

# Newsletter of the Bush Dance & Music Club of Bendigo Inc.

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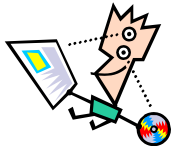


# Coo-ee!

Issue Number 5, May 2014

## *Executive*

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**Newsletter contribution deadline** is Tuesday 10<sup>th</sup> June before the Friday Mail-out.



**Next Bendigo East Hop** – Saturday May 17th 8pm at Bendigo East Prog. Hall Lansell St.  
Admission. Members \$5 Non-members \$8 and Children under 16 Free  
A Plate of Supper to share is always appreciated and enjoyed.

**Memberships Subscriptions are Now Due.** Family \$30 and Single \$18



**Next General Meeting** has been altered to **Tuesday May 20<sup>th</sup>** owing to inability for some office bearers to attend at the regular date and chair. 7.30pm at Bendigo Neighbourhood House  
21 Neale Street Kennington

Mary will send out an email to ask if people can come to the meeting so please answer yes or no either way.



**Email.** Please reply to Club emails there were 28 sent and only 8 replies last time.



**Birthdays May**

Sam Budge 12<sup>th</sup> & Lionel Budge 29<sup>th</sup>. Gee, August must be a quiet month, except for the Budge family. Warm and special congratulations to Sam and Lionel.



**Wedding Anniversaries**

Congratulations Doug & Dianne Pearse for the 20<sup>th</sup>. As we understand the dances at Lockwood South have much to do as a catalyst for this celebration.



**Reports** from the April General Meeting.



**1** It was decided we only need to state children free on our flyer. Several options were looked at from other flyers re an illustration, three ideas were liked, one in silhouette and one in part shading as well as a photo from St Pat's night last year with Doug Pearse and Lindsay Robinson swinging in the centre of a set. Chris also thought there was a suitable illustration in the back of the Merry Country book. Since the meeting Peter and Mary took these examples out to Carolyn Marrone who will draw a couple dancing from which a selection can be made in time for the next dance.

**2** Using a trestle table at the entrance of Bendigo East hall to display CDs, books and the raffle box of fruit and vegies was quite successful.(The old Card table for the CDs has bent legs.)

**3 April Dance** It started slow, but numbers picked up and unlike the previous month people stayed after supper and it was a good night, good MC and good supper. It also appears more young people will be attending our next dance and it might still be possible to film the remaining 'bush dances' for You Tube.

**4** It has been decided to run learn to dance classes from approximately August 5<sup>th</sup> until just after the Dinki Di Ball in September. A Tuesday night is preferred, 7.30 till 9.30 or if a hall is not available then a Thursday night is the second option. It is planned to have an 8 week block and if successful it may then be continued on a weekly basis. Further details in the next newsletter.

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**TSDAV functions coming up:** - The **TSDAV** conducts a series of monthly dance workshops, under the name of - "**Dancing at the 11<sup>th</sup> Hour**" and continues for this year. Dates are the **1<sup>st</sup> Sunday of the Month:** - the next being **8<sup>th</sup> June** at the Eleventh Hour Theatre Hall cnr Gore & Leicester Sts Fitzroy 2.00-5.00 pm. Enquiries Norm Ellis 9888 5332 or <http://tsdav.vicnet.net.au/>

**Retirement Village Dance Displays**

Strathhaven for May 7<sup>th</sup> had to be cancelled owing to a virus in the home populace. **Sunrise**, Condon Street. Wednesday July 2<sup>nd</sup> 1.30 pm. **St. Laurence Ct Kang/flat** August 13<sup>th</sup> 1.30pm and November 14<sup>th</sup> 1.30pm.

If interested in supporting these entertainment displays for the very appreciative elderly, who are often confined to barracks and perhaps with disabilities, please contact Margaret Dean 5439 6246 or Julie Manypeny 5439 6317 for details. It is now difficult to assemble even a minimum number for a set, so increased patronage for these events is urgently needed and very welcome.

**V.F.M.C. Woolshed Ball with the *Celebrated* Emu Creek Bush Band** Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> May 2014  
St. David's Uniting Church Cnr. Mont Albert and Burke Rds. Canterbury 8 – 12.30 am

Programme: - **1** Circular Waltz x 1, Parma Waltz x 2. **2** Circassian Circle. **3** Grand March & Alberts. **4** Progressive Barn Dance. **5** Thady You Gander. **6** Swing Waltz. **7** Chain Double Quadrille. **8** Willow Tree. **9** Varsoviana x 1, Pride of Erin x 2. **10** Lancers. *Supper* **11** Charmaine x 3. **12** Sir Roger de Coverley with Serpentine fig. x 7. **13** Tempest. **14** Veleta W x 2, St Bernard W x 2. **15** Posties Jig. **16** Waltz Cotillion (Colonial). **17** Highland Reel. **18** La Galopede. **19** Maxina x 2 **20**. Soldier's Joy x 8. **21** Circle Waltz x 10. Auld Lang Syne

### **National Folk Festival**

1. I attended the Folklore Conference on the Thursday, it was excellent with Heather Clarke presenting the dances related to Captain Cook and the years just before settlement in Australia, David and Julie Gittus of Maldon gave a presentation on the music of Central Victoria and played some of the tunes from Jack Heagney and Maurie Gervasoni, and Mark Gregory gave a very good presentation on his findings of several of the old bush songs he's located in the digitised newspapers, The Bare Belled Ewe to the tune Ring the Bell Watchman in a Bacchus Marsh newspaper of 1891 is what we now know as Click Go the Shears. Rob Willis had a concert at lunch time with the Provost brothers, who worked with the Leyland Brothers for 26 years and composed the jingles that were used in the documentary and other programmes.

While at the National Library I deposited many cassette recordings I had of Harry McQueen and others as well as vinyl LPs and an EP or the Wedderburn Oldtimers, Melody Makers and son on.

- 2 The National Folk Festival was tremendous as usual and the Wedderburn Charming Emus put on their best bush concert yet in a small marquee 'The Bally'. The audience loved it and were still talking about it two days later. There were 210 attendants at the Heritage Ball, the acoustics for the MC and caller were unfortunately appalling but apparently the band could be heard really well, and people sang during the grand march. Alida made her inaugural performance singing in Dutch "The Windmill Is Turning" (really By the Windmill) at both the concert and the ball. The downside was the changeover of the bands half way through, where the sound engineer's took forever in setting them up, as well as us, we started a quarter of an hour late as a result. Only half an hour had been allowed between the end of a workshop and the ball, but it wasn't the Sound Engineer's fault either, the stage plan (which I had sent twice) and the other band's stage plan had not been given to them by the organisers. Quite a number left at that point although we still had a big crowd for Auld Lang Syne at the end. One of the Monaro dancers came up at the end and shook my hand for organising the ball and keeping it going. Another lady spoke in accolades about the music and loved the grand march. But you can't please everybody, one person wrote in the book the music was terrible, the ball was terrible and everything was terribly. This seemed completely at odds with the rest of the gathering. Jane Bullock also spoke highly of the success of the ball. Thanks are due to the Melbourne Folk for leading off the Western Australian versions of Pride of Erin, Sydney Tap etc. In particular Coral Eden, Jane Bullock, George Ansell and

Norm Ellis are to be congratulated for their workshopping in Melbourne in preparation for the ball. Norm as usual was par excellence as MC, under what were difficult circumstances with the PA, acoustics and time delays.



NFF Heritage Ball in the Coorong



And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.



Heather and Marie-Rose Clarke



The Grand March, WA tunnel section as in our Polonaise





The Wedderburn Charming Emus. Photos courtesy John Williams & Rose Simms.

### **Old recollections continued**

I said I'd continue with some of my own. When little, I can recall if mum needed to talk to Mrs Robinson next door (or vice versa), she'd throw a stone up on the neighbour's roof (we were in twin houses), you'd hear it rumble down the tin to land in the guttering. Then out she'd pop to meet at the back fence, perhaps to borrow something, or just for a yarn or bit of gossip or to swap books or magazines.

My aunt, uncle and twin cousins lived in Nauru in those years and aunt and the girls would come home for Christmas through to most of January before returning. It was a big trip to collect them in those days in my Grandfather's FX to Geelong on rough roads through a choice of either Bacchus Marsh or Korweinguboorra route. In those days my grandmother would roll magazines and newspapers up in brown paper and post them off to Nauru weekly for Aunty Margaret to read. When I was smaller, my grandparents went to Nauru by ship to visit them. Dad and mum and I went down to see them off. The ship blew its whistle, so loud I got a terrifying fright and didn't know which way to run; I ran in circles on the spot.

After they departed, Dad took us out to Essendon airport (long before Tullamarine) to see the planes land and take-off. The plane made such a noise; I was terrified again, running around in circles on the spot.

These were the days before icy poles, when you'd walk a block or two to the corner shop for a really large fresh fruit flavoured ice block in a squarish cone. These were a penny each, or if you were lucky, you might have tuppence for a milk ice block or triple layered flavour. There was also a Green Grocer in that block. Carpenter St I can remember on that Palmerston St corner was not sealed then, and you'd wait there for the tram into town. Or perhaps you'd hear excited conversation about the Queen having a baby, this was a real surprise, it seems years after Charles and Anne, and then not long after she had another. Sometimes for something to do, my grandmother would say, come on we'll go for a tram ride, all the way out to Eaglehawk and back. Another pastime to kill boredom on a Saturday arvo or Sunday, grandfather would drive into Pall Mall and park near the Dad and Dave café. You'd sit and watch everybody walking past window shopping.

Back in Pine St, the Baker, Butcher and general Grocer delivered their goods in horse drawn vehicles, there'd be a race between my Grandfather and a neighbour, old Mr Vanes, to shovel up

the horse poo from the street for their gardens. There was also the Iceman, before we had refrigerators. My Nauruan cousins (Sandra and Cheryl) would chase the ice cart for chips of ice to suck on. I never saw anything in it, but they were from the tropics and it was a special treat for them. There was a know-all girl across the road, always bragging. She said her mother made the best fruit cake in the world, Cheryl asked her to bring it and show us. Cheryl took a bite out of the cake, spat it out and said it was awful as she threw the cake on the ground.

Every night about 5 o'clock my grandmother would be sitting on the front verandah peering across the street from behind the shrubs and trees. Mr Vanes when he came home would always stop at his front gate, hands on gate and do a stepdance. Sometimes after going through the gate, he'd turn around and do it again. A great piece of entertainment for us that we always looked forward to.

The bon fires in those days every few blocks when all of the neighbourhood would gather up their pruning's and other flammable rubbish, then on the Queen's birthday weekend and again on Guy Fawkes weekend, they'd be set alight and you'd have fireworks with penny bungers, Tom thumbs, Roman candles and spinning wheels and rockets. You'd stand the rocket up in a lemonade bottle so it would launch straight up in the air, or if no bottle, perhaps in a mound of loose dirt or sand. No Al foil in those days, you'd wrap your spuds in damp newspaper and bury in the coals. Then you had the awful charcoal to chew through or scrape away as best you could, but the centre with a dab of butter was a real treat. I think it would have been 1951, the centenary of our goldrush and founding of Bendigo, I was only five. There was a big do in Rosalind Park that evening, Apex most likely, had a whole bullock or cow on a spit, covered in clay, and they stood there all day rotating it over a fire. When I had a slice, it was still raw and gritty with the remains of the clay crust.

My god the swimming pools, a hole in the ground like a dam and a layer of gravel, no concrete or chlorination then. You'd walk quite some blocks to either the Blue Dam (said to be bottomless, a mine on Adam's Road, now the Council Yards) or the Hilda Pool in Condon St. I reached out to catch what I thought was a frog, but it turned out to be brown and smelly floater, I learnt the backstroke in a second. You catch all sorts of wogs and illness from those pools and often styes in your eyelids, you don't see those today.

Sometimes my friends and I would go bush exploring, or slide down mullock heaps as if skying, great fun. Other times we'd take the long way home from school, occasionally along Carpenter Street. There was bombastic girl used to come out be abusive, then she's say 'my father's a policeman'. Turned out he was, Quarry Hill Police Station. That put the wind up us.

Mum and dad were publicans in those days and assisted at the Belfast Hotel (this is before I went to school), then the Athenaeum, the Shamrock with Joyce, then the Sandhurst Hotel where the Municipal Buildings now stand, corner of Lyttleton Terrace and St Andrews Avenue. In colonial times there was a row of bells at the foot of the staircase, from medium to small, each a different note and wires that ran upstairs to each room. When a boarder needed service they'd pull a lever and the bell would ring. The maids knew either by the note, or the bell still moving, as to which room to go. On New Year's Eve mum would run a broom over the bells to set them all ringing. There was lots of singing in the lounge in those days, Ramona, Just A Little Street Where Old Friends Meet, When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, and On Top of Old Smokey with Auntie Wilma singing out the prompts and also for Botany Bay. In those days drinking was not permitted after 6 o'clock or on Sundays, except for Bonafide travellers who had to come a distance of over say

20 miles. There would be a ledger for them to sign and drinks available from 'The Cupboard'. This was a little room with a servery down a passage and opposite the parlour. Of course everybody used to drink after hours, blinds pulled down and so on. But there was always someone from the police-force (we never knew who) that would ring, and say 'they're on their way'. So lights off and all quiet while the cops arrived to check the Bonafide' register. One night it happened at Gibson's Hibernia Hotel (which the Bendigo Chinese now occupy). I'd only be about five, sitting on my Irish grandmother's knee in total silence in the dark with 20 or more people. I went to ask what was going on and she put her hand over my mouth. I was terrified again and nowhere to run.

As kids we walked around the corner of Gibson's Hotel to China town, early evening and dark - knock on the door and an elderly Chinaman with long mandarin type goatee beard would come to the door. We could buy our fireworks and sparklers from him as well as incense sticks which we used for lighting the crackers, they'd last a long time, this saved on matches.

Mum and Dad were exhibition ballroom dancers (Foxtrot, Quickstep, and Modern Waltz) and danced at both the Drill Hall and Apex Balls in the City Hall. I never saw them dance; children were a no no at events like that as distinct from kids raised in country districts. But almost always before the ball, dad would be dressed in his dinner suit, sit down for tea, and drop the beetroot on his shirt. Mum would be cursing and had to go off and iron another shirt. Mums mother was a very good dancer too, around Charlton districts, but the dances in her day were the First Set, Lancers, Varsoviana, Polka Mazurka, Polka, Schottisches and Circular Waltzes. At Woosang you'd get the Maxina and she recalled at balls at Geelong during the First World War, the Tango and the Military Two Step with the 'slide'. The only modern dances apart from those, back home at Charlton were the One Step and the Turkey Trot. The modern dances were seldom on the district programmes although at Wychitella if the MC was a bit 'shicker' you'd get the Donkey Trot (his name for the One Step)

My good friend from both Quarry Hill State School and Bendigo High days Joan Rathbone (nee Griffin) told me her parents and friends danced at the ANA on a Saturday and she and her friends were dropped off at the Princess Theatre to watch the flicks. After the picture was over, they'd cross View St and sit in their parent's cars till the dance was over. Imagine doing that today? I only recall going to one dance in those days, my girlfriend Lois (we were about 11) twisted my arm into walking up St Andrews Avenue with her sister and brother to a dance in the little wooden hall beside the church (probably where the modern St Andrews Church Hall is now). I didn't dance, but was thrilled with the music and watching everyone having fun in the dances. I remember them all swinging and wondering what it was, would have been the Alberts, and the Evening 3 Step was danced with a real jivey action of the arms and in the crossovers, different to how we dance it now. There would have been Foxtrots, Pride of Erin, Progressive Barn Dance; I don't remember much else, although I think the young were allowed to Rock n Roll in the corners

Back to Pine Street, if I got bored, which wasn't often, I'd be trying to learn my mouth organ or a recorder or something, I'd go up the back yard and watch those beetle things stuck together tail to tail, I never understood that, but looking back, possibly they were mating. I'd found an ants' nest and sit a flat rock and materials built up like a temple on top, then puddle up some concrete and turn trickles of it into little roads that radiated out, like Inca roads to Machu Picchu or the Romans to Rome. The ants would actually walk along these little roads. Then weeks later I'd be the enemy and have a bombing raid. Ho Hum.

Those were the days and why are kids 'bored' today?

**Weather Forecasting. Here's a method I bet our Kev hasn't thought of!**

**Dungog Chronicle: Durham and Gloucester Advertiser (NSW : 1894 – 1954) Friday 28 February 1936 p4**

It had been discovered that galahs are gifted with some sort of pre science and arrange their families' according to the "seasons" says the Condobolin "Lachlander". When the season is going to be dry and feed for the young birds scarce, the birds invariably only lay two eggs, but when the season is to be favourable they will lay as many as five. Old bush men who have observed that have never found the galah forecast wrong. Printed by Charles Edward Bennett at his Registered Printing Office. Dowling Street. Dungog.

**Follow on from Harry McQueen's Letter last newsletter. Comments from Peter.**

After finding Harry's letter I remember now the queries and writing to Harry. This would not be long after I met him, when he mentioned the dances at Happy Jack, Sir Roger de Coverley, Prince Imperials Quadrille, and the "Pyrenees" at Ravenswood etc. So I was seeking more information.

1 **The Prince Imperials Quadrille** was also danced one night (1950s) at Ottrey's Barn in Muckleford. These dances were held to raise money to buy kilts for the Castlemaine Pipe Band. Harry had told me that, but Colin and Ila Silk were also there.. We (BDMC) revived this dance; at one time we had up to eight couples that could dance it at the drop of a hat. Colin got us to come out to the Saturday night dance once at Lockwood South and put on a demo because of the historical link with the area. Ron McNally also got us to do the same at a ball in the St. Arnaud Town Hall when the Wedderburn Oldtimers played. Harry could remember several of the tunes he played for the Prince Imperials at Muckleford. First figure was a version of Garry Owen, Second figure and un-named tune I think from McGlashan which I dubbed Harry McQueen's Prince Imperials tune, 3<sup>rd</sup> figure had some balancing in it like the First Set fig 3, but all in one circle instead of the line of four. He used McGlashan's 3<sup>rd</sup> figure of the First Set tune. Couldn't remember the 4<sup>th</sup> figure, but the last was a 'grand chain' but in 'whirligig' twirls with each lady in passing. He always used McGlashan's 2 Polkas and Invercargill for this.

The only other person who recalled the Prince Imperials was Oscar Wilde of Manangatang. I asked if he knew it, he said 'Oh that's the one with the Whirligig'. A great dance that came out about 1865 was invented by a French committee in honour of Napoleon 111's new born son, the Prince Imperial. Unfortunately it's too complicated a dance and so different to put on at our regular dances. Would require massive workshopping.

2 **Sir Roger de Coverley**, this account is a little different from later recollections from Harry, but he consistently said it was danced at the last 2 dances at Happy Jack. He and McGlashan used tunes such as Rakes of Mallow, Golden Slippers, Men of Harlech, all in 2-4, and for the cast-off a little of Invercargill. He mentioned playing it at one of the other dances and the MC a Scotsman, clapped his hands to stop the music. Wasn't the time signature he wanted. Harry got



him to lilt a little of the music, and realised it was a jig, so then played Bonnie Dundee which was acceptable. It was the Virginia Reel form of Sir Roger and the MC was either Ian McKenzie or McFadden. Harry also told me that at Lockwood the Sir Roger de Coverley would be danced in an orderly and stately fashion in front of the band and MC, but at the other end the tomato pickers would romp it up.

3 **The Pyrenees**. This had me asking questions for quite a while, then Harry realised it was the Parisian Quadrille; it's on his Coles Book Arcade MC call card. The Parisians is the First Set without side couples, usually arranged in a longways form down the centre of the hall, couples in one line standing side on to face the other line of couples. It could also be in Progressive Sicilian Circle formation coming out of the Grand March. It was generally played without a stop between each figure, twice each. I know of only one other person that remembered this dance, he was a friend of David Rule's, asked for it Mary and I did an Old Time (real OT) dance workshop for Kerang OTDC a couple of decades of so back.

4 Harry's mention of **Pinder's Band**. Frank Cusack put me in contact with members of this family who lived in Arnold St, and in their 80s then. Anyway Mr Pinder told me they came originally from Mandurang, that there were many of Irish descent out there and that a family with an Irish surname like Mooney and Mrs Mooney led Irish jigs and reels in all the sets, very lively, and of course the Royal Irish, the First Set and the Lancers the most popular. Cynthia Watkins, who played saxophone in her parents' band (Mr and Mrs Bramley) at Mandurang during the war also said they always danced the First Set and Lancers, sometimes the Alberts, but not the Waltz Cotillion, it was considered too staid.

Mr Pinder also said that in the City balls, central Bendigo the First Set was always in waltz time, i.e. the **Waltz Quadrille**.

5 I had asked about the **Grand Old Duke of York** because my grandmother (Else Nolting nee Bennett, originally from Charlton) knew it, but again at social gatherings.

**"Push the Business On"**. I reckon Ila Silk is the only one left around that would know that one.

6 Mention of **Wally Tugwell SA**. Tugwell's used to come across to dances at **Taradale** where Harry played for dances. At that stage Mr and Mrs Corry (Agnes) were relieving Post Masters at Taradale and sat in with Harry, Mr Corry on double bass (left handed) and Corry on violin. Tugwell's were so impressed with the dances and Harry's music; they formed an Old Time Dance Club in the Inman Valley SA and called it 'The Taradale Club'. They later choreographed two set dances based on SA movements in figures. One was the Taradale Club Quadrille and the other the Taradale Club Cotillion. The old call for 'swing partners' was 'set and turn'. In the old way, you set to your partner first (the old ballroom set, not the Scottish pas de Basque) and then with both hands walk round in a circle on the spot. This bit later becoming a short swing, then the full swing instead of setting first. Anyway Mr Tugwell retained the older but short call of 'Set', but in fact they were swinging, I never got the actual set step from Harry but my grandmother demonstrated it.

7 **Military Four Step**. This I recall from Ron McNally as the 'Four Step', which was basically the Two Step.

8 **Mrs Adams** (nee McGlashan) must have moved back to Bendigo as Harry took me up to meet her, she lived in a house in Barnard St just to the right of the Park View Hotel View St/Barnard St corner. She told me that in the Stockyards (last figure of the First Set, but all sets circled up in

one large circle round the hall) that once back to original partner the band converted to a Circular Waltz from the jig, so as couples could then waltz the hall to complete the dance.

9 **Shirley Andrews** It was Maryjean Officer Harry later told me he took to meet Bill McGlashan. Harry often wondered if she recorded him playing, but he couldn't hear any music, he sat outside. Maryjean's notes have never been found according to Shirley Andrews, family was also contacted after she passed away.

The last 'new 'tune McGlashan learnt was 'When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain. He had two Mezon accordions, and he and Harry played in F. They played together free for years to raise money to build the Scout Hall in Castlemaine, then on the opening night a Melbourne band was engaged. The two Macs were not impressed. Also Bill's two Mezons were stolen on the last night they played; he never played for a dance, or music, ever after.

11 "**The Flying Gang**" not mentioned in the above letter, except for the operation of the Happy Jack Pub and Assembly Hall. In another interview on tape, Harry discusses the Happy Jack Hall and when the licensing laws altered. The local policeman at Kangaroo Flat warned Bill McGlashan that the 'Flying Squad' from Melbourne was coming up to catch him running dances on licensed premises. Harry couldn't put a year on this, but we know as stated in his letter the pub operated till around about 1923. The Temperance movements were successful in having the Victorian Government introduce 6 o'clock closing in 1916 and as dances in the assembly halls attached to pubs were evening events, this is likely the time of the perceived action against Bill McGlashan.

But Bill was not to be beaten. At the next dance there was no door entry fee. The plain clothes policemen arrived and joined the dancers in the traditional opening of the First Set. When all sets were complete the MC announced they would require a donation to cover the cost of the musicians. The MC took around a hat, a lead dancer made a point of dropping one shilling into the hat for himself, and another for his lady partner and all including the policemen followed suit. After the First Set was over the policemen made themselves known to Bill McGlashan and said "*we've got you for running dances on a licensed premise*". They produced a tape measure and measured the distance between the hall side of a servery slide and the bar, McGlashan was within 3 inches of the law.

In another interview Harry describes the Red Hill Assembly that still exists in Chewton and that at a dance if you wanted a drink, you gave 3 knocks on the servery window, and placed 3d on the counter, the slide would open and a pot slid through.

There is one other incident Harry described where the policeman from Kangaroo Flat was instructed to clamp down on the illegal distilleries for making grappa by the Northern Italians settled around Yandoit. He sat on the top of Yandoit Hill for half an hour with his blue light flashing (so 1960s?) then proceeded to inspect each Farm House and sheds. Nothing was found; the residents had sufficient time to hide their stills.