Hamilton *Newsletter*

June 2026

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June Meeting

Tuesday 9th June at 10am - 12 noon
Senior Citizens Centre, 104 Lonsdale St, Hamilton.

Guest Speaker: Greg Moon
Waltanna Farms

Excursion

SUNDAY 28th June 2026

WAMA at Pomonal.
Carpool - meeting at Coles Carpark, Hamilton at 10:00 am

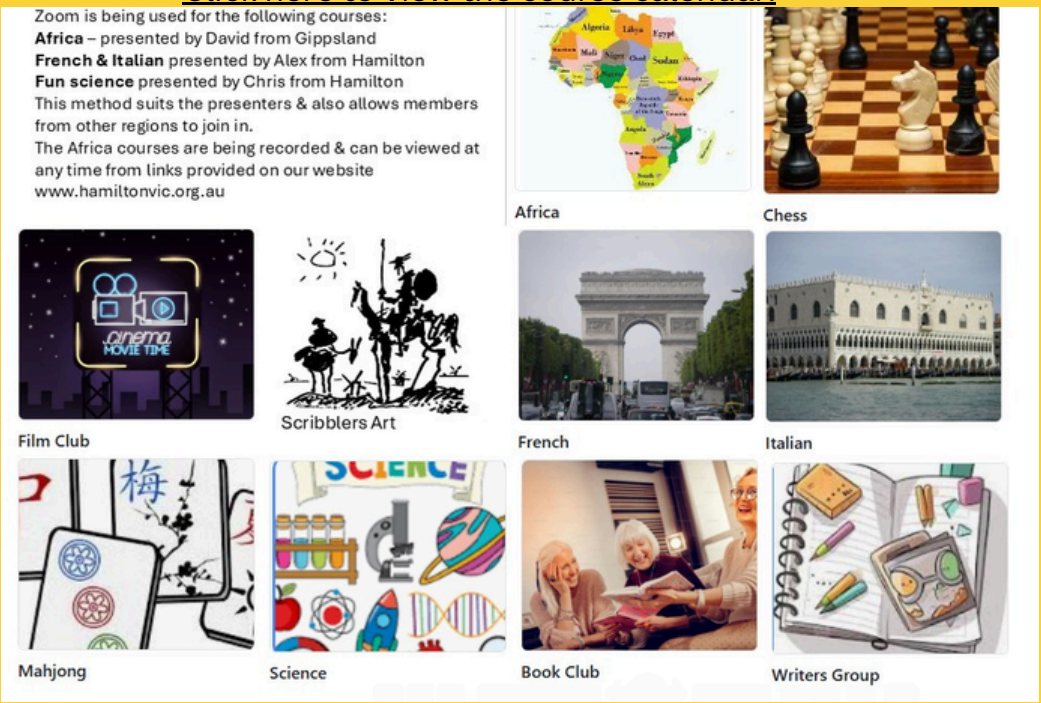
Read on for...

General Meeting Minutes
Book of the Month: The Occupation by Chloe Adams
Film of the Month: Chicago
Writers Group:The Bumper Sticker Read by Geoff Sanderson

Scibblers Club

U3A Hamilton Course Calendar

Click here to view the course calendar.



Member Services U3A Network Victoria
Mahjong Groups - Zoom

Two members of the Hamilton U3A mahjong group participated in a zoom session of U3A Victoria mahjong groups. Twelve groups were represented each sharing how they offer mahjong to their members. Most groups , including Hamilton, play a version of western mahjong using "The Mahjong Player's Companion by Thompson and Moloney", boosted by other games not in the book,using whatever tile sets are available. Most don't score. Only one group play traditional or eastern mahjong adhering strictly to traditional rules and scoring using traditional tiles on tradional tables.

Some of the groups are quite large (100 plus players)and hence have a different format to our Hamilton group e.g. beginners only, rotating players throughout the session .Our sessions are very relaxed (although we do have some protocols), we set up, players choose their place, decide amongst themselves what games they will play . A beginner is incorporated in with a more experienced player. Lots of social interaction, some cognitive stimulation, enjoyment. Those of us that play are happy with this format.

The zoom session was interesting. Net working can be a beneficial way of sharing information. There are plans to hold another zoom session next term.

The Hamilton Mahjong group meets weekly, beginners and experienced players welcome.

Irene Edwards
Player/Coordinator
Hamilton U3A Mahjong Group

Minutes
May 2026

Welcome from president Alex Pederick to members and visitors

Apologies read by Helen Bell our badge monitor
Helen Christie, Rhonda Main, Heather Elsworthy, Lyn Radley, Geoff and Jenny Sanderson.

Attendance 42
Visitors Margaret and Paul Brinsden,Bob Penny

Lunch at Alexander House (always popular,around 12 to 14)

Minutes of previous meeting as circulated through the newsletter
Motion to accept James Dunn seconded Peter Elsworthy

Business arising
EOI forms on the table for proposed short courses and chess group

Excursion report given by Betty Lacey to Light Horse museum and lunch at The little brick house in Dunkeld.
Marg Langford proposed this month's trip and lunch at Coleraine Hotel.

Correspondence nil

Treasurers report by longtime treasurer Edwin Maclean
Total $8,143.78 Annual $286.50
Motion to accept Edwin Maclean seconded Anna Puls

General Business
Brian Jenkins on arctic expedition (speaker)
Dress style cancelled due to Ill health.

INTEREST GROUPS
Science Chris Simpson spoke
French,Italian and Greek dancing,Alex Pederick announced the dancing to resume 2nd Wednesday in June fortnightly .
Book club spoken by Bob Cadden
Writers spoken by Anna Puls
Short course Scribblers at Jo Howells studio continues with sketches on the table
Film group going well but decision made to change time from 4 to 3.30pm due to finish in the dark.
AFRICA on line with David Ingham continues as short course on Fridays at 2 pm
Mahjong was presented by Irene Edwards who mentioned we play the western version and is popular with U3A regional and metro groups (up to 100 players)

Quiz presentation by our Bob ,fun as always
Meeting closed at 11.50am

May Ferguson
Secretary

Film Club of the Month
Chicago

Wednesday 10th June **3:30** pm - 6pm, Hamilton Senior Citizens Rooms, Lonsdale St, Hamilton

The internationally acclaimed, Tony-winning musical Chicago is a Broadway and touring sensation. Set in the 1920s Jazz Age, it follows the thrilling, satirical tale of rival murderesses Roxie Hart and Velma Kelly as they manipulate the press, their slick lawyer Billy Flynn, and the justice system for showbiz fame.

Book Club Book of the Month

The book was read in April and discussed in May

The Occupation by Chloe Adams

The Occupation, set in 1949, in the area of KURE in Japan, is a story of recovery and restoration.
Today Kure is an historic port city in the South-central Hiroshima Prefecture.

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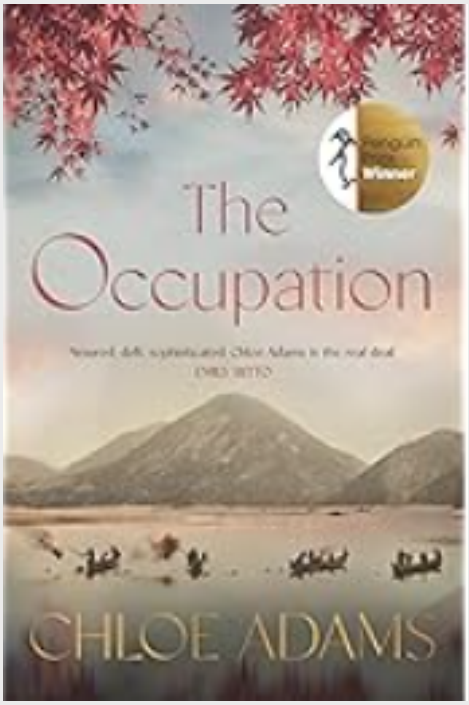
The story was inspired by the author's maternal grandmother's experience working for the British Commonwealth Occupation Force in Japan in the aftermath of the atom bomb. It is a work of historical fiction.

Protagonists are Mary, single and childless, her cousin Tess and husband Rodge who are desperate for a child and the Australian journalist, Tully. Other appropriate characters add their contribution to the story.

Mary and Tess have an unimaginable pact. Should Mary ever have a baby, Tess and Rodge will receive it as their own.

In 1948 Mary sails to Japan where she discovers that the lifestyle of the expats is a round of social activities whereas in contrast the war-ravaged locals just want to move on with their lives .... and so the story develops, portraying an insightful view of the above era.

THE OCCUPATION was a fascinating story in a book hard to put down.



WRITERS GROUP - Story of the Month
The Bumper Sticker Read

The bumper sticker clearly read “I don’t care”

I wondered who doesn’t care and who didn’t did it then realized some smart Alec must have heard a familiar, now viral, expression frequently voiced by our three year old grand daughter..”I didn’t did it and I don’t care”

The frequent use of “I don’t care” was reinforced on a day I decided to take the grand children on a bush walk along the Sorrento back beach path.

Now picture this if you can, there she was about to follow a winding path and ignoring my words of caution about snakes, getting lost, always carry water, make sure you are wearing sturdy shoes, you never know, anything can happen.
“ I don’t care”, was the grumpy reply. “ Well I do” I said.
“I don’t care” came the retort from a grim faced, grumpy three-year-old who really didn’t want to go for a walk anyway.

“You should care”, I said, “good people, nice people do care”. “I don’t care” she said “and I hate nice people and I hate you and I don’t love anyone”.
“Oh”, I mumbled.,” well, everyone loves you”.
“I don’t care and I only love Papa”.

A period of silent thoughtfulness followed but the face remained grim.
An attempted distraction failed to remove the grumpy look, which seemed to intensify as I waited for the next onslaught.
“I don’t love Grandma”.
“Why don’t you love Grandma?” I asked with a sense of mystery to my voice.
“She didn’t make a chocolate cake”.
“Of course”, I thought, reasonable grounds for complaint and so I agreed with the recalcitrant three year old, “Yes, I said, a dreadful oversight, no doubt”.

“So, if Grandma made you a chocolate cake would that make you love Grandma”.
“No”, came the slightly less emphatic reply. I hate chocolate cake.”
More silence and deep thinking. “Grandma doesn’t care”.
Mounting a quick defense “Grandma always cares”.
“I don’t care” was the almost predictable answer.

“Everyone should care about everyone else” came my rear guard action
“I don’t care”
Now, somewhat defeated I tried to think of a way to break the impasse and reach a compromise.

“You know” I said. “caring means you can have your favorite ice cream but if you don’t care it may just be given to Snoopy and he would love the icecream.”
“He cant have ice-cream”. “Oh”, I said, ‘why is that?”.
Papa says ice cream is bad for him. “Aha,” I mused audibly. “So Papa must care about what is good for dogs”.
“It is a good thing Papa cares about you as well so you can have ice-cream.”

The face began to slightly ease but I dare not push my luck and to at least regain some
territory I reminded her, as we began shuffling along the path as it curved its way through the scrub where many critters lived and I quietly said it was important to be careful where we place our feet.

“Why?” Well we don’t want to squash a beetle do we?
High pitched squeal ensued; I hate beetles!
Bad choice I thought.
“Don’t worry there won’t be any beetles,”

Older brother entered the fray with, “but there will be spiders and snakes”.

I couldn’t spin around fast enough to intercept older brother with glare and growling expression.
Too late. Highest pitched squeal scattered any living creature and super grump returned with a vengeance.
Screaming an indignant blue murder type scream as an attempt to distract from such talk stopped us all in our tracks.
A tiny lizard shot across the path and disappeared into the bush. The word “snake” mistakenly entered her untrained mind, despite the size of said snake, screaming was the next piece of theatre.
With a shrieking three year old gripping my leg I guessed I was momentarily safe from “I hate you” and it possibly heralded a change in mood.
Amidst the screaming came “ I want to go home” older brother came to the rescue but dropped me into the deep end by announcing he had been on this path before and it is now not far from the ice-cream kiosk.

“That did it, grumpy expression changed to expectation and thence to demand or else type of look.

The walking pace increased markedly but attempts to point out features of the vegetation and even the giant waves heading shoreward were ignored and the discussion focused on which ice-cream was best.
We made it to the kiosk and there was the next opportunity for serious disgruntlement followed by tantrum. I mistakenly cautioned about not allowing chocolate to stain clothing and with the tantrumous anger at such a suggestion the first sliver of chocolate found its way to the front of her t shirt.
Older brother unwisely pointed at the chocolate stain which only served to accelerate the anger to the stage where the remaining ice-cream departed from the paddle stick and fell to the ground.
You can imagine the drama.
The kiosk owner, Joe, flew to the rescue with a replacement ice-cream and a wet cloth to remove the chocolate stain.
Now Joe was the hero and I was relegated to the ‘nasty old Granddad’ role.
After much thinking I realized there had to be a better way to engage with a three year old...eg turn the event into a game that was great fun. No more bribes or clever suggestions.
My ice-cream then also lost some of its chocolate coating onto my sleeve. “Ah” I yelled, “what a grub am I ...let’s not tell Grandma or I could get into real trouble.”
A delighted small child then threatened to tell Grandma leaving me to protest amidst childish cackling ,witch type laughter.
Aha..I thought, so by drawing attention to my own inadequacies, enough to draw laughter, may just endear me to this particular three year old who was now showing at least some level of care.
Mr wobbly walker , sneezy nose and hobbling gate then became items of endearment along with the ugly snuggly slippers and multiple boo boos

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Geoff Sanderson
May 2026