was held on 22 June. Deirdre was one of the first to join wheels in 2011 and remained a member till she went into care in 2022-23. Never without make-up and always ready to ask questions no one else thought of, she is remembered with affection.

**August birthdays:** Many Happy Returns to Helen, (sorry, somewhat late Helen) Dawn and Lyn Y. Kick up your heels and enjoy your special day and may the year ahead be one of good health, joy and contentment for each of you.

**General meeting:** 13 folk were good enough to attend in person and there were 4 apologies. Principal business was help with programming, - months for annual events for a perpetual calendar, e.g. Garden Week; Kings Park Wildflowers; Beach sculptures, annual/bi-annual flower shows, etc; as well as suggestions for walk trails, upcoming exhibitions at museums, galleries, open gardens, etc. After someone was brave enough to say "I'll do..." , other offers trickled in! As a reminder, Walks and Garden visits – **Glenise and Sandra**; Exhibitions – **Lyn Y. and Carol**; Concerts – **Maggie and Barbara**; Lunches - **Hazel and Martha**. Ideally, information to be provided either in an email or an attachment to an email. The idea is to make information more easily accessible to the programmer!

It was also agreed to trial a monthly coffee morning at 10 am on the first Friday of the month at The Dome and **Hazel** volunteered to always be there! Unfortunately, and with humble apologies - due to an administrative oversight, not advertised for August!

**What's on at Hub of the Hills, Craig Street – Soup Morning - Tuesday, 12 August, 11.30 to 12 noon**, a choice of soup with a bread roll, \$2 donation.

**Hearing Australia** - free hearing checks **Tuesday 19 August, 8.30am - 11.30am** Bookings essential - Raelene 08 9376 3502.

**Containers for Change** – Bottles and cans are harder to find in public spaces these days, so please keep them rolling in as the proceeds help to pay for the annual bus service, which has just been undertaken.

wheels wandered:

**WA Trails, State Equestrian Centre** - from **Cheryl's** pen. Our required quotient of Spokes met in Mundaring at 8.00 (a much more civilized time) and boarded our trusty bus. This time we headed to Brigadoon for the Trail. We executed our usual roles of giving out medals, separating the numbers from the sweaty waist bands and then filing the numbers back into the boxes in numerical order. We have this procedure finely tuned now so all done without stress. We were all aware of less exuberance this time round and far less "Woohooing". A much more sombre affair though we were all in great spirits and enjoyed the very sugary, decadent doughnuts we were treated too. It was a bit showery so some of us were pleased to be undercover! Not all so lucky! A painless way to add to wheels' coffers.

**From Melina Mellino, Race Director** - Hi Sally! Thanks so much for coming out! We love your crew, and all you do. I reckon you got over 20k steps. I miss that we didn't get a photo

either. Woohoos, High  s and Trail Love 

**Darlington Chamber Ensemble** ` *Semra Lee and Zak Rowntree, Violin; Sally Boud, Viola and Jon Tooby Cello*

**Bela Bartok: - String Quartet No 6.** , Introduced by Semra Lee, who is passionate about Bartok's music and can't understand why it's not more popular! Bartok's sixth and last string quartet was composed in 1939 during a time of turmoil and trouble. In the march towards war WWII, Hungary was conciliatory towards Hitler's Reich. Bartok became bitterly disillusioned and was threatened for his anti-fascist sentiments. It was clear he and his family would have to flee to safety to the United States where Bartok had sent his latest manuscripts for safe-keeping. During this same time, Bartok's mother was dying, a tragic parallel between mother and motherland. This is the context in which he composed the sixth quartet, his last music written on native soil. The quartet did not premier until 1941 in New York City. At the time, Bartok was essentially poor, sickening with the onset of Leukemia that would kill him by 1945.

The first three movements begin with a slow, sombre section each time growing in length but each includes a lighter element: first a sonata, then a march reflecting Hungarian folk dance and thirdly a burlesque, also strongly based on peasant dance music, which is slowly overcome by the sombre final movement that banished all sense of vitality as the theme of mysterious sorrow pervaded – somewhat akin to an overcast winter's day, with patches on sunshine!

After the break, Sally Boud introduced **Franz Schubert's String Quartet No 14 in D Minor "Death and the Maiden"**,

Confronting the prospect that his life would be cut short, coupled with continuing anxiety as to his prospects of securing any semblance of financial stability, cast a dark shadow over many of Schubert's works written round the same time. None, however, projected such an uncompromising message of despair as the String Quartet in D minor.

The long and intense first movement presents a veritable battleground. For the most part, the music is dark and sombre, with a few shifts in key offering a little relief. The second movement is somewhat calmer and sounds like a liturgical chant, from lyrical introversion to hard-edged intensity. Then comes the extraordinary and terrifying finale, a whirlwind rollercoaster dance of death cast in the form of a tarantella. The musicians played with such intensity that the music soared above the drumming of rain on the roof – Semra broke a string and Jon broke three! The conclusion brought tumultuous applause and a standing ovation from some. We were blown away!

High Tea on the verandah lasted longer than usual as folk lingered waiting for the rain to ease – we were slightly damp, not drowned when we eventually boarded the bus for home.

**Gardener's Delight (Anketell) and The Quarrie Brasserie** – from **Cheryl's** pen. The bookings indicated a full bus and Cheryl driving. The weather was cold, wet and windy which made some opt for fires and warmth at home and others couldn't make it. However, we had eight willing including our stalwart Joyce. After some concern about the driving conditions and weather we opted for a closer option and set off for Dawsons. However, having driven that far and the weather ok to this point we decided to keep going. As soon as we made that decision down came the rain. Gardener's Delight lives up to its name with a very spacious and well stocked gift shop with so many lovely things to buy. We couldn't take full advantage of the expansive outside area full of beautiful plants under huge palms and mature trees because of the rain, but most made some purchases, and everyone was very pleased we had come. Glenise successfully navigated our way to The Quarry Brasserie which was very "trendy" and pleasing to the eye. Tasty lunches were enjoyed by all and when everyone was satisfied, we meandered our way home again. Going somewhere out of our usual stomping ground was enjoyed by all.

**Lunch at Mason Mill:** The weather gods were kind, and we made the return trip to Carmel in fine weather, missing the garden sculptures but having a picture postcard scene of freshly painted white fences on two properties – up hill land down, the road bisecting the two. Would we go back again for lunch? Sadly, not likely in the immediate future. Inside, the restaurant is divided into three so no table is cheek and jowl, though still quite noisy as one could only have a conversation with their nearest neighbours. We booked two tables of six to avoid paying a \$300 "bond" – meals at one table were deemed ok, though the batter on the fish looked as if the oil could do with a change, whilst diners on the other table each had an adverse comment on the meals they had chosen. Shame, as the restaurant has an inviting picturesque hillside presence. Some folk enjoyed a wander round the upper "wedding picture" rose gardens before we headed home to the other side of the hills.

**Classic Book Club- Martin Chuzzlewit, by Charles Dickens.** An engrossing and enjoyable but very lengthy read! A tale of two Martins – Senior and Junior - The greed of his family led wealthy old [Martin Chuzzlewit](#) to become suspicious and reclusive. A quarrel with his namesake and grandson over the young man's decision to choose his own wife, lead to a breakdown in the relationship between the two Disinherited, young Martin is forced to make his own way in the world. He sets out from the Wiltshire home of the scheming architect Pecksniff (a distant relative) to seek his fortune in America. In depicting Martin's journey - an experience that teaches him to question his self-interest and egotism - Dickens created many vividly realized figures: the brutish lout Jonas Chuzzlewit, plotting to gain the family fortune; Martin's optimistic, practical and observant manservant, Mark Tapley; gentle, naive Tom Pinch; and the drunken and corrupt private nurse, Mrs Gamp. With its portrayal of greed, blackmail and murder, and searing satire on America, the novel was a powerful and blackly comic story of hypocrisy and redemption.

**Home Movie** – Snug, with a fire to keep us warm, we sat back to watch the story of the only women's unit of colour in the American Army to serve overseas in WW2. Despite facing racism and sexism -- and gruelling working conditions – the women of **Unit Six Triple Eight** were able to sort through 17 million pieces of mail. accumulated over three years, within the time allotted by the army hierarchy, who hoped they would fail – but which helped to restore morale to troops on the front line and hope to families back home.

With thanks to "uber eats" Sally, we enjoyed a lunch of fish and chips after the movie; and with thanks once again to Sally and Ray (who was banished from the warmth) for sharing their home for our enjoyment.

**Black Swan- The Gospel according to Paul** –from **Gwyneth's** pen. The show, written and performed by Jonathon Biggins was a sharp-eyed but appreciative look at the career of one of Australia's most influential politicians, Paul Keating.

Judging from the average age of the audience, we all remembered the events and characters of the era when Keating's rose to power and subsequently fell. It was hilarious; most of the acerbic summations of the Canberra cast were in Keating's own words but Biggins also has a biting wit.

Keating has a gigantic ego and is quite clear that in his own estimation it was his financial acumen that reshaped the face of Australian. Not bad for a working-class lad who left school at fourteen and never went to university.

Set in Keating's own office, there are quite a few references to Keating's love of beautiful things. Apparently, he is building a museum to house his collection.

We stayed for the Q&A where Biggins spoke to Nadia Mitsopoulos from the ABC (nice to put face to a name). He wrote the work without Keating's input but once he had seen it, he lent Biggins some family photographs for the show and has seen it several times himself.

**Newcastle Goad:** No, we weren't headed to N.S.W. but closer to home. It was overcast and nippy as we boarded the bus to Toodyay – even nippier when we arrived! First to the Visitor's Centre where we received a warm welcome. Next door is **O'Connor's Mill**, a 3-storey brick building, its first iteration was a flour mill between 1870-1917; the town's power station from 1917- 1955; derelict 1956-1975 when work began to restore the building. Now a museum, it celebrates its heritage with creaking floors, relicts of machinery, artefacts (a stunning example of an aboriginal "mortar and pestle") as well as story boards about people of note and history of change.

Some folk took the 10-minute walk to **Newcastle Gaol**, those in the bus halted at a level crossing (with lights) as a train with 54 wagons chugged by. The Gaol precinct comprises 11 sites (not all of them old) but our principal interest was the Gaol itself, though some folk did wander further afield. Designed by architect Richard Jewell, built by convicts, under supervision from a qualified stonemason, it was finished in 1884 and operational the next year. There are 9 cells at the rear, an exercise/punishment area (stocks in evidence) in the central quadrangle, a couple of storerooms on one side and original living quarters for staff to the front. The building was last used as a gaol in the early 1900s, then as a private residence to 1945, after which it fell into disrepair for 20 years, when restoration began. The Museum opened in 1962. An interesting slice of history, amplified by a video and pamphlet. The sun was out as we headed back to the main street where we dispersed for lunch – some to the Coca Cola Café, some between the two hotels – one of which received a rave review for a \$20 Senior's steak lunch – and the bakery. Heading home, we had on the radar to make a brief stop at Noble Falls, which should be in full spate after the rain, but they crept up on Annette (our driver for the day) and we sailed past!