

WATERY SAUCES Oldies and Boldies

Newsletter No 48

November 2005

NEWSLETTER OF THE WATER RESOURCES RETIREES ASSOCIATION

Remembrance Day Ceremony

For a number of years, the Water Supply Department Roll of Honour Board for World War I was located in a conference room at the Indooroopilly offices of NRM. The board has now been restored and is to be installed in a more prominent position in the foyer of the Department's Landcentre at Woolloongabba. The Landcentre houses about 700 departmental staff and is the only city building wholly occupied by the Department of Natural Resources and Mines.

The Minister for Natural Resources and Mines, the Honourable Henry Palaszczuk MP, will rededicate the Board immediately prior to the Remembrance Day Ceremony at 11am on Friday 11th November 2005.

Among the guests who have been invited to the ceremony is Laurie Kearton, son of Billy Kearton, former Chief Draftsman. Other guests will include present officers of the Department (some of whom were "keepers" of the Board) and a number of retired officers. Although you will be receiving this Newsletter after the event, it will actually have gone to print before the occasion. I will include a follow-up report in the next edition.



It is great that the Department has taken this step, as I'm sure all retirees will agree.

From the Editor's Chair

To judge from the displays in the department stores, Christmas is once more upon us even though, as I write this, it is more than two months away. But as this is my last opportunity this year to do so, may I and the rest of the Committee wish all our members, their families and friends, a very happy Festive Season and New Year.

No doubt many of you will now be starting to write the annual letter to friends and relatives telling them of what you have been up to during the past year and what your plans are for the next. While you are at it, don't forget that your editor and fellow retirees would love to hear snippets of your news too.

As Hector Macdonald summed it up, everyone wants to hear what others are doing, but don't think their news is interesting. Well it is. And remember to send brief reviews of books you'd recommend.

And don't forget to remind any of your former colleagues of the benefits of joining. Not only will they receive a copy of the Newsletter, they'll get all the news of members' activities that you are going to send me!

Until next time, au reservoir.

Ian Pullar Editor

Getting Together

It was very heartening to see a dozen members turn up for the Lunchtime Social in the Public Services Club on 29 September. Unfortunately, I had a Strategy meeting which clashed so I was only able to duck across and tell our friends I wasn't coming (yes, I do have an Irish ancestor). Judging from the level of chat and the animated faces, the reunion was enjoyed by all.

It's a very simple way to keep up the contact, so members are encouraged to attend future such events. It was gratifying to see a deal of variation in the attendees, so feel free to add your face, familiar or not, to the next opportunity.

New Members

Since the AGM, we have had a number of recruits to the Association. We will have to ask the Treasurer if there is a prize for the two-hundredth member (he keeps the list as well as controlling the finances!).

Those who have joined are: Mike McKenna, Mick Williams, Ross Stewart, Peter Phillips, Ian Wallace, Pat McCourt, Hein van der Heide, Denis Polinski, Peter Read, Keith Bedford and Warren Hutton.

New members are always welcome; and remember, they don't have to be retired to join!

Be yourself – no one is better qualified.

A Bowl - of Cherries?

With due deference to all necessary biases, sixteen members and partners entered into some spirited competition in the tradition of Drake at Aspley on 19 August; or more plainly said, the Annual "Oldies" Bowls Day was well attended and enjoyed by all.

We adopted a different format this year with just one session of bowls in the morning followed by a relaxed lunch and time to stay on for a yarn in the early afternoon and the ability to beat the peak hour traffic home afterwards. The date was chosen during Show Week in the hope that country members might be in town and able to join with us. It was good to see Mick Williams down from Yeppoon and Hein van der Heide lining up with us for the first time this year.

Norm White arranged the teams so that the regular players had good competition and the less experienced were not outclassed. There was no need for special clothes or shoes, sneakers were acceptable, and bowls were available from the club so even those who had never bowled before were able to take part.

Some members opted to sit and chat during the morning session. These then joined the bowlers and many others for lunch that had been prepared by Don and Shirley Beattie. A welcome companion among the twenty-nine at lunch was Judy Morwood. After a serious back operation, Judy is on her feet again and doing well, best of all without pain.

The Committee appreciates the willingness of the Aspley Bowls Club to allow us to use their facilities each year and acknowledges the work put in by Norm White and Don and Shirley Beattie to make the necessary arrangements for us. We would like to see more members attending this function, especially those who have recently joined our ranks. It's a great day.

Jim Uhlmann

Editor's Note:

The Aspley Bowls Club, like every other entity in the South East Queensland Region, has had water restrictions imposed on it because of the drought, the second worst in history. The club has investigated the possibility of pumping water from the adjacent Cabbage Tree Creek or of sinking a bore. Unfortunately though, the club is caught by the moratorium imposed because of the Water Resource Plan currently being prepared and can have neither. Bring on the rain!



Out and About

At least some of the Oldies and Boldies are on the move. John and Laurel Connolly have recently returned from China (see p.3), as have Geoff and Helen Eades, while Mike and Margaret Barry are being "grey nomads". The Pullars would have been to Europe if I hadn't gone back to work! John Connolly is still singing about his wonderful trip but would like to have a few others help him (see advertisement on p. 7).

Hector and Ros Macdonald have returned from a trip to Europe where they caught up with offspring resident in London. In Prague, a lasting impression was made by the guide who showed them through the Old City and the New – the latter dates from the 15th Century!

Dave and Kay Dewar have also been nomadic but have taken the time to pass on their news (hint, hint) (see p. 4).

Peter Phillips must wish he'd gone away but instead his position as Chairman of the Board of Ipswich Girls Grammar School has kept him hopping. A fire destroyed a large block of classrooms and laboratories which now needs to be replaced while the girls are accommodated in temporary buildings p/kf the Queensland Government.

Ray Sutherland, our Hon. Auditor, is on the move. He has been appointed to a position in Disability Services. When I met him in the street, he assured me that he was willing to continue as auditor. Members will be aware that model-of-the-moment Alyssa Sutherland is Ray's daughter.

Rod Terry, who retired from the Bundaberg office, has taken on a job with Burnett Shire Council where he is the Council's water planning officer. He engages and supervises consultants, one of whom is old boy Dave Tunnah. Mind you, we have old boys in virtually every consultant's office in the State – recently I have had dealings with Bill Weeks, Ian Cameron, Mike Wilke, Aneurin Hughes, Rolf Rees, Greg Hausler, Stuart McNish, Khristy Kelly, Dave Murray and Mike Marley.

On the subject of Mike, the Institution of Engineers named him as this year's Engineer of the Year. Congratulations, Mike. After leaving the Commission he made his way in a number of consultant firms, becoming Principal of Earthtech before selling out to Golders for whom he now works. Mike is also Chair of the National Engineers Registration Board (having served on the Queensland Board for many years).

I am sorry to report that Bevan Faulkner has been hospitalised. We all wish him a very speedy recovery.

On a sad note, I have to report the passing of Cornelius 'Van' Vandenberg in his 80th year. I first knew Van in the early '60s when as a student I did vacation practice under his tutelage on the Tarampa Rural Water Supply Scheme. Van was a highly respected, hard-working officer. Our condolences are extended to his widow Beryl.

More sad news has come through reporting the death of Jim Russell. Those who knew him will be greatly saddened by his passing.

Those were the Days

Ian Ferrier sent me a copy of a photo from a book on the building of Sydney Harbour Bridge showing the Technical Staff involved. All 36 men are wearing suits and the two women – one a stenographer and the other a clerk – the female equivalent.

Of the team, 23 were draftsmen. Apart from Dr JJC Bradfield – inventor of the ubiquitous water scheme with his name attached – there are three names of particular interest to us – JA Holt (Supervising Engineer) – after whom the ferry was named – JE Kindler (Draftsman) – later Qld Coordinator-General – and NJ Butler (Draftsman) – erstwhile Chief Designing Engineer of IWSC.

I don't repeat gossip, so read this carefully!

Chinese Whispers

John and Laurel Connolly recently enjoyed the trip of a lifetime and have given us the chance to share some of their experiences.

Although we have had a fascination with China, the prospect of squat toilets has kept it off the top of our “must visit” list. But this year, Lomotil in hand, we ventured forth, with 17 fellow-travellers, on a 15 day Wendy Wu tour modestly called “The Glories of China”.

Beijing. The Temple of Heaven – one of the most perfect examples of Ming Architecture – is set amidst a 267 ha park with a gate at each of the four points of the compass, where the Emperor prayed four times a year, for a successful harvest. The drive to and from the Temple was incredible – cars, bikes darting in and out, horns blasting!

Tiananmen Square (the Gate of Heavenly Peace), built on Mao Zedong’s orders, is said to have a capacity of over 1 million people. Located in the square is Mao’s tomb and mausoleum. There was a queue of several hundred metres to view Mao’s embalmed body – 2 hours in the queue and 10 seconds of viewing – no thanks! Tiananmen fronts the main entrance to the Imperial City. We walked through the Taihe Gate, the highest gate in the Forbidden City which was the sacred centre of the empire for 500 years and home to the Ming and Qing Dynasties. The rectangular complex is surrounded by a 6m deep moat and a 10m high wall, with a gate on each side. The world’s largest palace complex, it houses 9,999 buildings over an area of 74 ha. The Palace of Supreme Harmony was the Emperor’s audience hall and the Palace of Heavenly Purity was the Emperor’s bedroom. We walked for 3 hours – tiring and very warm.

The street vendors were amazing – in-your-face types. We were told to be very careful and to ignore the beggars, children and all. If you buy something from a street vendor, they come from everywhere, trying to sell their goods for “one dollar”.

The Great Wall – China’s most famous attraction – built over 2000 years ago, stretches 5000 km from the Shanhaiguan Pass on the east coast to the Gobi Desert in the west. Unfortunately visibility was restricted to about 500 m during the time we were there.

The Summer Palace is a royal garden considerably enlarged and embellished by Empress Dowager Cixi from 1888, using money reserved for the construction of a modern navy. The lovely Kunming Lake occupies three quarters of the area.

A rickshaw ride through traditional Hutongs in the old residential areas, showed the subtleties of traditional Chinese architecture built according to ancient Feng Shui. How the common people live is a real eye opener. One “well off” lady’s husband is an Electrical Engineer and their daughter is studying computing. The main room has a lounge and TV, microwave and fridge – main bedroom off the lounge, separated by a curtain. The daughter’s room is next door and they use a communal kitchen, toilet and laundry. Many Hutongs have been replaced by high-rise accommodation and many more will be demolished more before the 2008 Olympic Games.

The Silk Market is a maze of individual shops similar to the Riverside or Southbank markets, but inside a high rise building.

Xian. Home of the Terracotta Warriors – which means western peace – is located close to the Yellow River and has a history dating back to 1000BC. The city was the starting point for The Silk Road and served as the capital for China’s greatest emperor, Qin Shi Huang (221BC). The word “China” is derived from his name.

Xian is a city of only 7 million people!! with plenty of freeways but is extremely smoggy and dusty. First stop was the City Wall – still intact after thousands of years. Then past pomegranate sellers all right beside the road and spaced no more than 20 m apart!

The Terracotta Warriors and Horses are one of the most significant archaeological excavations of the 20th century. Altogether over 7,000 pottery soldiers, horses, chariots and even weapons have been unearthed from these pits. They were rediscovered in 1974 when a local farmer was digging a new water well. Millions have been spent in excavating, restoring and sheltering the archeological sites – 5 in all – but digging has only commenced on 4 of them. A major part of the work has been concentrated on Site 1 where the excavations have been covered by a huge hangar type building that could easily house at least 5 or 6 jumbo jets!! The Terracotta Warriors are now referred to as the eighth wonder of the world – well justified.

The evening saw us at a performance of music, dance and spectacular costumes (at the Shaanxi Opera House) of Chan’an music originating in the Tan Dynasty over 1000 years ago.

Guilin/Yangshuo/Guilin. After flying to Guilin, we cruised down the Li River in an armada of at least 15 tourist boats, past tranquil farming and fishing scenes and picturesque villages. The main attraction was the stunning limestone karsts that tower above the river creating a magical landscape of mountains and water.

Back to Guilin by road, we passed many villages, small farms and rice paddies and visited the Institute of Chinese Medicine for a foot massage. Evening saw us on another boat cruise to experience trained cormorants catching fish and returning with them to their owner. (They cannot eat them as they have a band fitted around their neck, which does not allow them to swallow large fish.) We then visited two Pagodas, one of copper and the other made of wood; the tallest pagoda of this type in the world.

Shanghai. Promenading at the historical riverfront area, known as the Bund Wharf Waterfront, we purchased a “Rolex” for 50 yuan. We were ripped off, as the best price subsequently bargained by one of our tour group was 7 for 100 yuan!!

The Shanghai Museum displays tools, clothing, weapons and other artifacts from throughout the 5,000 years of Chinese civilization.

That evening, some of us chose to travel under the river to Pudong via the Sightseeing Tunnel ride. This is an unmanned train with carriages similar to a monorail except that it travels in a purpose-built tunnel with a spectacular light show. From there it was a short walk to join the queue to visit the Communications Tower, the third tallest in the world after the CN Tower in Toronto and another one in Russia. The views from the observation level were quite spectacular.

Next morning we visited “Little Venice” where we saw canals and gondolas, just like Venice!! There were the usual markets and it was very hot, encouraging us to have a Pepsi at KFC but primarily to appreciate their air conditioning!! Lunch was another Party Susan and then we headed off to the Gardens, and the Bazaar Markets before heading to the Children’s Palace where we were entertained by the children, singing, ballet and musical instruments. We arrived back at our hotel and had only 45 minutes to have a shower and head out for the evening meal, our final Party Susan, followed by a Huangpu River Cruise arriving back at 10 p.m. From there, it was only a short trip to Singapore and home!

A wonderful holiday and a really interesting place to visit.

John and Laurel Connolly

A man travels the world over in search of what he needs and returns home to find it. George Moore

Dewar's Deposition

As recent retirees, my wife Kay and I became Grey Nomads. We departed Bundy in our camper-trailer on 15 January 2005, spent ten days in Melbourne at the Australian Tennis Open, then headed to Tasmania, returned to Melbourne end of March and finally arrived back home via Vic and western NSW in late June. The camper-trailer is not that comfy in wet or cold weather so early next year we will upgrade to a caravan and do other parts of Australia.

We were both sorry to have missed the Back-to-Bundy reunion and the chance to catch up with other ex IWS workers.

To recap on my IWSC days, I started in Dec '58 in Records Branch. The first night, I dreamt about files and more files. After a while, I went into Accounts where it was my first job to push the half dozen account trolleys out to the machinists and put them back at night.

In 1967 I applied to work on Construction sites. After 12 months on Wuruma Dam, I was sent to relieve at Longreach. The temperature there was about 105°F during the day and about 100°F during the night. Then on to Coolmunda Dam for the latter stages of construction. During winter, it was always colder than the advertised State minimum. We went to work in a track suit with PJ's underneath and had a heater under the desk. Jan 1969, transferred to Buckinbah Weir before the whole camp was shifted to Beardmore Dam. While at Beardmore, I travelled back to Brisbane every second weekend to play tennis fixtures as there was no competition in St. George. There was never any shortage of passengers from teachers and Bank Johnnies. To me, St. George was the ar— end of the world.

Transferred to Fairbairn Dam in 1/71 relieving for 6 weeks at Theodore on the way. The gods must have been smiling on me as I then went to Monduran Dam mid 1971 during the early stages. The cook owned a roadhouse in Gin Gin and even the meatballs he dished up were probably left-overs he couldn't sell in town.

When living in the Monduran Single Staff Quarters, I used to travel the 130 km round trip to Bundaberg twice a week to play Squash fixtures, arriving back at midnight. One pretty dark night (no security lights in those days), at the top of the stairs to my barracks it appeared someone had hung himself. I went cold all over as all I could see was this body hanging from the ceiling. It turned out to be a fully dressed skeleton. I never did find out who it belonged to.

Then after six months, the ultimate clanger – transfer back to St George. Just what I needed! Early '72, somebody took pity on me and transferred me back to Bundy to set up Gooburrum Camp.

I married Kay 4/73 transferred back to Monduran in '74 until I resigned in 8/77 to take up the position of Payroll Manager at Bundaberg Base Hospital, retiring in November 2004.

Did I regret leaving the IWS? At times I did as there were a lot of fantastic people working on Construction. The main drawback was that I was again stuck in an office having to deal with doctors instead of engineers. Take engineers any day.

Kay and I have two daughters 29 & 27 and two sons 25 & 23. Only one daughter is married and no grandchildren at this stage. I don't think we are ready for this step as we still have all our inheritance to spend tripping around before we settle down. Squash fixtures for me have finally come to an end but I still play tennis once a week.

I do enjoy reading the newsletters and trying to put a face to the lists published for city and country members.

Dave Dewar.

A woman with a past may provide a wonderful present!

Macarthur's Musings

Last edition, I promised some extracts from Roy MacArthur's entertaining book Enoggera Creek and Me. These (slightly edited) selections are intended to whet your taste buds and encourage you to obtain your own copy of the full 40 page publication from The Gap Pioneer and History Group Inc. 312 Debbie Street, The Gap Q 4061.

The upper part of Enoggera creek and its close surrounds have a special place in my life – carefree happy days that children, teenagers and families can enjoy – especially given a creek in which to swim, canoe and fish and surrounding mountains to roam and explore. An added bonus was for my wife and I to raise our three daughters in St Johns Wood in a house facing Enoggera Creek.

What a beautiful watercourse it must have originally been under a full canopy of trees and the water crystal clear with water creatures including platypus – a veritable 'Garden of Eden'.

There is an interesting mystery about the name Enoggera. I have a plan, dated 1866, and it gives the name of the creek as 'Euoggera'. Whether the change of name was by accident or design I do not know. The 'EUOG' has a sound more akin to aboriginal dialect.

In 1863, with the population of Brisbane growing rapidly, engineer Thomas Oldham, was commissioned to find a suitable source of water. He reported that the best site was on Enoggera Creek where the Enoggera Dam now stands, the second oldest dam in Australia. Waterworks Road was built [as the name implies] to give access to the dam.

As far back as I can remember I heard stories that the lake contained an abundance of catfish, eels, tortoises and lungfish. There were also colonies of platypus but these shy creatures were rarely seen. My brother Keith and I tried one day and found the fishing tiresome and unrewarding.

Torrential rain in the winter of 1967 nearly caused a disaster to the dam. The spillway proved to be almost inadequate with the water level rising to a dangerous level of 15" below the top of the earth embankment. Immediately after this event the council had the spillway widened. The floodwaters of 1974 passed through without threatening the dam wall.

Just downstream of the dam was the best swimming hole, the 'bath tub'. My brother Keith was once fishing there alone, at dusk. He he got the fright of his life when he heard a strange sound, so he collected his fishing tackle and headed for home. He was later told that the noises were made by a lungfish.

In 1948, to celebrate my 21st birthday, some of my sisters and brothers with boyfriends and girlfriends walked from Bailey's Road to 'Best's Pool' for a late afternoon picnic. When we arrived there were a few lads swimming nude in the pool and, unfortunately for them, their clothes were bundled right where we planned to set up our base. The previous activity in the water had stirred up enough sediment to preserve their modesty and we engaged them in conversation. The girls enjoyed the novelty of the situation and managed not to stray too far from the pool. When it was obvious the swimmers were starting to feel cold they were reunited with their clothes and with their modesty intact.

(At another swimming hole) it never came as a surprise when the local policeman, Sergeant Brady, would appear on top of the high creek bank, in plain clothes, wheeling his bike. Looking down at all the swimmers he would shout, "Bottoms up!" checking to see if we were swimming in the nude. The usual punishment administered by the Sergeant for any misdemeanour was an on the spot kick in the backside by his 'number nines' and then sent you on your merry way home.

And many more stories ... Thanks Roy for all your efforts.

Strategic Activities

Despite suggestions to the contrary in the *Courier Mail*, the SEQ Regional Water Supply Strategy is alive and well and getting on with the job. As I reported last Newsletter, I am back with the Department working on the Strategy. I have been joined by Ed Miller (who has his newsagency being run by a manager) and now Ian Ferrier on a very part time basis. Richard Priman is the Project Director and Ian Hanks is the resident guru. Our Project Manager Dr Mark Carden is an independent external appointee with a background in environmental science and economics and he's great to work with. Another valuable member of our team is Chris McKenna, son of John who is still toiling away for the Department.

Don't tell any one, but it is pretty obvious (to judge from the letters to the editor etc) that the Department has employed the wrong people and there are many experts out there who know the answers so much better than incompetent bureaucrats. Unless you, gentle reader, are equally incompetent, feel free to make your own selection from some of the proffered gems.

- o We should go straight to desalination plants because that will reduce sea levels to combat global warming. This correspondent was chastised the next day for being stupid as the extra greenhouse gases would cause Antarctic melting to replace the volume removed by the desal plant. (*Reminds me of the Irishmen who had such a good fishing trip that they wanted to be sure they came back to the same spot next day. So one marked an X on the bow of the hired boat only to have his mate remark, "Don't be stupid! How can we be sure we'll get the same boat tomorrow?"*)

- o We should pipe water from the wet north to the dry south (*after all, you can tell from the map that it's downhill all the way*).

- o We should have built Wolffdene but will someone have the courage to do so now?

- o The answer is recycled wastewater. Only dinosaurs would propose anything else. (*In Toowoomba, Citizens Against Drinking Sewage [CADS] don't quite agree.*)

- o I refuse to drink excrement-flavoured urine. What we need is a number of huge, gigantic dams built now!

- o We should bund Moreton Bay (or more modestly the Broadwater), pump out the seawater and fill it with fresh.

- o All we need to do is cloud-seeding.

- o If everyone in Brisbane had had a rainwater tank, there would have been no 1974 flood.

- o And on 29 October (after about 70 mm of rain on the Wivenhoe catchment), "The dam would be pretty full by now. It's a conspiracy by the Government to keep the water restrictions on!"

I guess it's all part of the hydro-illogical cycle.

We have responded to one suggestion though. One of the lads hung a picture of the African rain god Chaminuka on the wall and it has barely stopped raining since!



Chaminuka

SunWater Snippets

On 1 October 2005, SunWater turned five. To coin a cliché, how time flies! To commemorate this auspicious birthday, a special edition of *Water Channels* was produced. Extracts showing some of the achievements are included here for your interest.

The Gattonvale Offstream Storage near Collinsville (*Ian Ferrier provided some information on the construction team last Newsletter*) is now storing water for the Bowen Basin coalfields. SunWater is also moving to the construction of a pipeline from Burdekin Falls Dam to the coalfields.

Leakage from the Selma Main Channel in the Emerald Irrigation area is being virtually eliminated through lining 22 km with 2 mm high density black plastic. This is expected to save up to 7500 ML/a.

The new fishway at Clare Weir was completed in April 2005 and is a great improvement on the old design.

A new hydropower station on Tinaroo Falls dam was completed in May 2004. Water normally sent down the river or main channel is diverted through a turbine before being redirected to the river or channel. The station can generate 1.6 megawatts of electricity, enough to power 1200 homes.

Over the past five years, St George irrigators and SunWater have trialled and implemented the world's first true storage capacity sharing system. The storage is conceptually divided into vertical slices, each managed by the customer without impacting on others. The significant uptake of the system proves its popularity.

In overseas news, SunWater (Doug Flanders has had a major involvement) has worked on an AusAID project in Vietnam to develop an integrated water management process for North Vam Nao Island in the Mekong Delta. The project focused on improving flood protection for thousands of hectares of rice production while maintaining river transport and fish production.



Burnett River Dam holding its first inflows

Efficiency

A time and motion expert pointed out to his wife that she wasted a lot of time when she was cooking breakfast, crossing backwards and forwards between the refrigerator, the stove and the sink. What used to take her 20 minutes now takes him ten.

As Peter Phillips pointed out to me when I was a newly-wed nearly forty years ago, "Remember Ian, if you do it twice, it's your job."

What was the greatest thing before sliced bread?

HEALTH *and beauty* Kids

Because kids (and grandchildren) reputedly keep us young and healthy, this page is dedicated to kids.

Little Muffins.

A first grade teacher presented each child in her class the first half of a well known proverb and asked them to come up with the remainder of the proverb. It's hard to believe these were actually done by six year olds. Their insight may surprise you.

- Don't change horses.....until they stop running.
- Strike while the.....bug is close.
- It's always darkest before.....Daylight Saving Time.
- Never underestimate the power of..... termites.
- You can lead a horse to water but how?
- Don't bite the hand that..... looks dirty.
- No news is.....impossible.
- A miss is as good as a..... Mr.
- You can't teach an old dog new math.
- If you lie down with dogs, you'll.....stink in the morning.
- Love all, trustme.
- The pen is mightier than the pigs.
- An idle mind is.....the best way to relax.
- Where there's smoke there's pollution.
- Happy the bride who.....gets all the presents.
- A penny saved is..... not much.
- Two's company, three's?..... The Musketeers.
- Don't put off till tomorrow what you put on to go to bed.
- Laugh and the whole world laughs with you, cry and you have to blow your nose.
- Children should be seen and not.....spanked or grounded.
- If at first you don't succeed..... get new batteries.
- You get out of something only what you..... see in the picture on the box.
- When the blind lead the blindget out of the way.
- And the WINNER and last one!
- Better late than.....pregnant.

Exercise those Brain Cells

Manchester United, Chelsea and Arsenal have each played each other at football. Here is part of the League Table (but not necessarily in order) with some of the details missing.

	Man U.	Chelsea	Arsenal
Played	2	2	2
Won	1		
Lost			
Drawn			1
Goals for	4	3	2
Goals against		0	
What were the scores in each match?			

Insanity is hereditary: - you get it from your kids!

To all the kids who survived the 1930s, 40s, 50s, 60s and 70s. First, we survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank while they carried us. They took aspirin, ate blue cheese, tuna from a can and didn't get tested for diabetes.

Then after that trauma, our baby cribs were covered with bright coloured lead-base paints. We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets, not to mention the risks we took hitchhiking.

As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags. Riding in the back of a ute on a warm day was always a special treat. We drank water from a garden hose and not from a bottle. We shared one soft drink with four friends and no one actually died from this. We ate cup cakes, white bread and real butter and drank cordial with sugar in it, but we weren't overweight because we were always outside playing.

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the street lights came on. No one was able to reach us and we were OK. We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then ride down the hill only to find out we'd forgotten the brakes. After running into bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problem.

We did not have Playstations, Nintendos, X-boxes, no video games at all, no 99 channels on cable, no video-taped movies, no surround sound, no cell phones, no personal computers, no Internet or Internet chat rooms. We had friends and went outside to find them.

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no lawsuits for these accidents. We ate worms and mud pies made from dirt and the worms did not live in us forever. We were given toy guns for our 10th birthdays, made up games with sticks and tennis balls and although we were told it would happen, we did not put out many eyes.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or just walked in and talked to them. If we did not make the team of our sport of the moment, we learnt to deal with the disappointment. Imagine that! The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law.

These generations have produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers and inventors ever! We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility and we learned how to deal with it all!!

And you are one of them. Congratulations!

You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to grow up as kids, before the lawyers and the government regulated our lives for our own good. And while you are at it, forward it to your kids so they will know how brave their parents were.

Last Edition's Answer

What was next in the sequence:

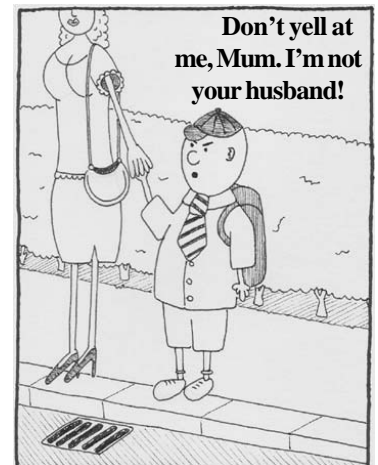
- 1
- 11
- 21
- 1211
- 111221
- 312211
- ?



Hector Macdonald was again the first (and only) respondent (but there was still no prize of Scotch). Each line describes the line before – one one etc.

The next line is therefore 'one three, one one, two two, two one' or 13112221.

Hector also correctly points out that this is not a (mathematical) sequence!



More Origins

If you, like me, thought that Kris Kringle was nothing more than another American abomination, then you, like me, will have to think again. Kris Kringle is the corrupted version of the German *Christkindl* which is itself a corruption of *Christ-Kindlein*, the Christ child.

It became the German custom on the evening of the feast of St Nicholas (who of course became Santa Claus) for someone impersonating the saint to visit every home in which there were children. After enquiring if the children had been good during the year, he asked what gift the child desired for Christmas. On Christmeas Eve candles were placed in the window to guide the Christ-child who was thought to bring the gifts.

From Europe the legend was taken to Pennsylvania by Germans and German-speaking Swiss. *Christkindl* was changed into *Kris Kringle*. Some theologians saw the transformation as 'gibberish of the vilest kind'.

And as for Santa coming down the chimney, that would appear to be the last point of entry a rotund gentleman would choose. The idea of entering a home via a chimney dates from prehistoric times when people dwelt underground. The smokehole – which was later replaced by the chimney – doubled as the entrance. This explains why in present day French, the words for 'chimney' (*cheminee*) and 'path' (*chemin*) have the identical root, just as the Italian *cammino* communicates both meanings.

An Irony

Easter was a pagan festival
Until it was conveniently Christianised.
An irony – perhaps the best of all –
Is Christmas now is almost fully paganised.

According to Bill Bryson in *A Short History of Nearly Everything* (see also Book Club on p.8), an English pharmacist named Luke Howard gave cloud types their names in 1803. He divided the clouds into three groups: stratus for layered clouds; cumulus for fluffy ones; and cirrus for the high, thin feathery formations that presage colder weather. He later added nimbus for a rain cloud. The beauty of his system was that these terms could be readily recombined to cover every type of cloud – stratocumulus, cirrostratus, cumulo-nimbus. Much changed, this system has been reported in the *International Cloud Atlas*. In the first edition of this prestigious (if little read) atlas, the plumpest and most cushiony cloud was number nine, cumulo-nimbus. That seems to be the source of the expression 'to be on cloud nine'.

The World's Shortest Fairy Tale

Once upon a time a guy asked a girl to marry him.

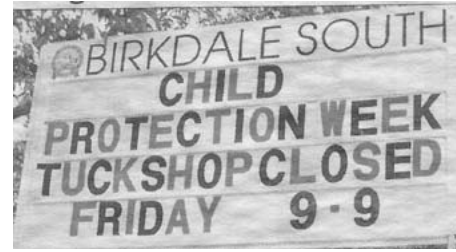
The girl said, "No."

The guy lived happily ever after and went fishing a lot.



The health crisis

A Sign of the Times



The Ship That Never Was

One of the least desirable addresses in convict Australia was Sarah Island in Macquarie Harbour, Tasmania. Even so, for those convicts who were involved in the shipbuilding industry that was set up there by David Hoy, things were not altogether irredeemable. Some learned a craft for later life. And for ten of the convicts, it provided them with an opportunity for freedom. In 1834, they seized the last ship built there and, despite having no seagoing experience whatsoever, managed to sail the *Frederick* to Chile. They must have known something of shipbuilding however, because three of them managed to show the locals how to finish the ship that had flummoxed them, and promptly sailed it to the United States of America and freedom.

Two years after the abscondence, the Royal Navy found four of the convicts in Chile and repatriated them to Van Diemen's Land to stand trial for theft of a ship, piracy and mutiny on the high seas. All were capital (hanging) offences.

The trial took place before Mr Justice Pedder, who achieved fame (at least for us Watery Sauces folk) by giving his name to Lake Pedder. The Defence Counsel were able to establish that the *Frederick* lay inside Macquarie Harbour (and not on the high seas) and had never been registered. So, at the time it left Macquarie Harbour, it was nothing more than parts with the potential to become a ship at some future date. It never was a ship. The miscreants were exonerated and went on to live long and fulfilling lives.

When we visited Strahan, we were privileged to see a production of *The Ship that Never Was*, written and presented locally. It was one of the most enjoyable, inventive, entertaining and illuminating pieces of Theatre we have ever seen (and believe me, we have seen more than the average retiree). According to the Internet, the production is still going. For anyone venturing into that neck of the woods, I couldn't recommend it more strongly.

MALE SINGING TALENT REQUIRED!

Men with either a passion for singing or simply in trying out are invited to attend rehearsals for the **BROADWATER CONNECTION BARBERSHOP CHORUS.**

We are an all male chorus with a keen love of singing and performing. We are looking for new members keen to learn a whole new style of unaccompanied four part harmony singing. You do not need previous experience. If you can carry a tune in pitch, we can teach you the rest.

We meet for rehearsals every Thursday from 7 pm to 9.30 pm at St John's Anglican Church Rooms, 10 Greenwood Street Wishart.

To find out more, ring John Connolly on 3349 5480.

A garden is a thing of beauty and a job for ever – Richard Briers

Book Club

Catch of the day at your second-hand bookshop has to be *Cod – A Biography of the Fish that Changed the World* by Mark Kurlansky. It's prime bait for anyone with an interest in the Tragedy of the Commons – the depletion of a shared resource in the absence of regulation. Does this sound familiar?

Kurlansky traces the history of this iconic Atlantic staple from antiquity to its near demise in the latter part of the last century. For the medieval Basques, whose arcane language helped protect secret fishing grounds, it was a way of life. Cod were caught up in the War of Independence and in the Caribbean were cheap protein for sugarcane slaves. Iceland, the hero in the piece, came to the rescue in the 1960s and declared 'war' on the marauding Poms who brought cod to the brink. And the narrative is spiced with recipes steeped in the same history.

Graham Pearcey

In *A Short History of Nearly Everything*, Bill Bryson explores the world of science from the perspective of someone who knew almost nothing of the subject. Bryson, in his inimitably amusing fashion, discusses everything from the scale of the finite but unbounded universe to the unimaginable smallness of subatomic particles.

The book is full of amusing anecdotes and the reader is certain to be well-armed for trivia competitions as well as highly entertained.

Ian Pullar

It Depends on How It's Reported

Historical facts: John Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*. His wife died. He wrote *Paradise Regained*.

Is there an implied causal connection?

Economics is a social science – albeit the dismal one. *Freakonomics: A rogue economist explores the hidden side of everything*: (2005: Harper Collins) restores our faith in economics. Steven Levitt and Stephen Dubner explore incentives (as well as their dark side – cheating) to tell us what Sumo wrestlers and teachers have in common. They apply regression analysis to school surveys to tell us what makes a good parent – and how there is not a high correlation between taking kids to museums and how they perform at school. They explain why drug dealers live at home, and look at how the words used by real estate agents in ads affects price (terms correlated to higher prices are “granite”, “State of the Art” and “gourmet” – and terms correlated to lower prices include “spacious”, “charming” and “great neighbourhood”). Who'd have thought economics could be so entertaining?

Seamus Parker

Credits

My thanks are once again due to Helen; to my daughter Jean Yates; to Trevor Lynam who printed this; to the contributors; to Scott Spencer, Peter Noonan, Natasha Gajda and Katrina Mack who made it available to departmental staff; and to Harvey Yates for his cartoons.

The central character of *Mr Timothy* by Louis Bayard (described as a Dickensian Thriller) is the now-grown-up Timothy Cratchit. He lives by day in a house of ill-repute and spends his nights dredging the Thames for dead bodies and the treasures in their pockets. After finding the bodies of two girls seared with a brand, he finds another girl with a similar brand, but still alive.

As he seeks an answer to the source of such foul acts, he makes his way through the murkiest parts of London's Victorian underworld, with occasional reference to family, living or dead, as well as his ubiquitous “Uncle Neezer”.

Thoroughly evocative of the time and place, the book is a fascinating examination of both the thriller genre and the Dickensian “might have been”.

Ian Pullar

Woman - according to Harvard Math Dept

1 *To find a woman you need time and money, therefore:*

$$\text{Woman} = \text{Time} \times \text{Money}$$

2 *“Time is Money” so*

$$\text{Time} = \text{Money}$$

3 *Therefore, Woman = Money x Money*

$$\text{Woman} = \text{Money}^2$$

4 *Money is the root of all problems.*

$$\text{Money} = \sqrt{\text{Problems}}$$

5 *Therefore, Woman = ($\sqrt{\text{Problems}}$)²*

$$\text{Woman} = \text{Problems}$$

A+

Office Bearers

Current Office Bearers of the Association are given below for the information of anyone wanting to contact them. As the Pullars are about to go onto Broadband (with a consequent change of email address), please use my departmental address until further notice for all you contributions.

President	Eric Davis	19 Morland Street MT GRAVATT 4122	3349 6638	etjd@optusnet.com.au
Past Pres	Jim Uhlmann	133 Sapphire St HOLLAND PARK 4121	3420 5168	jimncath@keypoint.com.au
Vice Pres	Col Hazel	9 School Road WYNNUM WEST 4178	3396 7019	col@wynnumwormfarms.com.au
Secretary	John Connolly	28 O'Grady St MT GRAVATT 4122	3349 5480	jonnolly1@optusnet.com.au
Treasurer	Lee Rogers	61 Upland Rd ST LUCIA 4067	3371 3200	leerogers@mail.com
Executive	Dave Morwood	35 Bellata St THE GAP 4061	3366 3570	dljnmorwood@acenet.net.au
	Tom Fenwick	3 Waterford Pl. BRIDGEMAN DOWNS	0419655259	fenwick.t.v@bigpond.com.au
Auditor	Ray Sutherland	Dept Natural Resources & Mines		
Editor	Ian Pullar	21 Lansdowne Way CHUWAR 4306	3281 4437	ian.pullar@nrm.qld.gov.au