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## Daily Construction A Daily Bulletin listing Decisions of Superior Courts of Australia

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### Executive Summary (1 minute read)

**Chief Executive, Department of Transport and Main Roads v Cidneo Pty Ltd (QCA)** - real property - compulsory acquisition of land - post resumption-agreement - assessment of compensation payable - appeal allowed



## Summaries With Link (Five Minute Read)

### **Chief Executive, Department of Transport and Main Roads v Cidneo Pty Ltd [2015] QCA 96**

Court of Appeal of Queensland

Carmody CJ, Fraser JA & Dalton J

Real property - compulsory acquisition of land - applicant resumed part of respondent's land - application for leave to appeal from decision of Land Appeal Court concerning amount of compensation payable - whether amount of contribution to be taken into account in assessment under s20 *Acquisition of Land Act 1967* should be fixed as estimate of amount of required contribution which parties to hypothetical sale would have anticipated as at date of resumption or by reference to much smaller amount of contribution actually required under agreement made after resumption - held: only one ground of appeal in notice of appeal raised appellable question - Land Court should have considered post-resumption agreement regarding amount of transport infrastructure contribution in calculating quantum of compensation payable to respondent - appeal allowed.

[ChiefExecutive](#)



# Benchmark

**Doreen**

by C.J. Dennis

“I WISH’T yeh meant it, Bill.” Oh, ’ow me ’eart  
Went out to ’er that ev’nin’ on the beach.  
I knoo she weren’t no ordinary tart,  
My little peach!  
I tell yeh, square an’ all, me ’eart stood still  
To ’ear ’er say, “I wish’t yeh meant it, Bill.”

To ’ear ’er voice! Its gentle sorter tone,  
Like soft dream-music of some Dago band.  
An’ me all out; an’ ’oldin’ in me own  
’Er little ’and.  
An’ ’ow she blushed! O, strike! it was divine  
The way she raised ’er shinin’ eyes to mine.

’Er eyes! Soft in the moon; such boshter eyes!  
An’ when they sight a bloke...O, spare me days!  
’E goes all loose inside; such glamour lies  
In ’er sweet gaze.  
It makes ’im all ashamed uv wot ’e’s been  
To look inter the eyes of my Doreen.

The wet sands glistened, an’ the gleamin’ moon  
Shone yellor on the sea, all streakin’ down.  
A band was playin’ some soft, dreamy choon;  
An’ up the town  
We ’eard the distant tram-cars whir an’ clash.  
An’ there I told ’er ’ow I’d done me dash.

“I wish’t yeh meant it.” ’Struth! And did I, fair?  
A bloke ’ud be a dawg to kid a skirt  
Like ’er. An’ me well knowin’ she was square.  
It ’ud be dirt!  
’E’d be no man to point wiv ’er, an’ kid.  
I meant it honest; an’ she knoo I did.

She knoo. I’ve done me block in on ’er, straight.  
A cove ’as got to think some time in life  
An’ get some decent tart, ere it’s too late,  
To be ’is wife.  
But, Gawd! ’Oo would ‘a’ thort it could ‘a’ been



# Benchmark

My luck to strike the likes of 'er?...Doreen!

Aw, I can stand their chuckin' off, I can.  
It's 'ard; an' I'd delight to take 'em on.  
The dawgs! But it gets that way wiv a man  
When 'e's fair gone.  
She'll sight no stoush; an' so I 'ave to take  
Their mag, an' do a duck fer 'er sweet sake.

Fer 'er sweet sake I've gone and chucked it clean:  
The pubs an' schools an' all that leery game.  
Fer when a bloke 'as come to know Doreen,  
It ain't the same.  
There's 'igher things, she sez, for blokes to do.  
An' I am 'arf believin' that it's true.

Yes, 'igher things—that wus the way she spoke;  
An' when she looked at me I sorter felt  
That bosker feelin' that comes o'er a bloke,  
An' makes 'im melt;  
Makes 'im all 'ot to maul 'er, an' to shove  
'Is arms about 'er...Bli'me? but it's love!

That's wot it is. An' when a man 'as grown  
Like that 'e gets a sorter yearn inside  
To be a little 'ero on 'is own;  
An' see the pride  
Glow in the eyes of 'er 'e calls 'is queen;  
An' 'ear 'er say 'e is a shine champeen.

"I wish't yeh meant it," I can 'ear 'er yet,  
My bit o' fluff! The moon was shinin' bright,  
Turnin' the waves all yeller where it set—  
A bonzer night!  
The sparklin' sea all sorter gold an' green;  
An' on the pier the band—O, 'Eil!...Doreen!

[C. J. Dennis](#)

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