

Una Hurst

(1977)

I came to play in the women's soccer team as I did with my other sporting endeavours ... fortuitously. We returned to Bendigo after travelling overseas for 12 months on our honeymoon. Martyn decided to return to College and complete/update his teaching qualifications. We lived in a caravan at Kangaroo Flat. Fortunately I was able to teach at a couple of rural schools providing valuable experience for my teaching career.

When we learned of the College Women's team, it seemed appropriate to join. Martyn also talked a couple of the College girls, Sandi Davis and Jenny McCumber to join also. Unlike me, they were quite sporty.

Unfortunately my memories of the women's soccer are very vague. I remember training at Biescher with some very fit and sport savvy girls. Apart from playing Saturday tennis competitions in neighbouring country areas, as a teenager, I wasn't a sporty type. I dabbled in various sports at secondary school and was the 'ring in' for

various team sports in college and my early teaching days. So the goalie position seemed to fit me well. (I had been a 'fill-in' goalie for a hockey team once or twice during my teaching days at Timboon so was aware of the role and playing structure.) Playing goalie in soccer I soon realised the stress levels the goalie position could become. As the ball crossed over the halfway line towards me, my stress level went up. Martyn was standing behind the net urging me to rush forward, attack the ball and intimidate their forwards. Imagine me intimidating anyone! But it frequently worked! Needless to say the girls in front of me miraculously sent the ball away from me and down the other end ... Sandi Davis, Jenny McCumber, and as Sue has jogged my memory, Trish Shanahan and the Doyle girls, Bibi Thayer, not to mention Heather Nowak. One of our girls, maybe Cindy, got to play with Waverley - a pretty big deal at that time as Waverley was a successful metropolitan team.

I remember playing at Ballarat one time. It was freezing cold, almost snowing. We all went on a bus. Well I managed to dislocate my little finger, (I don't recall if the attack on the ball was successful in preventing a goal, I just remember that my finger hurt like hell!) It was so cold I couldn't seem to get any relief. Martyn says it was a change from me complaining, 'Ooh! My legs!' particularly as I never did much running!

Martyn remembers my earlier efforts playing in the field. Apparently two of us went up for a header, daring of me I might say. We collided. Unfortunately the other girl came off second best. It did shake me up a bit. That can be one of the hazards of inexperience.

In 1978 I took up a teaching position in a one teacher school at Bylands. It had a school residence and we were close enough to the northern suburbs where Martyn could also teach. We left teaching in 1994 and took on Child Care. Although I loved it, we found it was such a stressful and demanding occupation as I guess teaching was also becoming.

We retired in 2016 and enjoy living in our quite bush country block.

I enjoyed my time with the women's team and am grateful for the friendship and experience. I have very fond memories of our association with the College Soccer group, especially the after games get-togethers. I recall the hospitality of Beth and Bob Serviour, Mick and Barb and Heather and Siggie on the many occasions of get-togethers at their houses. Beth, Barb and Heather quietly and cordially accommodated the boisterous group.

It has been so good to read the many memories posted by past team players. Their memories help to jog the grey areas that come with age.

We look forward to meeting up in September.