

# The Bridge over Gillam Gully

In a little village, far, far away,  
There is a little band of folk who play trains night and day.  
They go up and down  
then 'round and 'round  
All day long they'll puff and chug.  
They really have caught the steam train bug.

The track is good but needs extending,  
Across Gillam Gully it could be wending.  
So a bridge was needed without too much spending.

Plans were made and scrapped and made again.  
Until all ideas came out the same in the end,  
For funds were scarce and workers few,  
But the bridge was needed, that they all knew.

Materials had been scrounged and bought on the cheap,  
And for years they were stored, it would make a loco weep.  
Then new blood came into the group  
And the bridge was again put to the troops.

We'll build it our way come hell or high water!  
So down the gully they went, they were in for the slaughter.

They measured and measured and measured again,  
They swung it this way and that until in the end,  
They had it where they wanted it and the direction was good,  
This time it WILL be built, that they all understood.

The foundations were marked and the holes were dug  
But the machine was too short and the holes were too snug.  
So down on their bellies they went into the holes,  
And dug with tins, until all you could see were their soles.

They struggled all day until they made the holes bigger,  
And finally they thought they were on a winner.  
Until days later along comes a bright spark  
And changes the plans and boy did that nark!  
After all the gut busting and digging by hand,  
The bright spark was not the most popular boy in the land.  
Again decisions were made and plans were adjusted,

But try and change it again and your head might get busted!

The work crew is forever shrinking,  
But the dedicated few get on with the job, even when the weather is stinking.  
The steel is all welded and ready to go,  
A new digger is ordered and the holes are just so.

When the 2 I.C. Comes back from his vacation,  
His machine will drop in the steel...it would hold up the nation.

But while waiting for that job to be done,  
Two snakes thought it would be fun  
To take up residence in the new holes,  
Until some of the workers decided to save their poor souls.

Boards were put down so they could make their escape,  
For everyone thought they were only carpet snakes.

The working B's are increased again,  
The President isn't making too many friends.  
But progress is rapid and right on track,  
This bridge will be built,  
No way will we slack!

Girders are bolted and put into place  
Against the wet season we will have to race,  
Next is cement to finish the foundations,  
Which will truly hold up the nation.

We are far from finished but too far to stop  
And when it is done  
The BRIDGE OVER GILLAM GULLY  
Will be hard to top.

The saga will continue of this bridge building  
No doubt these intrepid workers will carry on unyielding  
Until the structure is all complete  
And all will agree it is a wonderful feat  
Of a little band of folk who just love to drive trains  
And run 'round the track with a puff and a chug  
These ordinary folk who have caught the steam train bug!  
By Judy Clark..... 19/11/06