



Established 1958

Telephone: 59852450

# Rye BOWLS Club

## Unbiased Opinion

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Edition 16

May 2020

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Welcome to the sixteenth edition of the  
**RBC newsletter**



## Special Coronavirus Edition

### "Editor's Notes"

Well, it's only been one month but it seems more like 6 months that we have been in lockdown. I hope that you are all coping well with the issues that isolation presents, and that you are all safe, well and taking good care. This edition is a light-hearted look at our current situation and some information on what's happening behind the scenes with your club. Hopefully, it will not be too long before we can get together and enjoy our great game at our great club again!

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## "Secretary's Report"

### **Club Closure**

Following Federal and State Government restrictions due to the COVID19 pandemic, the Clubrooms and Greens are closed from 28th March until further notice.

### **Annual General Meeting and Presentation Night**

The AGM and Presentation Night scheduled to be held on Friday 24th April 2020 has had to be postponed.

The 2019/2020 Annual Report is currently being prepared and will be issued to all members around the start of May. The Financial Report is currently being prepared and audited.

An AGM will be convened as soon as current restrictions on large meetings are relaxed.

### **Bunnings BBQ**

The Club was allocated Friday 15th May 2020 as our fundraising sausage sizzle day at Bunnings Rosebud; however, this event has been cancelled.

### **Mornington Peninsula Bowls Division News**

Bowls Victoria have recommended that the Casey clubs be absorbed into Eastern Ranges and Sandbelt regions, and the Mornington Peninsula Bowls become its own region. We expect this change to be finalised by end June 2020.

All clubs will be soon asked to submit their entries for the 2020/2021 season - both Saturday and Midweek Pennant.



## "Have a Laugh"

A Wealthy Man was having an Affair with an Italian woman for a few years.

One night, during one of their rendezvous, she confided in him that she was Pregnant.

Not wanting to ruin his reputation or his Marriage, he paid her a large Sum of Money, if she would go to Italy to have the Child.

If she stayed in Italy, he would also provide child support until the child turned 18.

She agreed but wondered how he would know when the Baby was Born.

To keep it discrete, he told her to mail him a Postcard, and write - "Spaghetti" on the back.

He would then arrange for Child Support.

One day, about 9 months later, he came home to his confused wife.

"Honey," she said, "you received a very strange Postcard today."

"Oh, just give it to me and I'll explain it later," he said. The wife handed the Card over and watched as her Husband read the Card, turned White, then Red and then Fainted.

On the Postcard was written -

"Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti. Two with Meatballs, One Without".





## For the Ladies

Wash your hands like you're  
washing Jason Momoa



## **The Lighter Side of Bowling**

### LET'S DO IT

Things were not getting done at the bowling club and the Secretary read out the following at the meeting :-

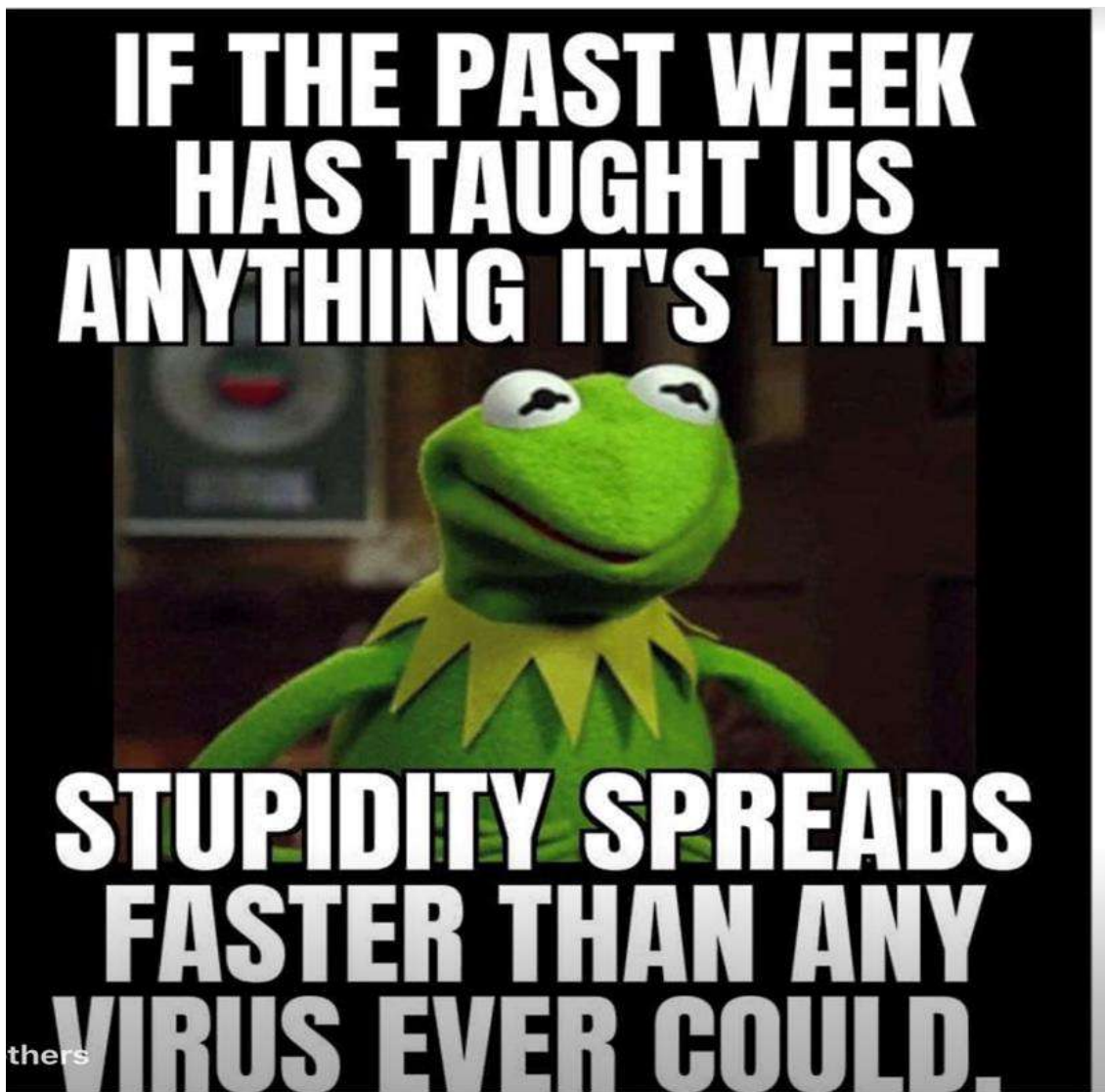
"Once upon a time there were four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody. There was an important job to do and Everybody was asked to do it. Everybody was sure Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it but Nobody realised that Everybody wouldn't do it. And so Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done."

## KITTY AND JACK

My husband took up bowling and he bragged upon the phone about some dame called Kitty whom he couldn't leave alone.

*He played with Kitty  
He stayed with Kitty  
He picked her up without a hitch  
He missed Kitty  
He kissed Kitty  
He even laid beside her in the ditch*

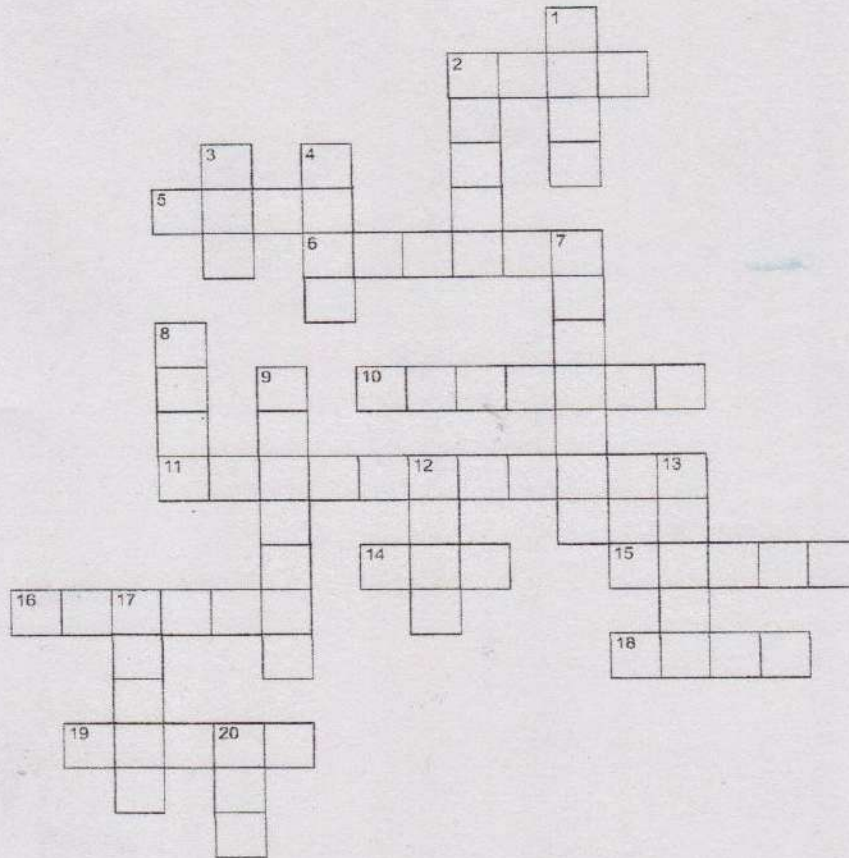
*So I took up bowling  
To win my hubby back  
And found that what he could do with Kitty,  
I could do with Jack*





## A BOWLERS CROSSWORD

### Rye Bowls Club



#### ACROSS

- 2 Gently to the target
- 5 Rarely goes where you want it
- 6 A little weightier
- 10 The fearless leader
- 11 Our president's knickname
- 14 Busy at day's end
- 15 Jacks second name
- 16 He or she always has the last word
- 18 A gathering of bowls
- 19 where the team plays

#### DOWN

- 1 The target
- 2 The end of the line
- 3 A losing feeling
- 4 Where we meet
- 7 Three is not a crowd
- 8 Our game site
- 9 A little kiss
- 12 First cab off the rank
- 13 Hard and fast
- 17 It takes two to tango
- 20 One phase in a game



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## GLENVUE NURSERY & LANDSCAPING

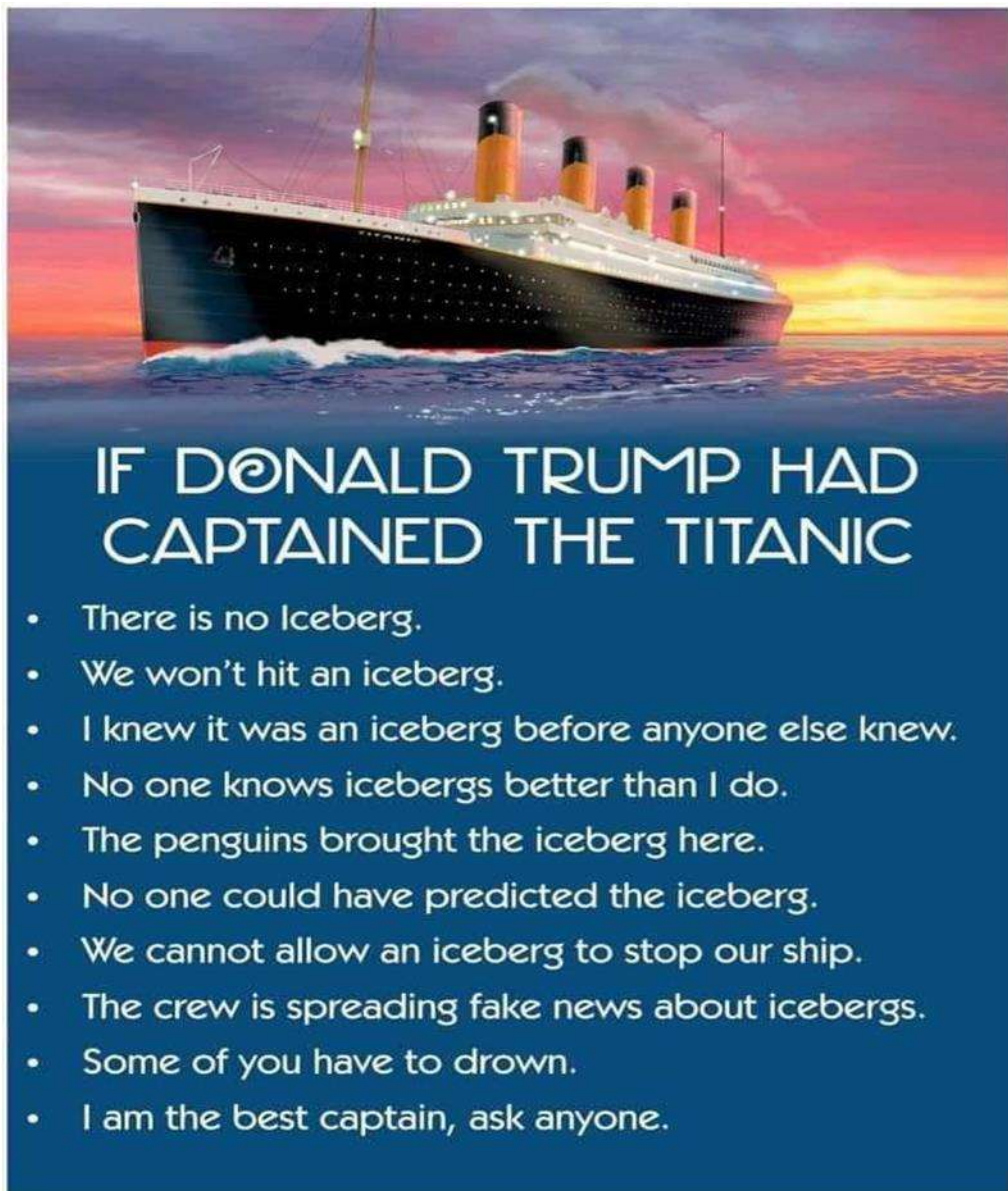


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Tom moves to Rye and soon join's the local bowls club.

All goes well and Tom soon makes many friends apart from *Glenda*, the village gossip.

Soon there is a rumour being spread by *Glenda* that Tom is an alcoholic and that she has seen his car parked outside the Rye pub on several occasions, and this shows he must be inside, boozing and up to no good.

Tom soon gets to hear the rumour but to everyone's surprise he does not confront *Glenda*.

A few nights later Tom parks his car outside *Glenda's* house, locks it and leaves it there all night



## "Know your Members"

### THE TROUBLESOME TEEN TURNED TROOPER

Frankston Hospital 2<sup>nd</sup> May 1948, almost five years after the cessation of the Second World War 2, Australia was at peace, or so we thought, then came the cries of a newborn infant, a male child kicking and screaming passed into his mother's arms, Father Leslie, a boiler attendant was happy, mother Lorna also, this was to be their third male child, and in later years he was to be followed by a younger sister, however this did not stop the young **Kenneth Frank Bowen** being granted all the hand me down clothes of his older siblings. or being cast as the lesser brother. Schooled at Pascoe Vale Primary, and Oak Park High the young Ken Bowen, hated school, had no ambitions, and took life as it hit him in the face, the result was subsequently leaving school at aged fourteen.

Between the years 1962 to 1965 Ken tried many jobs, none of which provided the adventure he was a seeking, so he made his own adventures. However, 1966 saw him arrested outside Flinders Street Station obviously under the weather and making a nuisance of himself after being found asleep in the toilets at Young and Jacksons Hotel. Summoned to appear in court, Ken was lucky to confront a wise and rather understanding magistrate who taking in to account Kens obvious waywardness and physical abilities asked "if he had ever considered joining the Army?" and strongly suggested that he should consider applying. Adding as an incentive that the Clerk of Courts would assist in the application if "deemed necessary". A further incentive was that the charges would be waived if Ken applied. How could he resist an offer like that? Ken applied, and was accepted on 3<sup>rd</sup> October 1966, thus starting a long and happy relationship with the Army.

Welcome to Kapooka for three months basic training. Ken loved it. Then into the Infantry Corp at Ingleburn a further three months training, more joy for Ken. He loved the whole deal. Then word was passed around that representatives of the Special Air Service Regiment would be visiting to interview prospective applicants, Ken knew nothing of the SAS and on asking what they were, was told that " they were the silly dickheads who parachuted out of aeroplanes". That was enough for Ken, he promptly applied for the Special Air Services. Fronting the selection board, he was accepted and went to Swanbourne W.A. for further selection, three weeks of physical and mental discipline, of the forty applicants only five passed the course. This ratio is still much the same today. Ken was posted to a squadron that had just returned from Vietnam for retraining, off to Williamtown N.S.W. for parachute training, then a Specialised Medical Course at Healesville Vic. Then back to Swanbourne for a Signallers and Demolitions Courses. All these courses were mandatory for each squad member.

In 1967 he was posted to 2 SAS Squadron. Next came an Underwater Diving Course at HMAS Penguin N.S.W. and at Swanbourne. On completion of these courses Trooper Ken Bowen was transferred to a Reinforcement Troop to hone his skills in Jungle Tactics in Southern W.A. and in February 1967 2 SAS Squadron was ready for service in Vietnam.

February 21 saw Ken at Nui Dat where his squad operated in three provinces despite the Australian Government stating that our troops were confined to one province. They operated in groups of four to ten men in the jungle for periods ranging from five days to a month, their main missions were reconnaissance, get in get out without detection, disrupt and ambush enemy patrols. During this twelve-month tour of Vietnam Ken was the patrols signaller, the only member with direct contact with H.Q. February 1969 saw Ken back in Australia for twelve months to build up on specialised courses in demolition, medical skills, and promotional courses.



And in December 1969 they were formed into patrols for more training prior to returning to Vietnam. Ken was promoted to the dizzy heights of Corporal.

Then three months in New Guinea working out of Wewak and in the Western Highlands, at this time the Australian Government were concerned that Indonesians were crossing the border into New Guinea. Thus, followed a tour down the Sepik River and to Kamberatoro on the Indonesian border. During this tour they generally administered medical aid to the locals. A great flag flying exercise.

February 1971 (it seems everything happens in February in Kens life) saw Ken back at Australian Forward Base in Nui Dat Vietnam, where things were much quieter, less fire fights, than during his first visit. But in October 1971 the majority of Australian forces were withdrawn. On returning to Australia 2 SAS was disbanded, Ken was posted to SAS Training squadron at Swanbourne to further hone his specialist skills, mainly Water Operations including Boating Skills, Diving, Underwater Ship Attack, Beach Reconnaissance from the Sea, Underwater Demolition, Kayak Handling, CoOp with Submarines, to name a few.

March 1973 saw Ken promoted to Sergeant and off again to HMAS Penguin for more training in Clearance Demolition only this time using pure oxygen, rather than compressed air when diving. Life continued in this vein until June 1974 when Ken was offered the opportunity to spend two years with either United States Navy Seals or the United Kingdom Special Boat Squadron (SBS). part of the Royal Marines, but after having some dealings with the Americans in Vietnam. Ken chose the UK Special Squadron. Somehow during the early Army years Ken found time to marry and father two children a son Grant and a daughter Rosalie. So, August 1974 Ken and his wife and two children were off to the UK. But a foretaste of the intensity he was about to be subjected to came when on arrival at Poole Railway Station he was whisked off to SBS HQ whilst someone took his family to their accommodation. The next day saw Ken as Staff near Plymouth on a diving course where he was to remain for the next two weeks. Again, mother was not happy. Left in a strange environment to look after a four-year-old boy and eighteen-month-old girl. But more absences were to follow, during the two years in the UK Ken spent two lots of two months each in Scotland training in boating and diving, Three months in Brunei ( Jungle Warfare Tactics ) and six months in Gibraltar as the Operations Team Leader.

It was during the Cold War whilst in Gibraltar that the NATO Forces conducted naval exercises in the Mediterranean, these exercises were accompanied by the usual Russian "Trawlers " one of which however sought refuge in Gibraltar Harbour for some obscure reason and the Governor of Gibraltar expressed an interest in obtaining photographs of the " Trawlers" keel. Ken and team duly obliged by weighting themselves to the bottom of the harbour entrance using anchor chains and when the "Trawler" passed overhead, missing them by a mere four feet the photos were duly taken, the Governor was happy and the Russians never had a clue.

Again involving anchor chains, Spain had long held a desire to reclaim Gibraltar, and would periodically send in a warship to anchor smack in the middle of the harbour, so twice in his six month stay Ken was asked to "assist in moving the warship" this was achieved by attaching an explosive device with a one hour fuse to the ships anchor chain. This became a common occurrence and later visits saw the warship anchor with the engines idling, nevertheless the bottom of Gibraltar Harbour is littered with Spanish anchors and chain. Life in the UK was not all hard yakka, there were short breaks where Ken and family could visit Gibraltar, Malta, and parts of Western Europe.

The family returned to Australia in December 1976 and Ken was posted to 1 SAS Squadron Swanbourne in charge of a Water Operations troop of twenty five men, life was more relaxed requiring only daily mundane duties, but it was in November 1977 that life was to change, whilst out running and endeavouring

to keep up with the younger troops Ken slipped a disc and this serious back injury saw him removed from operational duties to a HQ position where he conducted research into Equipment and Methods. February 1980 saw Ken promoted to Warrant Officer Second Class and seconded to the Australian Secret Intelligence Service at Swan Island Vic. his duties being to train prospective Intelligence Officers and their Assistants in the "dark arts" of shooting, demolition, surveillance and counter surveillance, as well as the clandestine use of light aircraft.

1983 saw Ken return to Swanbourne Training Squadron as Squadron Sergeant Major. Life ground on but prolonged absences from his wife was still putting enormous pressure on his marriage. Ken was never one to seek glory or promotion, and when approached by his C.O. and told that he was to attend an R.S.M.'s course Ken was not a happy chappy. But after some "friendly persuasion" by the C.O. Ken found himself at Singleton N.S.W. where he was informed that he was to be the next R.S.M. of the S.A.S. There was no choice given. So, after completing the course in August 1985 It was time to make a decision on his future, the Army or Family. Ken chose his family and took twelve months long service leave in the hope of saving his marriage and maybe later resuming his Army career. But at the end of the twelve months leave Ken sought a discharge and it was granted. Thus, ended an exciting and adventurous period in the life of Kenneth Frank Bowen.

Civilian life offered very few jobs for a parachuting R.S.M. machine gunner so Ken decided to establish his own business, training industrial rescue crews in the use of breathing apparatus, firefighting, rope rescue and other techniques. In 1987 he was offered a training job at a gold mine in Wiluna W.A. where they were demolishing and clearing an old arsenic plant. Kens job teach the crews how to effectively use and maintain breathing apparatus. On completion of this job he was offered further work in the area for the company and was appointed as Safety Training Officer for the mining company, two weeks on, two weeks off. Still not the ideal scenario for a marriage. However, when browsing through a work related periodical he noticed a position as Safety Officer with Millennium Inorganic Chemicals in Bunbury W.A. Whacko !!, just a few miles from home, he applied and was accepted. Home at last. Later being promoted to Safety Manager S.E. Pacific he was required to attend conferences in the USA twice a year, and also visit company plants in the UK and France on the way. However it was during one of these trips to the USA that Kens previous dealings with Americans bubbled over, he basically "lost the plot" and on returning to Australia Ken suffered a nervous breakdown, he was told by his doctors that he would never work again. Another victim of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. > PTSD. The year 2000 saw Ken as a T.P.I. back in Bunbury W.A. renovating and extending his home. His daughter and son in law having lived at and worked in the UK at Highclere Castle (Downton Abbey) had developed a love of antiques and expressed a desire to open an antique shop in Australia, Denmark in W.A. was chosen as the location. A property was purchased and renovated, a house for Ken and his wife, a house for Rosalie and Troy and their two children, and a shop at the front. During the renovations, Troy busied himself in the UK purchasing antiques to stock the shop. This business continued for some six years, but Rosalie was unhappy with the schooling for the children in the area and they decided that she and Troy would move further south to Albany. This left Ken and his wife to run the shop. Ken lost heart in the business and although he and his wife continued to run the business for a further twelve months Ken eventually decided to return to Victoria, settling in Rye.

However, in 2011 Ken met an acquaintance from the past, some thirty years earlier, she was a teacher at Padua College, love blossomed, and Ken and Sandra were married in 2013. Sandra had been at Padua for 22 years and the political climate at the school had changed somewhat and Sandra sought another position in Bendigo teaching at the Catholic College. But having visited East Timor previously as a volunteer Sandra was keen to assist the underprivileged, one of her students had worked with the Aboriginal people in the N.T. and Sandra was keen to do the same, so again it was up roots in Bendigo and

off to the Northern Territory. They found themselves stationed at Ngukkur on the Roper River 200 kilometres east of Mataranka. Here Sandra taught the children of the community, and Ken worked as the gardener. Sandra and Ken were in heaven, when not gardening Ken could go fishing for barramundi. As Ken says, "These were the best days of my life". Walking the bush, no fire fights or booby traps.

Ngukkur was a dry community in that there was no alcohol permitted. But that does not mean to say that there was no grog available, but when Friday came the Aboriginals would head off into the bush have their drinks and later return to the community. Never any problems. The Aboriginals delighted in sharing their culture and just as keen to learn ours, always wanting to be white but fiercely hold on to their own culture. Again, political issues caused disruption at the school, Sandra applied for a transfer and was appointed as a teacher at Gapuwiyak 700kms. East of Darwin. Ken was appointed as mentor to the Aboriginal gardeners. However, most of the population of Gapuwiyak lived on outstations, the school in fact was in one of these outstations named Donydji some 50 kms. from Gapuwiyak proper. So school was in only two days per week, with at most half the class attending in the morning and even less in the afternoon. Quite often teacher would arrive, and the outstation was deserted for anything up to two weeks at a time, the pupils and parents had gone hunting. Sandra still works at odd times with the Aboriginal communities, and Ken is now firmly involved with the Rye Bowls Club and has recently fallen under the influences of John Wilson and has been appointed to the committee of the Rye RSL. A very smart move there Willo. So, this is the story behind the colourful tee shirts worn by our Bowls Match committee person, but SAS side? well much must still remain hidden.

I take this opportunity to thank Ken for his cooperation in making this story possible, as being the editor of our club magazine he was reluctant to do so, but I felt it was a story that needed to be told. I hope you agree.

kel

*Yes, it's a short newsletter this month, but we hope it brightened your day. Thanks to Kevin for filling a few pages. Hopefully by the time the next edition comes around, we may be back on the greens.*

*If you want the solution to the crossword please ring Ken on 0439684086*

*So, until the next edition in June.....*



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