

No close shaves here: Paul Howlett



What do you get when you cross a big beard and a slide trombone? The answer is Paul Howlett, accountant, musician and proud owner of a substantial length of chin hair.

By Carol Altmann

The beard is back and there is no more lustrous, free-flowing, eye-catching example than Paul Howlett's in full flight as he strides down Koroit St.

I first saw Paul's beard before I saw Paul, its full form divided directly down the middle, two halves happily united at the chin, but separating at the chest as they momentarily caught the breeze.

"It tends to do that," Paul tells me later.

The whole, heart-warming spectacle was enhanced by the fact that Paul, 33, has very little hair on his head, as if the beard, in its sheer bulk, was making fun of the follicles that occupy the top floor.

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There was also something delightfully defiant about the fact that when I spotted Paul, he was walking into the conservatively decked out establishment of Coffey Hunt, chartered accountants and tax specialists.

(I find out later that Paul works as an accountant for the opposition, Sinclair & Wilson, and that this was merely a visit.)

Even when he is wearing the muted professional uniform of a crisp white shirt and dark pants, Paul's beard gives the game away: there is more to this guy than meets the eye.

And I was right. He also plays the slide trombone.



Paul works his slide trombone with the Warrnambool City Band, of which he has been a member for 20 years.
Image: Bethany Gillie.

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ut let's stick with the beard for the moment.

"I really didn't think I could actually grow a beard this long," Paul says, "but I really like the length now and I really like the feel of it".

The beard began as a bit of teenage bum-fluff that Paul grew for a high school production of *Peter Pan* ("I was playing a pirate...") when he was a year 12 student at Warrnambool College.

From there it morphed into a goatee that extended itself occasionally for Movember, but it wasn't until December 2013 when Paul had three weeks holiday from his job at Sinclair & Wilson that he let it grow...and grow...and grow.

"The guys at work were a little surprised when I came back, but (my bosses) are okay with it," he laughs.

"A few people have suggested I should trim it right up, but I'm happy with it."



Paul Howlett, sporting his trombone tie, with his gorgeous golden slide trombone that he found on ebay.

So how does Paul manage a beard that falls to his heart line when playing a slide trombone?

Surely it is a recipe for a painful pinch during a performance with the Warrnambool City Band, of which Paul has been a member for 20 years.

"Actually it's not too bad," he says, "except for when it occasionally catches in the trigger".

A trigger, I learn, is a little device at the top of the trombone that can be pressed to help push the sliding arm, making it less strenuous for the musician.

“It can be a bit painful when you realise the trigger is also pulling the hair on your face,” Paul says with a slight wince at the memory.

But Paul is not about to give up his favourite instrument, which he was encouraged to learn while at high school and has played pretty much ever since.

“The trombone I have at the moment, I actually found it on ebay,” he says, proving that it really is possible to buy just about anything online.

Aside from regular performances with the City Band in both its concert band and jazz band ensembles, Paul also plays with a Hamilton-based big band, Trax, together with some blues work and the occasional trip into the orchestra pit for live theatre productions.

It is clear that talented trombonists stand out from the crowd in the south-west.

“There are not many of us in town, that is true,” says Paul, before rattling off the names of two others and a young man who is still learning.

I think it is also fair to assume that, among this group of four, Paul is the only one with such a distinctive appearance.

“Um, yeah, I think so,” he laughs.

In full voice: the irrepressible Lyn Eales



The irrepressible Lyn Eales enjoying some down time in her 'girl shed' at the back of her Warrnambool home.

By Carol Altmann

[dropcap style="font-size: 35px; color: #8cc7d0;"] L
[/dropcap]yn Eales is a performer, a pacifist, an activist and an organiser; a leader, a doer, a mentor and a singer; a lover, a friend, a sister and a daughter; a mother, a grandmother and a mate – no wonder she is hard to pin down.

It takes days – no, weeks – for us to finally find a mutually agreeable time to sit and talk for a couple of hours, tucked away in Lyn's "girl shed" behind her Warrnambool home where she retreats at the end of the day to savour a glass of champagne, a cigarette and some down time.

It is raining, but the shed has a pot belly stove, some comfy

chairs and is made cosy with feathers, ephemera and an eclectic array of artwork that mirror Lyn's gregarious personality. This is a woman who is not afraid to be seen, who is comfortable in her skin and who oozes that undefinable mix of qualities that add up to charisma.

"I am the daughter of publicans. People and music have always been a part of my life," Lyn says, and it explains so much.

Her parents, Val and Lyal, ran the Hawkesdale Hotel for many years. Like so many country pubs, the place was a catch-all for those in need of a laugh, a drink, a listening ear, or maybe a bit of each.

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"There was always music in the dining room, always," Lyn says. "Something was always going on: people playing guitar, playing piano, dropping in and playing an impromptu concert."

The little Lyn couldn't wait to be part of it.

"I remember singing for the CWA ladies luncheon when I was about 12 or 13. I had plaits and wore a long, seersucker pinafore that I thought looked quite good," she recalls with a laugh.

"The song was '*Take Me Home, Country Roads*' and it must have been okay, because the women didn't complain."



In the zone: Lyn Eales performing on stage with drummer Jon Emery. Image supplied.

[dropcap style="font-size: 35px; color: #8cc7d0;"] L
[/dropcap]yn hasn't stopped singing since and even though she hasn't had a single lesson, her voice has found its own way from the peppy John Denver to the silky, sultry blues of Billie Holiday and beyond.

As Lyn describes it, there is singing that people *hear*, and then there is singing that people *feel*.

"As a singer, you are telling a story and you want people to not only hear that story, but to really *feel* it, to connect with you and the music and the words," she explains, her fingers splayed as if grasping for the right words.

"Summertime, and the livin' is easy....Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high..."

You only need to hear Lyn sing the opening line of this Ella Fitzgerald classic to know she is a *feeler*. By the end of the

song, you are broken hearted and elevated all at once. That's how it works.



Flashback: Lyn, far right, sharing the stage with Wendy Goyen and John Hudson at the Royal Hotel, Warrnambool, in 1999. The Royal was one of many local pubs that once hosted live music. Image supplied.

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[/dropcap]yn is now part of Warrnambool's musical royalty: she has been around long enough to know everybody, to have played in bands with great local musicians who are still making great music – John Hudson, Richard Tankard, Barry Galbraith, Wendy Goyen, Gavin Franklin, Lee Morgan...the list goes on – and to inspire others to find their voices, figuratively and literally.

In the past that has involved teaching young people how to develop their music, from start to finish, through an Australian Music course offered at TAFE. This later incorporated a Koori music course – *Songlines* – with Richard Franklin and Wal Saunders, and gave Lyn an entree into the rich, local indigenous community which she still cherishes.

She also leads the Red Tent Singers, a local women's choir that welcomes all women regardless of experience or age, where

she signed up “to do six weeks”. That was 16 years ago, give or take a few breaks.

“Red Tents is about singing, but it is also so much more than that,” Lyn says.

“It is an incredibly nurturing, caring, grounding environment. To see women arrive with low self confidence and watch them blossom through this slightly whacky group is wonderful.”

Lyn works in a similar vein in her “day job” as a project coordinator with Brophy Family and Youth Services, where, in particular, her work to empower young LGBTI people has been transformative.



Lyn is choir leader for the Red Tent Singers, a women’s choir that formed in Warrnambool 16 years ago and has since encouraged dozens of women to find their voice. Here they are performing at St Brigid’s Fifteen Minutes of Fame. Image supplied.

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[/dropcap] am starting to see a thread here.

When it comes to standing up for the marginalised or minorities – women, LGBTI, kooris, refugees, asylum seekers – Lyn is the sort of person who will march, who will turn up to protests, who isn't afraid to stand at the front in full voice.

It is a strong sense of social justice that began in her parents' pub and has shaped her ever since.

"I can get tingles 10 times a day from doing the various things that I do, and that is my gauge.

"That tells me I am on the right track."



Lyn chilling out with the sunflowers that form part of her "very random but enjoyable" garden.

[box]Lyn is leading a vocal workshop by the Red Tent Singers at St Brigid's Crossley on Sunday April 30 from 10.30am to 1pm. All welcome and no experience necessary. Cost is \$15/\$10 and includes catering. Call 0407 917 774 for bookings and more details. [Find the event on Facebook here](#). Lyn also performs regularly at the Warrnambool Hotel: keep an eye out for dates

and times.[/box]

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