

Notes from Mrs Breta Donaldson, an Original Member.

When the Corinda Ladies' Bowling Club was formed early in 1947, it was a "Man's World". Many of the men were not keen to play with the ladies.

Many of us had small children, toddlers and even one of our members had a baby in the pram. The little ones came along with their mothers and we didn't seem to have any problems.

The Club house was a re-cycled Army Hut, supplemented with a marque or a tent on particular occasions.

Only one member, Olga Salisbury, (who was our first President) knew anything about bowls.

The Men's Club took over our coaching, specially Mr Albert Falk, who did wonders with his raw recruits.

We had a problem with skips. However, this was solved by lining up on one side of the green and each delivering a bowl. Those who put their bowls into the ditch were our first skips.

Our regulation uniform was a white or cream three-quarter, long sleeved, high back dress, white hat, white rubber-soled shoes and white stockings (and a white duster). Any member appearing in colours was not allowed to play. The white stockings were very unpopular. We had to be very "proper" in those days - our name tags carried the initials of the "man of the house"; even calling members by their Christian names was taboo!!

After all those things had been decided the Constitution had to be written. There was much discussion between the Council members and members of the men's club. We also referred to other Constitutions. Finally - on 11th March 1948 it was signed by O. Salisbury, G.M. Taylor and R. Chapman - all witnessed by P.E. Donaldson.

In those days, if any rain fell, even a few spots, we had to leave the green - the greens had to be preserved at all costs!!

Stella Parker, whose husband was one of our early auditors, was a lively soul who put a lot of zest into our meetings, and could be relied on to raise provoking questions. Dear Mrs Woodcroft, of whom I was very fond, was very knowledgeable and tried to keep us on track. Jean Templeton is her daughter.

Cars were few and far between. When travelling to other clubs we used public transport. The Q.L.B.A. had not divided the Clubs into districts, and we went to Ipswich, Sandgate, Banyo, Wynnum and Manly etc. They were long days, but full of fun.

The game was played in the middle of the day, with a break for lunch. Even competition had to break. We didn't have any hired help - the Providor had sole responsibility.

Those not playing competition rolled up before the game.

Amenities were so poor that on one occasion when a visitor was having trouble with some underwear, we had to put her behind the half-closed door and keep watch.

We had a wonderful greenkeeper, Mr Kitzelman, who was very happy to look after the ladies.

The Annual subscription was £1.1.0 (a guinea), payable half-yearly - in advance.

Breta DONALDSON
FOUNDATION MEMBER

Looking Back over the Years with Edna Stephenson

Looking back over the years has brought to mind many memories. My first (about 1935) is of watching my mother from the tennis club next door, as she played on the greens at Maryborough where she was a member of the Ladies' Bowling Club. She came to a Carnival in Brisbane and returned with her hair cut short (quite daring in those days). Despite her love for the game, she hated the dresses that had to be hand washed, lightly starched, damped down and ironed. (How lucky we are today).

After getting married, the war, and three children later, I was living in Brisbane and was asked to join the Corinda Ladies' Bowling Club. I did so, and that was one of the best decisions I ever made. On one occasion my mother and two sisters joined me in a social game on our greens.

I was delegate for Killarney Ladies' Bowling Club for twenty-five years (That's lots of Q.L.B.A. meetings). After the tornado that hit the town, I went up to visit (got my first and only speeding ticket on the way). Their Clubhouse survived and was used as head quarters while two streets away a members home was completely gutted.

Ev Moore remembers a game we won but I also remember one we lost. It was a State Carnival - we were on Corinda greens - last end, all even and holding the shot and as I passed Ev I said hopefully "We have the bowls well matched", but the opposition skip had other ideas, she hit the kitty which rebounded off our shot bowl and ended up amongst their three short bowls and we lost the game.

I can still look back and smile when I remember my white stockings on the line beside my daughters black school ones - also remember when beige stockings were voted in and how we tried to dye them beige with black tea.

A special time for our Club was when Terry Stenner became President of Q.L.B.A. and then President of the A.W.B.C. The finals of the A.W.B.C. Carnival were held on our greens. The dining room was reserved for officials and players, refreshment stalls for visitors on the patio, seating all around the greens (even two people on a ladder) and the games were finished with all available lights on including car lights - a most wonderful and happy day.

Thank you all for being part of my memories both on and off the green. I wish our Club and its members every success, good bowling and happiness in the future.

Edna STEPHENSON
PATRONESS and LIFE MEMBER.

Thoughts from Bess Mander

In my growing up years we lived near a Bowling Club and we youngsters used to peer through the paling fence and watch these old men play bowls - yes, in those days it was an Old Men's game. Little did we realise that four of our five family members are now bowlers! I certainly did not think I would play that 'funny game'.

I've been playing bowls for 29 years and am still learning. I am sure some of my Championship friends would say "She's never learnt". However, I enjoy my bowls and to me every day I can get on the green and have a game is a bonus.

Lady bowlers have outgrown the "old white leghorn" look and we now wear coloured stockings and can even play bare legged, with white socks. Our uniform is much more relaxed - more fashion in the dresses and the hats. Young bowlers will no doubt make many more alterations to the uniform in the future.

Bowls is a great leveller, as is most sport. Old and young, rich and poor, we all play together, share each other's joys and sorrows. We also share in the administration and financial side. We have our differences and upsets, but eventually that gets sorted out and many of us have formed wonderful friendships.

There are times when we need a shoulder to cry on (apart from our families). I have always found that help in my Church and Bowls friends and I know many other ladies have too.

The following poem is short, but it typifies the friendship many of us appreciate -

"Don't walk ahead - I may not follow.
Don't walk behind - I may not lead.
Just walk beside me - and be my friend."

Bess MANDER
PATRONESS and LIFE MEMBER

Memories from Ev Moore

After my mother passed away in 1928, I became involved in sport, athletics, vigoro and basketball. After my marriage in 1933 I gave sport away, but in 1950 the urge to play sport again bothered me. I tried to join a Tennis Club but wasn't accepted as I couldn't play. I then heard that the Corinda Ladies' Bowling Club erected a marquee on some bowls days for visitors to play cards so a neighbour and I used to go up and play Tripoli (I wouldn't know how to play it now).

In 1952 Mrs Davies (mother of Gwen Taylor) and Audrey Rodger asked me if I would like to join the Club and of course the answer was "yes". No coaching - all I knew was the small disc on the bowl had to face inside when playing forehand or backhand. It was some time later that some one told me I was stepping out with the wrong foot.

There were no cars in those days so it was train travel to Pennant and Metropolitan Competitions. One particular Pennant Game I remember vividly was when we had travelled by train to Sandgate and on the last end we were ahead on the card and holding shot. Our skip, Marie Whitecross said she would throw the bowl away. She did and the bowl came straight into the head, sent the jack back into the ditch and we went down 8 and lost the game by 1. The lesson I learnt from this episode: "It is safer to not play your last bowl".

I also learnt never to panic if you are behind in a game. Edna Stephenson and I were playing pairs at Indooroopilly. We were down 14 to nil but as we passed Edna said to me "This would be a good game to win from here" and we did 15 to 14. Unbelievable.

It was a sad day for me when Doug and I decided to retire to Southport, having to leave behind all my bowling friends, but I still have 32 years of enjoyment and friendship that the Club gave me to look back on.

Congratulations Corinda on your 50 years and all those years of pleasure you have given to so many ladies.

Ev MOORE
LIFE MEMBER