

WAIREWA CRC GRAPEVINE

**ALL MEETINGS
POSTPONED UNTIL
WED 15 SEPT**

**Wednesday 1 Sept
12:30pm:**

CRC Meeting Wairewa Hall

Monday 6 Sept

Farm First Aid Training

Australian Red-Cross

Wednesday 8 Sept:

**Colour & Creativity
Workshop 9:30am**

**Morning Tea hosted by
Anglican Diocese of
Gippsland/Catholic Care
10:30 - 11am**

Sunday 12 Sept 12pm:

**EGSC Community BBQ
and Debrief**

**Wednesday 15 Sept
12:30pm:**

CRC Meeting Wairewa Hall

Wednesday 22 Sept:

**Colour & Creativity
Workshop 9:30am
Wairewa Hall**

Sunday 26 Sept 2pm:

**Exhibition opening "What
a Load of Rubbish"
Leanne & Sam Davies and
Wendy Palmer**

Lemon Hill Gallery

**Wednesday 29
September: 12:30pm**

CRC Meeting Wairewa Hall

**Contribution Deadline 5 days
before end of the month:
wairewacrc@gmail.com**

**Wairewa CRC meetings are
open to everyone. Come along
to the meetings and contribute
your ideas and energy.**



COVID: To our country cousins in Shepparton and central Victoria we wish you all the best. To Melbourne folk, we hope to see you soon. Take care everyone, stay safe.

ON THE GRAPEVINE:

WAIREWA FENCING WIRE DUMP OPEN UNTIL 15 NOV 2021

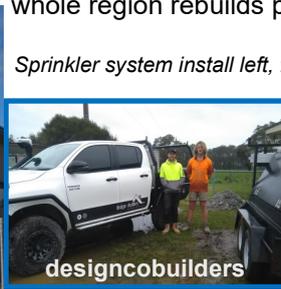


If you have burnt wire on your property, EGSC has posted this notice at the wire dump site on Carl Smith Road. If you need help removing burnt wire contact wairwacrc@gmail.com we will try to help you access assistance. There is still the opportunity for locals who need to get rid of small amounts of scrap metal to dispose of it free of charge at the Wairewa waste facility on Saturdays between 8am and 2pm.



Wairewa Public Hall Update

Despite pouring rain and bog underfoot, our intrepid trades kept on working at the hall! These are some of photos were sent to the Victorian Bushfire Appeal: Community Enterprise Foundation™ who granted \$151,645 to upgrade amenity and safety at Wairewa hall. While we are confident that this project will be completed on time, there have been unforeseen delays due to COVID restrictions, and with material and labour in short supply as the whole region rebuilds post bushfire.



Sprinkler system install left, framework for new toilets right

Happy Wattle Day - 1st September

One early push for nation-wide use of wattle as a symbol of the first day of spring was when the "Wattle Club" was formed in 1899 in Victoria. The club was initiated by Archibald James Campbell, a leading ornithologist and field naturalist with a particular passion for Australian wattles, of which there are more than 1,000 species. For several years the club organised bush outings on the first day in September specifically for the appreciation of wattles in their natural setting. The 'first' suggestion of a dedicated national Wattle Day was made by Campbell during a speech in September 1908. The Wattle Day League was formed on 13 September 1909. Its purpose was to present to the various State governments a unified proposal for a national day on which to celebrate the wattle blossom....

...and in the true spirit of state cooperation...and in recognition of the speed at which Federal govts move...Wattle Day was nationally proclaimed by Governor-General Bill Hayden in 1992...83 years after the league was first formed.

Golden Wattle (*Acacia pycnantha*) - Australia's national floral emblem is part of the crest for the Governor-General of Australia



Many regions or tracts of land across Australia are known by the Aboriginal names for the wattles that grow there, such as Myall, Mulga, Brigalow and Gidgee.

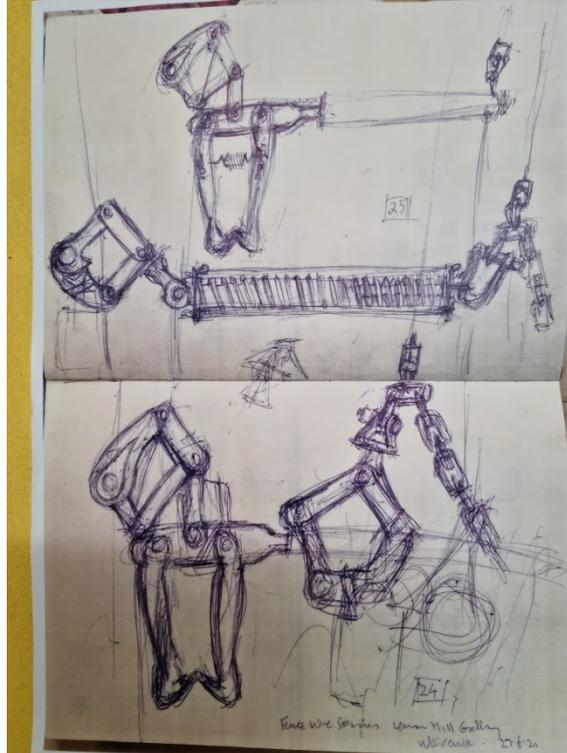
Acacia pycnantha left & *acacia longifolia* right.

The *longifolia* photo taken on Lemon Hill Rd



News from Elizabeth.

These are sketches of two of the wire strainers that were exhibited in the gallery in June. They were drawn by Michael Donnelly, an artist (obviously!). I thought they were nearly as good as the actual exhibition itself was, so asked if I could publish them in the Grapevine. These two belong to John Appleby and Brian. Amazing how attractive tools can be!



Brain and I walked into Bills Creek Falls again. Not easy! We had to push our way through undergrowth over our head in places. And the falls are only a small-ish stream. Still, it is a good and attractive walk!

The Rural and Community Arts Box Incorporated will have its AGM (Covid permitting) on Wed 8th September at 7.15 pm at our place - 158 Lemon Hill Rd. All welcome. (POSTPONED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE)



Lemon Hill Gallery is closed for the second month running. My “bold venture” is facing a rocky patch. The next exhibition, “*What a Load of Rubbish*” is by Leanne Davies, her mother Wendy Palmer and her son Sam, and will open on Sunday 26th September at 2pm. It will be worth the wait! All welcome



Anne & Stan Barker - Native garden plant offer for Wairewa residents affected by fire

Anne and Stan Barker of Toorloo Arm have, in conjunction with Australian Plant Society and Lakes Entrance Garden Club, potted up a large range of species to plant in your garden. Native plants are low water & easy to maintain.
Contact Anne 0448 565 313.

Still have downed timber on your land?

Lucas Mill—Book via Sarsfield Hub

Get your name on the waiting list. Logs need to be at least 450mm in diameter. Please contact Neil Smith, BRV to be added to the waiting list if you would like to utilise this service. Give a rough estimate of number and size of logs for an assessment by the mill operators. **Some locals have used their timber to rebuild yards, work benches in sheds, fence posts.**

Contact: waireacrc@gmail.com



Fencing Wire/Roadside Trees/Slashing

Contact Peter Balmer, Place Manager, EGSC for information:
PeterB@egipps.vic.gov.au or
0409 701 309



Editor's Note: The following letter has been reproduced as received. If anyone can possibly shed any light on the identity of this correspondent, or who this letter is really meant for, thank you and make them stop!

Mrs S Antechinus
TPSSERV
Conduit Street
Upper Wallop 1111

Hello dear,

I got your name from a magazine for pen pals and from your advertisement I felt you are just the sort of person I should like to strike up a correspondence with - someone who hasn't met me. Things are a little quiet here at The Perpetual Sisters of St Ennuï Retirement Village in Upper Wallop, and given that half the residents have lost their teeth and the other half their minds, clear communication is a precious and rare commodity hereabouts I can tell you.

My name is Queenie Antechinus and my late husband Spiros Antechinus was born on Katmos, a small island off mainland Greece where his family were peasant farmers. Spiros was full of stories about growing up there. Stories about how they were so poor they wove their own sandals out of navel lint, how they used to trim their toenails with their teeth for the protein, that sort of thing. There were no modern vehicles on Katmos, so donkeys were the only means of transport and were used to plough the fields. He said the asses on Katmos were known to be cranky and would sometimes lash out at each other with their hooves. He had many an adage from his days working in the fields such as 'No one can ride your ass if you sit on it', and 'If your ass gets kicked, it behooves you to rest it for a while'. Spiros was a wise man and kind to animals.

My own upbringing was different to Spiros's, but in some ways the same. My home was in the Australian outback on a soldier settlement block held by my father. He worked the land and did odd jobs for other landholders in the area while my mother tended the home farm and did the housework - well - hut work. I was happy in Pongdongalong with my mother and father and 22 brothers and sisters until Dad dropped dead of overwork at 25. It was a sad day I can tell you, my father was well respected in the district. I was 9 years old, and I can still remember our priest, Father O'Dootell, saying that he didn't think there was an orphanage big enough in Australia that could accommodate the fruits of Mum and Dad's many labours. He was right, our parents did work hard, they were at it night and day.

I do remember that my grandmother (who was a bit of a disciplinarian), with my spinster Aunt Bess in tow, came to stay after Dad died to 'help Mum out - God knows she needs it'. They left just a day later saying 'for the love of God, if they had wanted to visit a zoo, Taronga would have been closer and quieter'. Maybe it had something to do with the mice, the snakes and the spiders that my brothers put in their beds, or perhaps

it was the bat that flew into Aunt Bess's hair, causing her to jump up in a panic, flap her arms wildly around her head, run into the veranda post and knock herself out cold while we kids laughed like kookaburras. Whatever it was, Grandma did say as she was leaving that 'a bigger pack of animals I hope never to meet'.

I was just sixteen when I met Spiros at a charity event, The Pongdongalong Supper Dance for the Desperate Cocky. Spiros worked the mail run between Pongdongalong and Woolygatherings Station and I thought he was the most handsome man I had ever seen. He may have been shorter than every other man in the room by a good 36 inches and had hair hanging out over his collar, his teeth, belt and shoes, but if you ignored his squint he was very good looking. We danced all night and I knew I had fallen madly in love. The following morning he walked all the way from town to our house to meet Mum and ask for my hand in marriage. Mum took one look at him and said to me that now she knew for certain love is blind. We were married at the local Catholic church and Mum cried the whole time. We were blissfully happy together for seventy years. As Spiros said 'marriage may be a word, but it can be a sentence as well'.

Well my dear, the supper gong has just sounded here at the Village (and although grumpy old Mr. Jackson yells 'idiot' after anyone says 'village' and points at me, I will remain ladylike and not be provoked). Supper tonight is cod's eyes stuffed with fish paste sauce (yum!), so I will leave you now with my best wishes and a promise to write again soon.

Yours in(k!) friendship

Mrs. Spiros (Queenie) Antechinus