

Somers Paper Nautilus

Inclusiveness and openness, catering for a diversity of views without rancour.

Issue 66 January-February 2017

Birthday treat



A Sunday morning breakfast birthday treat at the Somers General Store for Janus Karnowski, surrounded by his wife Brenda, daughter Melissa and grandchildren Emily and Thomas. The spectacular seagull backdrop was supplied by local artist Jasmine Wigley.

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Printing: Curry Printing, Rosebud

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Letter to the paper

I refer to the article in the November-December edition of the Nautilus, titled 'Somers Path Network Update'. The article noted that VCAT had declared the Special Charge Scheme as invalid, due to deficiencies in the Public Notice that was issued by the Council. This is indeed the case. The full decision can be obtained at <http://www.austlii.edu.au/au/cases/vic/VCAT/2016/1986.html>

The article then goes on to say "that the Special Charge Scheme is no longer in play; the Somers concrete footpath network cannot be constructed as originally proposed".

In essence, there are 4 grounds to have the scheme declared invalid (note that it is only the Special Charge Scheme and not the actual path itself that was contested). All four grounds were contested, and three were dismissed. One was upheld. The 4 grounds are:

Was there a failure to comply with s 163(1B) of the LG Act (public notice)? – Result; this ground was upheld. (Yes, there was a failure to comply with the requirement of the Public Notice)

Was the Committee under s 223 of the LG Act properly constituted? – Result; this ground was dismissed. (The Committee was deemed to be properly constituted)

Did the Council fail to consider all relevant matters? – Result; this ground was dismissed. (The council was deemed to have considered all relevant matters)

Was the decision to declare the special charge wholly unreasonable in the assessment of special benefit and the distribution of the special charge? – Result; this ground was dismissed. (The charge scheme was not considered to be unreasonable)

Thus, the ONLY reason that the scheme was declared invalid was due to the lack of information in the public notice. VCAT raise the suggestion that the Council can remedy this by issuing a notice that includes the relevant detail. From Section 85 of the decision (bolding mine):

"The scheme has been declared invalid at a threshold level. However, because of the extent of argument about the review issues at the hearing, and the **prospect that the Council may seek to re-establish a similar special charge scheme with a more effective form of public notice that cures the defect exposed in the declaration proceeding**, we still consider it appropriate to comment on relevant aspects of the review proceeding."

Regarding the review proceeding mentioned in the above paragraph, there are four grounds for review, had the scheme not been declared invalid. All four were contested, all four were considered by VCAT, and all four were dismissed.

It seems to me that if the council simply re-issues the Public Notice with the correct information, there will be no avenue through VCAT to contest the special charge scheme, or the path. To say that the path cannot be built is premature, in my opinion.

Personally, I am in favour of the path, and I hope that the council re-issues the notice and builds the path.

Ian Seward, Somers

Speed limits

CR DAVID GILL

As the local government representative of Red Hill ward, which covers 50% of the Mornington Peninsula Shire I am very worried about the state of our roads on the Peninsula.

In the short time since being elected I have received many complaints from residents concerned about road conditions and dangerous intersections. The accident rate on the Peninsula is far too high.

To alleviate all problems would be beyond Council or state budgets and Vic Roads has a priority list for funding that relies on deaths before action is taken.

Our local roads were not planned and built to accommodate the heavy local and tourist traffic punishing our fragile system, especially the once little-used cross-peninsula 'tracks', since paved and now heavily used to discover the many delightful destinations on the Peninsula, or simply drive to work, shopping or our kids to school.

Because of the obvious need for action, speed limits have been gradually reduced along some roads, the latest being Balnarring and the Bittern-Dromana roads, but there is a lobby against these speed restrictions. Many of us like to drive our cars very fast - speeding fines are a major fund raiser.

Nevertheless it is time to take a stand on this issue.

• We need an overall strategy, not a piecemeal approach.

• If roads cannot be maintained properly or fixed and intersections made safer, then speed limits should be lowered.

• We must look at all our non-freeway arterial roads and I suggest reduce the speed to 80km on most of them.

• Authorities must sit down together and produce a plan to make our area safer.

We need to reduce the appalling number of accidents on the Mornington Peninsula.

Pressure from the public on local members of Parliament and the State and Federal governments will serve to highlight forgotten Peninsula safe parliamentary seats and may force action before further carnage erupts on our roads. ☺

Our purpose

Somers Paper Nautilus aims to connect all the groups and individuals of Somers and to help reinforce a sense of community and belonging by giving them an avenue of expression through:

- News relevant to Somers and the surrounding area as well as items of general interest.
- Stories and examples of local creative endeavour.
- Letters.

The Paper Nautilus will not become involved in party politics nor take sides on any issue. However, we encourage readers to feel free to express their opinions on matters that concern them and the Somers community.

The volunteer editorial committee will have the final decision of the paper's content and reserves the right to edit or omit any item on legal grounds or because of space.

Views expressed in the Nautilus are not necessarily shared by the editorial committee but are those of the authors.

We aim for inclusiveness and openness, catering for a diversity of views without rancour.



Nautilus on the Web

Don't forget back issues of the Nautilus are available for viewing at www.somers-nautilus.org.au



A sparkling welcome to the New Year on Balnarring beach, where Balnarring and some Somers residents, gathered to see the display. Photos by Max Hem, who supervises the photographic group in the Balnarring Men's Probus.



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4. Contact dentist

Tooth Completely Knocked Out

1. Pick tooth up by crown only
2. Suck on tooth to remove dirt
3. Put tooth root (pointy part) back into socket
4. Contact dentist

OR

1. Put tooth into milk/saliva
2. Contact dentist (as soon as possible)



Changes at the Preschool



Julie Georgiou is retiring after eight years of dedicated teaching service at Somers Preschool. Presenting Julie with flowers is Amanda Whelan, from the Parents Working Group. From left is assistant teacher Ali Gold, three-year teacher, Sonia Rowley, Julie, and assistant teacher Naomi.



Working to prepare the new play area at Somers Preschool are Phillip Birchall and Scott Harwood

Preparation for a new school year



The day before unleashing the school children on their newly surfaced basketball court, Principal David Ingham is imagining the joy on the children's faces when they see the multi-coloured surface for the first time.



David Ingham admires a long awaited fence. Darrin Karntz, Mark Scoble, Travis McLeod, Jason Hardingham, Shane Beggs and Gerry O'Bryan coordinate the assembly of the fence between Somers Holiday Village and Somers Primary School.

Don't be afraid of being afraid.
Marlon Brando to Marilyn Monroe

Somers Coal and Captain Peacock

GEOFF HALL

Back in the early issues of Somers Paper Nautilus there was some discussion as to the source of coal being washed up on the beach at Somers. Was it from rocky outcrops around the bay? No, the basalt rock ledges and reefs are part of the lava field from the Flinders volcano (located on Phillip Island) that erupted some 40–48 million years ago. Was it black coal or lignite? It's black coal. Could it have come from Kilcunda? Highly unlikely given the land topography and sea currents.

In the January 2005 edition, Rod Nuske wrote, 'It is asserted on very good authority that the coal found on the shore came from either wrecked or distressed ships, and is not in any way connected with the land on the coast.' With coal continuing to wash up along the beach, it was time to test that hypothesis.

The three-masted barque *Brighton* was built in Brooklyn, Massachusetts in 1832. Barques, with the two forward masts square rigged, and the mizzen rigged fore-and-aft were the workhorse ships of the time – not the fastest, but serviceable in most winds and able to be handled by relatively small crews. It was, in today's parlance, 33.2m long, with a beam of 7.1m and a draft of 2.8m – similar in size to Cook's *Endeavour*; itself a converted collier. By 1855 it had spent some years in Australian waters, being registered in 1852 and re-registered in Melbourne in 1854.

Captain Peacock commanded the *Brighton* in Australia in the 1850s and was evidently experienced in coastal sailing. In August 1854 *The Argus* reported that the ship had arrived from Adelaide carrying: 'Passengers-cabin: Mrs. Solomon and two children, Messrs. Symmons, Courthope, Davies, Bevan, Seed, Harriott, Putyman, Elderton, and twenty-six in the steerage.' Presumably steerage passengers had no need for names. The following year, after a refit, the *Brighton* was engaged in carrying coal from Newcastle to Melbourne.

Captain Peacock takes up the story: 'Saturday, July 14th, 1855, begins with fresh breeze and cloudy weather. Hands employed variously. Carpenter repairing jolly-boat At 5 p.m. tacked ship to the westward. At 8, Cape Schanck bore N.E., distant seven miles. Thick hazy weather; wind N.W. Took in top-gallant-smile and furlled the mainsail. Head W.S.W. At 10, heavy rain and strong breeze; midnight same weather. At 3 a.m. tacked ship to the northward. At 4, heavy rain and hazy weather. At 5, same, running along the land, supposing it to be the Port Phillip side, steering N.E. by N. At 7.30, thick and heavy rain. Ship struck, and found we had been steering into Port Western. A strong current must have been setting to the northward; and in consequence of the thick weather, mistook the Schanck for Sandy Point. Ship struck heavily; started

the stern-post, and on sounding, found twelve feet water in her hold. At 11, got off the spit, and ran her on shore full of water ... Immediately on the striking every effort was made by the officers and crew to get her off, but without effect, she remaining sticking till high water, when she floated, but with the water above the 'tween decks; and, from the sand coming up the pumps, she had evidently bilged. The stern-post had risen a foot, and there was just time to run her on shore on the beach, where she now lies, and without a hope of ever coming off.'

The Age carried the following report on 19 July 1855: 'We have received information from a gentleman just returned from Phillip Island, Westernport, of the stranding of a vessel near Sandy Point, between Phillip Island and the main land, off Dr. Barkers station, on Sunday last ... She is lying surrounded by breakers, near the shore, and appears either to have run in for shelter, or to have mistaken Western Port for the Port Phillip Heads. From the difficulties and danger which surround her present position, our informant says there does not appear to be any hope of her ever getting off.'

The Dr Barker referred to was Edward Barker (a surgeon) who, with his brothers William (a medical practitioner) and John, was an early pastoralist on the Mornington Peninsula and the Castlemaine goldfields. While Edward was looking after their run Barrabang, in John's absence, he fought a duel with Maurice Meyrick who owned the neighbouring run, and who had earlier owned Coolart which at that time extended from Balnarring to Sandy Point. Apparently the quarrel

was over the stripping of wattle bark. It is reported that Edward fired in the air but Meyrick's ball whistled past Barker's ear. Edward later left the land to practise surgery in Melbourne where Barkers Rd, Kew was named after him.

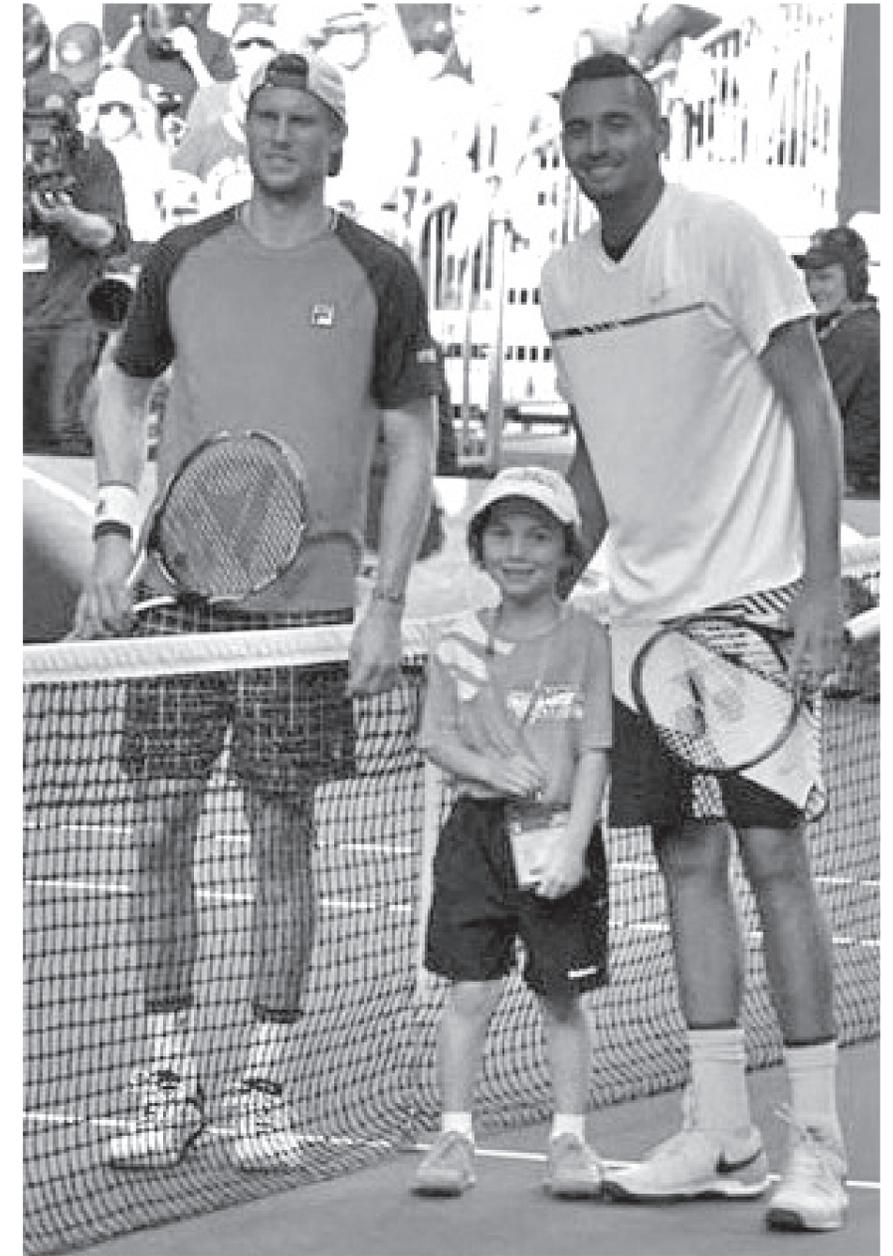
The stretch of coast 'off Dr Barkers station' extended from East Creek at Point Leo to Merricks Beach and it was along this coast that the *Brighton*, which was carrying 658 tons of coal, came to grief. Captain Peacock and his crew who had all survived, chartered the schooner *Caroline* for £60 to salvage what they could from the ship and its cargo. However, with at least 'twelve feet water' in the hold, it would have been impossible to remove all the coal.

We can take the captain's account at face value or we can wonder whether there wasn't some self-interest driving the account. For instance, in 'thick, hazy weather' he claims to have seen Cape Schanck at 8pm on a moonless July night at a distance of seven (nautical) miles – that's about 12.5km and there were no lighthouses along the Victorian coast in 1855. We now know from where he ended up it could not possibly have been Cape Schanck. If he did see a cape, it must have been Cape Paterson or Cape Woolamai. He claims to have 'run her on shore on the beach' – quite a feat considering the water was 'above the 'tween decks' and it would have been directly into the NW wind. In all probability an error in navigation led to them sailing into Westernport during the night in bad weather on a strong incoming tide and running aground off Merricks Beach – modern charts show no spit in the vicinity of the wreck site nor is there any strong northward setting current in Bass Strait. His good luck was to find Westernport – a couple of nautical miles east or west would have had even more catastrophic consequences.

The reported position of the wreck indicates the *Brighton* was in the ideal position to be the source of coal washing onto the Somers beach. The dominant easterly flow of tides and currents (longshore drift) along the coast would ensure that un-salvaged coal dislodged from the wreck would wash up along the Somers shore. The 2005 assertion that the coal came from wrecked or distressed ships is, in all probability, completely correct. ☉

Champion in the making

ROD NUSKE



There were no Somers identities playing in the recent Australian Open Tennis Championship but we do have an interesting connection through the grandson of local couple Tony and Jill Duboudin.

In the photo is tiny Haydon all of six and a half years old about to toss the coin for the Nick Krygios versus Andreas Seppi

match on the Hisense Arena during the recent Australian Open.

Haydon recently won his first under-10 tournament at the National Tennis Centre at Melbourne Park.

I have seen photos of Haydon serving and was amazed at his ability to serve with his feet off the ground like all the star players. ☉



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Plinth smiles with a row of teeth and one green pea

BARRINGTON PLINTH

The story starts with a film-making expedition in West Africa. The unit comprised the film director, Patrick Sarsfield, Plinth on camera and some wonderful African assistants. History buffs might prick up their ears at the name Sarsfield because Patrick had a famous ancestor of the same name. Apparently the original Patrick was an Irish hero of Battle of the Boyne fame. He was leading a group on patrol and they sighted William, Duke of Orange, having his lunch on a hill. The account goes that Patrick Sarsfield stole up privily behind a hedge, preparing to take a pot-shot at the Duke but then he hesitated, deciding that it would be ungentlemanly to shoot someone while they were eating. When the Duke stood up Patrick fired his rifle but unfortunately the bullet lodged in the Duke's bottom. It was said that had the bullet found a more lethal mark, Sarsfield could have been credited with changing the course of Irish history.

So getting back to the teeth business. In the deepest part of the Ivory Coast, the film crew was billeted to a Methodist Mission station. This was manned (or should that be womaned?), by a number of women, all with their hair swirled up

on top of their heads. Alcoholic drinks were not allowed on the Mission which was a disaster for Sarsfield who couldn't exist without a supply of Guinness. His solution was to bring his bottles in past the compound guards in paper bags marked 'medicine'. Dinner consisted of tinned meat, yams and dried peas. Also bread was on the table and this seemed to be comprised of whole wheat grains roasted under compression. It was one of these grains that was Plinth's undoing.

There was an audible crack between a grain of wheat and one of Plinth's front teeth. He could feel the tooth swirling about in the masticated bread. Patting his mouth with a hankie, he excused himself from the table and hurried to the bathroom. Oh what a shock! Holding his tooth between his fingers he looked at himself in the mirror and bared his teeth. Everything about his facial appearance had changed. This was a look of pure evil. Something had to be done.

There were clearly no dentists on the compound so, driven by pure vanity, he went to work. He knew there was a tube of Tarzan's Grip in the camera box so he found it and sat down to read the

instructions on the tube. 'Both surfaces to be glued must be dry', it said. OK, so he patted his gums with the hankie then hung his head out the window into the warm tropical air with mouth agape. That done, Plinth smeared the socket and the tooth with Tarzan's Grip then pressed the tooth home, held it there, and it stuck. What bliss! Plinth hurried back to the table, flashing his restored looks and sat down. A bowl of bread and butter pudding was before him and he immediately realised he would have to devise a strategy to put food in his mouth while by-passing his front tooth which would surely come unstuck. The only solution seemed to be to poke food directly into his cheek. This practice drew some funny looks from his fellow diners but so be it. If he could only hold out until he found a dentist.

Moving over into Ghana, Plinth spied a sign in a dusty shopping street saying 'Dentist'. It wasn't a dentist's surgery as we know it but as it turned out, it was a lot cheaper. The dentist considered the problem then went to work. It was a non-vital tooth so he drilled out the root canal filling, then he inserted a metal spike into the root. He then drilled a tunnel in the tooth and pushed the tooth down in the spike. (Are you following this?). It worked. For two glorious weeks Plinth ventured around West Africa flashing his teeth. However, a further disaster was soon to follow. It proved that, where teeth are concerned one should never become too complacent. On this occasion the crew was housed in a much more liberal compound which meant that alcohol was allowed. This was just as well because the ladies insisted on spending the evenings playing Monopoly and, to save going mad, Sarsfield quaffed his Guinness and Plinth had a nip as well. The trouble was that there was a bowl of nuts and Plinth crashed his teeth on a walnut and the tooth in question split in two. At this stage Plinth gave up. He had a row of front teeth with the most prominent one missing and in its place a gleaming silver spike. At a subsequent meal, Sarsfield suggested Plinth go and look in the mirror. Yes, the spike had impaled a dried green pea. Plinth decided, as this was causing his fellow diners to go limp with mirth he might as well leave the pea there. Let them laugh, who cares? ©

Chicken feed

PENNY WOODWARD

A variety of green feed is essential to chook welfare and happiness. This can be achieved in a number of different ways, ranging from allowing your chooks to free range, to supplying all their greens in the chook pen. My girls don't free-range, their pen gets moved every few weeks to a new position, and they live in a more permanent pen at other times. Either way, I provide them with fresh green leaves every day, usually just dropped into the pen. Alternatively greens can be hung in a bunch, or placed into a basket. Keeping greens off the ground helps to keep the leaves clean and prevents contamination from chook poo.

Plants that can be harvested from the average garden and fed to chooks are weeds like dandelions, milk thistle and cleavers; vegie leaves such as brassica, lettuce and silverbeet; and herbs including borage, comfrey, lemon balm, nasturtiums and chicory. Some of these can also be grown in pots, placed in the pen and then removed to re-grow. Comfrey is a particularly important green for chooks as it is high in protein, potassium and calcium, as well as several important amino acids. I try to make sure my hens have a little comfrey every day.

Another way to ensure that your chooks get all the greens they need, is to grow microgreens. I like to give them some extra nutrition and fun with trays of microgreens. Seed for microgreens can be purchased or you can make your own mix. I often use appropriate seed that is now out of date and add it to the purchased mix. If you have a larger chook pen you could temporarily fence off a section, and plant the greens there, allow the chooks in to graze, and then exclude them again to let them re-grow. But I don't have a lot of space so I grow mine in seed trays that are placed into the pen. Lizzie and Jane (Campene-English Game crosses) peck at the green tops and then scratch out the roots, eating the lot over a few days.



Lizzie and Jane feeding on their microgreens

A selection of seeds for microgreens

Barrel medic, *Medicago truncatula*: a small legume native to the Mediterranean, helps to maintain nitrogen levels in soil as well as providing nutritious greens.

Buckwheat, *Fagopyrum esculentum*: grown mainly for its nutritious seed, is also a useful green plant.

Cabbage/broccoli and Chinese vegetables, *Brassica* species: young seedlings are particularly high in vitamin C and soluble fibre, as well as selenium and carotenoids.

Chicory, *Cichorium intybus*: volatile oils in the leaves to help to control internal parasites. Some forms of chicory have been specifically bred as forage plants.

Clover, *Trefolium* species: especially red and white clover, are a nutritious and easily grown forage crop.

Corn, *Zea maize*: immature plants are highly nutritious as well as containing a natural antibiotic.

Garlic chives, *Allium tuberosum*: grow easily from seed and have some of the same attributes as garlic, helping to control worms and other parasites.

Linseed, *Linum usitatissimum*: as well as being used for oil and fibre (flax), linseed is a useful green sprout for stock including poultry.

Lucerne, *Medicago sativa*: well-known common pasture plant that also provides nutritious greens for chooks.

Millet, *Pennisetum glaucum*: another

important fodder and food plant, the most common of which is pearl millet.

Nasturtium, *Tropaeolum majus*: easy to grow and much enjoyed by chooks. The peppery leaves help to control worms.

Plantain, *Plantago lanceolata*: a common weed that is high in protein and minerals, as well as being tough and easy to grow.

Radish, *Raphanus sativus*: has spicy, peppery leaves and is one of the easiest vegetables to grow from seed, so does well in a microgreen mix.

Silverbeet, *Beta vulgaris* subsp. *Cicla*: a well-known vegetable that is also a useful chook food as it is high in vitamins, minerals and protein.

Sunflower, *Helianthus annuus*: the seeds are quickly devoured by chooks and the seedlings are also nutritious.

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NBN attracts SRA Open Day crowd

TONY DUBOUDIN

The National Broadband Network (NBN) and Telstra were the 'stars' of the Somers Residents Association Community Open Day in January, answering a non-stop stream of enquiries.

Most questions were about when the NBN would come to Somers – the latest estimate is the end of March or early April – and how the changeover would affect current services.

Telstra was handling similar enquiries about the impact of the NBN on local customers as well as taking 'expressions of interest' from Somers customers who want to stay with Telstra when NBN is available in the village.

Other local organisations also reported a high level of interest including the CFA, Victoria Police, Mornington Peninsula Shire, Neighbourhood Watch, Somers Tennis Club, Somers Garden Square Petanque Club, and Balnarring Men's Probus Club, as well as the local environmental and Friends groups.

One of the groups new to the Open Day was Peninsula Transport Assist, a volunteer transport and community bus access group. It reported signing up a number of volunteers and has promised to return next year.

SRA volunteers cooked and gave away 100 sausages to visitors. The free sausage sizzle has now become an integral part of the annual Community Open Day.

The President of the SRA, Gerry Lewis, said the day was a great success and had given all local residents the opportunity to raise issues of concern with the relevant organisations.

'The SRA Open Day is now a key part of the local community calendar. It is also an important way in which the SRA fulfils its role of representing the concerns of the community as well as allowing our committee to interface with our members and the wider community, and making people aware of the various social, sporting and service organisations within the community.'



Parks Vic Ranger, Michelle Judd, and Friends of Coolart Volunteer, Andrew Giles, in deep discussion with Julie and Andrew McInnes.



The SES are very important in your life if a disaster strikes, so it is no wonder that Celia and Murray McCutcheon, and Alasdair MacDonald, show keen interest in what Helen Pugh of the Hastings SES has to say.



Somers Residents Association treasurer, Julie Ebbott, in earnest discussion with Denise Kempster, Area Co-ordinator of Somers Neighbourhood Watch.



'Here Archie, this is the way that Roger Federer holds his racquet, and see what a great player he is now.' Somers Tennis Club President, Graeme Wilson, is quick to identify a future champion in Archie Aler, with mother Tammy and brother Jude.

"the letter"

my dear francene

i hope you had a very happy christmas, a lovely new year and all the fuss that goes with it. my how the years pass swiftly by. this will be my sixty eighth year at rosewood and how things have changed. i handed the property over to the children three years ago now. at ninety two i think the time has come to leave the upkeep to them. much to my amazement the new garden is maintenance free, especially if you have a gardener. the landscape is now lawns, trees and shrubs. a small niche has been created for me among what's left of my hydrangeas and roses. here i catch the right amount of sun and the equal amount of shade, just right for reading, writing and snoozing. local goss has it that this fracas about the paths issue has finally been solved with this new lot winning the day.

i believe they are the feisty young turks whose origins come from the days when somers lost that piece of folklore namely sandy point road. simmered away under the surface for years before they got off the ground, well done the young turks i say. remember the local magazine, "the paper nautilus." they are having a writing competition soon, drag the talent screaming out of the cupboards. might even slip in an article about the treasure buried down at sandy point. stir the so and so's up a bit, no imagination. sorry fran, starting to sound like the old days.

the children are trying to get me into computers at the moment. don't like that much, however as soon as i am on my own i hit the google, baby. texting. linguicide, i call it. terrible thing that. i must be finishing up fran and am looking forward to seeing you down here in february for the reunion. take the best of care my dear, till then,

all my love,
your long devoted friend
roger.

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Short story writing competition

Somers Paper Nautilus invites you to enter a short story writing competition. Write a fiction or non-fiction story on the theme ... *Summertime and Ocean*. Entry is open to all. Submit your story in one of the following categories:

Open Fiction:	Fiction story, 500 word limit Prize \$150
Open Non-fiction:	Non-fiction story, 500 word limit Prize \$150
Children*	Under 8 years, fiction or non-fiction story, 300 word limit 1st prize \$30 book voucher, 2nd prize \$15 book voucher
Middle years:	8 to 12 years, fiction or non-fiction story, 300 word limit 1st prize \$30 book voucher, 2nd prize \$15 book voucher
Teens:	13 to 18 years, fiction or non-fiction story, 300 word limit 1st prize \$30 book voucher, 2nd prize \$15 book voucher

Entries close on Wednesday 8 March 2017

Submit your entry/s to: contact@somers-nautilus.org.au
or mail to: Somers Paper Nautilus
PO Box 338, Somers VIC 3927

Winners announced on Monday 10 April 2017

Judges: We are delighted to welcome authors, **Gary Disher** and **Wendy Orr**, along with educator **Heather Goddard**, and publishers **Maryann Ballantyne** and **Cameron McCullough** to our judging panel. Each will judge a category.

Entry guidelines

Submissions will be judged on originality, creativity and theme, and must meet entry guidelines. Please ensure your submission/s meets the following conditions:

- Separate cover sheet with title, author name, category, phone number, email, postcode
- Legible, hand-written stories are acceptable **only** for *Children under 8 years* category*
- Send work as a Word.doc file or as printed hard copy for all other categories
- Do not include your name on the Word file – to assist in anonymous reading
- Title and page number on each page, typed, Times New Roman font, double spaced
- Word count must be included
- Works must be original, unpublished and must not have been submitted elsewhere
- Entries must be received by 11.59pm on Tuesday 28 February 2017
- Only entries that meet all criteria will be considered

Competition conditions

- Judges decisions are final.
- Nautilus retains the right to publish any/all entries in the Somers Paper Nautilus
- Fiction & non-fiction categories open to all except Nautilus staff and sponsors
- Authors aged under 18 years to enter the appropriate category per age group
- Maximum of two submissions per author
- Winners agree to their name being published in Somers Paper Nautilus

Sponsors and judges

We are grateful for the generous support provided by Bendigo Community Bank as major sponsor for the open categories; and by Farrell's Bookshop, Petersen's Bookshop and Somers General Store as sponsors in the children's categories. Western Port News has generously provided advertising for the competition.

Our judges Maryanne Ballantyne, Gary Disher, Heather Goddard, Cameron McCullough and Wendy Orr are sharing their wisdom, expertise and time as they take part in judging. For this we thank them!

Have a creative summer – start writing now!



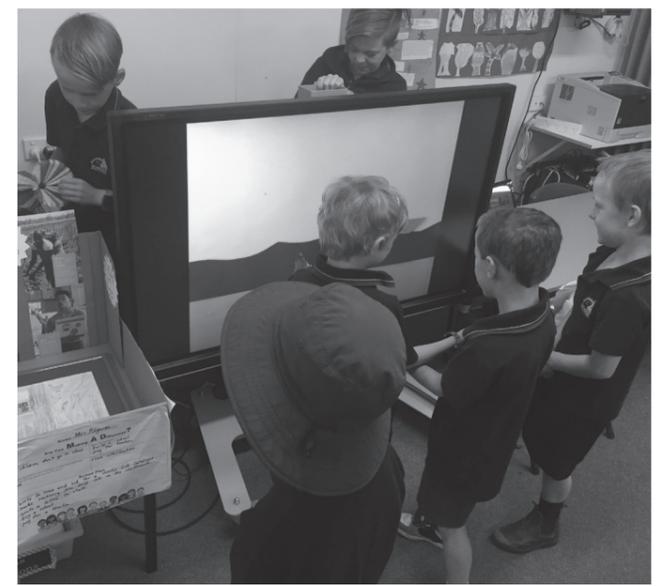
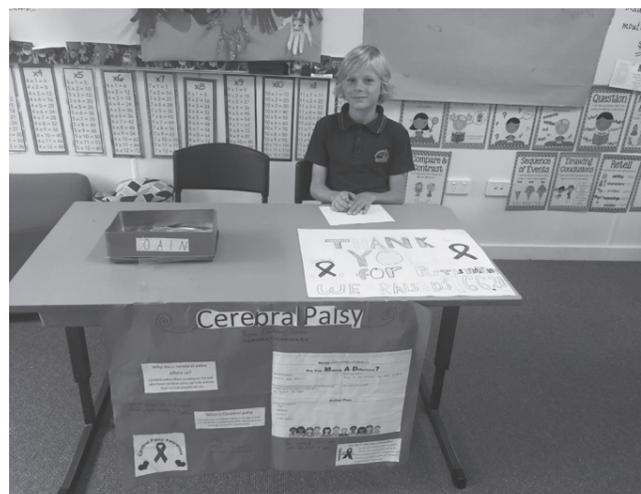
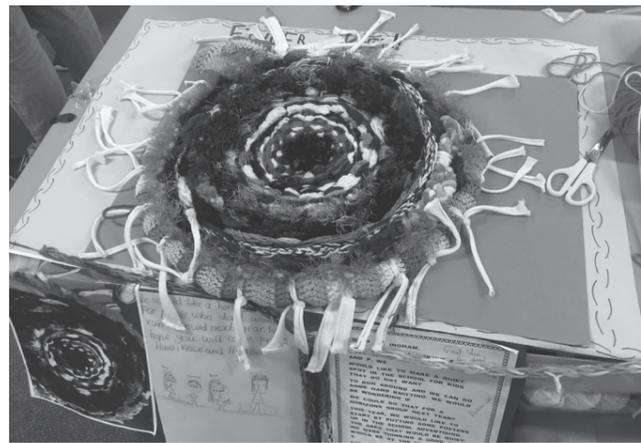
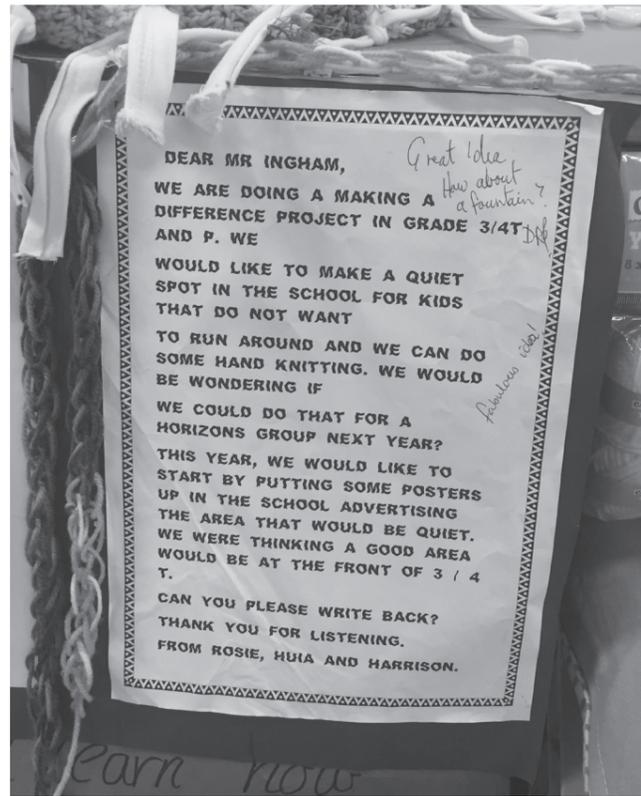
School market day

KARINA SMITH

Somers Primary School hosted a Make a Difference Market Day in December. Children from Grades Three and Four worked in small groups, nominated a charity or cause they wished to support, and created a market stall to raise funds and awareness. The charities and causes varied enormously and included: World Vision, childhood cancer, cerebral palsy, Save the Bilby, a quiet space at the school for reflection, and reducing pollution in Westernport Bay.

The children were very industrious with their stalls, decorating them with handmade and donated items. Each stall made over \$100 for their nominated charity. A huge bonus from the day was that the children learnt the value of money – calculating purchases and change – and the power of community contribution.

An incredible effort and all of the children involved should be very proud. ☺



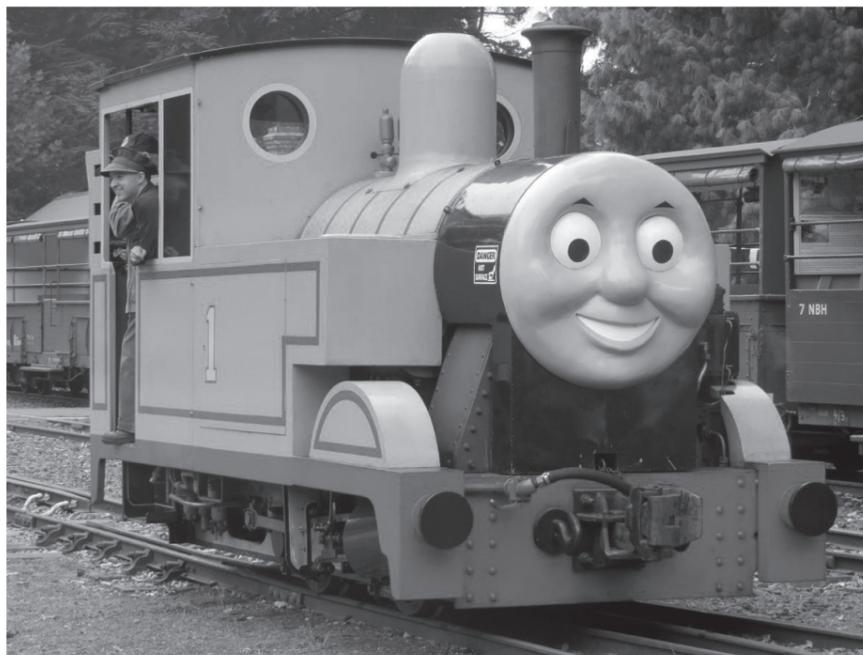
Thomas the Tank Engine and Friends

PETER STEELE

The most famous railway engine in the world is a fictional tank engine that sprang from the imagination of a little boy who loved trains. Thomas the Tank Engine is one of more than a dozen engines that make up the 'Thomas and Friends' network that hauls trains around the island of Sodor, under the supervision of The Fat Controller.

Originally just a minor player – Edward, Gordon & Henry were the original main-line majors – the endearing quirkiness of the Thomas character, based on the illustrations of Reginald Payne, with its cheeky Disneyesque images, pugnaciousness and willingness to muscle in where the big trains worked quickly raised Thomas's stature.

As the printed word eventually gave way to film and television, Thomas gathered a worldwide following. Even the original Beatles got a look-in – Ringo Starr took the role of story-teller during the 1980s television series.



Thomas in all his cleanliness and bright blue paint. Aficionados will note design differences between the Australian Thomas and his contemporaries elsewhere.

Weaving childhood stories

We have Wilbert Awdry to thank for Thomas the Tank Engine, one of many characters he dreamt up during his childhood in the village of Box in southern England just over 100 years ago. At the time the family home was less than 200 metres from the Box Tunnel on the Great Western Railway (*the GWR for those of you who know their historical railway*

networks), which linked London with the west of England before regional rail was absorbed into the national network that became British Railways in 1948.

Lying awake at night the young Awdry could hear the trains climbing the one-in-two-hundred gradient over a distance of five kilometres, and the coded whistle signals exchanged between the freight or passenger engine hauling the long-distance trains and the banking engine that was used to assist the trains up the gradient. He could detect the change in power as the second engine took up the load, and the change in the exhaust bark as the lead engine was able to pick up a head of steam and maintain momentum.

In his imagination, Wilbert assigned personalities to the two steam engines, with the newcomer encouraging the long-distance engine to handle the gradient and get to the top. He carried his ideas into adulthood twenty-five years later, using them as the basis for bedtime stories for his son, Christopher. The stories were first published as the Railway Series books in 1946.

Awdry made wooden models of his engines for his young son and continued to develop his stories; by the time he stopped writing in 1972 there were twenty-six books in the series. Christopher Awdry followed his father

and wrote an additional fourteen 'Thomas and Friends' books in the railway series, but also more than thirty other fiction and non-fiction railway books.

Modern-day Thomas

Today, Thomas the Tank Engine is alive and well and working on the Puffing Billy line, which is situated in the small, Dandenong Ranges town of Emerald, Victoria. Kids of all ages can share a ride along the Puffing Billy heritage railway line, watch a Thomas movie at the station and take a ride around the township in a 60-year-old bus named Bulgy.

As fans will know, the engines and rolling stock working the Sodor rail network are managed by The Fat Controller and few engines fail to follow his instructions. If and when they disobey him, there is usually some kind of mishap and these form the basis of many stories.

However, notwithstanding his power, sizeable girth and larger-than-life character, The Fat Controller is no longer addressed as such. The Thomas stories have been over-taken by language more in tune with modern day sensibilities. The Day Out With Thomas pantomime, on the Puffing Billy line, makes fun of the original name, with players informing the audience that henceforth his name is Sir Top Hat, after the elegant style of his rail manager's uniform of top hat and tails. Name change or not, however, Sir Top Hat was just as bossy.

A little bit of history becomes lost with the use of modern language and (...grrr) that's made a difference. But the

masculine world of Thomas has also changed: a handful of female engines have been introduced including Rosie, Daisy and Emily. Coaches too, like Clarabel and Annie who boast eyelashes, freckles and rouge to emphasize their gender (in case you're not certain). So, that's even better.

Puffing Billy engines ply the tracks throughout the year with more trains running in the summer months. You can take a ride on Thomas between October and May when he runs on a couple of weekends each month.

If you'd like to find out more about Thomas and the Puffing Billy line in Emerald, or book for a Day Out With Thomas, you can visit the website: puffingbilly.com.au

The Puffing Billy line

The Puffing Billy line was one of four constructed 110 years ago in rural Victoria, to open up remote areas to commercial settlement. Low cost meant a narrow gauge of just 762 mm, and associated light infrastructure. The Victorian gauge was the narrowest in the country, the legacy of a time when each of the Australian states was, in effect, a separate colony. After a buoyant thirty years, the line struggled to compete

against more versatile road transport and following a landslide across the line in the 1950s, it was closed.

Public support for keeping the line open – despite its closure – resulted in the establishment of the Puffing Billy Preservation Society in 1955. The Society successfully established a heritage railway line made up of almost 30 km of track, plus engines and rolling stock, and the infrastructure to handle the more than five million passengers it has carried through to the present day.

The love of steam rail The Puffing Billy Preservation Society has succeeded, partly, because the implicit wish of many little boys is (or was, before the arrival of hand-held mobile electronic devices!) to become an engine driver when they grow up. And not in a modern clean high-speed train, but rather the coal-fired, water-powered, larger-than-life and exceedingly dirty steam engine: the ones that make all that smoke, noise and pollution.

Not for nothing is steam power synonymous in the mind's eye with a Dickensian 19th century world of exploration and adventure. With a steam engine you have to tank up with water and shovel coal into the firebox by hand; it's a bit like riding a dinosaur.

Up-keep has been relatively easy given the large numbers of volunteers – mostly those same little boys, now grown into mature men – who can be found fixing, maintaining and driving engines on the Puffing Billy line. ☺



Pantomime. Thomas moving down the line to the theatre audience for 20 minutes of humour featuring the engine and the people who manage and operate him.



Bulgy the bus. This Bulgy, of course, is not a double-decker and has never been a hen-house, but then he's Australian and dates from the early 1950s.



A dozen open carriages and people packed in everywhere. There are signs on board telling you to hang on to your kids. Note the pusher diesel engine at the rear.

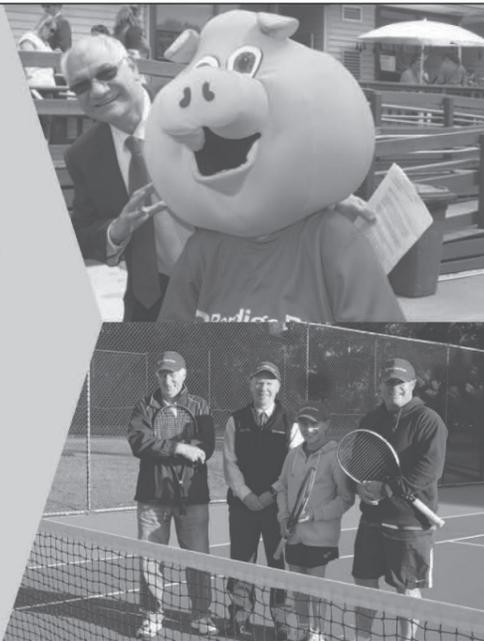
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Finding home

SALLY HOLDSWORTH

"We Australians are especially glad to welcome people from the United Kingdom for we are essentially a British nation with British ways and traditions." Australia, A Welcome Awaits (C.1956).

Australia welcomed British migrants in the 1950s – they would fit in quickly and easily. Outwardly they did fit into their new home, but they were aliens in many ways, living in an alien place.

Where is home? Is it the place we're born? Is it the place our family lives? Or is it the place our heart chooses?

Perth 1950s

The passenger list doesn't state how many child brides were on board the SS Strathmore when it left London's Tilbury docks in March 1956, bound for Fremantle, Australia, but there was at least one. My mother was 17 years old; she and my father newly married in February 1956. Excited and optimistic, they were joining a small advance party – two of his brothers had already arrived in Perth. More family members were to follow, forming a straggly elongated family of brothers, wives, in-laws, aunties and uncles, cousins and second cousins. Part of the post-war wave of British migrants on assisted passages, they were seeking a sunnier, better life, on the other side of the world; twentieth century pioneers, the ten-pound Poms.

Four years later, following an extended holiday back home, my parents again set sail from Tilbury dock. This time my mother didn't want to leave England. She knew what was in store; she was unhappy – exhausted by the harsh, hot, lonely reality of 1950s Perth and desperately homesick for her family. But there was no question of extending this holiday permanently, her mother wouldn't let her stay, life would be better in their new home – Australia.

Perth 1960s

England was never far from their thoughts. As children of expats our growing-up years were crowded with traditions that this family of Poms, and an extended clan of English friends, created to sustain themselves. Boxing Day family gatherings with concerts after dinner; the program filled with childish magic acts, barber shop quartets with singers wearing tea-towel aprons and mascara moustaches – the concerts ending with late night swimming.

Sunday mornings, my father and his brothers circling the snooker table in a fog of cigarette smoke; later they would adjourn to the shed – styled Ye Olde English Pub – one of the brothers behind the bar, dispensing beer and Benny Hill jokes.

Fremantle docks – hello and goodbye

Dotted through the years were trips to Fremantle docks to farewell family members on pilgrimages to England, or greet them as they returned. We dressed up in style, these were special occasions. If we were lucky, an invitation to come aboard – the small cabins were awe-inspiring to a child. As the ship pulled away streamers would flow from dock to decks and back; we strained to see the people we knew, listening to the bands that always piped the ship out of the harbour.

Later, the docks were exchanged for the airport. Travellers arrived and departed on BOAC or chartered flights – the '60s airline equivalent of pay-TV. A treasured memory: two grandmothers stepping off the gangway onto the tarmac, greeting their children and meeting us, their grandchildren, for the first time. Saying goodbye to them was hard, now we knew what we were missing.

Perth 1970s

They adapted to life in Australia – these expats. They embraced the cool blue water and hot blue skies, transforming themselves into locals.

Annual holidays were spent at the beach. Family members rotated through available beds; children sleeping head to toe, mothers sharing the cooking and serving meals in shifts

at the six-seater, red laminex kitchen table.

We would go crabbing in the estuary early in the mornings; the buzzing sound of fishing tinnies departing the boat ramp like squadrons of mosquitoes – the scent of boat fuel in the air. Boiling blue manna crabs for lunch, we watched them change colour – blue to orange, savouring the taste of freshly baked bread and even fresher crab meat. For us, this carefree life couldn't get any better.

Outrageous four-wheel drives over the up and down sand dunes, tyres let down for greater speed, a daredevil uncle at the wheel of the ex-Army jeep, children fanned across the chassis: one child anchored inside the spare wheel that sat on the bonnet, two older ones hanging off the rear bumper bar, little ones crammed onto the tin seats inside, clinging tight to the roll bar – all screaming with excitement. A cousin, falling off at a large bump, tumbling down the dunes, laughing so hard she wets herself – racing into the ocean to rinse off.

Standing in the breakers of the salty rough seawater, we learnt to read the waves as they came in sets of seven; *stand side-on if they haven't broken, dive through if they're breaking, lift and jump if they're just rolling through, hold your breath if you get dumped.* The salt water flooded our nostrils, flowing down the back of our throats as we gasped and sputtered, leaping out of the waves.

Children of expats, we were fully fledged Australians – berry brown, broad accents, at home in the ocean – but never allowed to forget where we really came from.

"Have you written to England?", "Yes" I reply obediently.

My mother cherished her family. They were a fixture in our lives. Every week letters arrived from England, and letters left Perth, sometimes two and three a week. Each fine blue aerogramme was laden with weeks-old news of their daily lives and ours. Marriages, births, deaths, gossip, family politics – all delivered by Aerogramme Par Avion.

My mother imbued her family with such love and reverence that we knew them intimately – despite never having

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met them. Her knack for storytelling brought them into our lives in full colour. They were as close to us as if they were in the next room; my mother always intent on ensuring that we were equally familiar and important in their lives. Most treasured was my long-distance grandmother, her character revealed in blue, spidery handwriting and photographs. My mother never stopped longing for her.

England 1980

I'm driving through English countryside; riding the waves of rolling green hills. I keep looking for the ocean - *surely it's over the next hill* - the green hedges bumping the side of my car as it crawls along the country lane. Green everywhere: nowhere the brilliant blue of Perth.

Wherever I go I'm surrounded by a family I have just met but know instantly. I recognise their sly humour, their language, their style, their being; they tell me stories of a life I've missed. Their love is comfortable, enfolding and inviting. I read the job columns, imagining a different life.

I feel at home in a way I've never felt before - as though my physical being was made for this place. Which family, and where do I belong?

Perth Airport 1985

I'm leaving home.

My time in England has left me a fish out of water on my return to Perth - subsequent years are spent trying and failing to fit back in. But finally I have discovered my true home. It's not the stark, beautiful home that I've grown up in; and it's not England. My DNA's English but Australia is imprinted all over it.

Melbourne is a cool, leafy green haven - like England in some ways - and I'm captured from the first days of my first flying visit. The desire to be there, start a life there, is stronger than the fear and guilt I feel at leaving home, leaving my mother. But now I understand her guilt - and endless longing for her mother.

Can you fall in love with a place? I did. If I didn't know a soul, it wouldn't matter - I found the home of my heart. Home is the place where you choose to make a life. ☺

Wordplay...for the grammar gurus

KARINA SMITH

Have you ever been shevelled, ept, ruth or grunted?

Waaaaahhht?

How about dishevelled, inept, ruthless or disgruntled?

Yes, there is something strange going on here, with the English language. The second list of words only exists with the addition of an affix - suffix or prefix - but the base word (first list) does not. In other words, you may have felt disgruntled or disheveled, at one time or another, but never grunted or shevelled.

What are the root or base words? Did they become extinct, or did they ever exist in the first place? The answer depends on which words we are talking about, but first ... what are these English phenomena called? Morphemes! A morpheme is the smallest meaningful component of a word (linguistic unit).

Morphemes can be free or bound. A morpheme is free if it stands alone, or bound if used with another morpheme.

Free morphemes are base words: nouns, verbs or adjectives. **Bound** morphemes are affixes, e.g. dis, un, less, or obsolete words such as disgruntled or ruthless. A bound morpheme never occurs by itself, it must always be bound to another morpheme. For example, the bound morpheme *disgruntled* is made up of *gruntled* (obsolete) + *dis*; *gruntled* cannot exist in its own right.

An example of a word that is made of three morphemes is non-perishable: bound = *non*; free = *perish*; bound = *able*.

Another affectionate term for these words is orphan words: words that are now rare or discarded from common use, and have only survived by adding an affix.

Let's examine some of these English language phenomena, extinct or other, in further detail.

Nonchalant. People are nonchalant if they are unconcerned or indifferent. The word comes from the French *nonchaloir*, meaning 'to lack warmth of heart', originating from the Latin root *calere* meaning 'to be warm'. Nonchalant did not exist without its 'non'.

Debunk. This is a fascinating one and a great example of how pop culture influences language. Debunk entered the vernacular because of William Woodard's book *Bunk* (1923). The protagonist in *Bunk* was known for 'taking the bunk - nonsense - out of things', hence debunk evolved.

Discombobulate. A ripper of a word, but sadly *combobulate* never existed. It is an Americanism that evolved from a spin-off of discomfort and discompose. It was all the rage in the 1830s to discombobulate - confuse or upset.

Impeccable. This means flawless or flawless (interestingly these two still exist without their suffix 'less') and comes from the extinct word *peccable* (which hasn't been used since the early 1900s), which meant 'liable to sin'...thus impeccable means 'not liable to sin'.

Dishevelled. This describes many of us as we fall out of bed - hair or appearance untidy or unkempt. It comes from the Old French *descheveler* meaning 'to disarrange the hair (*chevel* = hair). It is a true bound morpheme, you cannot and never did look shevelled.

Reckless. This is one of the few orphans that has a suffix, not a prefix. I know lots of reckless people - who act without caution - but don't know any who are 'reck'. Reckless is derived from the Old English word *reccan* meaning 'to have a care' which evolved into 'reck'. Reck was phased out in the early 1800s but reckless remained.

I'm going to conclude with a request from one of our editing team: the word **feisty**. It only exists as an adjective, showing courage or independence, but I have discovered that it once was a verb: **feist**. In the late 1700s the word feist meant 'to prance or strut about', hence feisty evolved as an adjective. So yes Bronwen, you can say 'I've regained my feist', as long as you wear an 18th century outfit!



@wordysmithy



The Post cont.



'The Post continues to evolve. And if you look carefully you will see even Nimo has found it.'

A bear on the beach?



This is Kuma, which means 'bear' in Japanese. He is much adored by the Mealey family, particularly the boys Blake and Jevvan. Not everyone has heard of the breed Akita but this dog has a Japanese heritage and having been used for hunting, and to protect the Emperor. Akitas are accepted in Japan in the same symbolic way as we do the kangaroo and emu.

Calling all agapanthus lovers!

Yes, they are pretty, colourful and green, but agapanthus are also an invasive environmental weed. Now is the time of year to lop the heads off those bright plants in your garden, before they release their seeds in autumn and then multiply next season.

Removing the flower heads before they dry out will prevent them spreading their seeds beyond your garden into bushland.

Fortunately, pruning agapanthus is an easy task. You can use pruning shears to cut off the flower heads or, if you prefer, you can simply twist the heads off by hand.

Most importantly, dispose of the flower heads in the rubbish bin or green waste bin.

Do the right thing - start lopping now!

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'Without Pier' at Coolart



'Cool Art' at Coolart was another excellent display of paintings from the 'Without Pier' Gallery. Matthew Harrington felt that he could have been part of this group of lifesavers, painted by William Linford.

Nankeen Kestrel near Cape Shank lighthouse



Photo by Max Hem

Summer's Campaign - Your Guide to Power Outages

GEORGINA WATERS

Senior Communications & Engagement Advisor
Powerline Bushfire Safety program

As the summer heat continues, the Victorian Government's summer campaign, Your Guide to Power Outages, is seeking to help Victorians keep safe during a power outage in bushfires and extreme weather conditions.

While Victoria has very reliable electricity supply, power outages can happen - particularly during heatwaves, bushfires and grassfires.

A guide has been produced Your Guide to Power Outages with a call to action: It only takes a few simple things to prepare.

Some simple tips include having access to:

- A torch or battery-operated light
- A phone that doesn't rely on electricity (such as a fully-charged mobile phone)
- A battery powered radio for news and updates
- Fresh water (if you rely on an electric pump for water)
- The faults and emergencies contact number from your latest bill.

There's a lot of useful advice online on how to be energy safe with resources to download, such as:

- Guide
- Poster
- Video

Visit delwp.vic.gov.au/poweroutages for more information on how to get prepared, or call the Customer Service Centre on 136 186. Hard copies of the guide are also available at your Council offices. ©

So Many Reasons to be Thankful

JOHN TILLEARD

I've been travelling to a far distant shore, and now that I'm back I have many reasons to be thankful for what happened on that journey. Not that I know much about some of it! I've had to rely on other people's stories to fill in the blanks!

As I look out over Westernport, *I'm thankful* to be one of only about 4% of people to survive an OHCA in Victoria (I've learnt that's medi-speak for Out-of-Hospital-Cardiac-Arrest).

I'm thankful that I had my event mountain biking at Red Hill – not biking on a road alongside cars and trucks or sailing in Westernport - not hiking or cross country skiing somewhere remote.

I'm thankful that I was near the top of the hill and riding slowly. No extra injuries from the fall.

I'm thankful that I was riding with a bunch of friends who recognised what was happening and knew what to do ... and that they are knowledgeable, selfless, capable, decisive, determined and persistent heroes. Friends for life. No. For two lives!

I'm thankful that the Red Hill Lions Club have installed a publicly accessible defibrillator at the Red Hill School.

I'm thankful to be the recipient of the outstanding service and level of care provided by Ambulance Victoria: Olivia and Sam; Andrew and Greg – I hope my survival provides some reward for your training and dedication.

I'm thankful to all the caring, competent people who make up Victoria's emergency system. From the calm triple O operator to the Frankston Hospital volunteer who held my family's hand in Emergency. Your contribution is so often taken for granted.

I'm thankful to the nurses, doctors, specialists and staff at Frankston who give of their skills, care and concern regardless of Christmas/New Year holidays.

I'm thankful to the ward receptionist who stayed back from her break to keep my family informed.

I'm thankful to my wife who knew I needed her to hold my hand.

I'm thankful to my three boys and their partners who were there, keeping tabs and doing whatever was needed, supporting their Mum ... and giving me comfort by writing out the answers to the questions that they knew I would keep repeating (and repeating) even when they weren't there to answer them directly!

I'm thankful to my brother who flew in just to make sure everything was being done right.



I'm thankful to my sailing friend who took this Christmas Day photo of me at Sandy Point. It was a great image to hold on to through the journey!

I'm thankful to the cardiac team at Cabrini who achieve results that rank amongst the best in the world. And *I'm thankful* to the skills and care of the post-op and ICU team who nursed me carefully out of a strange unknown place to reintroduce me to the world

Did I say I was *thankful* to my wife, my boys and their partners? There they were again. Theirs was practical, loving care that gave me refuge and security.

I'm thankful to my friend who retrieved my bike and delivered it home. That was strangely important to me.

I'm thankful to the supportive community of Somers and surrounds who enveloped us gently with care and concern.

I'm thankful to my friends near and far who reached out with love.

I'm thankful to the Cardiac Rehabilitation Program staff and volunteers who give us the confidence to be normal again.

I'm thankful to live in Australia where medical skills are valued, human life is treasured, communities function and compassion remains high on the agenda.

I'm thankful that I didn't buy a Tatts ticket. I used all my luck on my journey!

I'm thankful for CPR training. Go do it!

⊙