September 2021

VicRoads Association
Newsletter No. 227

Artist's impression of the new bridge for Brisbane

Membership of the Association is available to all who have been members of VicRoads or forerunner organisations or the spouse of deceased members, and bestows on them all the rights of the Rules of Association. Cost of membership is a once only fee of $50. Enquiries about membership or receipt of the Newsletter by e-mail should be directed to the Secretary, VicRoads Association, PO Box 80, Kew 3101 or by phone or e-mail as shown in the footer below. Visit our website at **vicroadsassociation.org**

Dear Members,

My special project, Roads to War, is expanding every day. In 1952's Annual Report, I found a list of all CRB staff members and employees who enlisted in the Second World War. There were 60 members of staff and 536 employees. So far I have written up the stories of 26 staff members and only nine employees from that list. Of course I have written up many more who joined the CRB after the war(s). I realize that I will never finish it. There was one member of staff who was a woman – Miss T. Storey. I can't find her in the Australian Archives. Can any of you remember her?

As I write it, on the day a suicide bomb has killed more than 120 people at Kabul Airport, I despair at the hopelessness of warfare. The television images show young Afghan men parading in the backs of utilities brandishing automatic guns that were willingly sold to them by Russian, American and British manufacturers. These same countries have fought in Afghanistan with their weapons of their own manufacture trained upon them. War is futile and, although I am writing Roads to War to honour our comrades whose lives were lost, and celebrate those who survived, I realise that these were (mostly) young and inexperienced men who had been despatched by politicians to do the killing for them.

In fact in every case it was the Prime Minister of the day who sent them. There was no debate in Parliament and no consultation with the people of Australia in any form. So much for democracy! When Australia committed to the war in Iraq, I attended a rally in Swanston Street. The crowd was enormous. It filled Swanston Street from Flinders Street to RMIT (where I was working at the time) and branched up all the cross streets. It was the largest crowd I had seen. I thought that it was impossible for politicians to ignore the message of these people, but the following week Prime Minister Howard sent our first troops off. And lest you think this is biased, the Labor opposition didn't say boo. To make matters worse, history has shown that the premise of this war as argued by our leaders – weapons of mass destruction – was a complete fabrication.

And what did it achieve? Arguably after 20 years of warfare, Afghanistan is on the brink of collapse to cruel, oppressive, tyrannical forces with 10th Century values about women, freedom and justice. It is a sombre time to reflect. Even when history says that victory was achieved, the greatest cost is the human cost – the invisible cost of suffering, guilt, and lost opportunity. The incidence of mental illness, physical disability, divorce and crime are higher amongst veterans than in the general populace. Families suffer more so that dark shadows are often transferred to the next generation.

Associate Professor Ian Bickerton of the School of History and Philosophy at the University of NSW said on the ABC webpage:

> *We are told by those who lead us into wars that winning enables the victors to establish nations, create, reinstate or extend boundaries, redress grievances and restore national honour, remove cruel and despotic rulers replacing them with stable popularly-elected leaders, prevent the spread of pernicious ideologies like Nazism, Fascism, atheistic communism, and terrorism. In past centuries, victory was going to halt the spread of ideologies advocating liberty, equality and fraternity. Above all, we are told that we are fighting just wars and that winning will prevent future military conflicts and create an international environment in which peace and tranquillity will prevail.*
>
> *Victory can be measured only when the outcomes of a war are measured along a continuum; it is the aftermath of wars that defines how we judge victory and defeat. Any assessment of the meaning of victory has to include an examination of outcomes into the future. What we see in the years following World War II, for example, is that France and the UK, both on the victorious side, never regained their former stature, while Germany and Japan, both vanquished states, emerged as major world powers within a quarter of a century. The US and the Soviet Union, both victors, became locked into a debilitating expensive arms-race and an ideological world-wide struggle that often threatened to*

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erupt into actual armed (thermonuclear) conflict. What, then, does victory mean in this context?

Looking 25 years after the fighting ended it is possible to see what could not be seen in 1945. In reality, the victors in World War II suffered along with the vanquished; with the possible exception of the United States, they lost their empires, they did not achieve peace in Europe or Asia, and they were forced to transform themselves into armed societies. The world was not at peace in 1945, nor was it 25 years later in 1970. Eastern Europe was not liberated as promised; it was delivered from one dictator into the hands of another. Developments in Europe and Asia had not lived up to the expectations of any leaders of the victorious powers. Churchill's empire had vanished, things had not gone as Stalin had hoped in Eastern Europe or Asia, France's post-war leader, Charles de Gaulle, was forced to reconcile with Germany, and although the United States emerged as the world's strongest nation, developments in Europe and Asia had not gone as Roosevelt had anticipated as the US found itself embroiled in the Cold War and a costly, losing, war in Korea. And in China, Chiang Kai-shek had been defeated by the communists and forced from the mainland.

World War II, with its incomprehensible savagery and casualties, perhaps more than any war, demonstrates the futility of war. In addition to the unintended outcomes mentioned above, World War II saw the distinction between civilians and the military as participants in war, if it ever existed, disappear. Today, the majority of those killed in warfare are non-belligerents. This Anzac Day, let us listen to our returned servicemen and women and ask, as they do, what was their war all about and what did it achieve?

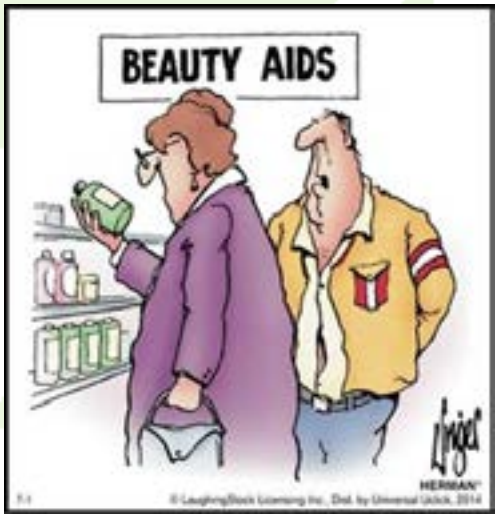
Two friends console each other during the memorial service for a friend – the 23rd Australian soldier to be killed in Afghanistan.

I have received two first-hand accounts of war from two of our Vietnam veterans, Mike Butler and Gerry Turner. In fact, with the exception of Noel Anderson – these are the only first-hand accounts about war in the narrative of Roads to War. All the others are my interpretation of what I could read in archives or anecdotal stories told by others. Mike and Gerry have been open and honest and I found their stories very moving. You can read them later in the newsletter under Lest We Forget. They are presented just as Mike and Gerry submitted them to me – although I changed Mike's from the first person to the third person.

David Jellie, *Chairman and Editor*

Trivia and didactic whimsies

"The capital of Holland is 'H' "



"Want me to get you a shopping cart?"

Health tip

By replacing your morning coffee with green tea, you can lose up to 87% of what little joy you still have left in your life.

What's coming up

Occasional Lunches at Shoppingtown Hotel, 12 noon.

Monday 11 October

Monday 8 November

Monday 7 February 2022

There is no longer a requirement to contact Kelvin York – just turn up if COVID protocols permit.

Dinner at Glen Waverley RSL, 6.00 pm

Thursday 7 October

This will definitely proceed depending on COVID rules. Please contact Ken Vickery on 0409 561 618 or kenvickery@tpg.com.au if you propose to come. Remember partners and friends are very welcome!

Regional visit to Warrnambool and the Western District,

October 2021

This trip will take place on the Tuesday 12th, Wednesday 13th and Thursday 14th of October. Again, like the other events, it will only proceed if COVID rules allow. The itinerary is as follows:

Tuesday, October 12th

- Meet at Beeac for lunch at the Farmers Arms Hotel around noon.
- Drive to Alvie to visit Red Rock volcano.
- Drive to Camperdown for overnight stay. Visit botanical gardens, Mt Leura Lookout and Lakes Bullen Merri and Gnotuk.
- Dinner at Leura Hotel.

Wednesday, October 13th

- Drive to Warrnambool for briefing at Regional Roads Victoria on local road and transport issues.
- Drive to Koroit for lunch.
- Drive to Port Fairy via lookout at Tower Hill
- Sightseeing at Port Fairy and return to overnight accommodation at Warrnambool
- Dinner at Lady Bay Hotel.

Thursday, October 14th

- Local activities in Warrnambool and depart at will for final destinations.

We are still working on details and there may be changes.

If you are interested in coming please let me know. My contact details are: pdjellie@hotmail.com or 0418 105 276.

Royal Australian Botanic Gardens at Cranbourne

Monday 15 November 2021

There are still some places left for this one-hour guided bus tour of the Gardens. There are two departure times from the reception centre – one leaves at 11 a.m. and the second at 12 noon. The cost of the tour is $16.50 per person. Lunch is available (at own cost) at the Boon Wurrung Café after your tour. You can also visit the Gardens without going on the bus tour.

Let Jim Webber know if you wish to book a place on a bus tour on jimwebber@optusnet.com.au or 0412 064 527. Partners and friends are welcome. Also advise whether you prefer the 11 am or 12 noon for the tour.

Cranbourne Gardens are at 1000 Ballarto Rd, Cranbourne. Access by car is via the South Gippsland Highway. Coming from Melbourne, drive through the town centre and turn right into Ballarto Road which is on the outskirts of Cranbourne. It is clearly sign posted.

The Red Sand Garden at Cranbourne

If COVID protocols prevent this tour, we will contact all those who have registered accordingly.

VALE

We extend our sympathies to all the families and friends of the members and ex-colleagues listed below.

Ros Lowe nee Weller

The CRB community was saddened by the news of the death of Ros on 29th July. Her gentleness and kindness touched all who met her and we extend our most sincere sympathies to Peter and his family. Peter was Honorary Secretary of the VicRoads Association for many years, so we saw a lot of Peter and Ros after Peter retired from his career at CRB/RCA/VicRoads. In writing this tribute to Ros, I thought it appropriate to write a short history of her family.

Ros' family on her father's side has been traced back to the late 1600s to the small village of East Firle in Sussex. A visit to the churchyard there reveals the resting place of many of her ancestors.

Ros' grandfather, George Alfred Weller, was an evangelical preacher in England married to Emily Parker when they migrated to Australia in 1889 - for the benefit of his health as he had tuberculosis. He was a pastor at Coburg and then Bendigo Baptist churches. When George died, Emily went back to England with her seven living children as she was destitute.

Ros' Father, Harold Weller, was born in Bendigo but went back to England with his mother and returned to Australia in 1913. He enlisted in the AIF and served in France in the First World War. He married Grace Peters in the East Ham London Baptist Church in 1919 and he returned to Australia with Grace on the first troopship to return carrying soldiers and brides. Harold was the pay-master and Grace was tucked away in another part of the ship. They had three children in Australia; Mary, Frederick and Rosalind (Ros).

Harold did an economics degree at the University of Melbourne and became Company Secretary and a Director of Hopkins Odlum, manufacturers of industrial-scale conveyor belting. They were later absorbed by Nylex. He was a pillar of the Canterbury Baptist Church (and Secretary) and on the Council of Carey Grammar School.

Ros's mother Grace was also an active member of the Canterbury Baptist Church. She sang in the choir and was an adventurous and excellent cook. Peter recalled her once buying and assembling a hay box for the slow cooking of a large leg of meat in the back yard.

Ros was born in Bryson Private Hospital in Canterbury on 15 May 1935 suffering a birth injury which damaged her left arm. The condition is called Erb's Palsy. Despite this affliction, Ros played tennis, had five children, cooked adventurously and lived a full and productive life. She went to Canterbury State School briefly before shifting to Strathcona. Strathcona was a small school in those days that had recently been taken over by the Baptist Church and was near to Ros' family home which was in Alta Street, Canterbury. Ros was Deputy School Captain in 1951 and 1952 when she repeated year 12 as she was too young to go to Teachers College. She went to Toorak Teachers College and then on to Melbourne University where she graduated as a Bachelor of Arts. She taught briefly at Mangarra Road Secondary School (now Canterbury Girls Secondary College), and then at Boronia Primary School. She had to resign from there in 1960 when she married Peter.

In 1952, she met Peter Lowe, a young man from Kyneton, who had come to the city for work and study. They met on the tennis courts at Canterbury Baptist Church. One Saturday afternoon after tennis, Peter and Ros left the courts walking towards Ros's home along Maling Road and they passed the picture theatre. They stopped and bought tickets for that night's show, and that was the start of a long, up and down courtship – a lot of it played out around tennis and Church.

They married on a wet, cold Friday evening on 21 May 1960 at Canterbury Baptist Church. They spent their honeymoon on a camping holiday in the Flinders Ranges driving Ros's sister Mary's beautiful little Sunbeam Talbot car. The honeymoon fitted into the first term holiday of Peter's final year of Civil Engineering and he failed a test on the first day of the second term but was forgiven by the Professor for having the excuse of just getting married – which was a bit unusual for final year students!

In 1961, Peter was posted to the Bairnsdale office of the Country Roads Board. Ros and Peter quickly took to country life, had four children – all born at the local hospital – and bought their first house. This introduced the wider Weller family to East Gippsland and three families now live east of Bairnsdale and another has a holiday house near Bairnsdale. Their children born in Bairnsdale are Melinda, Andrew, Ralph and Josephine (Josie).

In 1968, Peter was promoted to a position in the Bendigo office and the family moved there mid-year. Their youngest child, Prudence (Prue) was born

in July 1971. Prue was born with a genetic defect known as Williams Syndrome. It is characterized by medical problems, including cardiovascular disease, developmental delays, and learning challenges. These often occur side by side with striking verbal abilities and a highly social personality as Prue displayed.

During Peter's long service leave in 1970 they travelled to north Queensland towing a camper trailer behind the family station wagon – through central NSW and Queensland then out to the coast at Townsville and north beyond Cairns, where they spent about six weeks by Yorkie's Knob at a beach-side caravan park. It was a short trip up to Cooktown which was pretty remote then, with absolutely terrible roads. It was the time of the James Cook Bicentenary celebrations and the coastal towns put on a lot of ceremonies. Peter recalls their youngest son, Ralph, who was about four, being very scared of a mock attack by aborigine warriors.

Peter was promoted to CRB head office in Kew in mid 1974. They bought a large, run-down house at 12 Harrison Crescent, Hawthorn, with a river frontage to the Yarra. The whole family became involved in stripping plaster, painting and renovating it to make it liveable, and they moved in a year later.

The tram stop was a walk of about 100 metres at the end of the Crescent. The children used it for transport to school and university and Peter walked to work. Ros drove Prue a kilometre to catch the bus to the Special School in Bulleen.

Ros and Peter continued to live at this address after the children left but they demolished the house in the 2000s, sub-divided the block, and built a new house on the road frontage. They bought and lived in a house at Cape Paterson during the building process. They shifted back to Hawthorn in 2011.

In 1980, Prue suffered a staphylococci infection in her heart and died within a couple of days a few weeks short of her 10th birthday. It was a devastating event for the family but Ros was the family's strength. Prue was first diagnosed as having Hypercalcemia (Williams Syndrome) at about 14 months by Prof David Danks at the Children's Hospital. They were living in Bendigo at the time so Ros did many trips by car to the Children's Hospital taking Prue for consultations – from Bendigo in 1973 and 1974 and then from Hawthorn from 1974 to 1980 when Prue died.

The next year Ros did a Teacher/Librarian course at Melbourne Teachers College after which she was appointed teacher/librarian at Kew High School. She served there until her retirement in 1991. Peter retired at the same time and a new era opened up for them travelling to exotic places. The first was to Nepal on an Asian Development Bank funded aid project. Ros accompanied Peter on three stints to Kathmandu where she became expert in bartering with the street merchants, exploring this most fascinating of cities while at the same time keeping the beggars at bay. Because of the contaminated water, Ros didn't wash her face in water for those six months – she only used moisturiser! They stayed in an apartment at the Mala Hotel near the Royal Palace opposite a buffalo farm that produced the most delicious yoghurt prepared in terracotta pots. They ate out all the time – but they survived.

Their next trip was a study tour of road safety strategies and initiatives in Eastern Europe. This was in 1992 and 1993 over three trips – Hungary/Poland, then Czech Republic/Slovak Republic and finally, Rumania/Bulgaria. These were taken just after Peristroika when these countries were freed from Russian control. Ros joined Peter and his British, French and German colleagues on these studies and between missions, she and Peter did their own touring.

Between the middle of 1994 to December 1996, they lived in Samoa where Peter was the team leader of a project for the institutional strengthening of the Public Works Department (PWD). They lived in Apia on the island of Upolu. They joined the local scene and embraced Samoan culture. They frequently rented a fale on the sister island of Savai'i and had beach picnics with local PWD staff at the weekends. They occasionally attended the village church on Sundays and were invited to Umu lunch sitting on the floor of a Samoan family fale. Ros loved it.

In 1998, Peter was a team member for a road safety Project in Kwazulu-Natal in South Africa which involved three trips. Ros accompanied Peter on two of them. They lived in Pietermaritzburg. Ros was uncomfortable venturing out alone – as anyone who knows South Africa would understand. However she befriended the wife of one of the local consultants and with her help, Ros was able to gain an insight into South African culture. After the completion of the last mission, Ros and Peter holidayed along the south coast by motoring from Port Elizabeth to Cape Town. They also toured some of the game parks - namely Hluhluwe, Imfolozi (a small, private lodge owned by his South African colleague in a village in northern Kwazulu-Natal), Tempe and Kruger.

In 1998 and 1999 they lived in Fiji. Peter was the team leader for the establishment of the Land Transport Authority. Ros enjoyed the company of the wives of other team members – Dot Stevens and Kay Trainor.

Her last trip was to the ancient and regal city of Lahore in Pakistan. She and Peter stayed in two clubs – the Punjab Club and the Gymkhana Club. Peter made a number of visits which aimed to strengthen the Communications and Works Department of Punjab Province, but Ros accompanied him on only one of

them. It is difficult to wander around Lahore especially in the summer heat, but she and Peter had exciting visits to Islamabad and the ancient city of Taxila, as well as to a hill station where the sister of one of their Melbourne friends lived. Today, twenty years later, it would be almost impossible to make such a trip in Pakistan.

Ros was a keen student of all the different cultures she lived in and was respectful of their customs – and I am sure that her support to Peter made his task much easier than it might have been. They have treasured these memories.

During the late 1990s and 2000s Ros and Peter did a lot of travelling and camping around Australia which Ros entered into wholeheartedly. They travelled to South West Australia, along the Oodnadatta Track, to Katherine and Darwin, to the Dig Tree, Innamincka and the Coongie Lakes, the Strzelecki Track, Birdsville and the Birdsville Track, Broome, the Kimberley, the Gulf Country, the East Coast and Fraser Island.

Ros was the happy snapper and she recorded all these adventures. She was happy to camp in some dry creek bed 100 miles from anywhere. Wet weather dampened their spirits occasionally but there was always some bird watching to be done.

In about 2016, Ros started to go into cognitive decline but she always remained in good cheer. When I dropped in to see the Lowes, she was always welcoming and joined in our conversation animatedly. Peter and Ros's roles slowly reversed as Peter became her minder. She had the most even of temperaments and never had a cross word for anyone. She was a very good person who innately knew how to live a good life. There was never a cross word and she was always complimentary about the dinners Peter served her in later years even though Peter said that some of them were pretty ordinary.

Ros was, above all, a kind and generous person.

Meryl Turner

Bill wrote to me from Queensland to tell me that Meryl had died recently. This is what he wrote:

'Hello David. I am very sad to advise that my dear wife Meryl passed away on 17th August. After courageously fighting off different cancers twice over a period of almost 10 years, Meryl fell ill with a rare and rapidly degenerative disease which stole Meryl away from us in less than 3 months.'

Vic Lawther

Vic was, for many years, the Divisional Engineer's Clerk in Dandenong Division. Prior to his appointment to Dandenong, Vic worked in Benalla Division.

He died on 26 July four months shy of his 90th birthday. He and his wife Kathleen had been married for 68 years and they had four children. He and Kathleen enjoyed travelling together and Vic enjoyed playing sports and working in his garden. We extend our sympathies to his family.

Sophie Sharkie

David Blore wrote to me as follows:

'Just thought I'd let you know of the passing earlier this year of Sophie Sharkie, the long-time and well-loved receptionist in Benalla Division/North-Eastern Region of the CRB/RCA/VicRoads.

Everybody who met Sophie was struck by her warm welcome, and I heard many compliments from Head Office and external visitors on her caring manner and the professional image of VicRoads that she projected.'

News from members

Eddie Schubert

I received the following message from Eddie. I am aware that by publishing it you may think I am blowing my own trumpet, but I was interested in Eddie's comments about his Italian heritage.

'Hi David,

I have just finished *"An Accidental Engineer"*. It was a marvellous read. I really enjoyed your writing and found it engrossing. Your adventures in China were most entertaining, and I found your West Gate tales riveting. The picture you paint of working in government, was a mixture of achievements and bureaucratic workarounds in addressing the hurdles you encountered. Your early days growing up were very nostalgic and vivid.

I found your description of Italian hospitals most accurate and paints the picture of Italian culture most evocatively. Even though your eye situation was hair raising, and I was grimacing at the descriptions, I am glad I read that chapter, even though you gave a 'trigger

warning'. You may not know that my late mother is Italian, hailing from the Veneto region. I have been to Italy on three occasions and never had a bad time or bad food. I once accompanied my Godmother to a Milanese hospital and saw their contradictory processes in full glory, compared to the Australian health system.

I hope you write more books for us general readers to enjoy.

Thanks for devoting all that time and effort into your books, even though it was aimed at your family and their future generations. The general everyday reader benefited from your insights and storytelling capabilities.

Regards

Eddie'

Linton Peterson

Linton wrote to say that he couldn't come to the Cranbourne Garden visit but he would love to see it. He wrote further as follows:

'I would like to congratulate you on your choice of wonderful buildings to write about in newsletter 224. It brought back some wonderful memories.

I saw the Taj Mahal on my honeymoon on an overland trip from Calcutta to London in 1968. We saw King's College Chapel in Cambridge on a three-month trip to Europe for my Long Service Leave in 1980 - with our two children.

We visited Petra from a cruise ship – from Dubai to Venice – in 2010.

Although we have not seen the iconic Fallingwater by Frank Lloyd Wright, we saw a wonderful exhibition of his work at the Guggenheim Museum in New York in 2012.

We have been blessed to be able to travel so extensively. I am not sure that will ever happen in this world again. My wife says she is over the dramas of overseas travel. We have been overseas about 30 times.

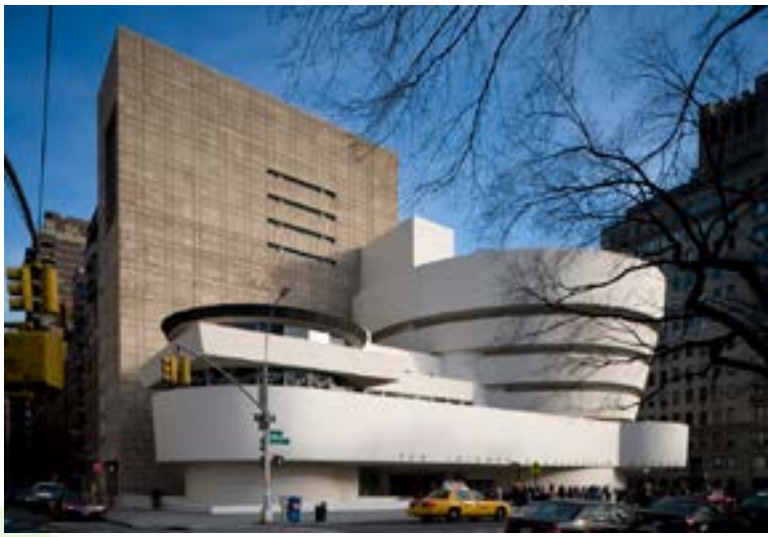
I was also knew Jeff Briggs well. I bought a Japanese stamp collection from him, as well as lots of great wine and a collection of World Record Club Classical music to die for. Jeff and Lyn were wonderful people when I worked with them on the 6th floor.

We are currently very busy selling stuff on eBay – stamps, car magazines, Lego and Comics. We are also learning the ukulele, guitar and banjo. We also grow most of our own vegetables and fruit and are active in local clubs.

Many thanks for all the work you do in putting this magazine together. It must be a full time job.

Take care

Linton'



The Guggenheim Museum in New York – designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.

Bill Peyton

Bill wrote to Jim Webber to inform the Association about his change of address from Benalla to Clifton Springs. He said:

'I see photos of you holding golf events and trophies and imagine you are keeping in good health with a suitably low handicap. I have kept good health until more recently when my knees and feet are becoming problematic along with arthritic hands, but I still hope to find a golf course that will suit my needs here albeit with a cart.

We enjoy having a smaller place down here after being in the B&B for 27 years – thank goodness we are not still in it with the COVID crisis making the accommodation business impossible.'

LEST WE FORGET

These are Mike's and Gerry's stories.

Gunner Michael (Mike) Hartley Butler,

3796958

Mike Butler after initial training.

Mike was born in Birmingham (UK) in August 1948. He and his family migrated to Australia in 1959. He served in the Royal Regiment of Australian Artillery.

He graduated from Ringwood High School in 1966 and enrolled at Swinburne College of Technology to study for a Diploma of Civil Engineering. He was called up for National Service in August 1968 at the age of 20 but this was deferred until 1969 due to ongoing studies.

In June 1969, Mike was drafted into the army at Swan Street barracks, Melbourne, and then he transferred to Puckapunyal Army Camp, Seymour, to do basic training for ten weeks. During this time he learnt weapons skills and did physical training until September 1969.

At Puckapunyal, recruits were able to nominate a Corps in which to serve although they didn't necessarily get their preference. Mike nominated Artillery because his uncle was an Artillery sound ranger in WW2. He got his choice and was transferred to the artillery at Holsworthy Army Base in Sydney in September 1969, with the aim of becoming an artillery surveyor in 131 Divisional Locating Battery.

131 Divisional Locating Battery consisted of four sections that provided artillery gun batteries with support and information. The sections were:

- **Survey** – First order survey from trig points – accurate to within 10 seconds of arc and +/- 0.5 metre co-ordinates. Artillery guns were fired under second order survey.
- **Sensors** – small electronic detectors dropped from the air to monitor troop movements.
- **Artillery Intelligence** – including sound ranging and listening posts.
- **Radar** – to detect incoming rounds of shellfire.

During his stay in Sydney he was sent to North Head – School of Artillery, Manly, to complete a seven week Artillery Surveying course.

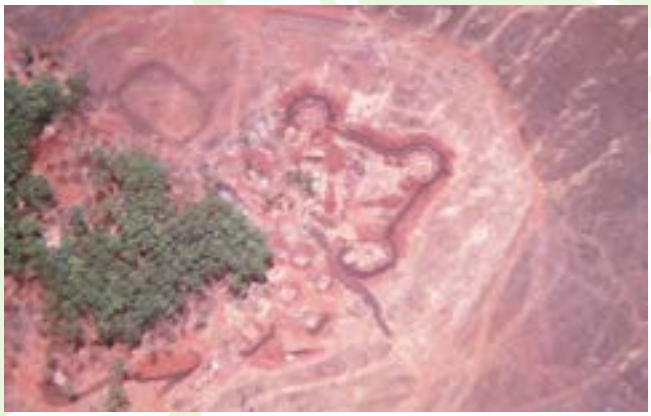
Early in 1970, Mike was sent to Canungra Jungle Training Centre in Queensland for three weeks to do further weapons training and jungle warfare training

Mike (in the centre of the back row) at the Artillery Surveying Course, 1970.

Mike was now a fully-fledged member of the Survey Section with the rank of Gunner (equivalent to Private in the infantry), and was based in Holsworthy until June 1970. He anticipated that he would be sent to Vietnam and, at that stage, had no objections to being sent.

In June 1970 he was flown from Sydney to Saigon, Vietnam, and then on to the Australian Task Force Base at Nui Dat in the province of Phuoc Tuy (Australia's province of responsibility) east of Saigon.

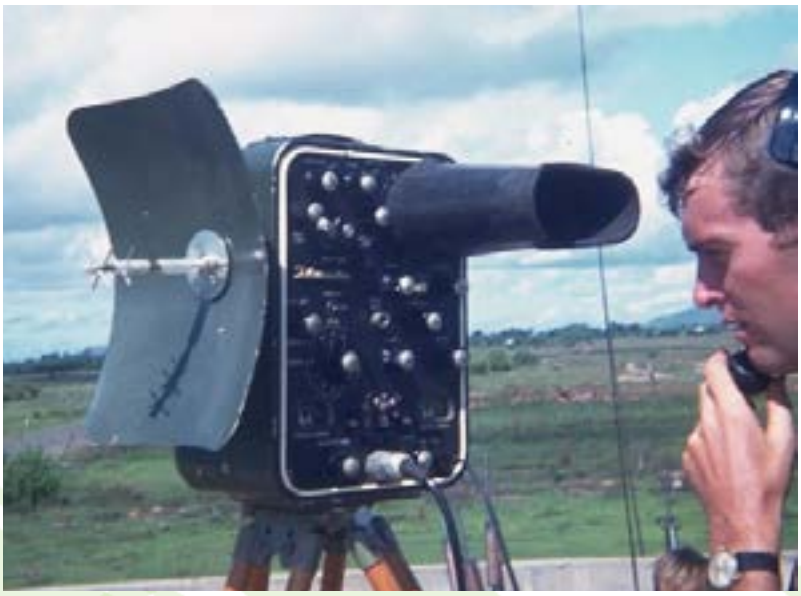
In 131 Battery, the Survey Section's main task was to provide co-ordinates and bearings to the Fire Support Bases (FSBs) which were set up in Nui Dat or remote jungle locations.

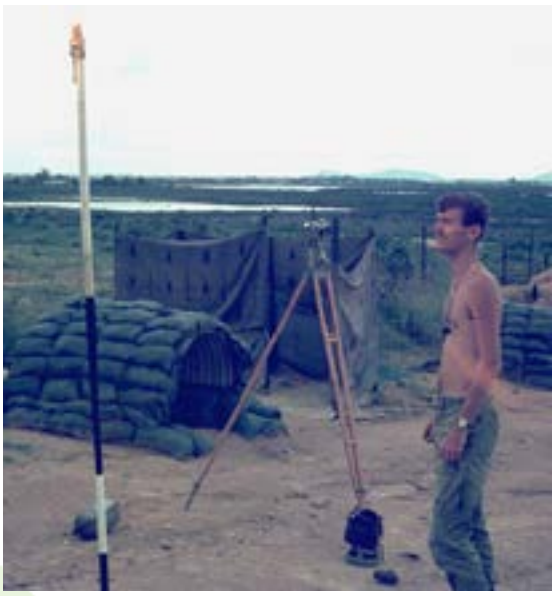


An aerial view of a Fire Support Base with three artillery guns.

The surveyors' main equipment consisted of the following:

- **Curta** – a cylindrical handheld calculator used for computing survey results.
- **Wild T2 Theodolite**.
- **Tellurometer** – a distance measuring device which utilized radio waves between two sets of equipment located over survey markers.
- **PIM** – Precision Indicator of the Meridian – a theodolite set on a sealed cylinder of oil which functioned as a gyroscope.





Mike using a tellurometer (left) and the Wild 2 theodolite (right).

Surveys included triangulation, sun shots with the use of the PIM and other traditional survey methods. Some triangulations were carried out with the use of helicopters which hovered over (say) four trig points or survey points that were inaccessible to the surveyors. The theodolites would be trained on the rotor of the chopper whilst it hovered over each point and triangulation used to pinpoint the station location where the theodolite was set up.

131 Battery was called the *"Eyes and Ears"* of the Task Force.

In February 1971, Mike was in a convoy of Land Rovers and tanks heading for a FSB when the Land Rover he was in, hit a land mine. There were four soldiers in the Land Rover including Len Walker (also a surveyor) who went on to work as a draftsman for the CRB in the Ballarat Division office. All four were wounded and air lifted to the Task Force Base hospital at Vung Tau. After a week in hospital Mike and Len were returned to Nui Dat whilst the other two men were medevacked back to Australia. Mike continued surveying from Nui Dat for another five months.

After twelve months and six days in Vietnam, Mike was flown back to Sydney and then on to Melbourne the next day. He was discharged from the Army at Watsonia barracks on 8 July 1971. There was no debrief or effort by the Government to assist in the transition to civilian life after 12 months in a war zone. Given his experience in army surveying, and before leaving Vietnam, Mike sent a letter to the Title Survey Division of the Country Roads Board in May 1971 seeking employment as a survey assistant. Mike commenced in Title Survey Division on 12 July 1971 under Max Corrie (a Title Surveyor) – four days after discharge from the Army.

After six months in Survey Division, he decided to further his career and recommence the Civil Engineering course at Swinburne which he completed in 1974. He was then classified as an Engineer Class I with the CRB and commenced work in the Traffic Engineering Division in 1975. He was keen to get involved in construction after going on the Engineer's Training Scheme and spending some six months on the Mulgrave Freeway Project working under Don Durant.

After a further stay in Traffic Engineering he was relocated to Metropolitan Division and then reclassified as an Engineer Class 2 on the Greensborough Freeway Project (1983 – 1989) under Ray Bridger. In 1987 a Welcome Home Parade for Vietnam Veterans was to be held in Sydney and Ray encouraged Mike to attend which he did in October of that year. Ray and the few staff members at Greensborough were the only people at the CRB/VicRoads that Mike had told that he was a Vietnam veteran.

Mike was further promoted to Engineer Class 3 and then Class 4 at the Western Ring Road Project and served under Ken Mathers and then Graham Gilpin for a period of ten years until December 1999 when he was promoted to Project Delivery Manager (Class 5) at the Docklands Project under Trevor Boyd. The Docklands Infrastructure Project entailed the realignment of the Charles Grimes Bridge and associated tram and roadworks around the Docklands Stadium which was under construction from 1999 to 2002.

Following the completion of the Docklands Project, Mike was transferred to the Craigieburn Bypass Project and spent four years there.

After 33 years with CRB/Road Construction Authority/VicRoads, Mike was enticed, in 2004, to join Ray Bridger at the Snowy Mountains

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Mike (second from right) with colleagues (l. to r.) Trevor Boyd, David Lewis, Brian McFadzean and Eric Perera at the Docklands Project.

Engineering Corporation (SMEC) based in Melbourne where Mike became General Manager Highways and Transport. His main task at SMEC was as Proof Engineer and Construction Verifier on the Eastlink Project. After six years he retired in 2010 to enjoy life and his family of three children and six grandchildren.

He was horrified to learn that his fellow army surveyor and CRB colleague, Len Walker, had died in a tragic drowning accident in February 2007. The other two men in the Land Rover are living in Coffs Harbour and the Blue Mountains.

After I wrote this up – with Mike's considerable assistance – I sent him the Chapter on the Vietnam war. He responded to me noting that others had mentioned Post-traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Despite Mike's stellar career and positive approach to life, it is sad to learn that he too has been diagnosed with PTSD for many years.

Lance Corporal Gerald (Gerry) Douglas Turner, 3796209

Gerry was born in Swan Hill in December 1948. He was drafted into the Royal Australian Infantry Corps 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment (3RAR), and served in Vietnam from February 1971 to June 1971.

After earlier service in Vietnam in 1967/68, 3RAR battalion returned to Phuoc Tuy Province early in 1971. By this time American and Australian forces in Vietnam had reduced significantly and U.S and allied forces undertook the process of handing control of the country back to the South Vietnamese Government. Communist forces took this opportunity to try and re-enter areas that they had been previously forced out of earlier. This included the Australian and New Zealand area of responsibility of Phuoc Tuy Province. During the second tour the battalion took part in several actions and saw fierce fighting particularly in the Battle of Long Khanh against well-trained North Vietnamese forces before returning to Australia by the end of 1971 after an eight-month tour.

Gerry wrote the following account of his experiences and I have decided not to alter it (or reduce it) because one day this may be a valuable record for his children and grandchildren.

The 'Call to Arms': Barely 12 months after joining the Country Roads Board in February 1968 as a Technical Officer in the testing laboratory at Kew, I received notification that I had been conscripted into the Army as a national serviceman for two years. For some reason I was initially embarrassed about this and kept it secret for as long as I could (apart from my family and closest confidants). Before departing I hurriedly joined the State Superannuation Scheme. My memory recall is that joining was voluntary at that time and that I needed to continue paying my personal contributions on a quarterly basis during my period of absence.

In April 1969 I was sent to Puckapunyal to complete ten weeks of basic training. The military discipline and physical training were a hell of a shock and my body struggled to keep up with the physical rigour required. Towards the end of our basic training, we had the opportunity to nominate our preference for the various military disciplines. Infantry was last on my list of ten but this made absolutely no difference. Infantry it was.

Infantry training took place in Singleton, NSW. Many of our exercises were in the beautiful northern sections of the Blue Mountains and the equally scenic Barrington Ranges. I'd never seen close-up such beautiful scenery before with lush ferny gullies and sections of sub-tropical rain forest.

At the end of the Infantry Corp training, we were again offered preferences. This time it was a Battalion going to Vietnam in two months, another going in six months and another going in ten months. I chose the latter and this time was lucky. It meant that I would serve a maximum of nine months in a war zone rather than a full twelve months. I was relieved about that.

Posting to 3rd Battalion RAR based at Woodside: In September 1969, I made the long drive to Woodside in the Adelaide Hills of South Australia to join the 3rd Battalion. The barracks were old and basic but were set in an idyllic part of the rolling hills with large magnificent red gums scattered everywhere. Adelaide wasn't far away (30km) to spend time socialising on the weekends.

Training in the Flinders Ranges & the broomstick incident: I'd often heard people speak glowingly about their holiday in the majestic Flinders Ranges of SA. My experience was vastly different. Our first training exercise was arduous in harsh, hot, dry, rugged and rocky conditions. As a novice I copped the worst job possible, that of being the assistant to the machine gunner. The role was essentially that of a 'pack horse'. In addition to your

own equipment, it required carrying as much ammunition as possible plus a 10 kg spare barrel for the machine gun. The spare barrel was a killer, literally, hanging around one's neck in a poorly designed bag. We were regularly jumping down from the armoured personnel carriers. On the jump your equipment would initially fly upwards and then as you hit the ground the spare barrel would belatedly come down and pile drive you into the rocky creek bed. Excruciating. And for the whole two weeks of the training exercise the machine gun never looked like overheating (and jamming) and the spare barrel was not needed.

For the next training exercise, I badly needed a solution and this was achieved by cutting a broom handle to length and doing a subtle substitution. With the spare barrel safely stored in my locker, the next exercise was much less onerous. I was very pleased with the equipment innovation. But as luck would have it, during the big finale shoot-out with a 'mock enemy', the gun did overheat and the barrel did jam. Needless to say, I had trouble producing the spare barrel. The surly sergeant failed to see the humour in the broomstick incident, and I copped a hell of a berating and punished by being confined to barracks (cancellation of weekend leave) for 3 weeks on our return.

Mass Protest in Adelaide: In the mid-1970s, mass marches were planned around the country to protest against the increasingly unpopular Vietnam War. Following a major training exercise, we had just returned to our base in Woodside and were given a couple of days leave which coincided with the large Adelaide protest march (probably the largest ever in that city). Two or three hundred young soldiers descending on Adelaide for some relaxation, socialisation and frivolity was never going to lead to a good outcome. Inevitably, skirmishes and fracas occurred when over-refreshed young soldiers clashed with the protesters. It was an afternoon of chaos on Rundle Street. Afterwards, things quickly went south when it was discovered the daughter of the Brigadier (the most senior officer in South Australia) was accidentally injured in the fracas when she was hit on the head with a placard.

All hell broke loose back at the Woodside camp and our 3RAR Lieutenant Colonel was not pleased. A forensic style investigation was undertaken examining TV footage and newspaper photos resulting in about 20 soldiers being charged. The events of the day received widespread media attention nationally and internationally (US and UK) and was raised in the Federal Parliament. Presumably, as result of some 'right wing' lobbying in Canberra, the charges against the soldiers were later quietly dropped. There was plenty of excitement that day and it's one I'll never forget. Yes, I was involved but not in any of the 'heavy stuff' and was not subsequently identified or charged.

Postponement of 3RAR's Vietnam Tour: We were initially scheduled to serve in Vietnam in late July 1970. As opposition to the war increased the Government started to wind back its commitment and as result our tour was postponed initially for three months and then a further three months. Early February 1971 was set as the new date. This meant that everyone from my national service intake would not go to Vietnam as we were due to be discharged in early April. Unfortunately, my dad died suddenly in August 1970 and our fruit farm needed to be managed at a crucial time. I approached the Commanding Officer and requested three months leave without pay to work the farm and support my mother. He'd not heard of such a request before but after some thought readily agreed as he knew he would have significant problems getting the Battalion up to full strength prior to departure. He obtained the benefit of having a fully trained soldier to take to Vietnam, my family got the benefit of keeping the farm going while other arrangements could be made. A win-win situation. I was annoyed in later life when guru management consultants would sell this style of win-win negotiation as a new concept in management training programs. Really! A young kid without any training could do it.

After managing the farm for three months I re-joined the Battalion in early 1971 having missed all the final training exercises. I was re-allocated to a slightly different group and was very surprised by how much things had changed and just how many new faces there were. I served in Vietnam with many that I'd not met before and obviously not trained with.

Trip to Vietnam: In early February 1971 our Battalion proceeded to Outer Harbour, Adelaide, to board the troop carrier HMAS Sydney for the 10-day voyage to Vietnam. Some of my family members were able to travel to Adelaide to farewell the ship but they had trouble identifying me amongst the 600 identically dressed young soldiers vigorously waving from the deck. It was my first voyage, and I had many brief bouts of seasickness. On arrival in Vietnam waters, we were helicoptered to the large military base at Nui Dat. Within days, our four rifle companies (each of approximately 120 soldiers) were kitted-up and separately dispatched to patrol various parts of Phuoc Tuy Province for which Australia had sole responsibility. Overall, we spent very little time at Nui Dat and didn't get the opportunity to attend any of the concerts provided by visiting Australian singers and entertainers. The modus operandi for our group was basically six weeks out on active patrol followed by two days leave at the coastal town of Vung Tau, followed by a further six weeks out on patrol.

Within a week, D Company (I was in B), located some four or five kilometres away from us were engaged in a significant contact in the early evening. In the eerie stillness of the night, we could hear the distant gunfire and were able to follow progress via radio communications but could offer no support. The first killed, among others, was a young 19-year-old regular soldier

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who I had previously spent six months training closely with, and socialising with, when I first joined the battalion some 18 months earlier. It was quick introduction to the horrors of war. It was a sad and scary moment.

The short periods of leave in the coastal town of Vung Tau were, in my opinion, grossly irresponsible by the Army. Allowing 100 or so young men to roam the streets and bars for two days with six week's pay in their pocket was a recipe for disaster. Additionally, security could not be guaranteed as the Viet Cong could easily have been present in the local community. Our first foray on leave resulted in one death (accidental) and two in hospital as a result of beatings (when inebriated).

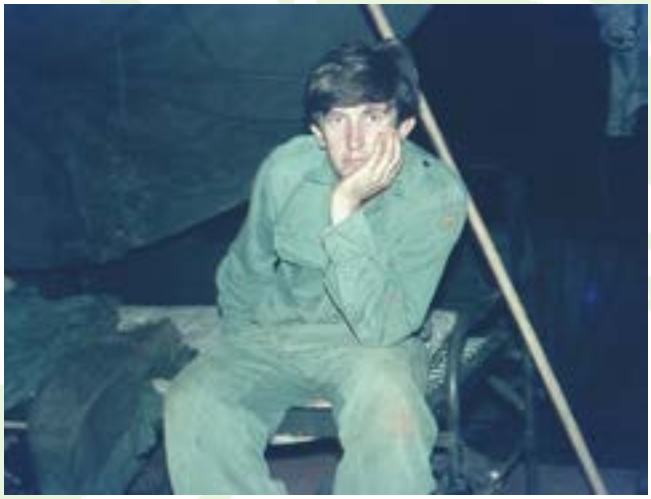
Operation Overlord and the Battle of Long Khanh: A nine day offensive named Operation Overlord, including the initial Battle of Long Khan, was the last major activity of Australia's involvement in the Vietnam War. It was a significant undertaking and ranked in the top ten of Australian engagements in the war.

My time in Vietnam was starting to draw to a close and I was wondering when I'd be withdrawn from active patrol. We then got word that we were to immediately proceed to the neighbouring province of Long Khanh (quite a distance away) to engage the North Vietnamese Army in a large bunker network. We were told it was going to be 'a really hot area'. The mood of our group quickly changed as the tension became palpable. I was shocked that this was about to happen in my final days of duty. How unlucky!

As we proceeded on the long route towards the 'hot area' the choppers flew in with a major resupply. Without prior notice two of us were ordered to jump on board and were flown back to Nui Dat. No chance to say good-bye or wish our mates good luck. Given the nature and scale of the impending Operation, the senior commanders took us out early as they weren't sure that they could get us out once the offensive started.

At the time I was a Lance Corporal in charge of a small machine gun group (three in total). As I was packing my packs for the flight home, the Battle of Long Khanh was in full swing and could be heard over the radio system at Nui Dat. My small gun group came under intense fire and the assistant gunner was badly wounded. An artillery officer embedded in our group was killed, and many others wounded. A helicopter providing urgent ammunition resupplies was shot down and crashed close to our group. Under difficult circumstances, my close friend was involved in trying to save the crew. Two were saved and two perished as fire engulfed the helicopter and ammunition started exploding. My friend still suffers PTSD from the events of that day. The two soldiers in my gun group were so traumatised, they withdrew into themselves and never wanted to attend reunions, see any of their colleagues or have involvement with anything military. In addition to those killed that day, another two lives were significantly ruined. It was a very sad day in my life even though I was not directly involved. I was to find out later that the artillery officer killed was a first cousin of a close work colleague at the CRB.

On patrol in Phuoc Tuy – Gerry is in the centre.



Gerry looking whimsical at Nui Dat just prior to coming home (on the same day as the Battle of Long Khan).

Despite being fully exposed as a front-line soldier I felt very lucky during my 4 months in Vietnam. For me personally, apart from some minor skirmishes and scary moments, what could go right, did go right. However, I do have a feeling of guilt of letting my mates down in not being there that day. I keep wondering how I would have reacted under intense fire and whether the decisions that I would have been forced to make would have saved my gun group colleagues or made matters worse. I will never know.

Gerry tuning into the footy during lunch break on patrol.

Some Minor Non-Compliances: I regarded myself as a reliable, compliant and capable soldier except for a couple of minor blemishes. I didn't care much for short military style haircuts and managed to avoid detection for almost four months In Vietnam. But, much to my chagrin, I was 'sprung' the day prior to departure and in no uncertain terms ordered to get a 'short back and sides'. I was not happy. The second non-compliance was, as an AFL footy tragic, I would always listen to the Radio Australia broadcast of the match at the MCG each Saturday afternoon whilst on active patrol. With the radio in my backpack and the lead and earpiece carefully disguised, I was able to enjoy a weekly dose of footy. It was easy to flick the earpiece out at the first sign of trouble as we moved single file through the jungle. My colleagues following appreciated the innovative hand signals that provided updates as each goal was kicked, but they were somewhat apprehensive about my fully loaded rifle swinging around in their direction as I tried to imitate the goal umpires' actions. Senior officers were not impressed when told about this years later.

Letters from home: Every four or five days, helicopters would ferry out supplies including the eagerly awaited mail bag bearing letters and parcels (often small fruit cakes) from home. On one occasion, everyone seemed to have a heavily perfumed letter from their girlfriend which they would wave around with great glee. My solitary letter was one correctly addressed (3RAR, Nui Dat) from the Country Roads Board which I happily waved around as being from my 'caring and sharing' employer. My jaw dropped when I discovered that my personal contributions to the State Superannuation Fund were in arrears and that I would be in default of the scheme if I didn't pay by the end of the month. Wow. What hope did I have to pay in the circumstances, given that my cheque book was safely in storage back in Australia. The coldness and insensitivity of the letter still irks me a bit to this day. No warm handwritten note to wish me well in a war zone and to sort the matter out when I returned. I regret that I didn't have the foresight to keep the letter rather than burying it in the jungles of Vietnam.

Return Home: An issue that still really rankles the Vietnam Veteran community to this day, is the hostility, anger and blame directed towards the returning soldiers (many of whom were young national servicemen) by those in the community strongly opposed to the war. It was a shameful period in our history. In many cases returning soldiers retreated and 'disappeared' back into the community. What was probably worse (to our own detriment), is that we disconnected from each other as we scattered to our homes across the county and returned to civilian life. Whilst I never personally experienced any direct hostility, I did experience a discernible level of coolness and indifference which at times was uncomfortable. This included elements of the then CRB which prided itself on its military support.

On returning home I was discharged from the Army quite quickly and immediately returned to my job as a technical officer in the main Kew laboratory. In hindsight, I was hopelessly prepared for the sudden transition from a front-line soldier in a war zone in a tropical country to civilian life back home in mid-winter Melbourne. Likewise, the then CRB was also ill-equipped to handle such transitions. There was no warm welcome back. It was just 'suck it up mate and get on with it'.

At the time, the Federal Government rhetoric and repeated promises was that no national serviceman serving their country would be disadvantaged. I was young and somewhat naïve and believed these promises literally. But the actual reality was that it simply meant that employers were expected to hold their job open if they were able to do so.

I was already quite annoyed about the financial disadvantage resulting from the disparity between the military pay and my the previous CRB pay over the two-year period. This annoyance increased further when I was more-or-less regarded as a new starter at the 'bottom of the pile' and assigned to do the most basic work. Colleagues that I first started with were now receiving their first promotion based on their experience and skills while I was a 'long, long way off'. Whilst understandable, it just didn't seem fair and appeared contrary to Government promises. The chip on my shoulder grew bigger by the day and I was probably considered to be far, far less than a 'model employee'. As an aside, and adding fuel to the fire, an Italian born friend of mine had completed an electrical apprenticeship prior to his Vietnam service was then denied a job at the

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SEC because he wasn't an Australian citizen. So much for the Government rhetoric and community attitudes of the day. He could fight for his adopted country but not work for it.

Vocational Retraining: Things improved markedly some six months later when I accessed a 12-month vocational retraining program offered to eligible war veterans and commenced a three year Diploma of Applied Science (Geology) at the Bendigo Institute of Technology. Initially the CRB granted leave without pay to commence the course, but indicated that I would need to resign if I wanted to complete the final two years full time. Fortunately, that decision was later reversed after some 'argy bargy' and lobbying. At last my CRB/RCA/VicRoads career was underway. On successful completion of the course, I joined the Geology Section for four or five years before eventually progressing into a number of diverse organisational positions ending up as the Manager of VicRoads Property Department. I much appreciated the 'kick-start' that the vocational retraining program provided, and the subsequent opportunities VicRoads offered over my career. What started badly ended well.

Vietnam Veterans Association of Australia (VVAA): A significant side benefit arising from my service in Vietnam has been to join fellow veterans in a large sub-branch of the VVAA in the outer eastern suburbs of Melbourne. Like many others, I was a 'closet veteran' for 30 years before finally 'coming out' in 2001 and joining the organisation in 2006. I regret not reconnecting much, much earlier.

We have over 200 active service members in our sub-branch, and have diverse range of sub-groups catering for bike riding (my passion), caravanning, arts and crafts (i.e. woodworking), coffee groups, breakfast groups etc. as well as more formal functions and activities. Wives and families are a key part of the group. The Sub-branch does excellent work with 'grass roots' welfare for those who are ill or need support. Unlike other organisations, we are not burdened by the need to run a clubroom, liquor licence and in some cases pokies, enabling our organisational energy to be better directed to welfare, socialisation and community connection. The companionship, camaraderie and special bond that exists between fellow Vietnam veterans, from all walks of life, is something that I treasure.

The need for such an organisation was spawned in the 1980s when it became evident that there were significant health issues affecting veterans that weren't being adequately addressed by the Government, RSL or other veteran advocates. The use of the chemical Agent Orange (linked to cancers) and Post-traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) were the main issues of concern. This led to the formation of the fiercely independent Vietnam Veterans Association that fought vigorously, tirelessly and successfully for these conditions to be addressed, accepted and treated.

50th Anniversary of the Battle of Long Khanh: On the 7 June 2021, a commemorative service was held in Canberra to recognise and acknowledge the 50th anniversary of Operation Overlord, including the Battle of Long Khanh. The ceremony was televised live on the ABC. It was a major reunion of all the units involved in the multifaceted operation. Unfortunately, I was unable to attend as Melbourne was in COVID lockdown at the time and I missed the opportunity to catch-up with colleagues from other states who I may never see again.

When Gerry submitted this story to me, he said:

Up until now, I had strongly believed that my military service had had little or no adverse impact on my life. However in preparing this seemingly benign document I become very emotional and sad. It did have an impact. I have edited out some of the things that were troubling me.

I previously prepared the document as an email four months ago, but it was wiped out in a major glitch when I lost all my emails and email addresses. Redoing the document brought back the same memories and sadness.

Gerry with a home-made wreath for Vietnam Veterans (pre-Anzac Service 2021).

And now for something beautiful

In previous newsletters we have discussed painting, music, architecture, poetry, sculpture, and piazzas/squares. I am now harking back to my first adventure in engineering – bridges. In fact this could take up quite a few issues! I have space for only one bridge in this issue and it is my favourite of the lot of them – Iron Bridge over the Severn River in Shropshire, UK. I know this bridge very well. Back in the mid-1960s I saw the bridge almost daily and it evokes memories of a very happy period in our lives.

The iron bridge spanning the Severn River at Ironbridge

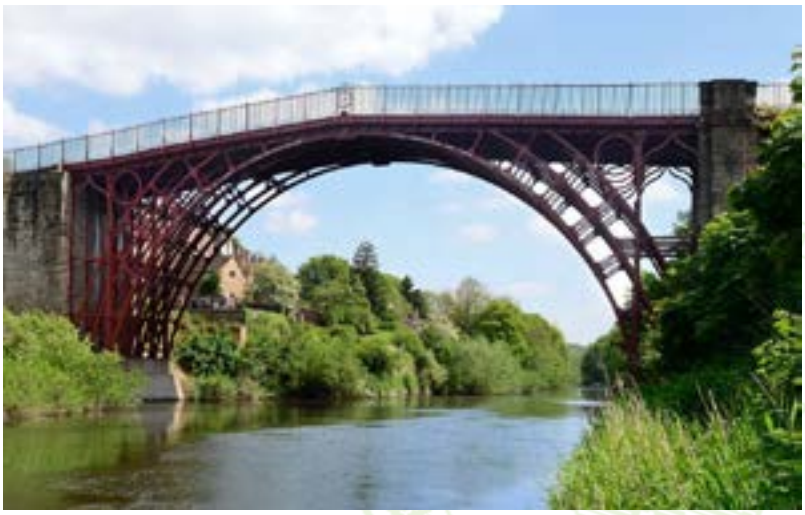
I was working for a large firm of British consulting engineers, Rendel, Palmer and Tritton. In their office in Victoria Street, London, I worked on the design of the water intake for Ironbridge 'B' Power Station which was adjacent to the Severn River opposite the small town of Ironbridge. Later, I was sent to Ironbridge to assist in the construction of the power station. The power station was coal-fired and I remember at the time its output was about twice that of Victoria's total output. Ironbridge 'B' was decommissioned last year as part of Britain's greenhouse gas reduction program.

Ironbridge is so called because the first ever iron bridge was built there – ushering in a revolution in bridge construction. Opened in 1781, it was the first major bridge in the world to be made of cast iron. Its success inspired the widespread use of cast iron as a structural material, and today the bridge is celebrated as a symbol of the Industrial Revolution.

The geography of the deep Ironbridge Gorge, formed by glacial action during the last ice age, meant that there are industrially useful deposits of coal, iron ore, limestone and fire clay present near the surface where they are readily mined, but also that it was difficult to build a bridge across the river at this location. To cope with the instability of the banks and the need to maintain a navigable channel in the river, a single span iron bridge was proposed with Abraham Darby III responsible for funding and building the bridge. The bridge crosses the Ironbridge Gorge with a main span

of 100 ft 6 in (30.63 m), allowing sufficient clearance for boats to pass underneath.

In 1934 it was closed to vehicular traffic. Tolls for pedestrians were collected until 1950, when the bridge was transferred into public ownership. After being in a poor state of repair for much of its life, extensive restoration works in the latter half of the 20th century have protected the bridge. The bridge, the adjacent settlement of Ironbridge and the Ironbridge Gorge form the UNESCO Ironbridge Gorge World Heritage Site.



Something beautiful – Iron Bridge.

New bridge for Brisbane

It has recently been announced that a new footbridge will be built across the Brisbane River from the corner of Alice and Edward streets in the CBD to Scott Street at Kangaroo Point. The new bridge will be around 460 metres long and will cost $190 million. It will be a single-mast cable-stayed structure, designed to complement the city skyline and minimize visual impact.

Artist's impression of the new bridge

The concept design for the bridge was developed by Cox Architecture and Arup. The design will include an overwater bar and restaurant. Detailed design is under way and construction is expected to commence at the end of 2021.

The Kangaroo Point bridge is one of several car-less bridges the Brisbane City Council is looking to build across the river. The $60 million Breakfast Creek bridge is also expected to begin construction at the end of the year and two planned West End bridges should begin construction in 2022.

DJPR 11126/872_STU3189 09.21 Authorised by the Department of Transport, 1 Spring Street, Melbourne