



TJT Extra...

Supplement to STEELS CREEK COMMUNITY NOTES - NO 114 (April/May 2015) 'FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE VALLEY'

<http://steelscreek.vic.au/>

TJT Extra includes articles, photographs, artwork and other contributions that have been submitted to The Jolly Thing and accepted by the Editor, but which because of size limitations have not been included in the printed newsletter. All contributions published in both The Jolly Thing and TJT Extra will be eligible for consideration for the JT Wilberforce Creative Communications Award, to be awarded in December.

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Railway Restoration passes Major Milestone

A major milestone has just been reached by the Yarra Valley Railway in the restoration of the line between Healesville and Yarra Glen.

The last two summer/autumn periods have been spent demolishing old timber bridges, excavating timber piles and capping those piles with concrete then pouring concrete footings on top of each pair of piles. During the Labour Day weekend the steel work for eight bridges was erected with another two having been erected the weekend before. A number of these bridges are now visible from Healesville-Yarra Glen Road, with the freshly galvanised steel work shining brightly in the sunlight. Work has just started, at Long Gully, on the concrete work for the last of the bridges to be re-built as part of this project, with another bridge at Tarrawarra Abbey being 70% completed. The project is funded by a grant from Regional Development Australia. The only remaining bridge, at Lubra Bend, will be re-built using another funding source and a different bridge design. So far, there have been 184 piles capped, 88 footings poured, using over 120 truck-loads of concrete and many tonnes of steel reinforcing in both the pile caps and the footings.



The next major part of the project is the installation of the bridge decking, using rail from the Melbourne suburban train network. This is an amazing effort with all of the work being carried out by volunteers. At the open day at Yarra Glen Station last Saturday, it was suggested that this is the largest project currently being carried out by a volunteer group in Australia. To view photos of the bridges type or click this link -

http://s1184.photobucket.com/user/trestle_nutter/library/YVR%20bridges%20structural%20steel?sort=9&page=1 or you can get regular updates on the progress of the project by joining the Facebook group - The Yarra Valley Railway.

Barry Sheffield

As Old As the Hills

You think you're so cool wearing your grandpa's hat,
Image is all important.
You sit in the coolest café,
In the coolest street,
Drinking low fat fair trade organic soy coffee,
And soak up the alternativeness around.

You remember very carefully your mantra:
Don't smile,
'Cause you know smiling makes you look younger,
And immaturity is far from the image you're after,
Wisdom and worldliness and creative thinking are what you must exude.

You know him who just stepped in through the door,
He's exotic, like you.
Together you've sipped lattes before,
Whilst you told him your views on Earth's challenges.
So why did he just walk by?
The faintest nod of his head as acknowledgement of you?
Why didn't he say "G'day" and pull up the chair opposite you?

He's sitting with others,
They're laughing.
They're not wearing cool Grandpa hats,
But clearly they're enjoying each other's company.
D'you know why?
D'you get it?
The answer is as old as the hills.
It's called Laughter,
Nature's free gift to us all.
They're laughing at themselves,
Laughing at each other,
They're the original cool.
Julie Riddell - 2015

Despair

What is this emotion called despair?
You know the one,
It robs you of hope!
it intrudes on your sleep,
and it interferes with the joy of life.
Despair is all pervasive,
it is like a nagging, fractious child,
there is no respite,
no light.
Just a vice-like grip,
it sucks you into the vortex of its own mess.
This darkest of emotions,
called despair.

Dorothy Barber, March 2015.

What Do You See?

Look at the tree painting on the wall at the Community Centre.

My three-year old son, Bondy, painted it when I was hanging on to life by the skin of my knocked-about teeth.
In a coma.

Tubes in & out of me everywhere. Forced medication and nutritional stuff in. A machine breathed for me.

Masses of stitches. Long scar down my gizzard. Every rib broken. Bashed skull.

No sight for a toddler, heh?

His dad had gently told him his mum was in hospital after a car had hit her.

Wisely, Rick had judged him to be too fragile to see me in such a ghastly mess.

Bondy told Roswitha, his divine love lady at Mother Earth Kindergarten, where he lived at that critical time:

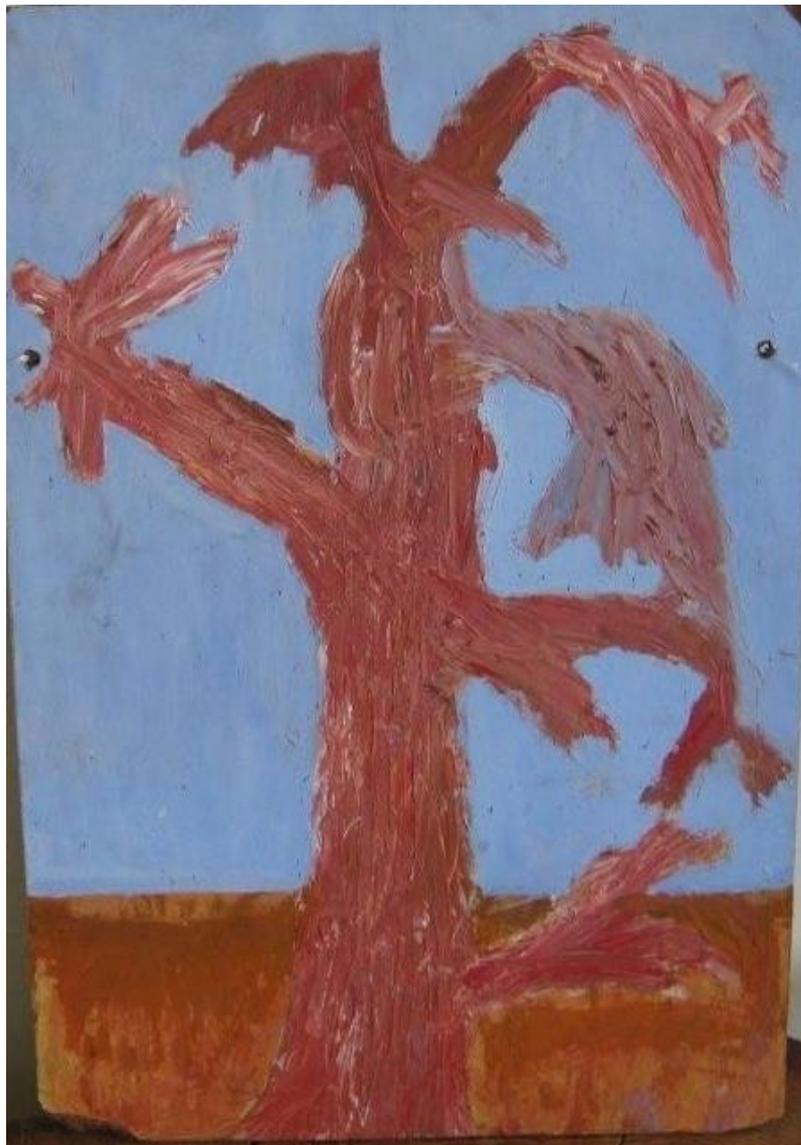
“My mum has run away and left me!”

See what he painted.

I see a delirious tree. Eagle lifts it up. Another bird tries to escape. Held by a ferocious branch. Leafless.
Bits of red. Blood, I reckon. Buckets of tears. Old man face. Saggy willy. Another struggles out of the
earth.

Strikes me as utterly Freudian.

What so you see?



Judy Anderson 2015

Hard Fought Croquet Tournament at Kilravock

On Sunday 22nd March, Steels Creek families, friends and associates gathered on the manicured(!) lawns at Kilravock, the home of Judith and Alexandra in Steels Creek North. Under the expert organisation of Alexandra, the assembled throng was formed into teams and preliminary rounds commenced. Amidst intense competition, rules that tended to alter depending on which referee was referred to, and the proximity of glasses of bubbly, winners of the early rounds progressed to the final. The final saw Peta Whitford and Lindy Montell do battle against the formidable father and son team of Andrew and Jordan Bull (who were really there to borrow Judith's white plastic chairs!). The final triumph of Andrew and Jordan topped off a wonderful Steels Creek afternoon in great company and ideal early autumn weather - maybe Bill-the-Groundsman was able to pull a few strings somewhere... Thank you, Judith and Alexandra for your organisation and the excellent afternoon tea! A few pictures from the event follow...



1 Play commences



3 The spectators check the refreshments



4 The referee confers...



2 Fashions on the Lawns were eclectic

5 The winners... Andrew and Jason

Sharing the Garden at Blackwood Hill.

Jane and I moved to Blackwood Hill in Easter 1986, nearly 30 years ago. There were some farm sheds, a couple of small water tanks and the brick chimney along with a couple of large Black Poplars and two Sycamores, remnants of a former house and garden. Over the years, a new garden has grown and we have a lot of pleasure in eating the fruit and vegetables it produces as well as enjoying the relaxed environment it provides for our way of life.

We have always felt that a garden is not just a place for plants. There are many other living things that have established their home here as well. Some are more welcome than others, but we accept that we have created the conditions they like and we have learned to live with them all. The birds that live in, or visit, our garden give us particular pleasure, and with careful netting we can keep most of our fruit. This year has been particularly interesting. In the spring we had a pair of White-browed Scrub Wrens build their untidy pocket nest in a tangle of chicken netting in the garden shed. They raised three chicks and seemed totally unphased by us when in the shed.



White-browed Scrub Wren at nest in our garden shed.

In February a young Pallid Cuckoo perched itself on the edge of the bird bath where it was fed by its adoptive parents, a pair of white-napped Honeyeaters. This feeding routine was repeated over two or three days. This was the first time either of us had



Young Pallid Cuckoo being fed by its host parent, a White-napped Honeyeater

seen a young cuckoo, let alone one being fed by its poor, deluded "parents". Then about the same time, there was a strange visitor to the bird bath. We are quite used to seeing families of the New Holland Honeyeaters at the bird bath and collecting nectar. They are probably the most common bird in our garden with their black and white bodies and yellow flash on the wings. The strange visitor was the same shape and size as the New Holland and had a yellow flash on the wing but the rest of the bird was a pale grey. Apart from the beak, legs and the eye there was no black at all. We have not seen it again for several weeks and wonder if it fell prey to a predator or if it has taken up residence in some other

garden.

The Gang Gang Cockatoo is a very occasional visitor to the garden, but it can't resist the large crop of Crab apples our tree produces each year. Despite the fact that they demolish the we welcome them to our garden because they are so beautiful they seem oblivious of our presence as they gorge themselves the apple pips.



Male Gang Gang Cockatoo eating the pips from the Crab Apple.



crop,
—
with

Malcolm and Jane Calder