

# CHURCHILL & DISTRICT NEWS

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## Kurnai Students Help in Bushfire Recovery



Kira Price helps re-planting

The fires at the beginning of this year were one of the most tragic events to happen in Victoria in a long time, and living in the Latrobe Valley put some of us way too close to the frontline. Although there are so many awful memories of that time, it is not the end of the story and there is now a lot of rebuilding to be done.

As part of the Fusion Chaplaincy program at Churchill Kurnai an excursion was organised to help some of the students who were closest to the fires participate in the rebuilding efforts. On the 24th July a small group of students from Kurnai went to Rob and Bev Laid's dairy farm in Koornalla to help re-plant some areas of their farm after it was badly burnt during the fires.

The aim of this was to give a chance for the students to have the chance to do something practical in the recovery efforts to

help them work through their feelings more positively, and also to be able to help out a local family.



Mason Johnson and Rob Laid



Olivia Langley and Dr. Susan Yell from Monash University

## 2009 Writing Competition Winners



Vicky Daddo and Cr. Ed Vermeulen

See Pages

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## Churchill & District News

The Churchill and District News is a community newspaper staffed by volunteers.

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**The deadline for the submission of articles and advertisements for the September 2009 edition is August 30 2009**

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 Churchill & District News PO Box 234, Churchill, 3842  
 Or Email: cdnews@dcsi.net.au

All articles must be submitted by the 30th of each month for publication in the middle of the following month.  
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 Thursday 26th November

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If you are unable to meet the specific deadline please contact the Editor on 04110 53546

Please ensure your articles are submitted on or before the deadline.

**Articles can be left in our Drop Off Boxes Located at:  
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## Churchill & District News Short Story and Poetry Competition Winners

The Churchill & District News would like to congratulate all the winners in this year's writing competition. The number and standard of the entries was overwhelming.

We would also like to thank our sponsors: Monash University HUMCASS, Hazelwood Rotary, International Power Hazelwood and Latrobe City Council

Thank you to all those who attended our Presentation Evening including: Cr. Darrell White, Cr. Ed Vermeulen, Ray Beebe: Hazelwood Rotary, Dr. Sue Yell: Monash University, Neil Lawson: International Power Hazelwood, Helen Dyson: Churchill Primary School and Dr Michale Dyson: Monash University

#### Category 1: Children Under 7 Story / Poem

1st: Samantha Tullett  
 2nd: Maddison Donnelly  
 3rd: Taliyah Hainsworth  
 Best Presentation: Renee Lehrner  
 Best Illustration: Shelby Love  
 Special Commendation:  
 Luke Van Rossum

Special Commendation:  
 Amanda Scott

Special Commendation:  
 Meg Hutchinson

Special Commendation:  
 Shelby Justice

Special Commendation:  
 Blake Whykes  
 Class Award: Class 1 / Lumen Christi

#### Category 2: Children 8 - 10 Short Story

1st: Lauren Akers  
 2nd Joint: Ebony Hooimeyer  
 2nd Joint: Emily Vella  
 Best Presentation: Bonnie Kearns  
 Best Presentation: Lucy Severson

Encouragement Award:  
 Callum Comber  
 Special Commendation:  
 Tiarne Bayley

Special Award: Brodie Mustey  
**Category 3: 8 - 10 Poetry**

1st: Zoe Shaw  
 2nd: Brittany Smart  
 3rd: Jannah Wolske  
 Best Presentation: Rebecca Gibson  
 Special Commendation: Mia Cornell  
 Special Award: Alison

**Category 4: Children 11 - 13 Short  
 Story**  
 1st: Courtney Vella  
 2nd: Alli Ipsen

3rd: Alex Lawson  
 Best Presentation: Yong Le Ting  
 Best Illustration: Class Award  
 Special Commendation:  
 Georgina Brick  
 Special Commendation:  
 Jessica Fossati  
 Special Commendation:  
 Stacey Webster  
 Special Commendation:  
 Jarrod Newberry

#### Category 6: 14 - 18 Short Story

1st: Naomi Ipsen

#### Category 8: Adult Short Story

1st Joint : Vicky Daddo  
 1st Joint: Vicki Skidmore  
 2nd Joint: Anne Beschle  
 2nd Joint: Sandra James  
 3rd: Carol Campbell

#### Category 9: Adult Poetry

1st: Sandra James  
 2nd: Myrna Stanlake  
 3rd: Barry W Metcalf

#### Category 11: A Story for Children

1st Joint : Olivia Langley  
 1st Joint: Sandra James

#### Category 12a: Phantoms and Spirits 8 - 12 Years

1st: Tiarne Bayley

#### Category 12b: Phantoms and Spirits 13 - 18 Years

1st: Ebony Franzmann

#### Category 12c: Phantoms and Spirits: Adults

1st: Vicky Daddo  
 2nd: Kevin Jackson

#### Category 13 Bushfire Stories

1st Adult: Cherry Prior  
 1st Children's 11+: Courtney Vella  
 1st Children's U11: Melissa Van Rossum

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 Laberta K Forys, MSc, Dietitian

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## Boolarra Trail Bike Ride

Simon Pickett,  
Boolarra Fire Brigade.

Boolarra is staging what will be a fantastic bike ride in the local bush. On Saturday, 5th September, the Boolarra fire brigade will host the 'Red Light Ride'. Motor bike riders from all over are invited to enjoy the challenge of riding through the Barktown bush. Riders will gather at the staging area and then proceed from there to try their skills on a cross country course which is suitable for beginners, but also provides challenges for more experienced riders.

Riders and visitors are invited to camp at the Boolarra hotel where local band 'The Badgers' will be playing Saturday night. Camping is available free of charge on the

Friday and Saturday at the pub. A barbeque breakfast and lunch will be available at the staging area with lots of giveaways for riders and spectators.

The purpose for running the event is to raise money for the fire brigade to expand the station, which is too small for our tanker, equipment and current members. This was particularly highlighted during the Delburn (Boolarra) fires earlier this year.

Christine Nixon will be opening the ride on the morning. There is an entry fee of \$130 which covers insurance and other setup costs involved. You need to register online or by filling in a form which is also available by ringing Boolarra post office on 5169 6209 and they

will mail or fax it to you. The website for the event is [www.redlightride.com](http://www.redlightride.com). There is more information on the website and also some great video of the track itself. The closing date for entry is the 15th of August, so get in quick!

Event organiser Melinda Ransom from Melbourne and Boolarra brigade captain Todd Birkbeck in conjunction with the Department of Sustainability and Environment, Parks Victoria and the Latrobe City have made this event possible. Parks Victoria and DSE will be there on the day to help ensure the event runs smoothly. If the ride is successful, and with the support of the local community, we hope to make this an annual event.

## Bushfire Recovery Report

Since the major bushfires swept through the area earlier this year, the response has moved from immediate relief to recovery. Community Recovery Committees (CRC's) have been established and each has compiled a Recovery Action Plan (RAP).

The plans set out the work to be undertaken and who is responsible for carrying it out.

It involves all the relevant agencies and includes all levels of governments from Federal and State to the areas local body, Latrobe City Council

For the Churchill - Jeeralang Fire, one of the issues is the re-building of the Jeeralang North Hall. John Arkanstall is a lecturer at Monash University, and he is the Chair of the committee. Insurance money will be used to re-build the body of the hall and toilets. The kitchen end will be pulled down. It is anticipated there will be some grants from the Victorian Bushfire Relief and Recovery Authority to go towards improvements, for example, a kitchen. Other possibilities are being looked at like underground tanks for water reserves for the CFA

and water supply for the hall, and facilities into the future.

The hall will receive improved signage to locate it and for tourism access. It is hoped that improved use of the hall will result. To date a mountain bike riding group and a horse riding group have shown interest.

Councilor Ed Vermeulen says thanks should go to Latrobe City Staff especially Steve Tong, Heather Farley, Deb Brown and Nicole Scott who have done a great job and will continue with the recovery effort. They can be found in the old Police Head Quarters building in Hazelwood Road, Morwell. Latrobe City Council will co-ordinate the overall recovery process.

Ed also says thanks should be extended to those who have given so much of their own time to this effort especially members of CRC committees.

Through this tragedy lasting relationships have been established and strengthened between a wide range of agencies and local people, who have been affected by this horrific event. These include private agencies such as Red Cross and The

Salvation Army.

Ed would like to assure people that although the consultation process began immediately after the fires, not all people would have been ready to be involved at that stage, because of their own immediate personal needs and circumstances. To those people, Latrobe City Council and Ed extend their encouragement to become involved now if they feel so inclined, so that they can contribute to the solutions and to the ongoing wider issues. Ed would like people to ring Heather on 51285648 or ring himself on 1300 367 700 or mobile 0428 148 585.

Ed would also like to remind the community that some people affected by the bushfire are doing it tough. Some are living on their land under significant difficulties in caravans or tents. Others are living away in Morwell or Traralgon in alternative accommodation which is incurring added expenses to their financial strains. It is established that a number will not return to their previous properties. The effects of these horrific fires will be felt for a long time to come.



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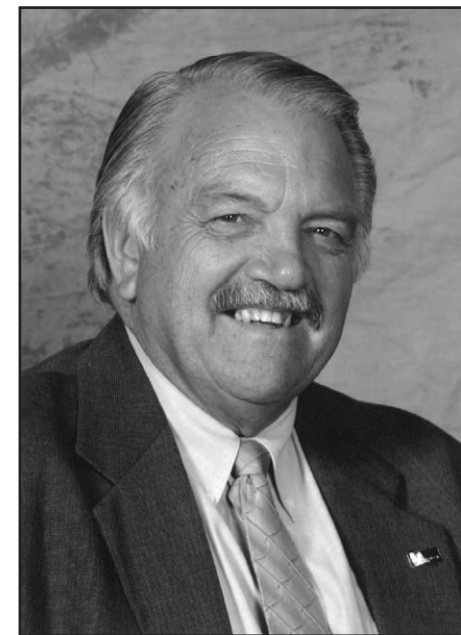
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## Latrobe 2026: “The Vision for the Latrobe Valley” Cr Darrell White

review of “Latrobe 2021: the Vision for Latrobe Valley”, which is robust and is aimed at engaging a broad community representation and achieving community ownership of the end product.

The Plan will see the Council embrace a range of new and exciting initiatives designed to captivate and embrace the community.

“Dreaming of what life will be like in the future” is set to become the theme of community engagement activities about to be facilitated by Council. The Plan embraces a range of new community engagement initiatives - activities which it is hoped will draw the community into this project. Interested and active members of the community will have the opportunity to step forward to assist with this project by becoming community researchers/facilitators.

For those members of the community who may perhaps prefer something a little less “hands-on”, there will be the “ourfuture2026 website” which will feature an interactive blog and online survey. Community facilitators, disposable cameras and a community blog are just a few of the strategies approved as engagement activities for this project.

Council also hopes to engage children in this visioning project, being mindful of the fact that it is the children of today who will be the community decision makers in 2026. For children there will be an activity where they can provide photographs which represent what they love about living in Latrobe City, those areas or features which make them feel safe, nurtured and valued, as well as providing pic-

tures of those areas which do not reflect the best elements of Latrobe Valley.

There will also be a community mapping activity, again an informal activity where people can contribute their views on the best elements of the Latrobe Valley. This involves the development of a set of community maps and on those maps residents will be asked about their “sacred spaces” as well as those elements that they feel are not a reflection of the best of the Latrobe Valley.

In addition, as with any community consultation program there will be focus groups, which will target government departments, industry and businesses, developers, agencies and service providers to gain their input.

Commencement of the Community Engagement Plan activities will be from the 17th August next and will run for approximately four weeks. This represents the second phase of community engagement as Council has already undertaken a community aspirations survey of over 600 residents. In this survey residents were asked a number of questions regarding what is important to them, what makes the Latrobe Valley liveable and the aim now is to test these themes through these community engagement activities.

### National Tree Planting Day - Eel Hole Creek Reserve

Latrobe City Council commemorated “National Tree Day”, Australia’s biggest community tree planting event, with a major tree planting day being undertaken at the Eel Hole Creek Reserve on Sunday 2nd August last.

The aim of “National Tree Day” is to inspire, educate and recruit

Australians to actively care for our unique land and to create future generations of committed environmental custodians. Since the campaign began in 1996, this year’s “National Tree Day” is an historic event as the 15 millionth seedling was expected to be planted.

Each year “National Tree Day” mobilises more than 300,000 volunteers to plant native trees and shrubs at local tree planting sites which is making a positive difference to our environment.

The planting of an additional 2,500 local native trees, shrubs and grasses at Eel Hole Creek Reserve will help to restore the banks of the Creek, leading to improved water quality and enhanced biodiversity of this Reserve. It will also help to provide food and habitat for the local wildlife as well as much needed beauty and shade for the area. On a broader scale, planting trees will help offset greenhouse emissions which are attributed to climate change.

In addition, it will also complement the development work being undertaken at Mathison Park by the Mathison Park Committee of Management, and help to improve this important active and passive recreational corridor of Churchill.

The support of the Rotary Club of Hazelwood for cooking the lunchtime BBQ, and Greening Australia for helping to coordinate the day, and to HVP Plantations and Wights Toyota for providing staff and additional equipment and support this year was very much appreciated.

Finally, to Landcare members, and the many community members who attended the “Day”, your attendance was vital and clearly enabled this “National Tree Day” to be a great suc-

cess.

### Latrobe City Trust5 2009: Gambling Impact Fund Grants

Don’t forget that the Council’s Latrobe City Trust is inviting applications for funding from individuals and organisations providing support services and/or alternative programs/activities within the municipality to assist those citizens experiencing hardship as a consequence of problem gambling such as:

- \* Programs for the prevention of compulsive gambling or for the treatment or rehabilitation of persons who are compulsive gamblers

- \* Programs for financial counselling services or support and assistance for families in crisis relating to or arising from gambling activity

- \* Recreational, cultural, social, educational or other community development activities providing alternatives to gambling

- \* Other projects or purposes relating to the support or advancement of the local community as determined by the Council.

Application packs can be collected from Council’s Service Centres at Kay Street Traralgon; Commercial Road Morwell; Albert Street Moe; and Philip Parade Churchill; or be requested by phoning 1300 367 700 or emailing [tommc@latrobe.vic.gov.au](mailto:tommc@latrobe.vic.gov.au); or downloaded via council’s website at [www.latrobe.vic.gov.au/About/LatrobeCityTrust](http://www.latrobe.vic.gov.au/About/LatrobeCityTrust).

Completed applications may be hand delivered to any Service Centre or mailed to Tom McQualter, Latrobe City Council, PO Box 264, Morwell 3840. Applications will be received up until 5pm on Friday 14 August 2009.



By Margaret Guthrie, President

Our Annual General Meeting will be held next month at 7pm on Wednesday 26th August, at the Churchill Cricket Club pavilion (entry from Birch Drive). Our guest speaker will talk about “A Men’s Shed Project”. All residents are welcome to come along and learn more about what a Men’s Shed program is and how it works.

In our region, there are established Men’s Shed Programs in Gormandale, Mirboo North and Yarram. Here in Churchill, funding has been made available to the Neighbourhood Centre to be spent on facilities and equipment for this project.

The Churchill Men’s Shed program is proposed to be conducted in Studio 3 in the newly refurbished downstairs area of the Town Hall. An initial workshop for interested men was held in late July. For further information, contact Henry Parniak, Coordinator, Churchill Neighbourhood Centre on 5122 2955

The Churchill Hub is now a busy community activity centre and parking for this facility seems to be the issue most commonly raised with CDCA. Plans for the redevelopment of Phillip Parade include new parking arrangements. It is also possible that further parking may be provided on the land adjacent to the skate park.

CDCA has written to Latrobe City requesting community consultation be held in the near

future on plans for Phillip Parade and Hub parking. It is essential that residents are informed of these proposals and have an opportunity to identify local needs and solutions.

We have also requested that the newly adopted Churchill ‘Town Centre Plan’ be displayed in a public area (such as the Hub), as many residents are still unfamiliar with the proposal to redevelop Georgina Place, align car parking, construct safer pedestrian walkways, re-position the shopping centre bus stop and create a civic space adjacent to the Town Hall.

Meantime, the Hub Operations Group (made up of representatives from Council and the Hub’s permanent tenants) are making plans for a Community Open Day to be held at the Hub. This is likely to be on a Saturday in early October. More information should be available for the next edition of the Churchill & District News.

Planning applications of interest to local residents have recently been considered by Latrobe City Council. An application to redevelop the Hotel site in Monash Way was referred to a mediation hearing, as there were a number of objections received by Council regarding noise, safety, licensing hours and the like. The application is to build and operate a licensed hotel premises, including bottle shop facility.

A permit application for a rural living subdi-

vision south of Glendonald Rd has also been considered. With access from Junction Road, Wongan Crescent and Roberts Road (Haverbrack Estate area), the plan would create twenty-six 2 hectare (approx) blocks on the southern portion of the site and a further eleven 4 hectare (approx) blocks on the northern side abutting Glendonald Road. Council has deferred making a decision on this planning permit whilst further consideration is given to vehicle access and traffic concerns.

Department of Planning and Community Development convened panel hearings were held in June to consider changes to the Latrobe City Structure Plan. Presentations were made regarding the rezoning of 2 substantial parcels of Churchill land to ‘Future Residential’.

One area lies on the south-eastern side of town, at the corner of Lawless and Northways Roads, across the road from Monash University. The other is sited on the western side of town, below Gaskin Park, with access from Switchback Road. Both areas currently lie outside the Churchill township boundary. A report from DPCD is expected to be given to Council in the near future.

Council’s new ‘Southern Towns Recreation Strategy’ contains some good news for residents of Churchill and our district. Gaskin Park is to be considered as a major sporting precinct and proposes to include a future lawn bowls facility.

Better links to Andrews Park West will also be considered, to maximise training and match opportunities for our sporting clubs. It is expected that Council will develop a concept plan for future developments.

Facilities at Hazelwood South Recreation Reserve are also to receive attention, with the focus on safer access, lighting, parking, etc. A copy of the Southern Towns Recreation Strategy is available on Council’s website ([www.latrobe.vic.gov.au](http://www.latrobe.vic.gov.au)) or by asking at the service desk at the Council library in the Churchill Community Hub.

CDCA meets at 7pm on the fourth Wednesday of each month. Meetings are open to all Churchill and district residents and we welcome new items of interest and local issues to be brought to our attention during ‘general business’.

Our next meeting is our AGM and will be held on 26th August at the Churchill Cricket Club pavilion, Andrews Park West (Birch Drive). All are welcome and supper is provided.

Contact CDCA at PO Box 191, Churchill or by phoning the Secretary, Rob Whelan on 0427223602 or via email: [robwhelan@eftel.net.au](mailto:robwhelan@eftel.net.au)

## Projects, Plans & Permits

# Community Fireguard



Steven Barling  
Captain, Churchill Fire Brigade.

It is time for us to again turn our thoughts to making preparations for the coming fire season. Although the devastation and heartache from earlier this year will be etched into our memories forever, we cannot forget that as a community we can still be very vulnerable to the forces of nature during the summer fire danger period.

Reproduced below is some information taken from a CFA brochure about Community Fireguard, a bushfire safety program. Please take the time to consider the community fireguard message and contact CFA Region 10 Headquarters on 1800 665 954 or myself on 0407 828 625 if you would like further information about how your local community group can be involved.

**Community Fireguard is a community development program designed to reduce the loss of lives and homes in bushfires.**

CFA cannot provide every person and home with individual protection during a major bushfire and recognises that many people may have to face a fire without the support of CFA. Bushfires are survivable if people take responsibility for their fire safety and prepare themselves for the event of a bushfire in their area.

Community Fireguard assists community groups to develop bushfire survival strategies that suit their lifestyle, environment and values.

## Surviving major bushfires

Victorian fire history reveals that significant loss of life and property as a result of wildfire continues to occur several times a decade.

The lessons learnt from history suggest that people who are well prepared for a bushfire can survive. In fact, research into personal and house survival has demonstrated that there are many things the community can do to improve safety and minimise loss.

## Community Fireguard facilitators

CFA employs facilitators to support and deliver the Community Fireguard program in high-risk areas across the state. Facilitators help groups to become established and provide support, technical information and resources. Facilitators assist groups to gather relevant information and develop survival plans.

## Community Fireguard groups

Community Fireguard encourages residents to work together to improve bushfire safety. Community Fireguard groups are formed when residents of a local area choose to participate in the program. Ideally, the groups are small, made up of neighbours or residents living in a shared bushfire risk environment.

By working together with support from CFA, groups can develop strategies, which are simple and effective.

By becoming involved in a Community Fireguard group, residents are able to develop strategies for themselves – strategies which work because they have local ownership and support. Groups make decisions about the best way to protect themselves in a way that fits their lifestyle, environment, physical capabilities, finances and experience.

## Community Fireguard program

The following aspects are addressed as part of the Community Fireguard program:

- \*introduction to the program
- \*fire behaviour
- \*personal survival
- \*house survival
- \*street walk
- \*fire protection equipment
- \*developing personal and household bushfire survival plans.

Most groups will cover these aspects in four to five meetings over a twelve month period. However, groups vary in experience and understanding so the number of

meetings needed to cover the core information will vary to meet the needs of the group.

## Community Fireguard activities

Every Community Fireguard group focuses on its own special needs. Some additional activities and strategies of CFG groups may include:

\*organising neighbourhood working bees to reduce the amount of fine fuel or to improve a nature reserve

\*becoming familiar with each other's properties and fire fighting equipment in groups where a shared response is planned

\*making plans with the more vulnerable people who may have special needs in regards to bushfire safety

\*establishing a telephone tree to facilitate communication within the group

\*working out new ways to share resources and information

\*organising the bulk buying of personal protective clothing and equipment.

Groups draw on the support of Community Fireguard facilitators whenever they need it.

## Community Fireguard participants are not CFA volunteers

It is not the role of Community Fireguard groups to become volunteer groups for CFA. There is no expectation that Community Fireguard groups or individual participants will:

\*take action to prevent or respond to fire on behalf of CFA

\*engage in active fire fighting, beyond the protection of home and immediate surrounds advise or direct others about how to respond to the threat of fire

\*take responsibility for the safety of others in the group or wider community

\*guarantee to warn others of an impending threat of fire.



## National Tree Day a big success at Eel Hole Creek

Residents, local businesses and the wider community dug deep on Sunday 2 August to ensure that National Tree Day was a huge success at the community tree planting event at Eel Hole Creek Reserve in Churchill.

The event, hosted by Latrobe City Council, attracted around 50 people, who managed to plant, stake and guard over 1200 seedlings on the day. Latrobe City Mayor, Cr Lisa Price and Councillors White and Vermeulen also participated in the tree planting activities.

The weather was wonderful, with the rain magically holding off until after the planting, and then

helping to water in the seedlings. A free barbecue, provided by the Rotary Club of Hazelwood, was enjoyed after the hard day's work.

Cr Price said the annual event was a great chance for members of the community to come together, work as a team, and reap the rewards of helping the local environment.

"It was a wonderful day, everybody did such a great job getting their hands dirty and planting so many new native seedlings. It was terrific to see so many members of the local community together doing something positive for the environment. It was a big success," Cr Price said. "Tree planting makes such a

difference to our environment. The planting of additional local native trees, shrubs and grasses at this reserve will help restore the banks of Eel Hole Creek which is a very important element in improving water quality and enhancing the biodiversity of the reserve," Cr Price said.

The event was made possible by the much appreciated assistance and support from Greening Australia, who helped coordinate the day, HVP Plantations and Wights Toyota who provided staff and equipment, Landcare members and the Latrobe Valley community who helped plant the seedlings.

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## Churchill & District Community Association Notice of Annual General Meeting

Wednesday 28th August 2009  
7pm

Churchill Cricket Club Pavilion  
Andrews Park West  
Birch Drive, Churchill

*Guest Speaker Topic:*

**A Men's Shed Project**

What is it? Why have one in Churchill?

Light Supper provided

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## Church Times

### Co-operating Churches of Churchill

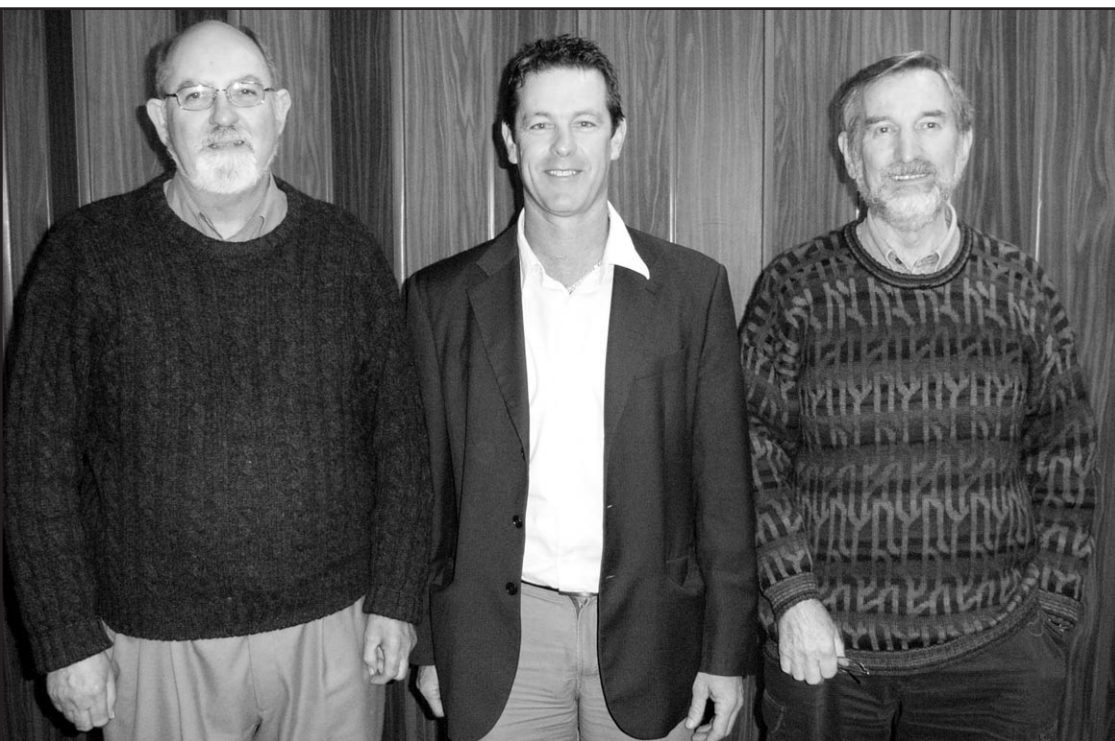
Rev. Dr. Bob Brown  
Williams Avenue, Churchill.  
Tel: 5122 1480  
Glenda and Ian Combridge  
Tel: 5166 1819  
Sunday Service: 9.30am.  
Choruses: 9.20am

### Lumen Christi Catholic Church

35 Walker Parade, Churchill  
Tel: 5122 2226  
Rev. Hugh Brown  
Saturday: Mass: 6.00pm  
Sunday: Mass: 9.00am  
1st and 3rd:  
Yinnar: Mass: 10.30 am  
2nd and 4th Sundays:  
Boolarra: Mass: 10.30am

### Churchill Christian Fellowship

Maple Crescent, Churchill.  
Sunday: 10.00am  
Ladies Meeting: Tuesday 10.00am



Rev. Bob Brown, Russell Northe and Keith Enders



## Saturday Breakfast

The Saturday Breakfast was held on 25 July and Russell Northe, Member for Morwell in the Legislative Assembly, was the guest speaker.

Russell outlined his personal background and how he became involved in politics. He is a very good friend of Peter Hall, a member of the Legislative Council for Eastern Victoria and it was through him that he agreed to stand as the National Party candidate for Morwell in the last election. This meant he had to become familiar with what an MP does and with the parliamentary procedures. Peter Hall helped him greatly and took him to Parliament House to help him get to know what occurs there as well as introducing him to the role of an MP.

Standing for parliament meant Russell had a very heavy schedule because he was also working full time managing a business in Morwell.

Although Russell had met many peo-

ple through his business and sporting activities, he stated that being the local member has enabled him to meet many more 'wonderful' people from many areas and organizations. In his work he endeavours to put himself in the position of the people who come to him for help, which means he responds as quickly as he can to help them.

He is a member of a parliamentary committee that looks at regional matters such as transport, attracting people to the regions and other concerns of the regions.

A range of topics were discussed at the Breakfast including solar power and energy matters, local transport, and how he would like to see the parliamentary procedures improved. In particular the avoidance of late night and early morning sittings of parliament to pass bills, times when members are tired and not able to perform at their best. He also questioned why bills that everyone agrees to need to

be debated in parliament.

It was a very enjoyable and worthwhile morning.

The next Breakfast will be held on the 29 August at 7.45am at the Co-Operating Churches in Churchill.

Keith and Heather Enders will be the guest speakers and will give a presentation on their recent 'Dreams of Nature Tour of China'. The tour covered some of the less visited areas of China such world heritage and national parks which meant considerable train and air travel in 24 days. The tour was a rigorous one which meant tour members needed to be fit and able to handle a lot of walking and climbing. The presentation will include photos, short video clips and other items.

People interested in attending should contact Keith Enders by THURSDAY 27 AUGUST on 5122 1148 or by e-mail at kbenders@net-tech.com.au.



Exhibition of Church Banners

## Chaplain's Contemplations

Fr Hugh Brown

The new University semester has begun in earnest and the campus is abuzz with students and staff facing the rigours of a new term. As is the case, the University took in a new contingent of International Students and it is a delight to welcome them to our community. Shortly after the semester began there was a beautiful story recounted by Barry Stuckey, our Manager of Student Services. One day, with business as usual, a very enthusiastic group of international students coming running past reception, en masse, giggling and obviously very excited, and exited the front door of the building to congregate outside. What was the source of their delight? For the first time in their lives these young students saw a rainbow in the sky!

For these students who come so often from cities and countries where pollution is so dense that the sky is rarely glimpsed, this was a wonder to behold. Most of us take rainbows for granted but what a refreshing reminder that our world is indeed a precious and wonderful place and it can take the simple pleasure of others experiencing it for the first time to realise how privileged we are! There is something to be said about the fundamental truth in the story of Noah and the flood in the Old Testament, that the rainbow is indeed a sign of blessing and of promise. It is a small and often fleeting reminder that this creation is to be cared for and treated with reverence and wonder.

On another and perhaps more mun-

dane note, I recently attended a Council consultation regarding the proposal to re-establish a hotel in Churchill. I was impressed by the spirit of dialogue at the consultation and the mutual respect expressed between the developers and the residents who were expressing reservations about the proposal. It was interesting to get the sense that most people appear to agree with the concept that Churchill needs a hotel. I believe so too! But the objections raised by local residents also have validity - especially the issues of noise pollution, safety around the vicinity of the hotel, the extraordinary opening hours allowed by the Victorian Liquor Licensing Authority, the welfare of university students who will undoubtedly frequent the place and the need for appropriate safeguards to ensure that unacceptable behaviour by departing patrons is not tolerated.

It was good to hear that the developers of the site included that proposed licensee intend it to be a family friendly venue and there is a preparedness to continue dialogue with local residents to monitor how the situation progresses. It will be good to have a hotel that Churchill can once again call its own but let us hope and work for a place that really is welcoming to all the residents of the town and that the community can find a place to genuinely share meals and relax together in safety and peace.

In these remaining days of winter may you find the warmth that comes not just from having a good heater, but that which comes from good friends and neighbours.



## Church Snippets

A **combined service** with the parish of Boolarra/Yinnar was held at Yinnar on the 12th July.

Rev. Presbytery Minister, Tim Angus, preached the sermon with Rev Bob Brown leading the service. Parishioners from both parishes took part in the service. People had a lovely time of fellowship following the service over a well stocked morning tea.

**Cool Club 4 Kids** has started again for Term 3. A special thank you goes to all those people who contribute to the program especially those who prepare the sandwiches each week

**Coffee Connections** folks decided to have a lunch instead of a morning tea at the last event on a Monday. It was well attended and by all reports the food to share was delicious.

### Church Banners

The Christian Church has had a very long association with the arts, in particular painting, sculpture and the use of banners to emphasise the church's message, its people and its festivals.

At the Co-Operating Churches on the 19 July, the Rev. Lyn Johnson with the

help of others organised a small exhibition of banners that had been made by church members. Also on display were stoles worn by ministers and communion accessories in various colours for use at various times during the church year.

Lyn explained what the various colours meant and how they are used to emphasise the important events in the Church year such as Advent, Lent and Pentecost.

It is the aim of the church ladies to have a series of banners that will complement these important church events.

One important set of ceramics that the Co-Operating Church has is a series of four made by Hedley Potts for when the current church building was opened. Hedley is a former Senior Lecturer in Ceramics at Monash Gippsland. An explanation of these, supplied by Hedley, was read during the service on that day so that newer members to the church were able to understand what they meant.

Photographs and descriptions of some of Hedley's more recent work were on display as well.

# Churchill Neighbourhood Centre Adult Learners Week

We have now relocated to the new building – Churchill & District Community Hub - and all participants like the new rooms and the light and bright atmosphere. All classes are doing very well, with some full and waiting lists having been drawn up.

Next month we have Adult Learners Week from 1 - 8 September, so if you would like to come and experience life in the classroom at no cost, please feel free to drop in and join a class of your choice.

There is much on offer from basic to advanced computer courses, Creative Writers group and Patchwork – beginners through to advanced. The Chit & Chat group, who are Jill's of all crafts, will teach you what ever you need to know about crafts. There's Folk Art for those who have an eye for drawing and fine painting and creating magnificent pieces of art work.

We also teach Adult Literacy and Numeracy the traditional way, by reading, writing and through conversation, or by using the computer, and interacting with the programs on

offer.

Should you wish to just call in and have a cuppa that's fine as well, or better still if you can come and cook up a batch of scones for morning or afternoon brew that would be wonderful – we have a nice big new kitchen just bursting with energy to be used and tested.

### Men's Shed

The Men's Shed project is off and running with seven gentlemen bursting with energy and eager to start a project. Tools and equipment are being gathered from a number of sources with a trip to Yarram to inspect their Men's Shed, how it is set up, and to gather information on how best our Shed would work.

The men have already come up with many ideas for the set up of the shed with a supervisor's office to be built and how best to utilise what's already available.

### Craft Bonanza

Our Craft Bonanza last month was a huge success, and many thanks to all who supported us. Hot on the heels of its success, comes ideas and planning for the next Bonanza in 2011. If you have any

ideas or would like to help in the planning process, you are most welcome.

### Quilt Challenge

Work has now started on the planning for our 3rd Biennial Quilt and Craft Exhibition which will be held on the last weekend of August 2010 in the New Auditorium at Monash University. Put it down in your calendars and diaries as 'must go to' event in 2010.

The Quilt challenge for our next Exhibition is under the theme of 'My Favourite Place', so get those creative juices running and create a magnificent quilt to enter into our Quilt challenge for 2010 – there are great prizes on offer – and you have to be in it to win it.

### Gum Leaf Quilters

We have a group called the 'Gum Leaf Quilters' and to join you do not need to be a quilter, just someone who is interested in working with a group who support and promote the Churchill Neighbourhood Centre through a variety of activities and community events.

## Creative Writers at the Hub

The Creative Writing group at the Churchill Neighbourhood Centre has relocated to the Hub. Members meet each Tuesday, from 10.00 am to 12.00 noon, in a bright, new classroom.

Three members of the group and a former tutor won prizes in the recent Churchill and District News

writing competition:

Olivia Langley - Short story for children

Kevin Jackson - 'Phantoms & Ghost' story

Anne Beschle - Adult short story

Sandra James - received 3 writ-

ing awards

There are still a few vacancies in the group, so if you like reading and writing come along to our friendly group in the HUB.

### Co-Operating Churches in Churchill

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| Saturday 15th | I.C.Rock<br>'Elvis Tribute'  |
| Sunday 16th   | 'Old Time Dance'<br>Featuring Ken & Alice Rae  |
| Friday 21st   | Coolchange<br><i>Loud, colourful, crazy or the wildest</i><br>"SHIRT NIGHT"<br><i>Drink Vouchers to be won</i> |
| Saturday 22nd | Hot Property   |
| Friday 28th   | 70s 80s Disco  |
| Saturday 29th | Blackhill Ramblers   |

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Cr Ed Vermuelen

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OR

[www.latrobe.vic.gov.au](http://www.latrobe.vic.gov.au)

To contact Cr. Vermeulen for matters concerning Gunyah Ward

0428 148 585

or Email:

[edve@latrobe.vic.gov.au](mailto:edve@latrobe.vic.gov.au)



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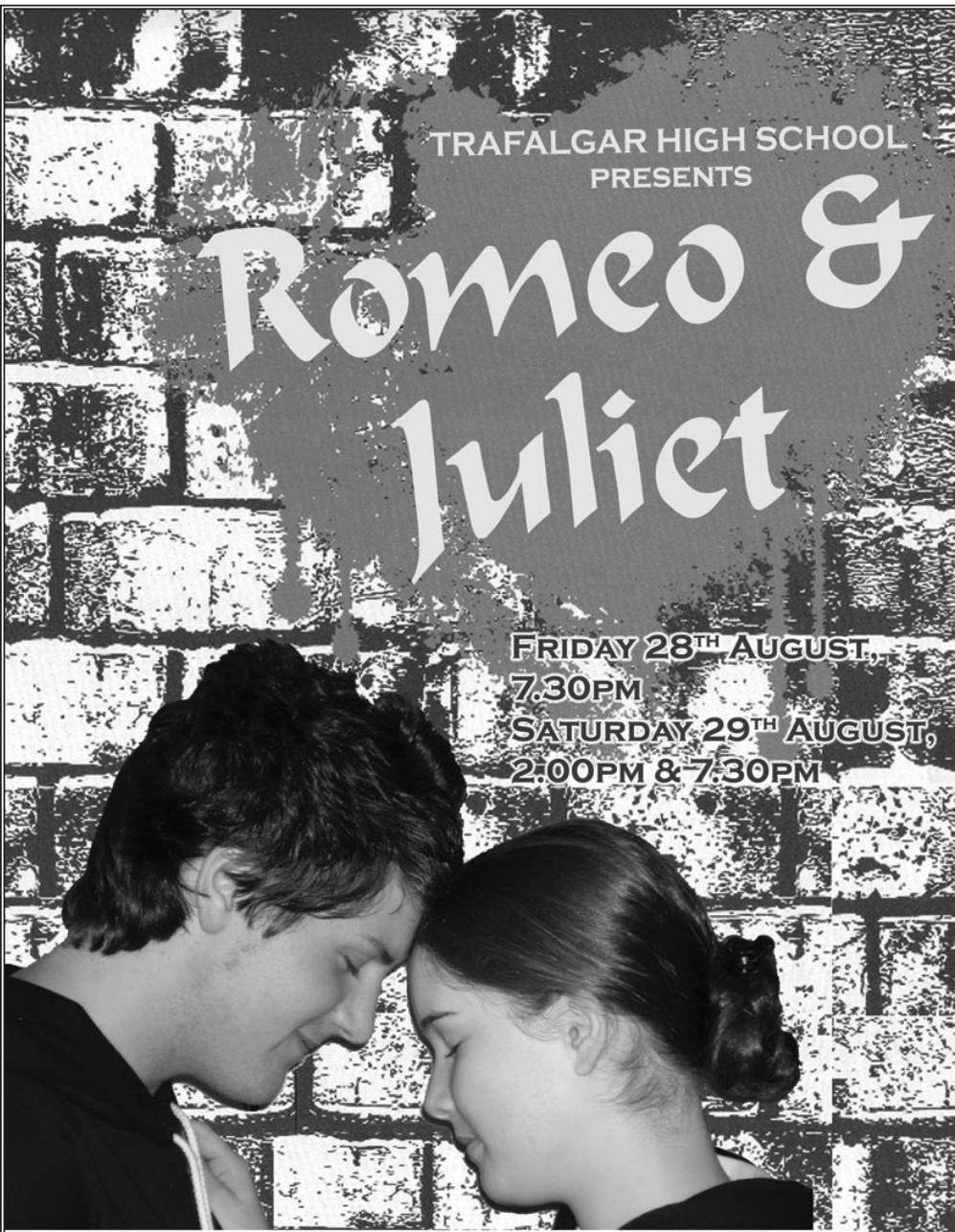
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## Northe's Natter

We are extremely fortunate to have a tertiary facility of such quality in Gippsland and I look forward to meeting with the new Pro Vice Chancellor, Prof Helen Bartlett during August to discuss higher education matters.

A lovely breakfast was shared at the Cooperative Church during July. I thank the group for the opportunity to speak and hear their views on a range of matters such as the Latrobe Valley bus review and V/Line services.

A range of issues were raised at the CDCA, BDCG and YDCA meetings last month including the pedestrian subway by Monash Way.

I am happy to report that this matter has now been resolved and that the subway has reopened to pedestrian traffic. I welcome the new committees at Yinnar and Boolarra following their AGMs and anticipate a productive 12 months ahead.

Macca will again let me loose on his players this month as I join the Cougars for a training session followed by a meal in the clubrooms.

Further, I look forward to spending some time in the district's schools including Lumen Christi Primary School who have been busily preparing plans for redevelopment works.

I was pleased to meet our budding soccer stars at the Optus small sided football launch in Churchill recently. The initiative, in conjunction with Football Federation Australia (FFA), supports junior soccer players and their clubs through the provision of equipment and resources.

It was great to see so many children gearing up for physical activity; their enthusiasm and positive attitudes are indeed a credit to the many parents who were there in support. The event took place at the home of Churchill United SC and I wish the club much success as their season draws to a close.

The Bachelor of Nursing Practice, also launched last month, is a welcome addition to the course menu at Monash Gippsland. Our community is indebted to the work of our local nursing fraternity; their skill, dedication and compassion is too often undervalued.

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# Plan Our Park Group Action Plan

In a unanimous vote at the Latrobe City Council's meeting in April the 2007 Churchill Town Centre Plan's East West Link road proposal was abandoned, leaving the way open for the development of the Walker Parade Reserve as a park.

The 'Save our Park' group have now evolved into the 'Plan Our Park' Group and are co-ordinating the push to develop a central park and gardens. Their vision for the park is now set out in an action plan. The first part of the plan, the goal and vision are set out here. Further parts will be printed in future editions.

## LONG TERM GOAL

To have the park and gardens substantially in place in time to commemorate Churchill's 50th Anniversary.

## 1. DEFINING THE ROLE AND THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED PARK

### 1.1 Identifying a clearly defined role for the proposed park.

Community Amenity Space which would:-

1.11 Improve the image that Churchill presents by provide attractive central feature to help balance the concrete and asphalt shopping centre and aid in developing a sense of civic pride.

1.12 Provide the link between the residential and the commercial areas, encouraging more locals to walk or cycle to the shopping centre.

1.13 Present students with a safe passage to and from school.

1.14 Become an area for civic gatherings and events.

1.15 Add to the quality of life for Churchill residents with a community amenity providing additional recreational opportunities.

### 1.2 Reasons for choosing this particular site.

Walker Parade open space is:-

1.21 Perfectly located in centre of town and adjacent to shopping centre.

1.22 Undeveloped after 40 years, it has no other proposed development and it has long been considered to be a park by the community.

1.23 Suitable in size and topography.

1.24 A better site for a park and gardens than any other undeveloped open space in Churchill.

Already attracting some passive recreation with very few facilities.

The site used for the combined schools Christmas Pageant.

Likely to encourage patronage of the shopping centre as a result of community activities in the park.

An important link as a major pathway to schools, the town centre and beyond.

### 1.3 Our plan to achieve the defined role.

This will involve:-

1.31 Setting up a steering group consisting of local citizens

1.32 Involving community by seeking strong support and input.

1.33 Conducting a community survey. (See attached sheet)

1.34 Liaising with CDCA and seeking support of groups like Lions and Rotary.

1.35 Seeking advice from the Centenary Rose Garden Committee and The Mathieson Park group.

1.36 Determining functions and facilities and clearly defining use of Park.

1.37 Presenting our vision of the park and gardens.

1.38 Determining priorities for development.

1.39 Producing site and landscape plans.

1.310 Identifying the obstacles and seeking to overcome these.

1.311 Seeking funding for construction.

1.312 Becoming involved in future management of park.

1.313 Naming of the park.

1.314 Presenting Latrobe City Council and DHS

with our detailed final submission.

## 2. VISION FOR PROPOSED PARK

### 2.1 Details of the proposed park

Community amenity space whose functions and uses would include the following:-

2.11 Improving the image Churchill presents. *Achieve by developing an attractive feature park in the centre of the town, as a source of civic pride and to help make Churchill a more attractive place to live and to visit.*

2.12 Linking the residential and the commercial areas. *Achieve by developing a park that will encourage people to walk or cycle to the commercial area.*

2.13 Providing a safe passage for students. *Achieve by presenting a safe, attractive area to pass through when going to and from school. Involve these children in the setting up of the park.*

2.14 Developing community amenity areas.

2.14.1 Site for Community Events. *Achieve by providing suitable open space, a weatherproof power outlet, a source of drinking water, receptacles for rubbish, possibly a rotunda or small sound shell and a public toilet.*

2.14.2 Location for Civil Wedding Ceremonies. *Achieve by providing a wedding arbour and a suitable garden background for photos.*

2.15 Adding to the quality of life for Churchill residents.

2.15.1 Passive Recreation. *Achieve by providing, picnic tables, park benches, pergola, and a barbeque. Make the area attractive with gardens, lawns, a special feature like a fountain or memorial, shady trees, other trees, including some deciduous trees.*

2.15.2 Informal Activity Area. *Achieve by providing open area for playing games, flying a kite, chasing your kids or walking your dog. A small exercising station could be provided.*

2.15.3 Children's Recreation. *Achieve by maintaining and expanding the existing playground.*

2.15.4 Improving Safety and Well Being. *Achieve by provision of appropriate lighting, and adding a safety fence around the playground*

2.15.5 Attracting native fauna. *Achieve by planting some appropriate trees along the buffer zone and in the park.*

### 2.2 Desirable Facilities

Selecting those items that are considered the most desirable.

\*Trimming up and shaping current trees.

\*Planting the basic trees. (Native)

\*Providing park benches.

\*Setting up an outlet for electrical power.

\*Source of water for drinking

\*Adding picnic tables

\*Setting up pergola, BBQ and rubbish bins.

\*Public toilet.

### 2.3 Series of developmental stages

2.31 First stage Time frame (Short term)

\*Make basic planting of large shady trees.

\*Provide some park benches.

\*Trim and shape existing trees.

\*Set up an outlet for electrical power

2.32 Second stage Time frame (Intermediate)

\*Begin a program of progressive tree planting.

\*Set out and plant basic gardens.

\*Provide a pergola, picnic tables, a BBQ and rubbish bins.

\*Include source of water for drinking

2.33 Third stage Time frame (Long term)

\*Add some appropriate lighting.

\*Enlarge the playground.

\*Construct a public toilet.

\*Planting of lawns and gardens.

\*Provision for watering.

\*Setting up signage.

\*Completing remaining items

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Churchill Hub, Phillip Parade, Churchill

## Watson Park Kindergarten

Part 3

### ROS COOPER- ASSISTANT 2000-2006

Ros was preschool assistant in the times of teachers Nicole Blackford for 5 years, Angela McKinnon, Maria Mendina and Bill Viney for 1 year each.

She loved the job. The staff became like family, and she enjoyed making many friends with the children, their parents, uncles, aunts and grandparents, who she sees on a regular basis in the supermarket where she now works.

There were also additional assistants for children with special needs. They were Liz Thompson, and Toni Milbourne.

Some of the highlights were the Mothers', Fathers' and Grandparents' Days. They would cook for the visitors and make gifts for them. Among the gifts were hand prints, and folk painting. The kindergarten would also do normal activities on these days to allow the visitors to join in.

Other special events were the Teddy Bear's Picnic, the Footy Days, Dog Safety, pet visits. There were also indigenous guests who sang songs, did hand painting, played the didgeridoo and many more activities.

Great excitement was caused by visitors to the kindergarten, like the Fire Brigade, Police and Ambulance. Excursions to Churchill Primary School to use the General Purpose room for shows like Flying Bookroom were organized by Angela and Nicole.

During Nicole's time there was a successful push to have some new climbing equipment, and shade sails installed which the kids loved.

Ros found she was treated as one of the team, and part of each child's family. Many great memories were made during these years at Watson Park Preschool.

### ROSE CUSTERSON

Between Bill Viney and Val Hemmings, Rose Custerson was kindergarten teacher for 1994 and 1995.

Rose had previous experience as a kindergarten assistant, then decided to return to university and get her degree. She applied and was appointed to Parkland Kindergarten in Morwell, in January 1993, as her first placement. It was a beautiful place she recalls.

It was at that time that the government withdrew all funding from kindergartens, and council were expected to take over running the preschools, which threw everything into chaos for a time until it was sorted out. Some people were offered redundancies and took them, but Rose needed full time work. She was offered Watson Park.

During the interim transition time of sorting out, Rose mentioned that a beautiful lady at Council, Maria Pizzi, the Family and Children's Co-Ordinator, supported the teachers and informed them of any changes happening. She says the Council also provided motivational speakers and counselling services to help and support all of the staff.. Rose remembers that these sessions were always accompanied by lovely food. They were given everything they needed to feel

empowered for the time ahead.

Rose came to Churchill when the local decision was made to close Walkley Park in favour of Watson Park. It was Maria Pizzi who as a wonderful mentor offered help and support, as well as being able to give both sides of the story so that greater understanding and different ways of looking at a problem could be better understood and resolved. The decision was made to close Walkley Kindergarten in favour of Watson Park

because of its proximity to Churchill Primary School.

Rose had Jenny Bailey as her assistant and she says they worked very well together. There was a feeling of unsettlement at first, and a great deal of sadness at the close of Walkley Park Kindergarten. Children, who would have attended there, now had to come to Watson Park.

Rose remembers that the three teachers from Watson, Glendonald and Andrews

Park Kindergartens were able to go to Walkley Park and select some of the resources for their own kindergartens.

Each teacher has their own style, and Rose took some valuable time arranging the kindergarten to suit her style. This, and the unsettled feeling had made her wonder if she wanted to stay and work at Watson Park.

However, she recalls the first working bee was a wonderful influence on her decision to stay. One hundred people turned up with shovels, hammers and wheelbarrows, etc and made a huge difference to the yard.

"With support like that", says Rose, "How could I go?" She says her thoughts were turned around and she never regretted staying. It was the most wonderful time of her teaching life.

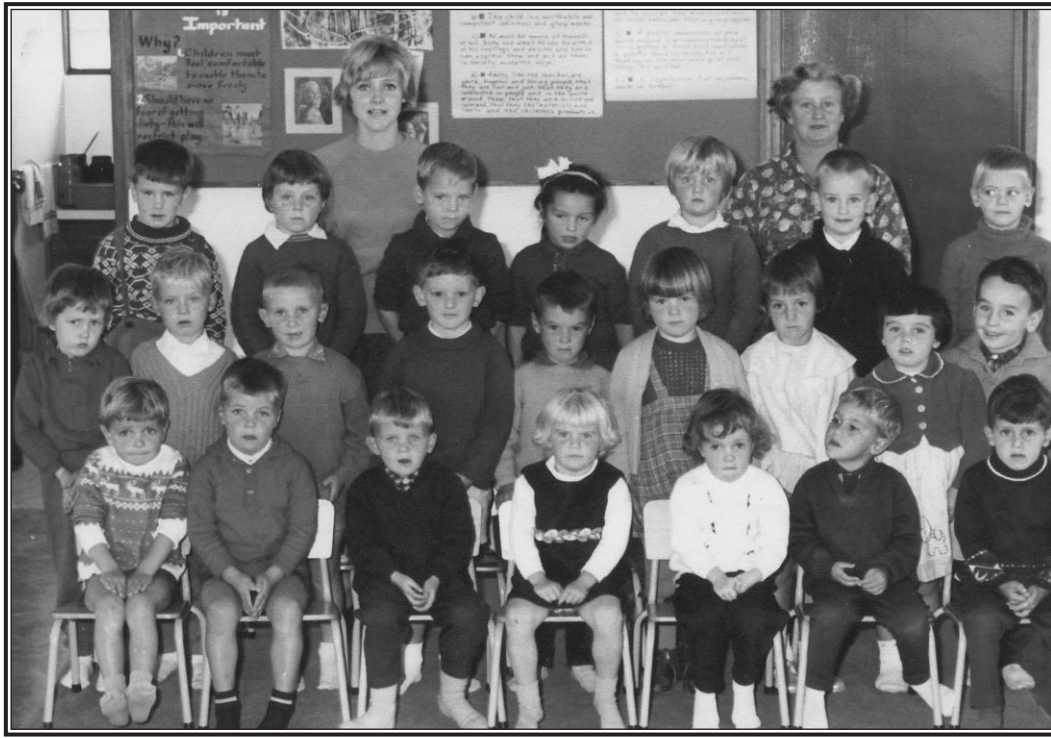
The parents were marvellous and the children were always lovely. Anything she wanted to try, she had backing and practical support. As an experiment, to see how it would function, the groups were 30 in number. Rose had two groups of 30 children per day. Sixty children were just too much, as relationships with children were difficult to establish with so many, and the sheer energy required to maintain security and vigilance was exhausting.

Recommendations to council saw the groups reduced to 25 the following year. Rose remembered Jan White the cleaner as keeping the place spick and span.

During her time at Watson Park, Rose saw a new fence installed which went all the way around the kindergarten grounds, with a new gate. She says that costs were covered by a grant and having the Community Services men do the installation. A beautiful bridge was built which enhanced the play area. A huge tree needed to be removed as it was dangerous. The garden beds were made and stocked. A verandah was erected over the sandpit which was extended, and a concreted area outside the northern door allowed for outside activities even when it was wet.

Rose described the yard as the best she has had to work in, because it was BIG. This allowed room for the children to run. As she had eighteen boys in each group it was important for this to be available.

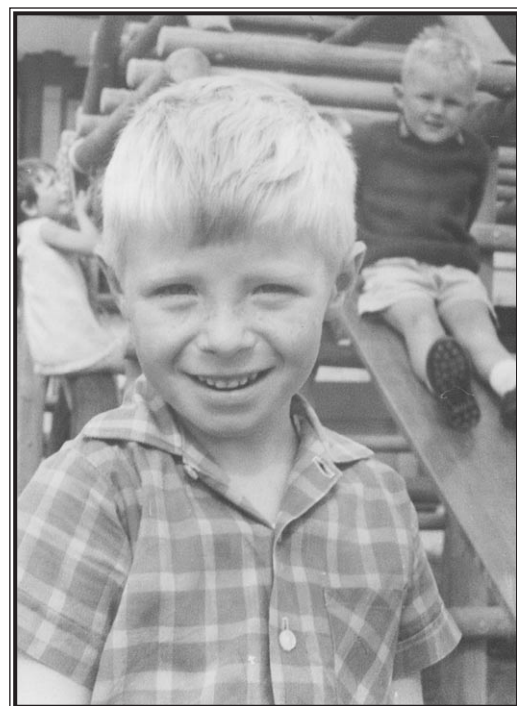
A willow tree had to go also, because the roots were getting into the pipes which drained from the toilets. The parents arranged for a fundraising night and worked tirelessly. They raised around \$2,500 which allowed for the purchase of new equipment, and a fantastic excursion to Sale by bus for both groups to attend. The existing equipment got a coat of paint to brighten them up and make them attractive for the children to use. There was also new outdoor equipment obtained. Rose liked to bring the inside activities like snack time, painting drawing and dramatic play outside as much as possible. Other improvements to the outside environment were the linking of each of the tanbark pathways to allow the children to flow from one



area to another. A compost bin was secured, as well as old tyres to add a safety barrier against the concrete tunnel.

Not only did Rose like Watson Park and Churchill, she also loved the two people with whom she boarded at Yinnar- Joyce and Ken Clarke. Rose found this area in the Valley was a friendly one where people took the time to ask you for a meal or invited you to join in with their interests.

One memorable experience was the day it snowed. Rose was at the Kindergarten and enjoyed the snow falling and melting as it touched the ground, as much as the children. Then on the way home she saw the snow on the Jeeralangs and commented to Joyce about it when she arrived home. Joyce asked if she would like to go to the snow. The answer of course was yes and they had a wonderful experience walking and playing in it. The reaching out to people was so different to the area where she had grown up in Dandenong and Devon Meadows. People here not just worked they lived, and opened their hearts to her. Included in these people are her dear friends Jenny and John Webb. They were a wonderful support during her time at Watson Park and they have continued their friendship over the past



fourteen years.

It was an exceptional time in her life spent with children and people she now holds dear to her heart forever.....

*Part 4 will be published in the next issue.*



A Churchill &amp; District History Series

# Looking Back...

...through the eyes of local residents



## Lifeline Churchill Turns 21

*The Lifeline Churchill Shop turns 21 this month. To celebrate Ruth Place has written the story of the shop and the many people who have been involved over the years.*

When Val Rohde was Lifeline Director it was decided to start a series of Lifeline Op Shops to raise much needed funds to support the 24 hour Lifeline Telephone Counselling Service.

Churchill Lifeline Shop was one of three established. Keith Enders, who was on the Lifeline Board at the time, asked Julie Berryman if she would be the co-ordinator. Julie agreed and then began to recruit others to help. This included husband Trevor and other church friends, including Anne and David Lyne. The Co-Operating Church people were great volunteers.

In conversation with Julie and Trevor Berryman and Anne and David Lyne, they remembered that all of them were happy to support this project as they believe that Lifeline is a great organization. The shop was established in the old Exacto Factory above the old West Place shopping centre. To begin they had the end near the post office for the shop and the next section as a store room.

There were no shelves or hanging space- just an empty room with boxes of clothes.

Trevor went around many dress shops and begged for dress racks. He managed to secure a few but completed the need by using galvanized pipe, turned up into racks.

Trevor also begged for wood from Brown and Dureau to make the shelves which the men installed.

David recalled that in the summer it was a hot spot. He said he often went out on the roof to try to fix the louvers and also added fly wire to the windows so they could be opened to allow air to circulate. Alternately, in winter it was freezing.

Julie and Anne recall they had a pretend till where the drawer could be pulled in and out but it didn't ring up the prices. The money had to be banked by 4pm each day.

There were concerns that the shop might be vulnerable to break-ins.

Trevor remembers that at the first meeting they discussed the need for a men's change cubicle. He built the cubicle and he had a long mirror which he added. Mardi and Dirk Paul painted it, and a draw curtain completed the job.

After a time they took out the partition, to enlarge the shop. Then they acquired a third space for the store room.

For the mums it was not very convenient as they had to leave their prams downstairs and carry their babies up in arms. It was a time when op shop buying was not seen as cool, but as it was upstairs, out of people's sight, shoppers felt more comfortable.

In those first months they had no drop off bin. After the sale of the initial supplies, they made only a few dollars a day. Julie said to Keith that they would not be able to make money and survive if they didn't have a bin. Keith was able to organize one, and after that things really picked up. Prior to that they had to go to the Traralgon shop and get what that shop decided to give them. They reported that they did whatever they could to raise some money. Jars of marmalade, lemons and vegetables such as pumpkins were all sold. But Julie is adamant that Keith really saved the shop by the supply of the bin.

They didn't stock a lot of furniture due to having to take everything upstairs but they did have a few prams, high chairs and a bed or two. They were not allowed to sell mattresses though.

For about five years David emptied out the bins and delivered them to the shop. At times their home garage was stacked with garbage bags full of clothing. In the beginning, Lifeline did not want the op shop to be called that. It was termed a House of Value, but officially only!

The volunteers often took home things to wash, iron and/or repair, with David doing the tip runs. Each volunteer had to pay a \$1 annually or \$5 for lifetime membership of Lifeline. This covered them for insurance. Each volunteer had to sign in, recording their name date, day and signature. This original book is retained in the archives.

Locking the four doors was always a nuisance. Sometimes Trevor was called back to check the locks, if someone was uncertain. Later keys were left at Ollquist's Chemist.

Anne and Julie say they became quite proficient at pricing- not too dear not too cheap.

Trevor added that people still wanted to barter with you. Julie's Dad came to live with them, which occupied her days much more, and she had to withdraw from working at the shop. Anne worked in the shop for eight years until she obtained paid work.

### The first minutes recorded:

J Pepall chaired the meeting welcoming all present. He led those present in a look at the draft constitution which was approved with the addition of the word Churchill to the name- Lifeline Latrobe Valley Inc. House of Value Churchill

The election of office bearers as follows:  
Julie Berryman- Chairperson



Julie Berryman, the first co-ordinator, husband Trevor, with Anne and David Lyne

Rhonda Gibson- Deputy Chairperson

Anne Lyne- Secretary

Eric Gibson-Treasurer

Other items of business included the need for a men's dressing cubicle, the need for each volunteer to have a copy of other volunteer's names and contact details, [this is still done today], need for volunteers to wear a name tag, [this tradition still remains] and clothing be sorted into three categories- small medium and large sizes and marked accordingly.

Some of the other early volunteers were Rhonda Gibson Eric and Nola Gibson, Joy Crane, Margaret Klose, Neil Leys, Liz Lewis, Joyce Yates, Helen Heesom, Dot Rowley, Mardi and Dirk Paul, Janet Borg Janice Gina, Millie Coleman and Barb Hadley. Quite a few are now deceased, but the following that were able to be contacted, were happy to share their thoughts about their time with the shop.

### Rhonda Gibson

Rhonda remembers that when the shop was being set up the volunteers would drop their children off at school and then work 6 hours 5 days a week to prepare the shop, sort the donations and display the goods.

Rhonda described her involvement as "something you could get your teeth into". She also said, sorting out goods often revealed surprises, but hanging things up for sale was an achievement and enjoyable. Seeing what people bought was also interesting.

Rhonda, along with Helen Heesom, Barbara Hadley and others, remembers Neil Leys who took on the job of sweeping up and washing the floors, cleaning the toilets and the stairs, washing the lobby and keeping out the front near the public phones tidy, cutting up rags, removing buttons, unraveling old woolen jumpers so the balls could be rewound to be resold in the shop, as well as folding plastic bags and keeping clean. He did a lot of the heavy work. Neil made a significant contribution to the shop right up until he died in 2008.

Almost everything which came into the shop could be used. Many unsalable garments were cut up for rags. Acrylic items and woolen items were sorted separately, sent to Melbourne and sold for making such things as carpet underlay's and woolen blankets. (In more recent years the Lifeline Warehouse has even sent used clothing and shoes etc to third world countries.)

### Mardi Paul

Mardi's memories relate to the stairs. They were a bit of a thing she says and leaves it at that. Mardi says that working in the op shop was a good time of learning for her. She was so impressed with the benefits of op shops that it is the only volunteering work she has done. Since coming to live in Morwell Mardi has joined the folks at St. Luke's op shop.

One special memory from the early days which remains with her is a saying she heard while working in the shop. She always remembers this as she sweeps, even now. "If you look after the corners and sides, the rest will look after itself."



Jackie McLure painting the new shop January 2001 West Place Shopping Centre (below)



# Churchill & District News

## Short Story & Poetry Competition 2009

### **The Mouse Who Loved to Dance** **Samantha Tullett**



"Minnie!" yelled Millie.  
And they jumped up and down.  
"Would you like some cheese?" asked Minnie.  
"Sure," replied Millie, as she sat on a chair next to a fire-place.  
"Where have you been?" asked Minnie.  
"I used to live in a dance school but they chucked me out," replied Millie.  
"You could stay with me!" said Minnie, excitedly.



Two months later Millie decided to start her own dance school...FOR MICE and soon she became famous for her wonderful dancing!

Tap, tap, tap went the students at Morwell Dancing School. In that school lived a mouse named Millie. Whenever there was a dance class going on, Millie would dance as well.  
But one day she came out to dance and one of the girls spotted her.  
"Aaaaagh," the girl screamed and everyone ran to the corner to get away from Millie.  
The teacher quietly tiptoed over to Millie and picked her up. Millie was scared and shaking. The teacher carefully put Millie down and went inside.  
Millie looked around. She started to get cold and soon it started to rain but luckily she found some bushes and curled up and fell asleep.  
The next morning she was awoken by the sound of cars and buses. She looked up the tree and saw two baby birds being fed by their mum...she was starving!  
So Millie started to search for something to eat. On her way she met a CAT!  
"Meow!" the cat screeched.  
"Squeak!" Millie yelled.  
"Don't be afraid," said the cat.  
"Why not?" Millie asked.  
"Because I don't eat mice, they're all furry and too small," the cat replied.  
"Then what do you eat?" asked Millie in a surprised voice.  
"Mostly fish and berries," sighed the cat.  
"Where are you going?" asked the cat  
"To my old friend's house," replied Millie.  
"I will take you there if you want me to."  
So off they went.  
Once they got to the house, Millie jumped off the cat and knocked on the door. The door slowly opened and a mouse hopped out from behind.  
"Millie!" yelled the mouse.

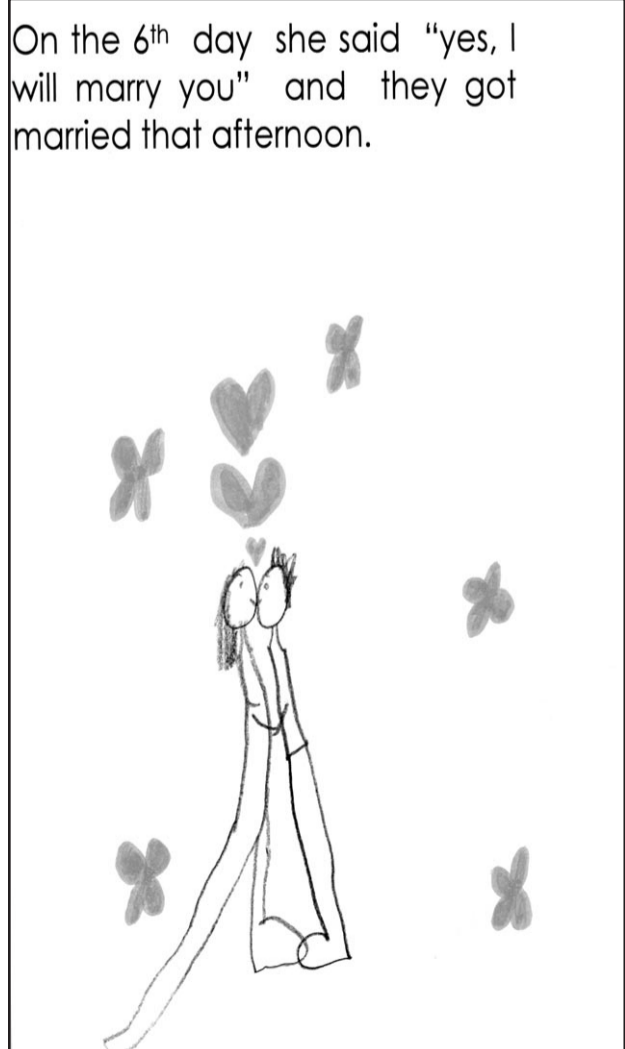
### **The Dog Could Fly** **Maddison Donnelly**

Nobody knew my dog could fly.  
They didn't know what to think when they first saw our dog fly out of the window. He flew out and he went up into the air and over the hill.  
I was alone once again. I wanted to see him do it again. But he didn't come back. I smiled. I like smiling. It is good fun. I went to bed.  
The next day I went to Melbourne to find my dog. I went and got lunch and something for my dog.  
I looked in the school. There was my dog. I found him.  
The end.



### **The Girl who Turned into a Shark** **Taliyah Hainsworth**

Once there was a girl at the beach. Two friendly dolphins took her to a pampering place under the sea.  
Mermaids ran the place and after the makeover she went to an enchanted restaurant.  
While eating the evil Rothbart put a spell on her. She was so scared she ran out of the enchanted restaurant but then she turned into a shark.  
When she was near shore she got captured. Just when she got dragged out of the water she turned back into a person.  
The people who captured her were so scared they ran away.  
The mermaids tried to help her too. But Rothbart's powers were too strong. Then he appeared. Then he said "You have 6 days to marry me or you can be a shark forever." Then he disappeared.  
On the 6th day she said, "Yes, I will marry you," and they got married that afternoon.  
She taught him how to be nice and they lived happily ever after.



On the 6<sup>th</sup> day she said "yes, I will marry you" and they got married that afternoon.

## The Creaking Door Lauren Akers

Samantha was lying in her bed when she heard a creaking noise. It sounded pretty close. It sounded like it was in her bedroom. She looked at her closet. No. She looked at her desk. Interesting, where was it coming from? It was coming from her door. It was moving backwards and forwards.

Strange, she thought. She wasn't scared. She was just... All right she was a little bit scared, but it was strange. She climbed out of bed and went downstairs. She went to the kitchen to get a glass of water. She looked at the time. A quarter past four. She was up early. She decided to sleep downstairs until morning. Or maybe she would wake up her big brother, Jack, or climb in with her Mum and Dad. Make up your mind, her brain said to her. She got a blanket and lay down on the couch. She heard the creaking noise again. Maybe it was a ghost. She shook the thought out of her head. She closed her eyes and went to sleep.

It was morning, and Dad and Jack were up.

"Why are you sleeping on the couch?" Dad asked.

"I couldn't get to sleep in my own bed," she replied.

"Were you scared of the dark, or did you see a ghost," Jack teased.

"Neither," she answered. Mum walked into the kitchen. "Good morning," she said sleepily.

"And see you after school Jack."

Mum sat down to eat her breakfast.

"How did you sleep, Sam?" she asked.

"Not well," she answered.

"Eat your breakfast then," she said. Samantha sat down. Fruit loops. Her favourite. They always made her feel cheerful but not today. She was thinking about the creaking door. It was an old door. I guess I could just keep it shut, she thought. So that's what she did.

She brushed her teeth, then snuggled into bed. She made sure it was closed tight. Then she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

Samantha woke up. It was past midnight. She wondered what woke her. Then she noticed the door was open. It was making a creaking sound. She wanted to solve the mystery but was too scared. She got up, went to the door, and looked at it closely. Just a noisy door. She looked at it more closely. There was a person standing behind the door. He was Jack's height. She wanted to scream but no words came out. She grabbed her water bottle.

"See what you think of this," she yelled.

Samantha shook the water at him. He grabbed her and chucked her on the bed. He turned the light on. It was Jack. Samantha was stunned. What a joke. All the time it was Jack behind the door. He laughed out loud.

"I will get you back for that," Samantha yelled. But guess what? She never did.

## Mr Happy-Chappie Brittany Smart

Mr Happy-Chappie was walking down the street  
When all of a sudden he got stuck on his feet  
He wiggled and jiggled but couldn't get free  
So he called for help and it came from Mr G

Mr G was a person of grey  
He didn't like colour nor did he like day  
He had woken from his house not far from this street  
And decided to help so he could go back to sleep  
He pulled and pulled with all his might  
He pulled all day and he pulled all night

Tugging and yanking he flung him from the scene  
Up into the sky like a flying machine  
Then down he went but not so fast  
Mr G could go to bed at last

## All About My Granny Jannah Wolske

Granny does not like us kids  
She puts lids  
on pots  
but not on cots

My Granny does not purr  
but she is married to a sir  
My granny wears glasses  
and gives us passes  
to see Pete Murry  
eating his curry

My Granny feeds me  
and lets me use her key  
My granny does not like pop  
but she loves Hip hop  
She does not like me  
but she loves her knee

Granny you are wonderful!

## happinss

Happiness is the colour of yellow

It smells like a rose

That has just opened

It feels like a newborn baby

Holding onto your finger

It looks like the sea

In front of the horizon

It sounds like birds

In the swaying trees.

Singing songs of love.

It makes you remember

Good times.

And nice things

You have done for others.

Happiness is a smile

Happiness is laughter

And giggles

To be shared.



Zoe Shaw



## The story of Suzy and Her Famous Flight A True Story Ebony Hooimeyer

I once had a little mouse named Patch. But when he died I bought a new baby mouse called Suzy. She is a white mouse with a little bit of tan. When we got home I tried to hold her but she bit me and in my shock I flung her into the air.

To my surprise she landed on her feet right in front of Mum! Then she slowly started to walk along the fire place. I carefully got something for her to hold on to and then I picked her up by the tail and put her back in her cage and closed the lid.

After that I made sure that I did not scare her and the next time I was more aware that she might bite me again.

So the next day I held her and this time when she bit me I only jumped a little bit off the floor and then after

that I straight away put her back in her cage.

I also made a playground of cardboard tubes for her. She liked to run in and out of the cardboard tubes.

At night I could hear her on her wheel because it squeaks; and also because she is nocturnal. After all those things had happened I started to get her used to being held. The way I did this was every night when I fed her I put her in her play ground while I put the food in the bowl. Then after that I picked her up while she was in a cardboard tube and held it to my hand. And because she was hungry she went onto my hand straight into the cage. Then I would turn the light off and close the door and in no time at all I would hear her running on her wheel. Now she is perfectly tame; she does not bite and everyone can hold her.

## SPACE

By Rebecca Gibson

A space star,

Is not very far.

The closest one,

Is our sun.

Lets burst to earth and watch the birds fly by

Up in the sky.

As you see the clear blue sea,

You would think of me.

As you go back into space,

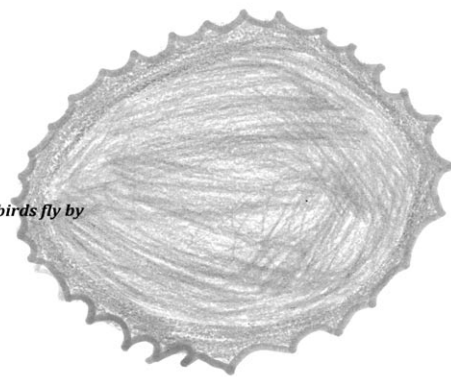
You almost lost the amazing race.

When I saw that meteorite,

It almost looked like a Turkish delight.

Come back down as you see,

Come back down to your special family



Rebecca Gibson

# W IZZZERS NEVER TRUST AN OLD MAN

# Never Trust an Old Man

by **Courtney Vella**

Hi, my name is Mike Simpson and I am going to tell you to never trust an old man or what looks like an old man!!!

One day my friend Charlie and I were walking to school when an old man came out of nowhere. In a quiet voice he whispered, "I need you to complete a challenge for me!"

"Why should we?" asked Charlie.

"Because you will get a great reward when you do!"

"Well, what's the challenge?" I asked

"You need to get into the safe in Mr Brown's office and your reward is inside. Your reward is whatever you wish for!" Then he walked away, with a very cheeky grin.

At first we thought he was a bit silly, but later thought it would be a good challenge.

We were late for school. It was not a good start to the day, as we had to go to Mr Brown's office, who is our principal. It was not good news because we got after school detention. While Mr Brown wasn't looking Charlie took his keys and put them in his pocket.

The next day Charlie and I decided that we would stay after school and try to find the safe. If we could find it we could get anything we wished for!

Ding, ding, ding the bell went off at 3:15, the end of school. We waited until five o'clock, when all the teachers were gone.

When we were sure all of the teachers and Mr Brown had gone, Charlie got the keys out of his pocket and walked towards Mr Brown's office.

Both of our hearts were beating really fast. With a shaky hand, he carefully placed the key into the lock and turned it. The door opened with a creeeeeeeek.

Once we were in the office, we both noticed a little blue safe under Mr Brown's desk. Bingo, we had found it straight away. Charlie found a little blue key on the key ring. When he placed the key into the lock on the safe, both of our hearts were beating faster, like they were about to explode!

With a turn of the lock, the safe was open. To the our surprise, the safe was full of chocolates. We were very excited. We had both wished for chocolate, it was like magic!

Just as Charlie opened the first chocolate to have a taste, Mr Brown suddenly appeared in the doorway. He had a very angry look on his face. "Well done boys, you have found the treasure." He said "Let's sit down and have a chocolate and a Milo. You both deserve it. Mission accomplished!"

All of a sudden, the old man walked in and sat down at the table next to us. He took off his wig, his fake beard and we both looked at him shocked. It wasn't an old man at all! It was a teacher at our school, Mr Baker, in a disguise! With an angry voice he said "Will you boys ever learn?"

After that, we had to pick up rubbish around the school for a week! After that we did learn our lesson and never again did we trust an old man.

# Panick

by **Alex Lawson**

I'm stuck; it's funny how if you have your parents around everything seems natural. But when they're gone reality closes in around you, in my case, like the walls of my confinement, or the dripping of the taps.

But even those are out of my control now. I call to mum as loud as I can, nothing. I press my hands against the door, even that seems cold and evil. I scream out again but no one can hear, and there is no one coming in. That's another funny thing, a human being needs other human beings just to be there to feel kind of safe. But I have nothing, barely even a sound. It's like standing in the desert with no wind or life in sight.

I rattle the lock for the one hundredth time, but it's no use. I can't help myself anymore. My fate rests in the hands of oth-

ers. But in all my life help has never felt so far away, out of reach like my escape.

Hang on, a gap under the door. Suddenly all my panic is separated by a glimmer of hope. I might be able to squeeze through. But there's water on the floor, or I really, really hope its water. My heart is thumping with the possibility of escape. I bend down and make myself as flat as I can and push forward with a swish! Oh it's horrid, every sense in my body wants me to stop but I couldn't go back there. Push swish, push slide, it's rhythmic! Suddenly the door is no longer above me. I'M FREE!!! My heart fills with joy as my escape sinks in. What a horrid experience, the worst of my life, stuck inside a toilet cubicle!



# Sugar and Spice Makes Everything...a Mess!

by **Alli Ipsen**

"Mum," said eleven-year-old Casey Buchan. "My I please bake something, please? I haven't cooked anything in ages!"

"Yes, dear. You'll find the recipes in the cupboard above the fridge, get a chair to reach them," her Mum answered distractedly. "Don't use the oven without me in here to help, I don't want you to get burnt."

"Yes Mum," Casey said happily, while after two minutes of pouring over recipe books, she said to her Mum, "Mum, can I please bake a carrot cake?"

"Yes, sure darling," Mum said, going over and reading over Casey's shoulder. "Um, butter, two eggs...I'll get the ingredients out for you, Casey, and you can mix them all up."

"Oh, thank you Mum."

"Okay, here you are. All the ingredients, all on the bench." Mum told Casey, "I've measured them all out for you, too. You mix everything up then call me and I'll help you pour the mixture into a pan and put it in the oven." With that, she walked out of the room to go do the washing.

"Mum!" she called timidly, "Mum, can you please come in here?"

"Oh my goodness!" her Mum gasped as she walked through the kitchen door. "What happened?" She gazed around the kitchen, at the mess.

"There's carrot cake mixture all over the kitchen! How did you manage it?"

"I'm sorry Mum, the electric beaters flung it everywhere. I didn't mean it. I'm truly sorry, I'll help you clean it up." She looked apologetically at her mum.

"Oh, alright, thank you," her Mum said, smiling a slight, twisted smile.

"Well, we'd better get this mess cleaned up before it goes all solid and hard to wipe off, then we can start the mixture again."

"Okay, the kitchen now looks like it usually does. Do you want to make another carrot cake?" Mum asked Casey.

"Um, Mum can we please make banana chock chip muffins instead of carrot cake?" Casey asked her Mum.

"Okay, but Casey, are you sure you don't want carrot cake? You loved the carrot cake I made the other day."

"Yep, but we have to put heaps of chocolate in the muffins."

"Yes, sure we'll have lots of choc chips." Her mum smiled.

"Thank you Mum."

"Oh, Mum!" Casey exclaimed after fifteen minutes of measuring, mixing and pouring.

"These muffins are delicious!!! They're cooked to perfection!"

"I know. I think they are lovely too. They are very light. And with the choc buds in them, they are delicious." Her mum smiled at her. "Maybe it's a good thing you made a mess of the kitchen because now we get to have delicious muffins."

"Thank you for helping me, Mum, sorry I made a mess of the kitchen before"

"It's okay, Casey, it was easily fixable. Don't worry about it, anyway, maybe it was a good thing that you did make a big mess, because now we get to eat delicious banana and chocolate muffins!" Her mum grinned and gave Casey a hug.

"Well I've still got some washing to do, so I better be going and doing that." She gave her daughter another hug and kiss, then walked out of the room.

"Well, I'm kinda' glad that I made a mess of the kitchen too, now!" Casey said to herself, smiling. "Through it was a big mess to clean up. I suppose that at least we got yummy muffins!" she grinned, and then walked out of the kitchen.

"Hello Dad!" Casey ran to her dad. "Did you have a good day at work?"

"I did," he answered, grinning. "Thank you. Oh, Hello Alicia," he said to Casey's mum because she had just come into the hallway. "Did you have a good day?" he asked her.

"Hmm, well, I'll tell you all about Casey's

baking episode..." she looked at her daughter, "That was fun!" she laughed.

"It was an accident!" Casey tried to justify herself, though she was joking. "I didn't mean it!"

"I know, I know," Alicia smiled, "I was just joking. Anyway, why don't you go get your muffins so your father can have one, then we will all go sit in the lounge room and I can tell you," she looked at Casey's dad, "I can tell you all about what happened!"

"Well! I can definatly say that those muffins were the best muffins I've tasted in a long time!" Casey's dad exclaimed, wiping his fingers on a tissue. "They were delicious."

Casey smiled, "I'm glad you liked them, I asked Mum specifically if we could do extra chocolate, and we did...that's why there are so many bits of chocolate!"

"Yes, I did notice there was a bit more chocolate than usual!" he grinned again, then he turned and looked at his wife, "Anyway, Alicia you wanted to tell me a story, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did!"

And she did just that! She told the story of how those banana chock chip muffins came about, and when she came to the part about all that mixture over the kitchen floor, benches and cupboards, Casey's father laughed a lot.

# The Sweetest Gift

by Naomi Ipsen

The familiar pang shot a fear stronger than pain through her, from the top of her blonde head to the tip of her toes.

"Oh, no," she moaned, clutching her stomach, rounded to a perfect orb, now clenching and re-clenching with the contractions. "No, God, no, please," she begged, clenching her legs together as though it would stop.

"Alice? You okay in there?" Amanda's voice was muffled from behind the door and through the pounding blood that rushed in her ears.

"Amanda! I need help..." she stopped, gasping, as another pain shot through her, gripping her lower back and pelvis. She cried out as the excruciating pain held, and held, for an eternity...until, finally, it went away. She collapsed on the linoleum floor, pulling her knees towards her heart, which was pounding triple time.

"Alice?" She heard Amanda fumbling with the slide lock, trying to undo it, trying to open the door, knocking and calling frantically to her sister-in-law. Slowly the sound of her voice faded, the room swirled around Alice's contorting body and she closed her eyes, welcoming the blackness.

"Alice?" Amanda's voice was gentle. "Alice, are you okay?"

"Amanda, the baby," Alice said, her voice breaking.

"Ssh," Amanda crooned, taking her brother's wife into her arms and cradling her like a lost kitten.

"I lost it, didn't I?" Alice asked. She felt Amanda move, clear her throat. Nod.

"NO! Oh, no, please! Noooo." Alice broke down, sobbing brokenly, grieving for yet another tiny life taken from her body. Her sobs were raw, heart wrenching. Amanda, holding her gently, fought tears as she suffered the anguish that was ripping her friend and sister in half.

Alice sat like a ghost, curled up in a huge, brightly coloured afghan on the deep, wide, soft couch that she loved so much. Amanda brought her all sorts of comforting delicacies from the kitchen: cheese and Kabana, water crackers, Savoy biscuits, fruit kebabs and a huge mug of Milo that Alice clutched with trembling fingers. The young woman's eyes were huge an empty, shadowed by dark circles that emphasised the pallor of her skin.

Amanda had encouraged her to have a shower and while Alice had washed over her lower body slowly and let her head hang underneath the steaming water, Amanda had searched through some of her drawers to find some comfy old 'bum-around-in' clothes that she usually wore on stay-at-home weekends and could loan to Alice for a while.

"Is there anything I can do?" Amanda asked softly, sitting on an embroidered ottoman at Alice's feet and taking one cold hand in her own. No response. The room was silent.

Eventually Amanda stood up and walked over to the open fire, which had died down to a softly popping pile of red embers. Watching Alice cautiously, she quickly stoked the fire and returned to her low seat by the other woman.

The day slowly waned, as did the fire, and still Alice hadn't spoken. The grandfather clock on the opposite side of the cottage's sitting room - an inheritance from her father, who died years back - bonged dully as the hour hand reached five o'clock.

"Do you want something to eat?" Amanda asked, eyeing the hardly touched finger-food on the table by Alice's left arm. Alice looked up, her eyes shimmering with tears. "Do you have any spaghetti?"

Amanda watched Alice eat, her heart constricting with pain. It seemed that in just a short few hours Alice had turned into just a shell of the beautiful, friendly woman she had been yesterday. Now her hair was snarled, still damp from her mid-morning shower, hanging about her shoulders in long auburn tangles. Her face was pinched.

"You'll get through this, Alice." Amanda couldn't help feeling as though her words were cliché, meaningless.

Alice stirred the freshly cooked noodles around the plate, watching the tomato sauce ooze onto the white china, tiny globules of grease glistening in the warm light of the kitchen. "It's the fifth time, Amanda."

Amanda watched the woman for a while; considering; weighing her next words. "You could adopt, Alice."

Alice looked up. Her green eyes, previously so bright and cheerful, were dull and hopeless. She said nothing, but managed a slight nod of her head.

The knocking on the door broke through the silence in the room. Reluctant to leave Alice, Amanda glanced towards the lounge, then back at the lethargic woman sitting at the table. Alice looked up. "Someone's at the door."

"Yeah."

"You gonna get it?"

Amanda peeped out the spy hole in her wooden door and her throat constricted when she saw Steve standing on the doorstep.

"Hi," she said softly, opening the door and ushering him in. Once inside, he turned and gave her a look. "You okay?"

Amanda shook her head, put her hand to her mouth and felt her eyes well with tears. It was the first time she had let herself succumb to tears since 10.00 this morning when she'd heard Alice's cries from the bathroom.

"Oh, Steve," she whispered. He stepped forward and she crumpled in his arms.

"What's up?" His voice was tense.

"It's Alice."

"Oh, God, no," he whispered, taking in a short ragged breath.

She stepped out of her brother's embrace and put a comforting hand on his forearm. "I'm so sorry, Steve."

Steve moaned, putting his forehead in one big hand, bowing his shoulders like a man suddenly old. Another miscarriage. Another child he'd never see grow up.

Amanda heard a little sob, and turned to see Alice standing in the doorway. Tears were pouring down the would-be mother's cheeks, her shoulders quivering, her pale fingers pressed to her lips. She padded on bare feet along the floorboards towards her husband, and he welcomed her into his arms silently. "I'm so sorry, Steve," she sobbed against his chest, "I'm so sorry."

"It's not your fault," Amanda said softly. Steve was silent, trying to handle his grief. Why was this happening to them? That was five times now. Five beautiful children he would never know.

Amanda sat the couple at the table, scooped a huge pile of spaghetti bolognese onto another plate and, sticking a fork into the meal, she pushed the plate over the table towards Steve. Her brother pushed it away and stood up, his face contorted. Alice covered and Amanda watched silently as he strode over the kitchen floor. "WHY?" he roared. "WHY WOULD THIS HAPPEN TO ME? TO US?"

"Steve, please calm down," Amanda said softly, eyeing his weeping wife with concern.

He roared on her. "What? You think I can't yell? You think I don't have a right? You think I'm over-reacting? Wait until you get married, then lose baby after baby! You see how you'd react! What right do you have to tell me to be quiet? What right?" He was looming over her now, his neck muscles bulging, his face red. Knowing how he reacted to grief, she wasn't frightened. It would go away. He was a gentle man. He'd never willingly hurt her, nor Alice.

Steve stormed from the room and she heard the bathroom door slam. He'd be in there for a while; the only way he could cool down was to be alone. She knew his habits after being his sister for twenty-six years, and knew that when he came out he would be relatively composed. Amanda turned to the wife, sitting with her head in her hands, tears pouring silently down her arms and into the spaghetti. Amanda quietly removed both meals onto the bench, then sat down on the seat beside Alice that her brother had just vacated. Putting her arms around the woman, Amanda sat without speaking, letting her presence do the comforting that she know words couldn't.

Steve walked back into the kitchen sometime just past seven o'clock; almost a full hour since he'd stormed out. "I'm sorry," he said softly, his eyes red-rimmed.

Alice lifted her now dry eyes to meet her husband's. "Steve, I'm ever so sorry I've done this again to you," she whispered.

His face crumpled and he went to kneel by her side, taking her in his strong embrace, telling her without words that he didn't blame her; still loved her.

The months passed slowly. Amanda spent a lot of time visiting with her brother and his wife, her two dearest friends since her parents had died. Winter gave way to spring, and spring to summer. One evening towards the end of March, when the heat of

summer was giving way to the placid cool of autumn, Amanda sat at Alice and Steve's kitchen table, her fingers curled around a mug painted with a farm scene. The aroma of the strong, hot coffee permeated the little room. Steve's wife sat down across from her, a mysterious smile on her face, her green eyes dancing again.

"I have a surprise for you," Alice told her. Amanda, while curious and excited, felt her heart pounding. Don't say you're pregnant, my darling sister, please! It will only end in more heartache.

"What is it?"

Alice pulled a little photo from a shoebox sitting on the table beside her. Handing it to Amanda, she sat with her hands clasped in front of her, a not-very-well-concealed smile tugging at her lips. She watched her husband's sister, anxious to catch any emotion that crossed her face.

Amanda stared into two of the most beautiful faces she had ever seen before in her life. Two African babies, obviously twins, slept peacefully side-by-side, swaddled in white blankets that contrasted strongly with their beautiful ebony skin. Amanda let her eyes travel from the angelic faces to the caption at the bottom. "Jahi and Bahati," she whispered.

"Jahi is the boy; it is Swahili for 'Dignity'. Bahati is Swahili too. It means 'Fortunate'. Bahiti is the girl; she's fifty two seconds older than Jahi." Alice could hardly contain her joy.

"Who are they?"

"My children."

Amanda stared up at her sister-in-law. "Really?"

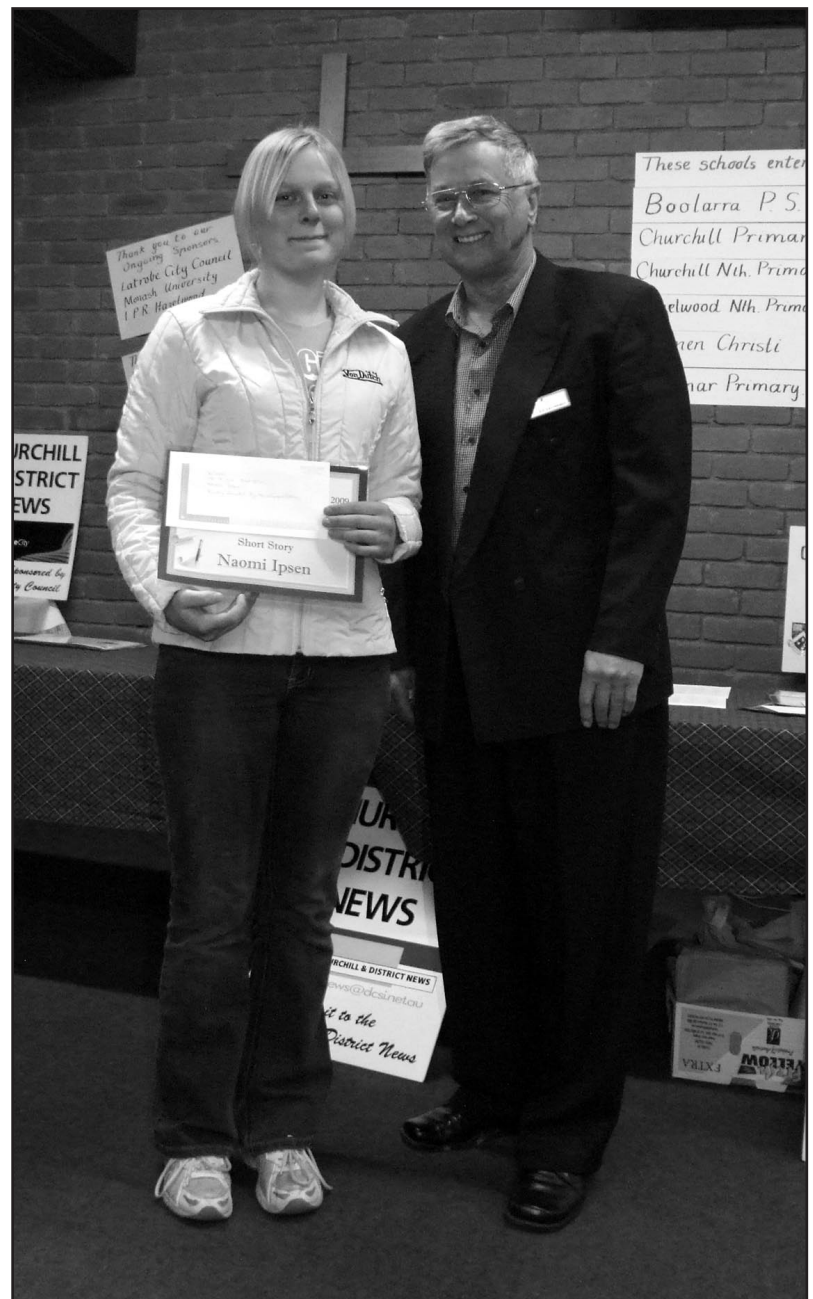
"They are my birthday present," Alice replied. "They're only a month old. We're picking them up on Saturday."

"From Africa?" Amanda was dumb-founded.

"No, silly," Alice laughed, delighted. "They are an African girl's illegitimate babies; she lives here in Australia...she put them up for adoption before they were even born."

"Oh, Alice!" Amanda leaped up to hug her sister-friend over the table. "I'm so delighted for you. This is a really sweet gift."

"Yes," Alice said softly, tearfully, hugging her tight. "The sweetest gift."



Naomi Ipsen with Cr. Ed Vermeulen



# My dad's spade

by Vicky Daddo



My dad's spade was propped against the furthest corner of the shed, mostly concealed behind a tower of battered Victoria Bitter stubby boxes containing old newspapers. The handle of the spade was a mass of silvery cobwebs glistening as the late afternoon sunshine made a last bid stand to warm the cool of a winter's day. I strode boldly across the dusty, leaf-strewn floor and covered my hand in my sleeve before wiping away the mesh of webs and pulling the spade from its resting place. A flurry of flapping and dust forced me to jerk backwards as a moth, released with the spade, flew straight at me. My heart hammered uncomfortably until I held the rough handle of the spade in my grasp, when suddenly I felt strangely peaceful.

"Dad! Dad! Where are you?" the little girl called as she pulled on her gumboots and ran out the back, leaving the door wide open for the thankful blowflies buzzing outside.

"I'm in the paddock, Sally," came the man's thick voice in reply.

Sally ran across the brittle brown grass and swung on the wonky gate that led into the paddocks, leaping off and hurtling towards her dad, as he knelt inspecting the ground by the edge of the dam

"Any snakes today, dad?"

"Can't say I've seen any," he said slowly, standing up. He grabbed his spade and shook it out in front of him, saying, 'they won't come this way when I've got my trusty snake sword.' Sally giggled.

"Is that the best snake sword in the world, dad?"

"I reckon you might be right, Sally."

I walked out of the shed and back to the verandah where Adam was sitting on the old swinging hammock, its canopy grubby and frayed.

"What's that?" he laughed.

"My dad's spade."

"That's seen better days." His eyes took in the splintered wooden neck and handle, and the rusted metal.

"It certainly has," I agreed wistfully.

"In the skip then?"

"No!" I cried a little louder than I intended. "You can't throw this away. It's history."

"Always think before you throw things away, Sally," the man said. "You never know what you can do with them, or when you might need them again." Sally nodded, her eyes serious. The man dug a small trench with his spade. Sally watched as he sliced through the earth with the edges of the metal, using his booted foot to push the tool downwards. He took the broken wooden wagon and fitted it neatly into the hole. He carefully drilled some holes into the split and splintered bottom, then showed Sally how to spread the potting mix. Sally loosened the seedlings from their plugs ready to bury them snugly in the soil. A few weeks later, tendrils of the bright and nosy trailing petunias began to weave their way over the wooden sides of the wagon, and when they were long enough Sally helped secure come over the handles. The glorious purples and hot pinks smiled all summer and deep into autumn, keeping Sally and her dad busy with their watering cans.

"Do you want to talk to the agent now?" Adam asked as I looked out into the swaying paddocks, tapping dad's spade onto the tired decking.

"Not really," I sighed, shivering as the last of the sun slipped beyond reach and long shadows formed.

"They'll need an answer soon. I mean what can you do with a dump like this but auction it off and see which developer bids highest?" he said, carelessly.

"Adam! This is my parent's home. My home."

"Sally, look around. Your Dad never really looked after it after you left. And besides, it'll probably take more work to renovate than it would to pull it down and start again." He stood up impatiently and walked back through the door into the body of the house. As the door shut behind him the house seemed to groan and crack and I knew he was right, but, a nag-

ging feeling inched its way from the pit of my stomach up into my throat and stayed there, asking discomfoting questions of me.

*The little girl stood at the top of her new cubby house, looking down on the slippery dip in front of her and failing to stop hot tears from springing from her eyes. "I'm scared, daddy."*

*"What of Sally?" the man asked patiently.*

*"It's so high," she wailed, ready to turn and climb back down.*

*"It's no higher than the slide in the park," he reasoned. She chewed her little finger.*

*"You can do it, Sally, have faith in yourself."*

*"I can't. I'll go too fast."*

*"I'm here to catch you, angel." He held out his large, calloused hands in readiness, the spade dug into the sand pit at his side. "And anyway, even if I miss, you'll land in the soft sand."*

*Sally hesitated a moment longer, then the fear in her dissipated. She crouched down at the top of the shiny yellow slide before straightening her legs out in front of her. With a final push she released herself and 'wheeee' all the way down. Safe in her father's arms, she squealed as he lifted her over his head.*

*"You did it! I knew you could!" he shouted. "You just need to trust your instincts and take the plunge sometimes."*

Adam paced about the creaking living room floor as Sally sat in the wooden rocking chair sipping a cup of tea. "I can't believe it! What on earth did you do that for? We could have made a fortune on this place!" His face was puce as he raged on. "It's prime real estate, good development potential. You're mad, Sally."

"Like I said, I'm going to renovate it and live in it. I love this place, Adam. It's in my blood. I can't sell it. Dad would turn in his grave," I spoke firmly but quietly. "We can sell the place in the city and make a fortune."

"What? You can't be serious. I'm not selling the apartment. Not in a million years."

"Fine. You stay there and I'll live here then. I can work from home and get cracking on this place." I looked into Adam's eyes, a swirling torrent of fury clouding them.

"Are you saying you want us to separate?" he asked, realisation growing ugly on his face. I didn't respond. I didn't need to. He got up and slammed the door on the way out. The house seemed to heave a sigh of relief as his car scrunched down the gravel drive, out of our lives.

*"That's it, Sally, one more spadeful and it's finished," the man said softly as the little girl struggled to throw the earth from her dad's spade onto the rectangular pile in front of her. She dropped the cumbersome tool and wiped tears from her eyes, leaning into her father's legs for support. He stroked her hair as she sobbed, her nose red and running.*

*"Paddy was a good dog, but he was old. He deserves to rest now."*

*"Can we get a new dog?"*

*"One day."*

*"He was the best dog in the world, wasn't he?" Sally asked, looking up into her dad's kind eyes.*

*"I reckon you might be right."*

I started with the kitchen, knocking out the old Formica units and replacing them with arch-topped Jarrah cupboards, an Aga and a hanging pot rack over the central bench. I concealed the microwave, dishwasher, and fridge-freezer in the huge walk-in pantry. I installed a claw-foot bath and Blackwood free standing double vanity, with a huge ornately-framed oval mirror above it, in the main bathroom. For the small en-suite off the main bedroom I opted for just a shower and a single vanity in clean white. My parents had only ever used magnolia paint for all the rooms, living and bedrooms, so I chose a softer shade, with a hint of warm peach to make it feel more homely. The timber venetians added a contemporary feel, along with the hardwood floorboards through the main

living areas. I stayed with carpets in the bedrooms, enjoying the warm contrast

underfoot and to the eye.

Each time I worked on a room I was reminded of Adam and his leering face when he told me I was mad. If this was madness, I thought, as I rolled paint over the wall above the fireplace, then I never want the bitterness of sanity.

*"If something's worth doing, it's worth doing right," the man said as he stood leaning on his spade, at the back of the house. "Slow but sure wins the race," he added.*

*"How long's it going to take it to build it, dad?" Sally asked.*

*"As long as it takes. But it's going to be the best shed in the neighbourhood," he grinned, picking up a length of timber.*

*"Or in the world!" Sally exclaimed.*

*Her dad pushed up the rim of his akubra and nodded. "I reckon you might be right."*

I had been working on the inside of the house for the best part of two years, and it was finally how I had pictured it. I had been longing to get started on the outside but dad always told me to finish one job first, before starting the next. I had plans for a native garden and to resurrect the huge veggie patch up near the shed. Then a rose garden for colour and scent, and exotic trees for spring and autumn colour. The garden of my childhood, now in long decline, would flourish again. A tingle of excitement brushed over me and I decided a trip to the local nursery might be in order, to help water my imagination, so to speak.

*"Which one would be the best?" I asked Dad as we trailed along rows of plants. "The one that tells our story," he answered. Sally was aware of the wobble in his voice and gripped his hand a little harder. They looked at roses, camelias, azaleas, ornamental trees and native shrubs but it wasn't until they walked along the line of clematis that they saw the right story.*

*"Elizabeth Foster. Pale pink petals with a darker bar and brown anthers. This early flowering clematis has large flowers approximately 15 cm in diameter," dad read the label, tears flowing down his ruddy cheeks. "This is the one, isn't it, Sally."*

*"I reckon you might be right, Dad."*

I hacked about amongst the rabble of blackberries and assorted green tangled messes that was our remembrance garden. It ran along the back fence, in the highest part of the yard. Dad always said that the elevation allowed those we were remembering to view the rippling water of the dam and listen to the silver barked gum trees that shushed peacefully in the paddocks. Eventually, with scratched and reddened hands, I uncovered the wooden crosses that marked Paddy's grave and our next dog. Sheena and the series of smaller crosses commemorating rabbits and guinea pigs and even goldfish that we'd buried over the years. As I ripped out more weeds, I scabbled around on the ground, trying to find the circle of stones that formed the boundary to mum's clematis. Is saw then through salty tears and wrenched the remaining intruders from their unwanted stranglehold. With dad's spade, I dug a hole and planted 'William Kennett'; an early flowering clematis with deep mauve-blue flowers and placed a circle of stones around it. I buried my handmade sign in front: "Bill and Liz's place."

"That's the one, isn't it dad?" I whispered as I sat on the hammock swing on the verandah sipping tea. I thought I heard him say, "I reckon you might be right," but his spade slipped from its position against the wall of the house and clanged down beside me on the decking, so I couldn't be sure.

# Rippling Time

by Vicki Skidmore

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The girl was running from something. They always are

I was too, when I got off the bus forty years ago. I didn't mean to stay here then; I didn't know where I was headed, and I didn't care as long as it was far away from the city. And from him. I only got off the bus to use the restroom. It was cool in the roadhouse, so I had waited inside, staring out of the window at the emptiness that surrounded me. The combination of red dust, wind and intense heat had given the air a shimmering quality, like it was rippling. Like time was rippling, I had thought, wishing it could, wishing that you could go back and forth in time. Change things. Then I wouldn't have had to leave.

As I had stood staring, the wind had picked up, disturbing the dust even more, so the shimmer became a small whirlwind. The dust had danced and spun, and I had thought I could see a centre forming in it. As I watched, transfixed, a figure had stepped through the dust, head down against the wind, and strode towards the roadhouse. The door had opened and the figure, now obviously a man, had entered akubra hat in hand, his work clothes freshly pressed.

That was when I first met Bill. He was why I stayed.

"Ma'am?"

The girl was standing in front of me, the 'Help Wanted' sign from the window in her hand, which was trembling slightly. She was a skinny young thing, barely eighteen, I thought. She looked tired, drained, as though she hadn't slept in a while.

"What's your name, love?"

"Amy."

"Where are you from?"

She hesitated, looking at me warily. Whatever she was running from, it was serious. Sometimes it was from something they'd done. Sometimes they came here just trying to escape a boring life, or responsibilities they didn't want. But this one was scared. She held herself tightly, shoulders curved in, chin lowered like she was waiting for something to strike her down. Her eyes were full of fear as they darted around the roadhouse. I wasn't going to push her. The truth would come out when it needed to.

She looked like she would work hard.

"OK," I said, taking the sign from her. "You can start tomorrow. A week's trial. You can sleep out back in the caravan. See how we go."

\*\*\*\*\*

It didn't take Bill long to know there was a new one for him. He knows every time - one of his gifts. Amy and I were clearing the tables after lunch the next day when I heard the wind pick up. I went to the window and stood in exactly the same spot I had all those years ago, and looked out at the dust that was swirling and shimmering. The opening formed, and Bill appeared. He was a creature of habit; same entrance every time there was someone new. He was also a bit of a

showman - he didn't need to arrive in that way. He could have just walked up the road like you and I would.

"Morning, Judy," he said as he took a stool at the counter, placing his well-worn hat next to him as he picked up the menu. Same menu I've had for the last twenty years, I reckon, but he still likes to peruse it each time to see what takes his fancy.

I indicated to Amy that she should go and serve him. It was time for them to get to know each other. She looked at me wide-eyed, then glanced nervously over at Bill. I guess if you were looking at him for the first time he would seem a bit odd. He wore traditional bushman clothes - moleskins, a long-sleeve denim shirt, work boots and a handkerchief tied around his neck. It's how they all dressed when I first arrived here. Today the men are a bit more casual, Bill has stuck to the old ways. The thing is, he doesn't look old. I'm not sure what his age is. He looks exactly the same now as he did when I first met him - not young, but not old, his sandy coloured hair thick and wavy, blue eyes bright and alert. He never seems to change.

"He's all right, love," I said, giving her a gentle push in Bill's direction.

She went behind the counter, picked up the ordering pad and pen, and stood in front of Bill, looking down. She began to play with a strand of her curly hair that had escaped from the ponytail she wore, twisting it compulsively around her index finger.

"Amy is it?" he said. "Judy told me she had a new one." He put out his hand. "My name is Bill. Pleased to meet you, love."

Amy stared at his outstretched hand, hesitated, then tentatively placed her small hand in his. "Hi," she said, her voice quavering slightly. "Can I get you something to eat?"

Bill held her hand a moment longer than was necessary, looking straight in to her eyes. "Sure, love," he said. "I'll have the big breakfast, poached eggs, no tomatoes."

He smiled at Amy as she moved to the grill, then turned to look at me. Slowly he nodded his head.

\*\*\*\*\*

The sun was finishing its descent when I settled down on the well-worn couch on the roadhouse's front verandah. I was later than normal. I had been helping Amy settle in to the caravan, giving her supplies from the store that she kept telling me she would pay me back for. Girl had a strong sense of right and wrong; didn't like to take charity.

My nightly cup of tea warmed my hands against the sudden chill that so quickly accompanied nightfall. I sat staring out at the emptiness as it darkened. After so many years, I was still amazed by how it went from such a harsh, brilliant brightness to this murky blackness so quickly. The white lines that traced the highway were barely visible now, tapering off in to the distance. Not much traffic came along at night. It wasn't safe to drive the long empty highway after dark - you wouldn't want to break down, or hit a 'roo or a dingo out in the middle of nowhere.

I lounged back and closed my eyes. It was safe here, blanketed in the stillness of the air, the emptiness of the land, cocooned in its protective arms. It was when you were crowded in you needed to worry. There was nothing here that could hurt you. There were wild dingoes that would try and some spiders that you wouldn't want to meet but nothing that you really needed to be scared of.

A light breeze whispered around me, breaking the stillness. The faint background sounds of the animals and insects disappeared, as an eerie quietness settled around me.

I felt Bill sit down on the couch next to me.

"She's troubled, that girl," he said, in way of a greeting.

"By what?"

"Violence. Abuse." Bill sighed. "The things

that men do when they know no better."

I turned toward him. "Abused how?" I asked, old feelings squeezing my stomach. I didn't question how he knew. He was never wrong.

"Stepfather. Drunk." Bill bit down on the words, his anger at his fellow man greater than normal. "That's why she's run. Mother too weak, or too stupid, to help her." He stood up, and nodded his farewell. "I'll see you tomorrow morning, Judy."

"What are you going to do about it?" I called after him as he walked off down the road towards the bush. He didn't respond. I sat and watched him disappear into the darkness.

\*\*\*\*\*

Amy settled in well over the next few weeks. My initial assessment had been right - she was a hard worker, never complaining about anything I asked her to do. And she was honest; the register balanced perfectly each night, which doesn't always happen. Each day I watched her relax a little more, smiling patiently at the busloads of tourists that came in, cameras slung around their necks, newly bought bushmen's hats on their heads, as she served them cold drinks and coffee. Every now and then I would catch her standing by the window, staring out in to the heat and dust, as though she was waiting for someone. She began to remind me of myself.

Bill arrived every morning at 9 o'clock, looking for his breakfast. I noticed that at ten minutes to, Amy would stop setting up the tables, and move to behind the counter, putting out the menus and readying her ordering pad. The wariness towards him she had on her first day was long gone.

We were busily preparing for the buses that were due in that afternoon when the man and woman arrived. Bill was still sitting on the counter stool, lingering longer than usual over his coffee. Telling Amy to keep going, I moved to the counter to serve them. The woman, middle-aged, in khaki safari style shorts and a white t-shirt, was ogling the cakes under the glass holder. The man, also middle-aged, paunchy around the middle, was hissing at her to hurry up and order her coffee. With what was probably long practiced disregard of her husband, the woman smiled at me, pointed a manicured fingernail at the cream bun and asked "is it fresh?"

"Arrived yesterday," I answered.

As I spoke, I heard Amy gasp. The woman and I both turned to look at her as she dropped her cleaning rag and ran out of the back door of the roadhouse. I looked to see if Bill had noticed; he was already out of his seat moving towards the front door. The woman turned and whispered something to her husband.

"That young girl," she said, turning back to me. "Is her name Amy Johnson?"

"Amy Johnson?" I repeated. "No, that's my niece Stacey. My sister's girl. Here for the holidays." The woman didn't look convinced. "Now," I said, "which cake will it be?"

\*\*\*\*\*

I watched the woman and her husband through the window, as they got back into their four-wheel drive. The woman was talking animatedly, her hands gesturing wildly. Her husband kept shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head. I don't think he'd seen Amy, and was probably trying to say just that to his wife. I waited until they drove off, heading north. Once their car was out of sight, I went out the back to the caravan.

I knocked, got no answer, so I let myself in. Amy was stuffing clothes roughly in to the shabby duffle bag she had arrived with, the middle of her bed covered in the bits and pieces of her life.

"Love, it's okay," I said. "They're gone."

"They know I'm here," she said, continuing to shove things into the bag. "I can't stay. He'll find me..." she trailed off. It was the first time she'd referred to any part of her past.

"No, he won't," I said forcefully. "I would never let that happen to her. We'll make sure of

it."

"You can't."

"Yes we can. Bill can. He can protect us...I mean protect you."

She stopped her violent packing, and collapsed on the bed, tears flowing down her face. "I don't know how he can," she said. "No one has been able to stop it before."

I didn't know how to explain it to her, how Bill would protect her. I didn't understand it myself. But I believed it was true. I was living proof.

"Who were those people, Amy?"

"Friends of Mum's." She hesitated, used to secrecy. But the time for secrets was passed. "They would've known I'd run away. They wouldn't know why though; Mum would have told them I was just acting up. That's what she said to people - Amy's just acting up."

I had a sudden impulse to find Amy's mother and give her a hard slap. Instead I sat down next to the sobbing girl and took her hand in mine, feeling the contrast between her smooth, child-like skin and my work-worn leathery hands. With my other hand I gently turned her face towards me.

"I know what you're feeling, love. No," I said as she started to protest, "I do. Trust me." I felt tears well in my eyes, tears I had refused to indulge for so many years. "Stay. Stay here with Bill and me. It will be OK."

She looked at me searchingly, staring into my watery eyes, wanting to believe me.

"OK," she said.

\*\*\*\*\*

The first letter arrived a week later. We only got the post every Tuesday and Friday. It's normally just a stack of bills and catalogues; there's nobody that would send me a letter.

It was addressed to "Miss Amy Johnson, c/o Blengarra Roadhouse, Blengarra, NT." You have to give Australia Post credit - they find you when they need to. I'd already looked at the return address - a Mrs. S Johnson, from a suburb in Adelaide. I handed Amy the pale blue envelope without a word. She gave a gasp of surprise, put it in her apron pocket and went back to filling the sugar dispensers.

Another letter arrived the next week, same pale blue envelope. On the third week, I caught her slipping a letter of her own into the mailbox hanging on the hook outside the door.

Two weeks later she was gone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bill arrived right on 9 o'clock, sliding through the door with his usual jaunty walk and beaming smile. He found me down on my knees, scrubbing the tiled floor. He didn't need to ask why.

"When did she go?"

"This morning," I said. "7 o'clock bus to Adelaide, I think. Didn't show up to set the tables."

"You been cleaning ever since?"

I didn't answer. I paused, surveyed the floor, and moved further down the tiles to continue scrubbing.

"She's gone back home?"

"Yes." I stopped working. "Found a note in the van when I went looking for her. Seems her stepfather got himself locked up. Nearly killed a guy in a bar fight." I stared at Bill. "Know anything about that?"

He smiled and shrugged.

"Of course not," I said tersely. I knew I should be happy for Amy. But I was consumed with a sense of loss.

"Judy," Bill said, in the calming tone he always used at these times, "You know it's the right thing. That's why we're here, to help these poor kids..."

"Yeah, yea," I cut him off. "I know." I hauled myself up from the floor with more difficulty than I was comfortable with, and walked over to the counter.

"Bacon and eggs?" I asked him.

Bill smiled. "Sure love, that'd be great."



# Bushwalk

by **Cherry Prior**

It was early morning when I took my first walk, post fires, in the bush that runs right up to our place. I had always walked our dog, Nick - half blue heeler, half hunting whippet, on a leash after learning the hard way he had more than a passing interest in native animals. I started out, as usual, that way, but after a while I didn't see the point. There were no wallabies to chase, no echidnas to bark at, not even the sniff of a fox's tail slipping into the scrub. I released the catch clipped to his collar and he darted off, for once being allowed to follow his nose.

The circuit I travelled runs between farmland and plantation bush and then diverts right, and right again, through the tall timbers, until I hit the dirt road back to home, a two hectare farmlet about 4km out of the tiny township of Boolarra. It usually takes me 35 minutes on a round trip (nearly as long if I jog, which I do on rare occasions). Six days after the 'Delburn Complex of Fires' ripped through our district, destroying 30 homes and putting the state on notice for what was to come, the smoke was still rising from the softly burning tree trunks and mounds of earth. The bush (I noticed with wonder that you could see right through it after the fires) was all blackness and sinister silence; I was so used to the early morning cacophony that only when faced with the reality of not a single birdcall did I realise how much I had taken for granted.

For me there is no point rehashing the terror of those few days, when the fires con-

sumed our every thought; when I feared, more than once, that my home and members of my family would be taken; the grief when I learned close friends had lost everything but the clothes on their backs; the realisation that this would be a part of our children's psyche for the rest of their lives. It is an experience many of us have lived or at least read about over and over again, until it makes us nauseous and we can take no more.

But on my walk through the bush, at that point still two days prior to the horror that was to be Black Saturday, I had a personal epiphany. The doomsdayers and soothsayers had been preaching it for years but until then I had only half an ear to the sermon - even as a member of one of our more prominent environmental organisations. On my walk through that silent blackened bush, I stopped, lifted my face to the heavens, held my arms wide as though embracing the universe, and wept with understanding. For we humans might be feeling the heat, but it was Mother Earth who had reached the point of exhaustion, whose suffering was intolerable.

My walk took a little longer than usual that day, but as I headed for home I realised that I had mentally shifted the blame - from the alleged arsonist that they are still seeking for the fires around our township, and from the earth itself - to we humans, all of us. It is our need to devour as a means of achieving a fulfilling life that is at the core of our modern culture and the core of our destructiveness, or

plundering of Earth's gifts. It is this plundering that renders our plant vulnerable, our future insecure. I shifted the blame and I shared in it. It felt right to take some responsibility.

About 100 meters from home, on a small track that leads almost directly to my driveway and a route I have taken hundreds of times, I was surprised to see a large, well worn, blackened horseshoe, half buried and in the still warm ashes and revealed by the big burn. I stopped to wonder at this - surely a sign, surely a measure of the cards I had been dealt. As I looked closer I saw more, tens of horseshoes, strewn about haphazardly, their mysterious appearance intriguing and delighting and bringing some relief to me and my raw emotions. At once I knew I had to return to collect them. They had to be rescued for I was meant to find them - and do what with them I didn't know, but I had to bring them home.

I returned later in the day - the contractors coming through assessing the burnt trees for safety were perplexed by this 40 year old woman and her four-year-old daughter wandering home with a metal bucket, and later a wheelbarrow, filled with ancient horseshoes. It turned out there were hundreds, possibly thousands of the things, in the wasteland on both sides of the path. A horsey friend suggested they may have been worn by Clydesdales.

In my heart I know I was meant to find them, for they shared a secret that would soon

be public knowledge - that we were so lucky here in our town. I would never wish to devalue the fear, the pain, the grief and the loss felt here in Boolarra between Wednesday 28 January and Friday 30 January - when families were rendered homeless and our township - all exits blocked due to the fires - felt like a war zone. But those with whom I speak concur: we are lucky. Our fires were a week earlier than everywhere else, so we didn't have the freak temperatures of Black Saturday, and we had the full resources of the CFA and the Department of Sustainability and Environment protecting our town. We know that if our fires took place a week later, our story would have been that of Marysville's.

Now that the weather has turned colder, the water tank is nearly full and the burned and twisted trees are getting their lime-green regrowth, making them look like hairy old men, it's easy to become complacent again. So when I need to be shaken, to remember why it is that we need to work with Mother Earth instead of against her, when I start feeling a little sorry for myself or wishing the cold weather away, I head out to my front verandah. And there I find my wheelbarrow full of lucky horseshoes - still unexplained (I could investigate, but I prefer not knowing why they are and how they came to be); still not showing me what I am to do with them. They languished long enough in the bush, they're in no hurry, methinks, and when the time is right I will know.

## Undertaken Sandra James

Poor old Fred he passed away not a penny to his name  
With very few belongings and without much claim to fame.  
His next door neighbour found him down by the vegie patch  
With his radio still calling out the local footy match.

He had a betting ticket in the pocket of his pants  
But the horse he'd picked to win that day didn't stand much chance.  
They called the undertaker, a man of sombre tones  
With his dark grey suit and snow white shirt, I think they called him Jones.

Jones looked about the little house when they'd carried Fred inside  
Though quite threadbare and Spartan Fred had kept it with such pride.  
But not a single thing of value could be seen on the shelf  
No antiques, no family heirlooms, not a single sign of wealth.

Sombre Jones turned up his nose as he examined poor old Fred  
Until he found a betting ticket in the pocket of the dead.

He'd often studied racing form; he knew a horse or two  
And he quickly hid that ticket from the next door neighbour's view.

The funeral was quite moving for Fred had many friends  
And Cousin George had volunteered to provide a fitting end.  
There was no money for the funeral but Jones did not seem to mind  
He didn't ask a single fee; the thought him Oh, so kind!

Jones quickly left the gathering for he had something else to do  
He had a certain betting ticket hidden carefully in his shoe.  
I cannot say just how much the local bookie paid  
But Sombre Jones was smiling thanks to all the cash he'd made.

For his act of generosity Jones was held in high esteem  
And no one ever knew that things were not as they did seem.  
But sombre Jones has paid his price as the wicked often do  
Each time he passes old Fred's grave he quivers in his shoes.

He hears the sound of horse's hooves racing on the turf  
And the sound of ghostly laughter from way beneath the earth.  
He cannot pass the betting shop; his conscience pricks him so  
And he rues the day he took the ticket that would cause him so much woe.

## Blue Gum Hill Barry W Metcalf

I climbed steep slopes of Blue Gum Hill,  
Branches reaching for the sky.  
The path was littered with leaves and bark -  
Treacherous as ice on rock.  
I slipped, I stumbled, sliding back;  
Two steps lost for each three gained.

Above me, white clouds floated past,  
Sailing ships through blue-green leaves.  
The forest below was bathed in mist -  
Diaphanous as a shroud.  
Panting, faltering, I pressed on,  
Kookaburras mocking me.

I paused beside a lofty tree,  
Trunk thick and straight and towering.  
The day was hot, my throat was parched -  
Arid as any desert.  
Rapt, I surveyed the splendid view;  
Nature's bounty on display.

Before me spread a patchwork quilt,  
Hazy mountains to the north.  
Steam from towers rose, billowed and curled

Dragons' breath to my mind's eye.  
I sighed, inhaled the heady scent  
Of the fragrant eucalypts.

Descending by an easier path,  
I hastened with fading light.  
Shadows lengthened as sunset encroached

Shrubs and bushes cloaked in gloom.  
Driving home, I vowed to return;  
Conquer Blue Gum Hill once more.



## Evening Myrna Stanlake

The purple shades of evening  
Drift in across the land  
The warm rosy glow of sunset  
Has faded into a hazy band

Night scents drift up skywards  
From the sun warmed soil below  
Scented shrubs and blossoms,  
Crate perfume where they grow.

The night sky darkens quickly  
And evening stars appear,  
Twinkling above the hill tops,  
In an atmosphere quiet and clear.

Above the eastern tree line,  
A golden moon creeps high,  
Bringing light and colour,  
To a darkened evening sky.

Nocturnal birds and creatures,  
Venture out into the night,  
Playing, chattering, feeding  
All gone before daylight.

And so the evening passes,  
Night time slips away  
The early morning sunlight  
Will greet another day.

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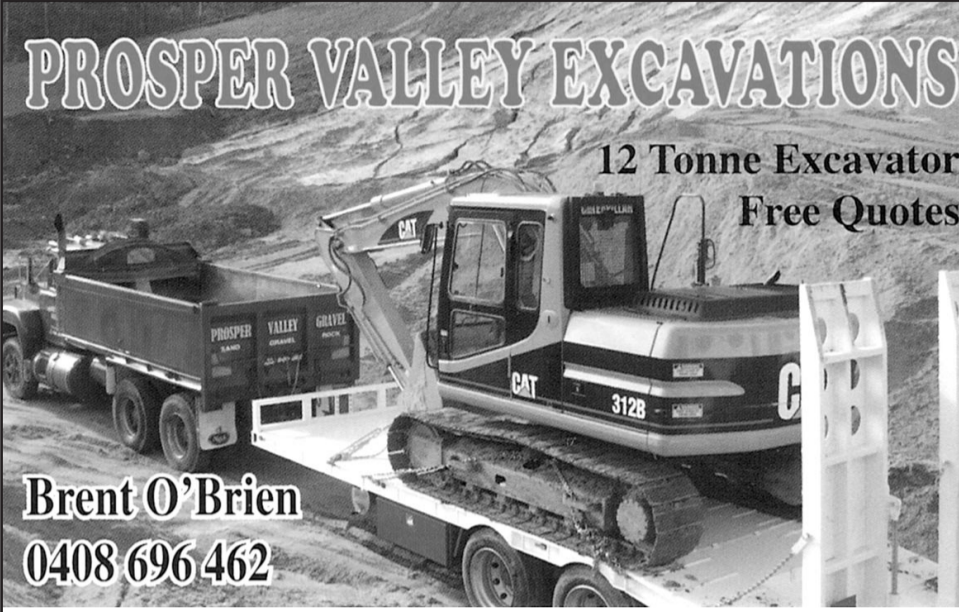
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# BREATHE BREATHE

An Exhibition by – Chris Ireland

*You are invited to the opening of a photographic exhibition of widows in Gippsland.*

*The venue will be the Latrobe Regional Art Gallery  
Commercial Road, Morwell*

*Time: 6.00pm*

*Date: Friday 4<sup>th</sup> of September, 2009*

*Drinks and nibbles supplied*

*The exhibition will be open in gallery hours till the 4<sup>th</sup> of October, 2009*



## Breathing is the basis of life.....

It is a tragic fact that thousands of Australians die each year from diseases caused by inhaling asbestos fibres

In a cruel irony, the very strength and resilience of the asbestos fibre, once hailed as a "wonder fibre", is the undoing of many who breathe it in. Once it has embedded in a person's lung, the tiny fibre may give rise to cancers and lung disease which eventually rob the patient of the very capacity to draw breath.

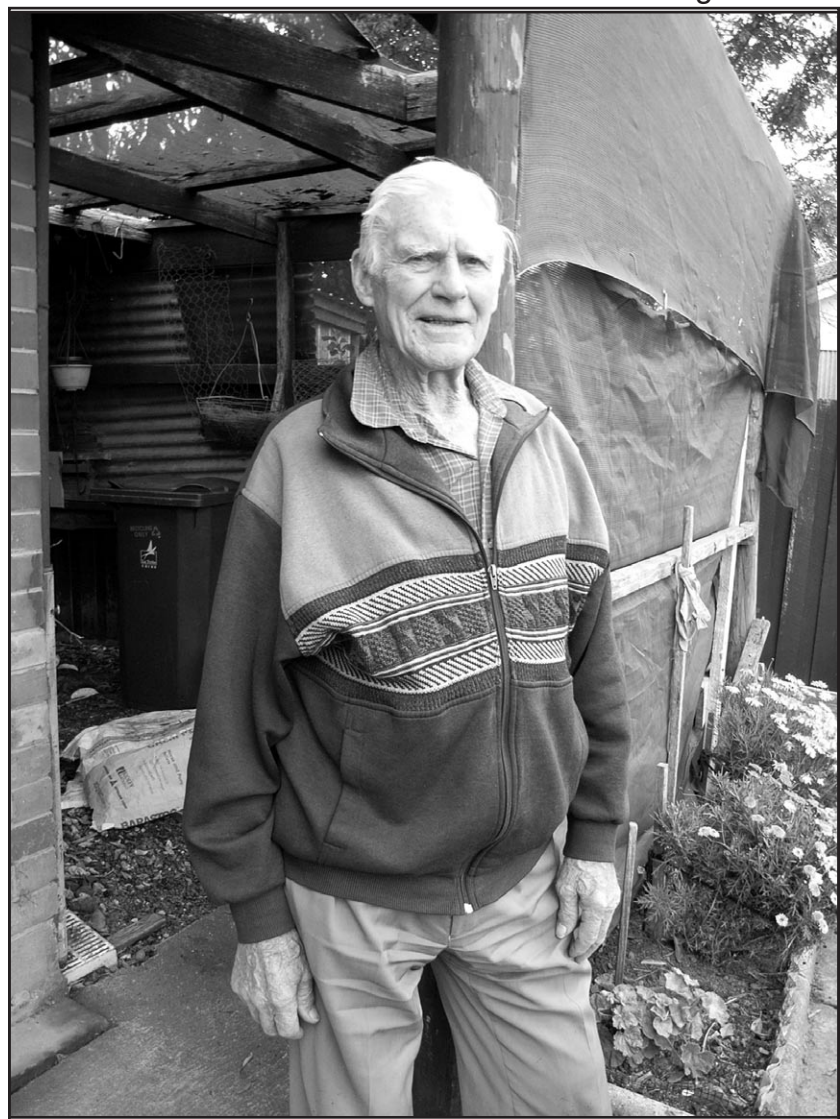
Many healthier, breathing Australians will fall victim to fibres that already lodge like tiny time bombs in their lungs. These are the workers, renovators and random exposed who will become disease statistics as death rates peak in about 2025.

Asbestos leaves a cruel legacy. In the dread that it engenders, in the pain and suffering it brings to so many families, in arrested dreams, in the sheer contemplation of what may lie ahead, it knocks us breathless.

One particularly poignant legacy is the widow. She faces her loss daily. How does she cope? What strengths does she draw from her husband's memory? What encapsulates her resolve to live a meaningful and purposeful life?

This exhibition, simply titled Breathe, is dedicated to those widows united by that loss, and to their men who have gone.

Theirs is a story about strength, resilience and the will to breathe.



## Local Identity Turns 95

Local identity Eric Rowley celebrated his 95th birthday on Sunday 9th August with family and friends.

His family included his wife Dorothy children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

## Kurnai Chaplaincy



It has been said that it takes a village to raise a child. I'm sure that we've all experienced times when we've needed to rely on others for support. Fusion Chaplaincy aims to bring that support and community that each of us need, around the high school students of Kurnai College.

Currently Fusion employs three chaplains; Kylie Maynard works on Thursdays at Morwell, Coral Walker on Tuesdays at the Gippsland Education Precinct and Geri McClure on Wednesday and Friday at the Churchill Campus. The role of the chaplaincy is to provide personal support and pastoral care to the students, staff and school community, and to assist in creating a supportive learning environment with positive outcomes. This is done through being available to talk with students, staff and parents about any issues that are concerning them and creating/providing programs which will benefit the school community. Here are two of them.

**THE MENTORING PROGRAM AT THE GEP** aims to help support students, mostly on a personal level to help boost their self esteem, relationship skills and applying themselves to their schooling. We

have Mentors that come as volunteers from the community, local business or Monash Uni Students as part of their placements. The program recently ran for ten weeks with the Mentors coming once a week to visit their Mentee/Student for an hour. There were also group activity days which were financially supported by the "WildFireProgram" @ Monash Uni, which included "Art Graffiti" and cooking baked potatoes.

**LUNCHTIMES WITH A DIFFERENCE (LWAD)** aims to provide activities with a fun and welcoming atmosphere during lunchtime that will make contact with many different students within the school, and provide opportunities for reflection on values. There is a monthly rotation of the four different activities; Circus skills, Craft activity, Sports activity and a music program. The circus skills provides a chance for students to step outside their self-concept, the craft is often linked to a value discussion, providing a chance for reflection in an informal setting, the sports activity is a great energy release and the music program has strong links to the Generation Y radio program.



## KIDS Field Day Inspires Students About Safety

More than 50 students from seven Latrobe Valley region primary schools discovered new ways of thinking and playing safely during a KIDS Foundation Safety Education & Leadership Field Day at Lavalla Catholic College.

The Field Day aimed to empower young students to think safely while still having fun, because every day in Australia 5000 children are injured and 200 are hospitalised with many of these incidents happening at school.

The Field Day was the highlight of the KIDS Foundation Safety Club program which is supported by Australian Paper and educates primary school students and teachers to realise injuries and incidents are predictable and preventable, and strives to nurture a 'think safe, play safe' culture in school communities.

Safety Clubs operate in over 120 schools nationally, including 15 schools in the Latrobe Valley region which are actively supported by Australian Paper's Maryvale Mill.

Safety representatives from Australian Paper's Maryvale Mill will also participate to share safety tips

and join students on a 'safety walk'.

KIDS Foundation Schools Coordinator, Emma Conn said the Field Day was an opportunity for students to learn about safety through fun, interactive activities.

"We aimed to challenge and inspire students to create a safer school environment by developing their leadership potential through a variety of activities", said Ms Conn.

Australian Paper's Maryvale Mill Safety Health and Environment Manager

Jenine Smith said Australian Paper was pleased to be assisting KIDS Foundation in teaching and empowering children about safety through the Safety Club. The contribution of \$20,000 was made possible through the efforts of Maryvale's employees working together to achieve the site's positive safety measures over the last 12 months.

"The Safety Club safety education program reflects Australian Paper's own strong safety culture in preventing accidents and achieving zero injuries in the workplace" said Ms Smith.

# Lumen Christi Primary School

## National Tree Planting Day



On Wednesday July 22nd, Grade Two children from Lumen Christi participated in National Tree Planting Day. Students planted a new garden bed to further develop the landscape in the school grounds. The students involved planted their own

trees, and helped to mulch the garden. Grade Two children learnt what is required to care for the plants in our environment. Miss Harris said that "all the children were enthusiastic about the task, and now will also be planting their own vegetable garden".



## Fairytale Fun in Grade Prep

In term two Grade Prep at Lumen Christi have been having lots of fun enjoying fairytales. To bring these tales alive we celebrated with a special 'Fairytale' Day. The children took great delight in dressing up as fairytale characters. There were lots of fairies, pirates, princesses, bears, and a special appearance by Optimus Prime and Spiderman.

Mrs Moss made a lovely 'Tinkerbell', whilst Mrs Webster made a very bad witch. Mother Bear was there and Princess Jasmine. Great fun was had in making fairy wands, swords and treasure maps. The Preps even helped make 'fairy bread' and 'pigs in blankets' for the shared lunch. It was a day of fun and fantasy for all!



## Confirmation

At the end of term two, 17 children received the Sacrament of Confirmation. Our school is very fortunate that we have such a terrific partnership between the school and the parish and that the preparation of these children is such a joint effort.

We experienced two great liturgies, lead by Father Hugh Brown, and which were supported by Nathan Klep on the Saturday night and both the Men's choir and children from Lumen Christi on the Sunday.

## Fire Safety



The children at Lumen Christi are very grateful to the CFA for the wonderful work they do in fighting fires, and also for taking the time to visit our school and teach about fire safety. Grade

Prep children learnt about good and bad fires, and what to do if there is a fire. At the end of the program the visit by the fire truck is always a highlight for the Grade Preps.

## National School Pride and BER Funding

Lumen Christi was successful in our application for National School Pride and BER funding. We have all been very excited this week as the work on the new fence commenced. The children kept a close eye on the process and had many questions and comments about the proceedings. It is looking fantastic.

The concept plan for the \$2 000 000 project through the BER funding: new library, new student amenities and refurbishing of admin area is up on display in the foyer. The whole community is over the moon about this venture, Lumen Christi have been applying for grants for years and have been unsuccessful even though there has been a great need.



## Sport at Lumen Christi

Last term we were heavily involved in a number of sports courtesy of our involvement with the VPSSA Yinnar and District. We had a football and netball team involved in the annual winter sports day, as well as soccer on the second last day of the term.

Our girls were victorious with the soccer and, as well a mixed t-ball team, will be involved in the Zone Finals over in Traralgon. Our school is very appreciative of the outside help we were able to get with soccer and we thank Tom Sands and Erin King for all their time and effort with soccer coaching.



# Lumen Christi Primary School

## World Environment Day

The children celebrated World Environment Day with a multi age activities day. Some of the the activities included a whole school mural, computer activity, tree planting, recycled art, paper mache pots and a guest speaker, Dan Clancy from Gippsland Water. To conclude the day Grade 4/5 did an Enviro Machine Presentation where they used power point, music and movement. Everyone was very impressed.

"I liked the paper mache" said Jacob and Toby.  
 "It was great doing the wall mural", said Imogen and Chloe said "like the painting too because Chelsey and I did a tree."  
 Gabby said "I like planting the trees best" and Zara Louise said "It was too hard to choose."



### Perceptual Motor Program

During terms two and three Grade Preps participate in our Perceptual Motor Program. The children are divided into groups and rotate through six activities.

The activities change each week and are designed to help develop the children's balance, co-ordination and motor control.

Bronwyn Slater, a yr 5 student was baptised during last term. This was a lovely celebration with the Parish.

# Boolarra Primary School

## Thank you So Much!

We have been overwhelmed by the generosity of everyone following the trauma of the fires at the start of the school year. We have been deeply moved by the outpouring of support that has been directed our way, especially when there were so many other communities even more devastated the week after.

The most recent generosity came from Lumen Christi primary school in Churchill who have kindly offered to provide \$400 which will go towards our performing arts program.

## Exciting Building Projects

We are benefitting from the injection of funds provided by the federal government through the Building the Education Revolution (BER) initiative. We have two major projects underway. The 1st is to extend and enlarge two existing classrooms.

second project will provide a new permanent building to replace the existing 'portable' Library / Technology Lab. The plans for both projects are displayed at the school. We are very grateful to School Council parents Michelle Hassett and Michelle Birkbeck, teacher Tina Larrad and grandparent Cliff Prior for their help as members of the BER Working Party.

## Bike Ed Program

We are very conscious of the risks associated with our students riding their bicycles on the narrow roads around our town. For many years now we've worked hard to do all we can to ensure that our students ride as safely as possible.

Our grade 5/6 teacher and Bike Ed Coordinator, Ms Tina Larrad is commencing our intensive Bike Ed program now. We are very grateful to the parents who assist us with this program. Our success in this area is evident in our school being the Latrobe Valley Bike Ed champions so many times we've lost count (12 times perhaps?)

## Community Internet Access

Thanks to a tip off from Col Brick, one of our parents on the Boolarra Community Development team, at the end of last year we successfully applied for a grant to make our computer lab available to the wider community after school hours. Anyone who wishes to do so is welcome to attend our Community Internet and Computer Access program on a Tuesday afternoon from 3:30 until 5:30 pm.

Bookings are not required, just roll up to the office and sign in at our Visitors' Book. Former parent Pauline Garood is running this program for us.

## Visiting Show

Our students really enjoyed the most recent Visiting Arts Show which featured African singing, dancing and drumming. Some samples of the P/1/2 students' writing about the show are included below:

*People from Africa came to Australia. They were funny because they were saying funny words. They came from Ghana and they played loud music with drums and they laughed a lot. We all danced at the end and it was very loud. Everyone in the whole school got to dance. The whole school had a lot of fun. The teachers even danced with the Africans. By Adam*

Today some drummers came to our school. They were dancing and singing. It was fun when they were dancing because the man was shaking. I liked the part when the whole school danced and the teachers did too. By Emma

*Some people came from Africa to perform a show for us. They played the drums and the wooden balls. They sang songs and danced. I played the drums. After that we all got up and danced. By Teisha*

People from Africa came to our school. Their country is called Ghana. They came from Africa to Australia. I got picked to go up the front and dance. I had a great time. They were singing and dancing and when they were dancing they shook their bottoms. It was funny. They sang lots of songs. By Caleb

*Today some African drummers came to our school. They were fantastic at drumming. I danced at the end. By Sasha*

## Community Library

Our school Library features a section that we set up for parents and other community members to use. For ease of access sample material is housed near the school office.

However, we have additional material in the Library/ Computer

Laboratory. Anyone who wishes to borrow is welcome to do so. We are very grateful to Boolarra community members Roz Carstairs, Emma Cooke and Val Henderson who volunteer their services to help maintain our Library resources.



## Art Program

Our grade 5/6 students are really enjoying applying plaster to their faces to create masks. A few have taken the opportunity to make plaster casts for a finger and caused their younger siblings a few moments of concern in the process.



## Maintaining Our High Levels of Academic Achievement

At Boolarra Primary School our students achieve outstanding academic results. We have resolved to use the 2nd semester of 2009 to focus our energies on our core business of teaching and learning as the first half of the year has been so disrupted.

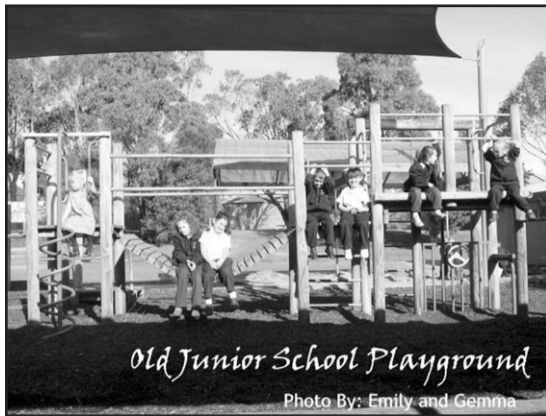


# Churchill North Primary School

## NEW JUNIOR SCHOOL PLAYGROUND

As reported last month, the junior school will soon be receiving a new playground. Children from prep, one and two were all involved in choosing the different playground features. Over the weekend Mr. Hunter, Mr. Ceeney and Johnno put in a great days work to remove the old playground and sandpit.

The area is now cleared ready for the new playground.



*Old Junior School Playground*  
Photo By: Emily and Gemma



*New playground coming soon*  
Photo By: Emily and Gemma



*Playground Construction Begins*

## More Churchill North Primary School News.....

### School Open day

A successful open day was hosted in July with many new families taking the opportunity to tour the classrooms and school facilities. Enrolments are currently open; please contact the Office on 51221976 if you would like further information.

### Kinder visits

It is a very exciting time of the year when students from local kinders visit neighbouring schools, students participated in some great activities with our prep teacher Mrs Dunne

### Maths Homework in Senior Grades

Students within our senior grades have recently seen the introduction of a new form of maths homework known as the 'Maths Mate'. The amount of work required from each student increases with the grade level and is aimed at preparing students for the level of work load expected in high school, as well as giving children an opportunity to refine their maths skills.

### Press Club

After a term of applications and selection, members of the press club have been announced and have already had several meetings. The club of 7 students from grades 3 to 6 meet every lunch time to discuss article ideas and upcoming events in the school community. Children are working on producing a magazine to

come out each term; this will contain both imaginative and informative articles. Watch out for articles from members of our Press Club in the next edition of Churchill News.

### German Poetry Day

Congratulations to our students who participated in the German Poetry Day held at the Astoria Club in Morwell. Frau Backhausen and the students have been working hard in the lead up to the poetry competition. All students did extremely well with Richard receiving 1st Prize, Tanielle 2nd Prize and Tamara receiving an honourable mention in the Year 5 section. Samantha also won 3rd Prize in the year 6 section.

Each year our students do well in the competition and receive great results. Children in grade 3 to 6 learn German with Frau Backhausen each week. Those students showing particular ability also have the opportunity to participate in German extension.

### Student Congratulations

A special congratulation to Yong Le and Samantha in grade 6 and Maddison in grade 2. These students have won an award for their story writing in the Churchill and District News Story Writing Competition. They attended a special awards night to receive their prizes.

## SOUND OF THE WEEK



Children in grade Prep and 1/2 continue to learn their sounds through creative and fun activities.

'W' for Wheels - This month, both grades had a wheels day to accompany other work on the 'W' sound.

All children were invited to bring their bikes, scooters or favourite toy with wheels. Children had a lesson on traffic safety and the opportunity to ride their bikes and scooters around the school. Children in grade Prep finished off their week by making Waffles with ice cream.

'E' for Eggs - Children in grade Prep re-enforced their work on 'E' with an egg tasting. Their teacher, Ms Dunne cooked up a storm with the grade Preps in the staff room - preparing fried eggs, poached eggs, scrambled eggs and soft boiled eggs.

'J' for Jelly - This week children are refining their knowledge on the letter 'J' by making Jelly, doing Jelly Bean maths and doing Jelly Fish craft.

## Sound Way begins for 1/2s

Children in grade 1/2 have been counting the days for their opportunity to start The Sound Way Program again. The program has been welcomed with excitement and anticipation after children from grade 2 had such a great time last year. This is the first time for this year's Grade 1's and they have already expressed a like

for the program and look forward to story time which wraps up each lesson. The Sound Way sounds, known as Phonic Communicators are regularly re enforced with our sound of the week program and through games and activities used in literacy centres.

## Bike Riders bring special opportunity for Churchill North Students

This week bike riders raced though Churchill on their way to Boolarra in the first leg of their Tour of Gippsland Road cycling classic.

Children from a number of grades were out in support to cheer

them on as they passed through Churchill.

The school was offered the opportunity to run a drawing competition in relation to the event.

The winning student was offered

the opportunity to fire the starting gun under the Big Cigar when the race re-starts.

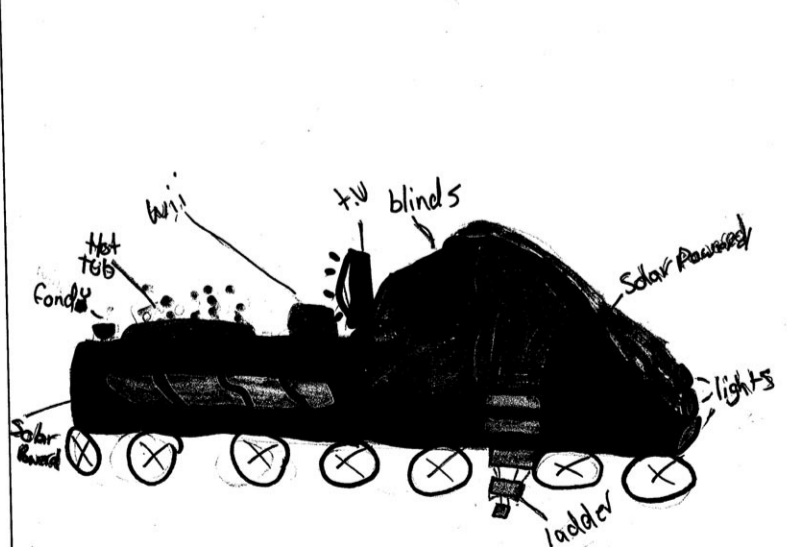
*We are pleased to congratulate Kailee for her winning entry.*



### Reasons to get on your bike!

- Its a great form of exercise
- Its faster than walking
- You can ride with as many friends as you want
- Its environmentally friendly
- Saves Mum driving the car
- It can take you to amazing places

AND ITS LOADS OF FUN!!



## The Dream Machine

## Kurnai College Campus Churchill

### Computers Given Away

Kurnai College has a program which gives computers to students who were in need and would make good use of them. 25 have already been distributed. The students, the school believes, will now have access to a computer which will improve their work ethic, thus helping their

school work.

The person responsible for ensuring the computers are in good working order is Information Technology technician Simon Pickett. Simon has worked long and hard to make sure the computers function well.



Simon Pickett working on one of the old computers to make sure it is in working order.

## BEACH VOLLEYBALL COURT

The beach volleyball court is ready for action, as soon as the surrounds are completed. The Hands On Learning Team under Paul and Dave will complete this project. Then staff versus year level matches will begin.

Special thanks go to Laurel Kane for her idea, initiation and implementation of the project, and also the Hands on Learning Group and their staff for a great effort.



Nello Carbone, Principal with Laurel Kane on the newly completed beach volleyball court.

## BLUES BROTHERS PRODUCTION AT THE CHURCHILL CAMPUS.

After the release of Jake Blues from prison, he and brother Elwood go to visit the old home where they were raised by nuns. They learn the church stopped its support and will sell the place to the education authority, and the only way to keep the place open is if the \$5000 tax on the property is paid within 11 days. The brothers want to help and decide to put their blues band back together

and raise the money by staging a big gig. As they set off on their "mission from God" they seem to make more enemies along the way. Will they manage to come up with the money in time?

The play was performed by the Year 9 students as part of their year level project. It has been a good way for students to learn some practical skills in different areas, and how to organise and plan to meet a goal.

Three groups of students have been involved with the play including the Production team, who have been rehearsing and learning some of the skills and developing knowledge in the drama

area. The Behind the scenes team have been involved in building the sets and producing some of the clothing needed for the play. The Running Smoothly team have been involved in producing the media for the play including a Web site, Programme, and other articles and posters advertising the play around the school and in the community.

Students performed on July the 22nd and 23rd, in the theatre at the Churchill campus in front of family and friends. The students



## Fire Relief Assistance

Teacher Debbie Sheppard and Chaplain Geri McGuire sought students who would like to help people in fire affected areas. Six students volunteered and went with Debbie and Geri for three-quarters of a day, to do some tree planting and fencing on fire affected proper-

ties.

The school is proud and happy that these compassionate students put up their hands to do this work, showing they have a high level of interest in what happens to other people.

## Language Centre

It has been confirmed that the new building for a language centre is going ahead. This is a \$1.9 million project. The preliminary earthworks will start in the next month or so. Then it will be all systems go with the completion date being June 2010.

The allocated budget will include provision of furniture and fittings.

Principal Nello Carbone will attend an information briefing in Melbourne, and then will meet with the project manager.

The new centre will put their ESL (English as a Second Language) and LOTE (Language Other Than English) programs as a high priority. Nello hopes this facility will attract more students including overseas students. Almuth Otten agrees and says there is a growing interest among the students to learn another language.

Almuth adds that the new centre has many possibilities as a language and culture facility running courses for professionals working with the local migrant communities. It will be a community education centre as well to encourage links between the community and the school.

Nello and Almuth both hail the new addition as a win for Kurnai College Churchill Campus.



Nello Carbone and Almuth Otten surveying the plans and location for the new Language Centre.

## DARREN CHESTER - VISITS KURNAI SENIOR CAMPUS

Federal Member for Gippsland - Darren Chester visited the GEP Campus of Kurnai College recently to speak with senior students. Mr Chester spoke about his experience in growing up in Gippsland and outlined the course of his career including how he moved into politics. He encouraged all students to make the most of their opportunities and to be positive about their potential. He then opened up the forum to questions and discussion. After an initial lull the questions started coming thick and fast.

The vigorous discussion centered around issues that were both topical and of relevance to young people. Mr Chester appreciated the opportunity to hear from young people as they too often don't get the voice they deserve in contributing to political debate and decision-making. The feed-

back from students was positive with many impressed by the willingness of Mr Chester to discuss issues in a frank and open manner and for his commitment to take the views of the students into account when determining his position on issues.



along with the campus band directed by Ian Hopkins and Joseph Bonnici sang some of the songs that made the movie famous such as 'Minnie the Moocher' and 'Shout'. The play was a great success and showed some of the student talent that we have at the Churchill campus and with the students in general.

A web site which was part of the project has been developed and can be seen on the Kurnai web site at <http://studentprojects.kurnacollege.vic.edu.au/> and includes pictures, video and information on the production.

# Hazelwood North Primary School



## Visit to Gippsland Education Precinct

The Grade 5's and 6's from Hazelwood North Primary School went to the Gippsland Educational Precinct to learn about the Kahootz program in the computer laboratory. All of our grades from the school will go over a four week period.

It was great fun and the V Team taught us new things about Kahootz and we all surprised the V team with our talent at using Kahootz. We were able to save our work. Everyone enjoyed it and we all had fun. The V Team were very helpful. *By Caitlin*

## More Hazelwood North Primary School News

### Building Improvements

Hazelwood North Primary School students and staff are looking forward to new building projects which will begin soon.

A new classroom block and a hall funded by the Commonwealth Government.

A library/computer/art room funded by the Victorian Government.

In addition various refurbishment projects are underway funded by the

Commonwealth Government. Among the projects are new carpets, interactive whiteboards, improved storage and display facilities in classrooms and a new storage shed.

### Prep Enrolments

There has been significant interest in Prep enrolments for 2010. It is still not too late to enrol. A telephone call to the school (51661267) will ensure time is set aside for a tour and an opportunity to ask questions.



## Descriptive Writing from Grade 5/6 F

### The Desert

As I walk around this unknown place I can feel the soft sand around my feet as they sink into the ground. The warm wind is blowing into my face and it warms me up. In the distance I can see a mirage and all of the heat rippling off the surface of the plain. When I breathe in the air I can smell the sandy smell and even some of the sand that has blown around is in my mouth and it tastes weird, it makes me cough. Then I hear the wind blowing up the sand and a snake's soft hiss! Now I feel my feet hitting the ground as I am running away from the snake. As I run, I realise that I must be in the desert.

*By Jess N*

I can see the thousands of red sand dunes with ripples in them. I can see where snakes and lizards have left their trails in the sand. Snake trails can go for as far as I or any other man can see.

I can hear the spine tingling sound of a rattle snake and the wind is howling like a wolf in Canada. I can see the wind lifting up the sand as it glitters in the sky. When I look up to follow it, the big, bright, large sun hits my eyes and I can feel a

stinging sensation in my eyes. I can feel the hot sand go through my toes. As I grow weary I can taste the water in my mouth as sand flies into it. Then I see it- a river with palm trees and green grass. I sprint towards it and dive in. It tastes so real and great, I swim around. I open my eyes and see that it was a mirage. I lie there and die.

*By Cooper*

The desert looks desolate and empty, but then I realise there's so much more. I see trees, although the ground is dry and sandy, I see dry grass struggling to survive. Small reptiles scurry over the ground and under rocks.

Sand sifts through my bare toes, there is kangaroos hopping in the distance far away. I soon hear trickling water above the sound of wind moving sand over the big, never ending dunes.

There is a small pool, the water is cool, probably because it is shaded by two big trees. The air smells fresh and open though it is so hot. I start to feel like going home. I don't know where I am, but I have a feeling I'm stuck out here for a

*By Jess Fo*

The desert looks bare. All I can see is the pyramid in the distance and the sand dunes. All I can hear is the wind and the occasional sound of an animal scurrying along. Eventually once my eyes adjust to the bright light I see the unique patterns on the dunes.

A dust ball comes across the desert plain. My parched mouth tastes the sand. The sand looks a copper/bronze colour. I touch my cracked lips and feel sand in the cracks. I started running because I could suddenly taste water.

*By Riley A*

I'm all alone in the dry, hot, sandy desert. No water, no food, nothing. All I can see is the never ending sand and little animal's footprints. They are everywhere, all different shapes and sizes.

All I can hear is the wind rushing through my ear. The only other thing I can hear is one small lizard hissing at me because I'm stepping on it's home.

I can taste the sand flying into my dry dehydrated mouth. Trust me it doesn't taste nice! All I can smell is a dried up lizard.

*By Jade*

## Junior School Council- Terms 1 and 2

Terms 1 to 2 this year was interesting and great fun in Junior School Council. Some of the activities that we did included an Activities Day for the whole school with some great sports like footy kicking, volley ball, juggling, basketball shots, soccer and relays. Some of the other events we organised were Crazy Hair Day, Fluoro Clothes day and lots more fun activities. We also were trying to raise as much money as we could for

our sponsor child in Zimbabwe, Enara. Junior School Council is now sponsoring another child. Her name is Fezile and she lives in Swaziland in Africa and she is three years old. The junior school councillors were rewarded with pizza lunch. We now have selected new junior school councillors and hope we can keep up the good work around the school.

*By Tyler*

## Snowmen

The ingredients to make a snowman is a chocolate snowball, 2 mini musk sticks, tooth pick, a snapped in half tooth pick, marshmallow, mini marshmallow and a strip of liquorice. The whole school wanted to make them. If you want to make one this is how to do it-

1. Put tooth pick in chocolate snowball.
2. Put marshmallow on.
3. Put mini marshmallow on.
4. Put musk stick on as nose; eat other half.
5. Put snapped off tooth pick in 1 half of musk stick.



6. Put strip of liquorice around marshmallow.
7. Put icing as eyes and mouth.
8. Wait for icing to dry and then eat.

*By Tyson*



# Churchill Primary School

## Victorian Cross Country Championships

Ellis Hayes-Hills and Brandon Scott represented Churchill Primary School in the Victorian Cross Country

Championships. They are to be congratulated on doing their best in a tough and competitive world.

## Kinder Visits

Three groups of pre-schoolers and their parents arrived by bus to spend an hour exploring the school. They started off in the staffroom, having breakfast. This was followed by a welcome for Principal Susan Gilmore. Then members of the School Council helped with a tour of the school. After this the pre-schoolers went to the Prep rooms

where they participated in some activities.

It was lovely to see the bright-eyed little faces full of enthusiasm for what lies ahead of them as they start school in 2010. From Churchill Primary School, they boarded the bus and went off to Churchill North Primary School.

## Attendance at Research Conference

The school was invited to attend the DEECD (Department of Education and Early Childhood Development) Research Conference, because the Prep-2 team has been involved with the action research project in the Developmental Curriculum approach, and Churchill Primary School's research paper was published and showcased for the occasion. Helen Dyson attended to represent the school and stated that she was proud of the research done at the school and the recognition given

the work by the Department.

Helen was pleased to note she found it affirming to know that the research carried out at Churchill Primary School mirrored the research of other primary schools, which is continuing to seek and monitor ways to engage all children at all stages of their development.

We are always trying to improve outcomes for all our students and the children at Churchill Primary School have responded well to the play and project based Investigation Time.

There are many other schools in Victoria implementing the developmental curriculum approach in order to more effectively facilitate the transition from pre-school to primary school. This approach takes into consideration the developmental needs of each child.

The DEECD's blue print for the Early Years of childhood development states that "Schools should be ready for all children" rather than the previous mindset that "Children should be ready for school."

## Grade 3/4 M Sing to Open a Conference

The students of 3/4 M were asked to sing two songs which at the opening of a conference held at Monash University on Friday 24th July, conducted by Uniting Care/ Kilmany Uniting Care.

The children sang beautifully, for an appreciative audience. The children did a great job of representing the school at a community event.

## Writing Competition

It was really pleasing to see the number of Churchill primary school students who received awards for writing in the Churchill and District News Writing Competition.

The school would like to thank the Churchill and District News for the opportunity to participate and promote such worthwhile pursuit.

Helen Dyson was very pleased to

be asked to present some of the awards for primary school children at the Presentation Night.

## Visit From Keep Fit and Healthy, Don't Sit

This visit was an awareness raising activity for the Grade 5s.

The students brainstormed what a "leader" is, and explored the word "respect".

The students were split into girls and boys, then Glen Barlow from Latrobe City Energy ran basketball drills focused on teamwork.

and vegetables, and the students participated in games involving smell, touch, taste and sight to identify the fruit and vegetables

The students were also given food wrappers and they had to read the food ingredients and especially note the fat and sugar contents. This was a real eye-opener for some students.

The children were asked about the

physical activities in which they participated, including sports, clubs, community groups such as Scout and Girl Guides etc as a way of focusing on the importance of having fun and being active.

It was voted a fantastic and worthwhile day by staff and students alike, because the leaders were very engaging.

## Earn and Learn

The Grade 3/4s are all excited and motivated about being involved with this program.

It is a wonderful opportunity for students to gain an insight and knowledge into how our economy works. They have the chance to experience what it would be like to be responsible for financial matters including the costs of living, earning wages and superannuation, home loans, and many more facets of day to day tasks that most adults have to deal with in the course of our lives.

The students have been applying for jobs, deciding

where they can afford to live. Each classroom is set up as a country with students buying or renting properties, paying taxes and bills, establishing businesses and learning about positions of responsibilities within a community. (See pictures below.)

This program is part of the curriculum, lasting all term. Apart from managing their own finances, the children experience such civil matters as noise and environmental pollution, fines, and civil services such as the Post Office, Bank and Police.

## Lani Murdoch



Since Lani was in Grade 3, she has participated in the school soccer team. In 2006, Mr Charlie Towmey who was a teacher at the school, and coach of the Soccer Club. He has seen Lani play and knew her capabilities, so was prepared to put someone as young as in Grade 3, into the school soccer team.

In 2007, Lani was part of the girls soccer team which represented the school at The State Primary Girls

Soccer Championships.

Lani plays sweeper or centre back.

The school is very proud of Lani as she has been chosen to play in the Victorian Team.

When Lani was asked what it was about soccer that she loved; was it the footwork; scoring goals, head butting the ball; she just laughed and said with a big smile on her face that she just loves it all.

The school wishes Lani good luck!

## Watch This Space



Not much has happened with the proposed building as yet- BUT watch this space!



# Hazelwood House Happenings

## Hazelwood House 12th Birthday



The Strzelecki String Busters entertained at Hazelwood House's 12th birthday party. A big thank-you must go to the band for making our birthday night so enjoyable.



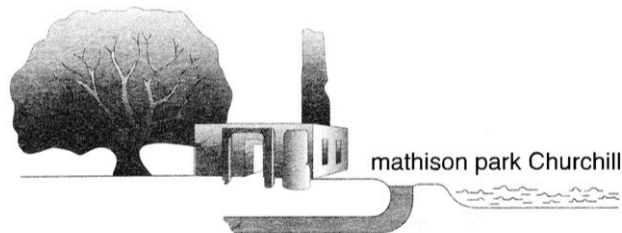
Our newest resident Joan Greaves cutting the cake at Hazelwood House's 12th birthday party. Care Manager Gail Dudley and Activities Coordinator Beth Price stand by



Once a month we hold a cultural day and for the month of July we chose China. Our guest speaker was Jill Parker who had recently visited China. Jill gave a very informative talk about her time spent in China



Marian Bell celebrated her birthday with family and residents at the hostel on the 24th July



# Mathison Park

## Diamond Birds

Dead trees from the plantation along Tramway Road have been pushed over, the ground cleared, holes filled in and some top soil spread. The Mathison Park Committee is very grateful to Latrobe City Council Depot Staff for the completion of this work.

At the last working bee new seedlings were planted as a beginning to the revegetation of the area. There was also a checking of plants put in last year on the eastern side of Lake Hyland.

Despite the very hot summer and lack of rain a good number have survived.

Those with missing stakes had them replaced and any dead trees had the stakes and tree guards removed.

The grass on the lake side of the eastern pathway was also mown.

It was a very productive working bee. Thanks everyone.



The crew planting the new trees

By Ken Harris

Among the smallest birds in Australia are the pardalotes, often known as Diamond Birds, because one, the Spotted Pardalote – *Pardalotus punctatus* has clear white spots on the wings, tail and crown of the head, as if it were sprinkled with diamonds.

There are two pardalotes in Victoria and both of them are regularly seen in Mathison Park, but they are not easy to see because of their small size and their habit of feeding mostly in the upper foliage of the trees.

The Spotted Pardalote is a colourful little bird. The male is predominately black with white spots, but also has a yellow throat, yellow under the tail, and a chestnut rump with a rim of bright red. The female is duller and has creamy-yellow instead of white spots on the crown of the head

Hard to spot among the upper branches of trees, it gives itself away by its distinctive call - a 2,3 or 4 note call sometimes described as saying 'sleep baby' or 'sleepy baby' with the first word a higher note than the second.

Hard to see when feeding, the spotted pardalote is much easier to see when nesting. It excavates a hole in a sandy bank, so is usually quite low down and the birds can be watched carrying grubs into the hole for their nestlings. Unfortunately there are no suitable sandy banks in Mathison Park and we have not found them nesting there.



Striated Pardalote

The Striated Pardalote – *Pardalotus striatus* is even commoner in Mathison Park and its distinctive call of 'Pick-it-up' is a common sound in the park in spring.

It is not really a diamond bird as instead of spots it has white striations on its head and wings. It also has a yellow throat, but lacks the colourful rump of the Spotted Pardalote.

It also nests in holes, but it usually chooses a hole in a tree rather than excavating a hole in a bank.

My second picture shows one I found in Tasmania, which was nesting in a hole in the eaves of a friend's house. It is shown with a beak full of food for its family and a CSIRO band on its leg.

The pardalotes are delightful little birds and it is good to know they are thriving close to Churchill.



Spotted Pardalote



# CHILDRENS CORNER



Hi Boys & Girls, welcome to the August edition of the Churchill & District News. This month we have some poems, a word search, sudoku, and a dot-to-dot colouring in. Be safe and have a great month!

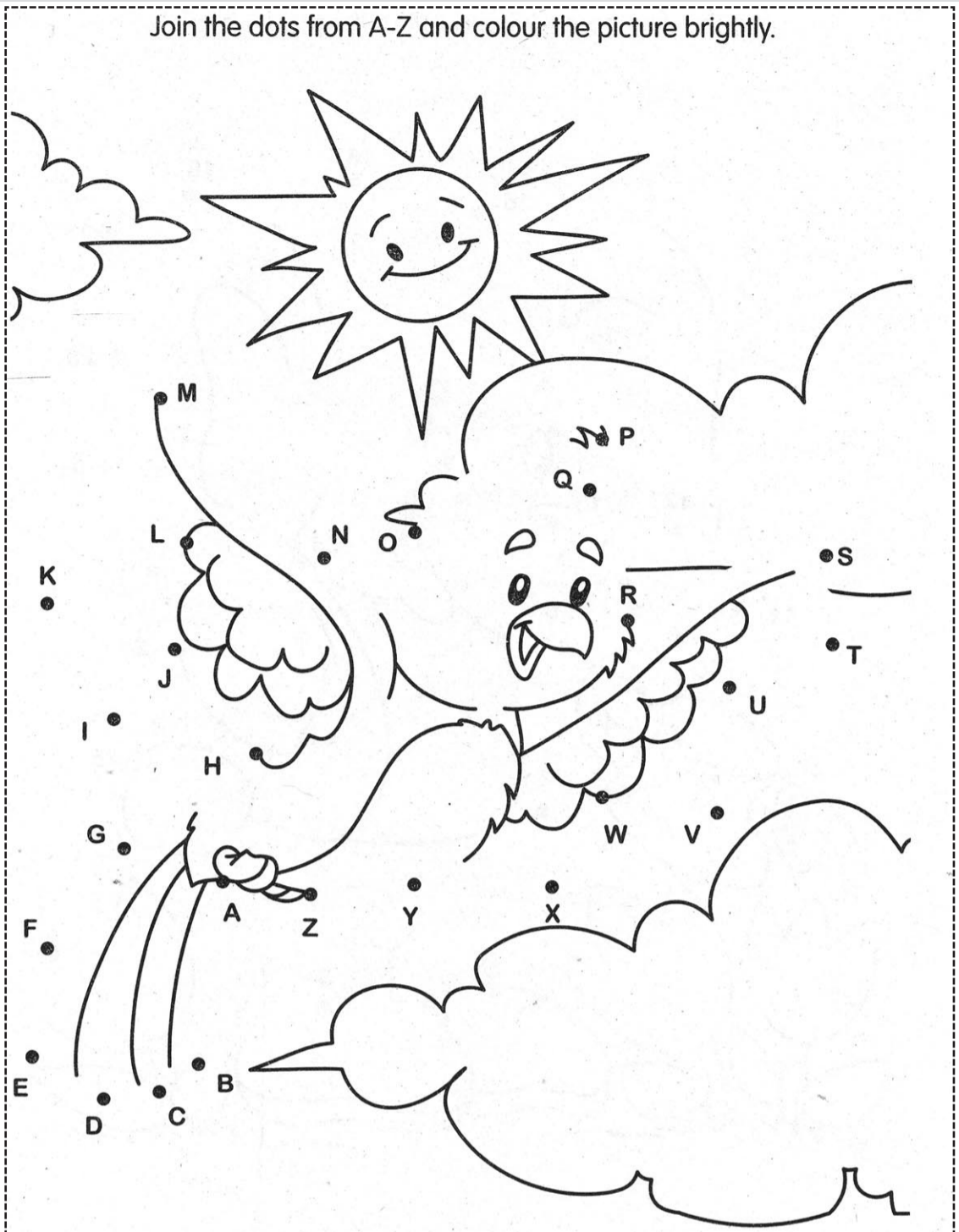
Y	T	W	F	Z	F	O	X	H	P	J	M	X	E	Y
W	M	O	R	A	N	A	Y	R	J	I	X	W	E	W
A	W	U	R	R	J	V	T	Q	Y	X	Q	E	A	R
X	M	G	L	E	V	S	K	I	B	D	W	E	E	B
S	O	N	Q	L	F	N	M	L	M	S	I	K	N	E
Z	V	P	U	G	E	E	X	U	D	F	E	R	Z	K
W	J	D	I	M	I	T	R	O	V	E	D	C	H	P
F	F	P	D	N	A	K	R	E	S	A	H	C	F	N
L	I	X	D	Y	R	E	T	A	E	B	O	Y	A	R
Y	Y	N	I	O	X	E	I	A	W	N	E	V	F	O
L	U	N	T	R	Q	P	B	X	N	L	O	O	N	J
F	D	K	C	T	L	E	U	O	G	N	M	K	M	W
T	I	S	H	H	X	R	L	I	A	G	Z	L	U	S
V	O	N	A	H	C	L	U	V	H	C	Y	O	G	U
V	A	E	D	O	Y	Q	I	G	Y	H	Y	V	A	Z

BEATER	LYNCH	SEEKER
CHASER	MORAN	TROY VIKTOR
CONNOLLY	MULLET	KRUM
DIMITROV	QUIDDITCH	VOLKOV
IVANOVA	QUIGLEY	VULCHANOV
KEEPER	REFEREE	ZOGRAF
LEVSKI	RYAN	

## SUDOKU

The Sudoku puzzle consists of a 9x9 square grid made up of smaller 3x3 squares (regions). The numbers already present within the puzzle are 'given' - these are there to start you off. The aim is to complete the puzzle by filling the empty cells. Every number 1 - 9 needs to fit in each row, column and region of 9 squares. Each row, column and region must contain just one instance of each number 1 - 9

		1	2				6	
	6		7				5	2
2	9						8	7
				7	2			6
9	4			6			5	1
1			9	4				
7	5						2	4
6		4			8		3	
	3				7	6		



## POEMS

### My Dog is Not the Smartest Dog



My dog is not the smartest dog alive.  
 He seems to think that two and two is five.  
 He's sure Japan's the capital of France.  
 He says that submarines know how to dance.  
 My dog declares that tigers grow on trees.  
 He argues only antelopes eat cheese.  
 He tells me that he's twenty nine feet tall,  
 then adds that ants are good at basketball.  
 He claims to own a mansion on the moon;  
 a palace that he bought from a baboon.  
 He swears the sun is made of candy bars,  
 and says he's seen bananas play guitars.  
 It seems to me my dog is pretty dense.  
 He talks a lot, but doesn't make much sense.  
 Although I love my dog with all my heart,  
 I have to say, he isn't very smart.  
 --Kenn Nesbitt



### My Turtle Is the Sporting Sort



My turtle is the sporting sort.  
 His sports are all extreme.  
 He got so good at sleeping  
 that he joined the napping team.  
 He frequently competes  
 at moving slowly in the yard,  
 and, recently, he's got the hang  
 of staring very hard.  
 He races other turtles, seeing  
 who can come in last.  
 I hope you weren't expecting  
 that my turtle would be fast.  
 He's not too fond of motion,  
 so you'll never see him run.  
 He only plays the kinds of sports  
 that turtles think are fun.  
 --Kenn Nesbitt



## Churchill Monash Golf Club Results Round Up

**MEN**  
 Saturday 11/7/09 4BBB Stableford Championships - Round 2.  
 Winners: B Downie/N Lugton 48 pts.  
 R/up: G Spowart/S Wotton 46 pts c/b.  
 DTL: T Webb/M Maselli 46 pts, B Kearns/D Beyer 44 pts, A Sharrock/M Bren 43 pts c/b. NTP: 3rd S Wotton, 12th M Smart. Birdie: 12th M Smart.  
 Sunday 12/7/09 Stableford.  
 Winner: B Kearns 44 pts. DTL: D Beyer 43 pts. NTP: 5th D Beyer, 12th B Kearns. Birdies: 5th D Beyer, B Downie, 12th B Kearns.  
 Saturday 18/7/09 4BBB Stableford Championship - Final Round.

Day Winners: T Webb/ M Maselli 51 pts. R/up: M Fletcher/ H Martin 47 pts. DTL: G Fraser/ K Hills 44 pts, D Scurlock/ R Scurlock 43 pts, P Ludlow/ R Welsh 43 pts. NTP: 3rd G Down, 5th H Martin, 12th D Taylor, 14th M Peel. Birdies: 5th P Smart, M Fletcher, M Peel. 4BBB STABLEFORD CHAMPIONS: D Beyer/ B Kearns 140 pts. Runners Up: T Webb/ M Maselli 138 pts.  
 Saturday 25/7/09 Stroke/Monthly Medal.  
 Winners: Scratch R Scurlock 79. A Grade R Scurlock 70. B Grade/Medal G Miller 64. C Grade S Wotton 73. DTL: P Kearns 70, A Sharrock 70, P Williams 71,

H Martin 72, M Fletcher 72, G Spowart 73, B Piekaar 73, D Steyn 74. NTP: 3rd A Auld, 12th R Scurlock, 14th B Piekaar. Putts: G Miller 26.  
 Sunday 26/7/09 Stableford Winner: B Barnes 37 pts. DTL: M Smart 36 pts c/b. Par played Saturday 1 August CCR 70 40 Players  
 Winners A Grade P. Williams (16) sq cb. B Grade R. Welsh (24) sq cb. C Grade B. Downie (27) 1 up. DTL P. Ludlow sq; R. Viti sq; P. Shields sq; M. Smart -1cb; A. Auld -1cb; J. Thorby -1cb NTP 3rd H. Martin; 5th N. Lugton; P. Rickwood Birdies J. Ambrosini 12th  
 Stableford Played 2 August Winners

B. Downie (27) 37pts; DTL J. Ambrosini 35pts NTP 12th M. Smart; 5th B. Downie  
**LADIES**  
 Tuesday 14/7/09 4BBB Stableford Championships - Round 1.  
 Winners: S Cooke/M Munckton 47 pts. DTL: M McDonald/Y Wotton 40 pts, D Scurlock/ J Blizzard 39 pts. NTP: 5/14th (0-32) D Scurlock, (33-45) M Munckton. Birdies: 5th D Scurlock, 12th V Verheyen.  
 Tuesday 21/7/09 4BBB Stableford Championship - Round 2. Winners: J Blizzard/ D Scurlock 45 pts. DTL: J Beck/ B Beebe 44 pts, V Verheyen/M McConville 41 pts. NTP: 5/14th (0-32) D Scurlock, (33-45) M Munckton. Birdie: 12th S

Cooke.  
 Tuesday 28/7/09 4BBB Stableford Championships-Final Round.  
 Day Winners: J Leslie/L Peake 43 pts. DTL: Y Wotton/M McDonald 41 pts, D Scurlock/J Blizzard 40 pts. NTP: 5/14th (33-45) L Peake. 4BBB Stableford Champions: D Scurlock/J Blizzard 85 pts. Runners Up: J Leslie/L Peake 83 pts.  
 Monthly Medal Played 4 August 15 players Scratch Winner Y. Wotton (25) 99; Medal Winner M. McDonald (32) 73; DTL Y. Wotton 74cb; B. Beebe 74 NTP 5/14th 33-45 L. Peake Count Putts H. Croft 29



## Optus and FFA Deliver to the Football Community

In an exciting boost for grassroots football, Optus and Football Federation Australia (FFA) are delivering special football kits to over 50,000 young football players in regional and urban areas around Australia as part of the latest Optus Small-Sided Football (OSSF) program.

All under 6 registered OSSF players across the country will receive a football kit, which includes a t-shirt, football and backpack. Their local club will also receive some much needed equipment and resource materials.

On Saturday August 1, 2009 at Hazelwood South Reserve Tramway

Road, Churchill local Optus Store Representative Alastair Doherty and local MP Russell Northe distributed OSSF kits to children from 11 local football clubs.

OSSF is football for children, played on smaller fields, with fewer players on a team and with an emphasis on having fun through playing football. OSSF maximises participation for all players and is an important component of FFA's commitment to building for the future.

"For more than a decade football has had the highest participation rates of any sport for boys aged 5 -14. It is also the fastest growing team sport for girls. We are thrilled, that together

with Optus, we are able to support grassroots football in a practical way," FFA Chief Commercial Officer, John O'Sullivan said.

"Communication and teamwork is essential to winning any football game and plays a crucial role in Optus' business of connecting people," Michael Smith, Managing Director, Optus Consumer said.

"As part of being the Official Telecommunications Partner of FFA, Optus is the exclusive partner to the Optus Small-Sided Football program, providing valuable football supplies for thousands of young football players in the cities and regional areas



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"Optus invests in towns and communities, ensuring that customers have easy access to the latest and greatest products and importantly we continue to bring competition.

"Now with the unique and fresh approach of Optus Small-Sided Football, we are keen to support this important program and encourage

even greater participation in the game," Mr Smith said.

With the start of the Hyundai A-League 2009/10 season approaching, players from the nine Australian clubs will be visiting OSSF clubs in their local area, in support of the initiative.

For more information regarding OSSF visit: www.smallsidedfootball.com.au

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# Monash University Gippsland Open Day 2009



More than 41,000 people visited a Monash campus in Victoria during the University's 2009 Open Day weekend from 1-2 August.

Monash University Gippsland is the only regional campus. Eight of the 10 Monash faculties are represented here, providing a broad array of undergraduate and postgraduate academic programs and research activity. The Gippsland campus is approximately two hours drive from Melbourne and has national parks and outdoor recreation opportunities on its doorstep.

The Gippsland campus hosted prospective students and their parents on Saturday 1 August. Visitors were also able to chat with current students and lecturers and find out about the University's new and existing courses.

