

WATERY SAUCES Oldies and Boldies

Newsletter No 46

March 2005

NEWSLETTER OF THE WATER RESOURCES RETIREES ASSOCIATION

Look out Bundy - Here we come!

The long awaited, rescheduled, rejigged Back to Bundaberg trip is actually going to happen. Enclosed with this Newsletter is a circular seeking expressions of interest from members interested in participating in the trip. The Committee and the Bundaberg folk are certainly expecting a goodly roll up (to judge from the most successful Back to St George trip). Both DNRM and SunWater in Bundy are bending over backwards to make all us oldies & boldies welcome and to give us a good and nostalgic time. The highlight for us old dam-building-scoundrels will almost certainly be the visit to the Burnett River Dam under construction.

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting (and you will have noted this from the Secretary's notice) will be held in the Public Services Club on 20 April. We hope to see lots of members there so we can discuss what everyone would like the Committee to organise for next year. Anyone with a yen to serve on Committee is particularly invited to attend.

At the last AGM, you will recall, it was suggested that one activity of the Oldies & Boldies should be a simple get-together over lunch. So, on 2 February, 15 members and five spouses gathered in the Public Service Club for a few drinks, a little food and a lot of chat. As an experiment, it would have to be judged a success. It's certainly simple to organise and easy for people to come and go. So look forward to more of the same – hopefully the more will also apply to the attendees!

For the benefit of those who will be making the journey, I am providing some travel notes.

No doubt everyone will have some familiarity with the Glass-house Mountains, so named by Lieutenant James Cook when he sailed past in 1770. But the locals already had their legends, as old as the hills.

It seems that Tibrogargan, the father, and Beerwah, the mother, had many children – Coonowrin (the eldest), Beerburrum, the Tunbubudla twins, Coochin, Ngungun, Tibberoowuccum, Miketeebumulgrai and Elimbah.

According to the story there was also Round who was fat and small, and Wild Horse (presumably Saddleback) who was always straying away to paddle in the sea.

One day, when Tibrogargan was gazing out to sea he noticed a great rising of the water. Hurrying off to gather his younger children in order to flee to the safety of the mountains to the westward, he called out to Coonowrin to help his mother, who by the way, was again with child. Looking back to see how Coonowrin was assisting Beerwah, Tibrogargan was greatly angered to see him running off alone. He pursued Coonowrin and, raising his club, struck the latter such a mighty blow that it dislocated Coonowrin's neck, and he has never been able to straighten it since.

When the floods had subsided and the family had returned to the plains, the other children teased Coonowrin about his crooked neck. Feeling ashamed, Coonowrin went to Tibrogargan and asked for forgiveness.

(cont. next page)

From the Editor's Chair

In early November I had an email forwarded to me from DNRM. A woman at the Indooroopilly complex was puzzled by the Honour Board honouring employees who had served in the Great War. What could it be doing at Indooroopilly which is obviously of much more recent vintage? It was of course, the Honour Board (containing such illustrious names as Charlie Ogilvie's and Billy Keaton's) which had moved with the old Commission, sub-department and new Commission to the Courier-Mail Building. Prior to 1979, it had been located on the wall of Groundwater Branch (not far from "Alec Vitte's" clock) so it moved with them to Mineral House and subsequently with them to Resource Sciences Centre at Indooroopilly.

It appeared that the woman couldn't find anyone to provide the explanation of its origin, so Greg Claydon had turned to an oldie – me! Of course I'm really just a youngie, but I did know!

I guess that's what history is about. It's what people remember or what's written down. So I'm very pleased that we wrote the People's History. At least some of it is written down.

Until next time, au reservoir.

Ian Pullar, Editor

In the beginning was the word and the word was aardvark.

But filled with shame at his son's cowardice, Tibrogargan could do nothing but weep copious tears. Coonowrin's brothers and sisters also wept at the shame of their brother's cowardice. These lamentations explain the presence today of the numerous small streams of the area.

Tibrogargan then asked Coonowrin why he had deserted Beerwah. Coonowrin replied that as Beerwah was the biggest of them all she should take care of herself. He did not know that Beerwah was again pregnant, which was the reason for her great size. Then Tibrogargan turned his back on Coonowrin and vowed that he would never look at him again.

Even today, Tibrogargan gazes far out to sea and never looks around at Coonowrin, who hangs his head and cries, his tears running off to the sea. His mother Beerwah, is still heavy with child as it takes a long, long time to give birth to a mountain.

The town of **Nambour** derived its name from Naamba cattle station selected by William Samwells in 1870. It was the Aboriginal name for the red flowering tea tree (*callistemon viminalis*) which grew plentifully in the area. The Aboriginal people used the paper bark for warmth. As early as 1872 Mr Samwells used the name Nambour in a communication with the Lands Department. The settlement was originally called Petrie's Creek after Tom Petrie who came with his Aboriginal timber-getters to collect timber in the area, but it officially became Nambour when the railway came through in 1891.

Not far along the road is **Gympie**. Gympie was the Kabi Kabi name for a stinging tree which grew prolifically around the Mary River, and the name was given to one of the river's tributaries, Gympie Creek. The mulberry-leaved *Dendrocnide moroides* has tiny stinging hairs on leaves and narrow stems. Experience has taught bushwalkers to keep well clear yet its fleshy berries are edible.

It was along this creek that James Nash discovered gold in 1867. He had been working the Nanango field, but there was nothing much more there so he went off on his own prospecting in the Mary River region. This short, bearded loner of a man dressed in dirty moleskin trousers, flannel shirt and dusty boots turned up at the Maryborough Land Commissioner's place, on 16 October, and lodged his claim for the reward being offered by the Queensland Government for the discovery of a new payable goldfield. The discovery of gold here saved the young colony from bankruptcy.

Maryborough takes its name as the town on the Mary River, named for Lady Mary Fitzroy, Governor of NSW, whose name was appended to the river farther north (and one much farther west).

In the town are plaques to commemorate more prominent citizens of the town including P J Travers, author of *Mary Poppins*, and Duncan Chapman who was the first Anzac to land at Gallipoli.

Childers has a wonderful memorial to the tragic backpackers hostel fire. The town was named for Hugh Culling Eardley Childers. Hugh and Emily Childers lived in Melbourne from 1850 to 1858, but they made quite an impression on Victoria in those eight years. She was known for her beauty, and he for his involvement in the founding of the University of Melbourne as well as for his work in supervising the school system, as Auditor-General and as Collector of Customs. He was an elected member of the Victorian Legislative Assembly for two years. When they returned to England, he entered the House of Commons and continued there as a member and as a minister from 1860 to 1892.

Among the leading roles which he played were those of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary of State for War, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary. His first wife died in 1875 and he re-married in 1879, this time to Katherine, who was, like himself the child

of an Anglican clergyman. She pre-deceased him by a few months when he died in 1896 at the age of 69.

The original inhabitants of the **Bundaberg** area were the Bunda Bunda people and their name was incorporated into the name of the town by the addition of the suffix. My guess is that it should have been "burg", meaning town, and not "berg" meaning mountain. Ironic, in a place which is notoriously flat. It reminds me of the story I was told of two places in the Lockyer Valley – Forest Hill, which is on about the flattest part of the Valley, and Plainlands on a hill. According to my informant, the Lands Office cartographer got them mixed up – unproven but it sounds plausible.

Famous Bundabergians were Bert Hinkler, Gladys Moncrieff, Australian wicket-keeper Don Tallon and IWS's very own Matt Tallon.

Out and About

Eric Davis injured his shoulder in the surf and has had trouble in getting an appointment with a specialist. He fears his tennis career is threatened.

Alan Vizer thinks he should never have retired – he was never sick while in service, but since taking the plunge, he has spent so much time in hospital ...



Denise Rogers and Eileen Rossi are both back on their feet although Denise still sets off the metal detectors!

John Morse tells me that in June it will be twenty years since he retired – which can only mean there's a very special birthday coming up!

Neville Caton is glued to the tennis and cricket at this time of year but usually keeps busy at the golf club, playing and working. He did a few years as greens manager. A group of golfers usually go for four days a month to one of their fishing huts on the local creeks or to Cape Upstart. He's still playing tennis one night a week but the knees take a while to warm up.

Mike McKenna is combating sea rise due to global warming by removing as many fish from the Pacific Ocean as he can.

Lottie Hannan, (Henry's widow), has moved from Cairns to the OzCare Retirement Home in Malanda on the banks of the Johnstone closer to her family. They lived in Malanda while Henry was Shire Engineer before he joined IWS for 22 years.

Ted Walker, who was with Harold Scholz in the Glory Days of Streamgauging in Mareeba, died on 29 October aged 81. He was buried in Atherton on 3 November. Ted always lived at Rocky Creek, Tolga, and is survived by his wife Rose.

Mary, wife of Ismaelo (Smiler) Dalla Vecchia of various IWS settlements in this area, and eventually Tinaroo, died on 19 November, and was buried on 24 November in Atherton. Smiler, who was desperately ill, died the following day and was buried on 29 November. They have no close family.

Regretfully, I also have to report the passing of Ted Dunlop's wife, Marlene, in November.

Busman's Holiday

We went to New Zealand for Christmas and New Year. Dunedin had the coldest December since 1945, the wettest December since records began and the shortest number of sunny hours ever. The locals were not happy – “If this global warming’s happening, why can’t we have some?” they grumbled. Their stone fruit hadn’t even ripened properly and demanded an outlandish price.

Inevitably we finished up visiting some dams – Roxborough, Clyde (we stayed on the edge of Lake Dunstan), Benmore, Aviemore and Waitaki. At Benmore I was intrigued (as I may have been once or twice before) about the use of language. The video in the Centre claimed that Lake Benmore had a capacity 1½ times as big as Wellington Harbour, while the brochure claimed the capacity was 1.5 times bigger than Wellington Harbour. Without any statistics being provided on either capacity, I am none the wiser as to whether 1 Benmore = 1.5 Wellarbs or 1 Benmore = 2.5 Wellarbs, but I know it can’t be both!

Sydarbs

Sydney’s most precious natural asset has been upsized. A five-year effort by the NSW Maritime Authority has revealed Sydney Harbour has nearly 80 km more shoreline than anyone thought, 62,000 ML more water and is, on average, 1.6 m deeper. Warragamba Dam’s capacity of 2 million ML is no longer 4 sydarbs.

The manager of survey and spatial information at the NSW Maritime Authority, Dennis Buttigieg, said the new reading of the harbour was the first since the 1960s, when most of the calculations were done manually, before computers.

The best estimate of the estuary’s volume at high tide had been about 500,000 ML, but the authority now knows it is 562,000 ML. The perimeter was thought to be 240 km. Now it is known to be 317 km, thanks to new equipment that allows mapping to an accuracy of 20 cm or better. With the 160,000 digital soundings and the latest computer software, Mr Buttigieg and his team have found an average depth of 10.7 m, compared with the previous 9.1 m. In the 1960s the surface area of the estuary was calculated as 5500 ha but it is now known that at mean high water mark, excluding islands, the area is 5255 ha.

Another source of confusion has been the definition of “Sydney Harbour”. The estuary does not have one official name; instead, there are five formally defined parts, of which Sydney Harbour is one. All five together are sometimes called greater Sydney Harbour, while the combined parts of Sydney Harbour, North Harbour and Middle Harbour are collectively known as Port Jackson. “Our definition of the harbour goes around every rock and every nook and cranny,” Mr Buttigieg said.

- Info supplied by **Phil Sternes**

Vale Stanley Edward James 10-11-1928 – 18-11-2004

Stan’s early life and his education were a preparation for his life’s work. He trained and gained qualifications as an engineer and was employed by the State Government Department of Irrigation and Water Supply.

His first assignment was to Mundubbera where he was involved in the construction of dams and weirs. Subsequently he was appointed to the Atherton Tableland and played a significant role in the construction of Tinaroo Dam and the Mareeba-Dimbulah scheme. Later he was engineer at the building of Clare Weir near Ayr and Home Hill.

His next appointment was to Townsville where he served a ten year term as District Engineer, which was followed by a period in the Brisbane Office from which he retired aged 60.

Stan is remembered for his integrity and his commitment to his work for which he was held in great respect and for his abilities which meant that he progressed in the department and was given increasingly responsible positions. Through his work he was associated with others with whom he formed relationships characterized by mutual respect and affection – friendships that have endured with the passing of the years.

Stan married his wife Joyce on 27th January 1951 and thus began a life of companionship expressed in mutual love and care. Stan and Joyce gave birth to two children, Gary and Karen. They remember Stan as a devoted father whose love and encouragement and support has meant, and continues to mean, a great deal to them. Family holidays are remembered as times for leisure, love and laughter together – about which they retain very positive memories.

Stan had great affection for his six grandsons, giving them encouragement and support at all times and particularly during their education.

Lastly, but by no means least was Keely, his only great-grandchild who, no doubt, was the apple of his eye.

Stan latterly endured serious health problems and disabilities but he never became obsessed with his own problems, urging, “Don’t worry about me – just get on with life!” – perhaps his last and significant endowment to Joyce and the family.

The same spirit of concern for others was shown to his neighbours in the community in which he and Joyce have spent the past twenty-seven years. His altruistic spirit is indicated in his desire that any expression of respect for him be through donations to Chrons Disease Research and Cancer Research.

It is widely recognised that in the later stages of life it is normal for people to engage in “life review”. Stan, we can be sure, was able to look back over his life knowing that he had been a workman “who had no cause to be ashamed”. He could find a sense of fulfillment and satisfaction in knowing that had helped to change, in a significant way, the map of Queensland through the building of dams, thus increasing the State’s most precious resource – water.

When life is lived well, we ought not to speak of “spending our lives” but rather “investing our lives” through family, through friendships, through work and community endeavours and by investing our lives, producing rich dividends for those we love and for the generations to come, not so much in material terms, but above all through values and standards reflected in character.

So we may heed Stan’s words and “get on with life”.

- from Rev Alan Kidd’s address at Stan’s funeral

Stan contributed a number of entertaining and informative stories to the People’s History for which I am extremely grateful. They are there in print for those who want to be reminded. – Ed.

The Fairweather Files

Continuing Ian Fairweather's fascinating reminiscences ...

Gun Drill.

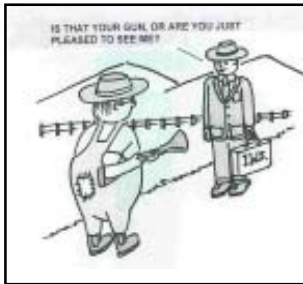
During my years working as an engineer with IWS, on three occasions I had occasion to deal with a man with a gun. The first was at Clare which I visited on my first trip North.

I remember on that trip being accosted by an irate farmer at his front gate with a shotgun. Fortunately I knew of him as we had a mutual friend and was on my way to pass on the friend's best wishes, so the shotgun was put away and peace prevailed. I might mention that the guy was a much decorated rear gunner in a bomber, who had spent his life, to that time, at Thursday Island, boarding school in Queensland and fighting a war, so he knew little about farming and was frustrated almost beyond endurance.

The second occasion was at Mareeba during my first visit. I had established a number of Water Advisory Boards. These boards proved a great help in sorting out an equitable distribution of the far from sufficient water available from the several weirs.

There were some interesting sides to the work. One night I got a call from one of the board members that a farmer was pumping illegally. I picked up the board member and went to investigate. Arriving at the offending farm we found the pump going but there was no one in sight, so I blew the horn. Out of the tobacco came the farmer with a shotgun over his shoulder. I had heard stories about the Mafia and thought to myself,

why am I here? I took the bit in the teeth and gave him a verbal blast, hoping my shaking knees were not reflected in my voice, telling him as strongly as I could what would happen if he did not turn the pump off immediately, and suggested to him that it was possible his pumping time would be reduced and if he did it again there was no knowing where the matter might end. I also told him that the next



time I came out I did not want to be greeted with a shotgun. He was most apologetic, and as far as I remember there was no further trouble. I hoped the shotgun was for kangaroos, not IWS officers.

The third occasion was also at Nullinga and had the potential for an unpleasant result, but fortunately it ended safely. The foreman was Jim Campbell, a small man physically, who was respected by the men over whom he seemed to have a good control. About midnight one Sunday night the phone rang. It was Jim from Nullinga camp.

"You had better come out," he said, "There is a guy gone crazy with a 303 rifle and if something is not done somebody will get shot."

"You can handle him Jim, why bother me," I replied.

"No" said Jim, "I have tried everything and nothing works and I'm scared."

"OK, I will come out," I reluctantly agreed. I went to the police station seeking assistance. There was only a young constable on duty and he said he couldn't leave the station. I suggested otherwise, because, from the information I had, if we did not move fast there might be a tragedy. He reluctantly woke the sergeant so the three of us set out and I was not looking forward to the experience. Anyway by the time we got there our friend had collapsed. The Sergeant thought it would be a good move to take him back to town and give him a safe bed. With some difficulty he was put in the car and we got him safely to town, despite him trying to get out while I was doing sixty miles an hour.

I'm not sure if he was charged with any offence, but I do know the sergeant kept the rifle, and as the Monday was a holiday and there was no ration truck, he had to walk back to camp. He was to collect the rifle when he left the district. I don't think he ever did, as one afternoon during a severe thunderstorm he left the camp in a hurry, and we never saw him again. The cause of his sudden disappearance had something to do with a missing watch.

A Novel Way to Test a Hard Hat.

After the Liberal National party won the 1957 election they carried out a review of various projects, one of which was the Mareeba/Dimbulah Project and as part of this review the area was visited by Mr Muller, the new Minister. It was at about the time that job safety was becoming more important and the wearing of hard hats had become compulsory in designated areas. One such area was Tinaroo Dam. There was a hut at the entrance to the site where visitors were taken and issued with a hat. Muller's comment on being given his was, "Are these things any good?"

"They sure are," said Frank Learmonth. "I will show you."

Muller then turned his attention to what Fred Haigh was saying. There was a short length of drill steel in the hut. Learmonth picked it up, turned to me and said, "I hope they are as good as they say they are," proceeding to give Muller's hat a resounding thump with the piece of steel. The Minister did not drop, but I thought he might have a heart attack. Learmonth commented, "See, they do work."

Despite the hit on the head, I think the Minister's visit was a success because when Fred returned to Brisbane he sent me a very nice letter thanking me for my part in the organisation of the trip. I guess as work continued on the channel system, in fact I think it accelerated a bit, the Commissioner probably achieved his aim of impressing the Minister.

Daly Diary.

Bob and Chris McDonald, a couple of years ago, spent two weeks during the northern winter at a remote van park on the banks of the Daly River in NT. Bob kept a diary.

Headed south from Darwin after breakfast. Stopped at Adelaide River and visited the war memorial, then south west for 125km to Woolianna (mango farm, van park, fishing camp) right on the banks of the Daly River. The road had recently been graded as there was an opera staged on the sand at the crossing last night. The Daly is a big river system, feeding from the Katherine River off the SW part of Arnhem Land. This country really floods as is evidenced by debris in the trees. Some of it is only open during the dry. Parked the van and set up the annex. Started to put the boat trailer together but had to stop to have a few beers with neighbours.

A cool morning next day. Finished assembling trailer, dropped the boat off the truck, put the 15hp motor on the transom and loaded all the other gear. Went into Nauiyu Community near Daly River crossing for fuel, and then on to the crossing for a look. Water was knee deep or more across the whole length (70-100m). Big 4x4's were getting across the concrete causeway but there was one in the drink with the roof only just visible. The guy went 0.9 on the breath test apparently.

Daly Diary (cont)

Back to Woolianna for lunch, put the boat in the river and tied up to a big tree below the van, some 15 m up on the top of the bank. The river is about 3 m deep just off the ramp and gets to 10m in places. It is probably 30 m wide here, fast flowing and influenced by the tide, even though it is about 100 km to the mouth.

Next morning we checked the boat while waiting for the bread to cook. The camp generator is only on for half the day. Off down the river for a look, about 20 km to the 'S' bends where the big barra are supposed to be. Water temp 22° C is a bit cold for barra. Saw a lot of crocs, the biggest one being more than 6 m long. Caught some undersized barra. On a sand bank near Brown's Creek rock bar, a black neck stork stood motionless close to three crocs. Who was after what? At top speed (34 km/hr according to the GPS) the strong eddies make the boat dart about. The banks of the river are mostly vertical with thick vegetation on top. No way out if you flip.

Had a talk to the neighbor, tall lanky Fred from Jerilderie and we decided that a boy's day fishing at the 'S' bends was the go. Caught barra up to 53 cm using crayfish (about 10 to 15 cm long), but all had to go back except for a 60 cm thread fin salmon of which we had a side for dinner.

Needed some supplies so drove 15 km back to 'The Eagles Nest' mini mart in the middle of nowhere to buy two crayfish pots and fill the gas bottle. Back to camp and down the river picking up some crayfish from Fred on the way. Chris caught a catfish and I caught a 50 cm barra that we released. Crocs were everywhere. We knew where three were on the banks, but when a bloke downstream threw a big frame in the river, five slid in to check it out. Later we put the pots in the lagoon (old river bend) with Fred. Had to scrub bash through river flats, grass, vines, trees, bamboo, and make lots of noise to frighten (move on) the feral pigs. Some difficulty keeping up with Fred in the vine country, but happy to be behind him in case we came face to face with a buffalo.

Up at 7am (before sunrise here) to check the pots with Fred. Always conscious of the possibility of a snapping handbag waiting for us at the pots. Went down to the bends again and trolled for a while, but no luck. Locals from Darwin started to arrive for the long weekend.

While Bob and Chris take a break from solitude to deal with the locals, we'll take a break and look forward to more of their story in the next edition.

Vale Noel Ullman (26-6-1924 - 22-11-2005)

Noel John Keith Ullman was born on 26 June 1924 and grew up in rural Tingoora, just south of Kingaroy, where his parents ran the Post Office and Exchange. He boarded at Ipswich Grammar for his early secondary years, but when his parents moved to Hamilton to run the local Post Office, he transferred to Brisbane State High.

He was a keen sportsman, playing rugby at both schools and then at the University of Queensland. He was athletically gifted, winning Full Pockets and Full Blues. He was State High Jump Champion one year and won the Wilkinson Cup for Champion Uni Athlete four years in a row. The local press expected him to be a contender for the pentathlon in the 1948 Olympics, but his studies and interest in women diverted him.

He developed a keen interest in Rhondda Kelly, who became Miss Australia. After two years, they were married in 1947, by which time Noel had joined Main Roads and been posted to Home Hill to build the Burdekin Bridge, still referred to by his grandchildren as 'Grandad's Bridge'. He spent time in Townsville and Barcaldine before being posted to Mackay as District Engineer.

He left Main Roads to join the private firm of Pollock and Barton. When Charlie (by then Sir Charles) Barton took the position of Commissioner for Main Roads, Noel and Geoff Nolan started Ullman & Nolan Consulting Engineers. The firm provided services to six of the local government areas near Mackay and undertook all of the engineering work for the rapidly developing Goonyella coal fields.

In Mackay, Noel was heavily involved in P&C activities at his sons' school and the family purchased a corrugated iron fishing shack at a beach called Half Tide – their little piece of paradise. Over the years the family made the shack quite homely with

reticulated water from a bore, a hot water system for showers and a couple of power points. There was also the dinghy - firstly an aluminium 'tinny' then a larger fibreglass model.

In 1972 Noel moved to Brisbane (Half Tide was sold up) and joined the Water Resources Commission's Construction Branch. He supervised numerous projects including irrigation works in Gympie, Bundaberg and the Darling Downs and Cania and Wivenhoe Dams.

Apart from transferring his P&C activities to Mt Gravatt, Noel developed a keen interest in orchids and ferns, an activity that moved with him in retirement to Helensvale. His decision to retire in 1984 from his position as Deputy Chief Construction Engineer did not come easily, but staying on would, paradoxically, have eroded his superannuation.

He has seen his four sons – Ross, Ken, Geoff and John – marry and produce six grandchildren of whom two are also married and a third engaged. His interest in family history led him to write autobiographical notes and to make a pilgrimage to Lipno in northern Bohemia (Czech Republic), whence his Ullman ancestors came.

He suffered a number of medical setbacks, but believed that more than three score years and ten were a bonus. His son Ross attributes his extra decade to the litres upon litres of WD40, vaseline or sump oil that Noel liberally applied to everything that moved or looked like corroding.

- adapted from the eulogy delivered by all four sons

Noel Ullman was the Foundation President of the Water Resources Retirees Association and was elected an Honorary Life Member in recognition of his contribution to the Association, the only member to have been so rewarded..

NRM NEWS

Movers and Shakers

NR&M Director General, **Terry Hogan**, has decided to move on after five years at the helm of the Department. Terry joined NR&M from the Department of Premier and Cabinet after the retirement of Tom Fenwick. During his time as DG, the Department has undergone major changes and has been at the forefront of the natural resource reform agenda. From a water perspective during that period there has been a major focus on water resource planning and for the first time permanent tradeable water entitlements were introduced in Queensland. But water was not the only issue. The old Department of Mines was added to the department after the 2001 election and after the recent one, the Office of Energy also was added ever so briefly.

Terry has a real interest in policy and spent much of his time overseeing the introduction of the new vegetation management legislation. From a personal perspective, staff saw him as approachable and out-going, and his style left an on-going imprint on the way the Department does its business.

Far from hanging up his boots, Terry has taken up a senior position in the Brisbane City Council where he will have a major role in the Council's planning and development activities.

Malcolm Cremer joined IWSC in 1964 as a cadet. He completed a Certificate in Civil Engineering in 1969 and commenced a BE course, but switched to B Bus (Management). After 19 years in Planning and Design, he was seconded to Prime Computers and then became an Operational Auditor in Treasury for four years. After short stints in the Government Management Consultancy Bureau and Premier's Department, he joined the Department of Lands, first as Director of Organisational Change and then Director of Operational Review.

After a short secondment to the Public Sector Management Commission, he returned to Lands as Director of the Valuation Program and then as Regional Service Director, Western Region.

When Lands was incorporated into Natural Resources in 1996, Malcolm became Regional Service Director, Metropolitan Region and when, in 2000, the South East and Metropolitan regions were merged he became Regional Service Director, South East Region.

Following the incorporation of Mines Department into DNR, Malcolm became Acting Deputy Director-General (Mines) in September 2002 and was confirmed in the position in October 2003. He has also had several stints acting as DG.

A success story by anyone's standards. We all – particularly those of us who knew him as a young lad – congratulate him and wish him well.

In a ceremony at Parliament House on 10 February, the Minister for Natural Resources, Stephen Robertson, presented **Richard Priman** with an Australia Day Achievement Award. The award recognised Richard's *outstanding contribution to the development of innovative policies and rigorous processes for urban water planning and management and his pragmatic strategic advice. His comprehensive achievements and passion for better water planning, management and use are recognised and highly regarded by planners, policy makers and industry leaders.* Richard is Director, Water Planning (South East) and in that capacity is heavily involved in the development of the SEQ Regional Plan.

Included in the Australia Day Honours was a Public Service Medal (PSM) for **Ted Gardner**. Edward Anderson Gardner joined the Public Service in 1970 in the then department of Primary Industries as a scientist. His career has continued to his current Principal Scientist position within the Department of Natural Resources and Mines where he leads the Water Cycle Sciences Group. Mr Gardner has had a long and dedicated scientific career and has excelled in his vision, drive, scientific endeavour and commitment to the issues of the urban water cycle, water reuse and water renewal. Mr Gardner is recognised for his expertise locally, nationally and internationally.

Members will probably have noted the appointment of **Glen Poole** as the new Auditor-General. For him, this must seem worlds away from his position as District Clerk in Townsville under Stan James. His move to Treasury and subsequent steady promotion have brought their reward. It's great to see yet another old IWS lad make good.

SEQRWSS

No doubt many readers are aware of the Government's draft Regional Development Plan currently out for public consultation. The Office of Urban Management has developed this plan to deal with the unprecedented predicted population growth in south east Queensland.

This plan will incorporate the South East Queensland Regional Water Supply Strategy which has been under development for a number of years up till now, and which is now commencing its Stage 2 development. This is a joint venture between the Government, the South East Queensland Regional Organisation of Councils (SEQROC) with 18 Councils and water supply agencies such as SEQWater Corporation.

The strategy is required to meet the water needs of the region for the next 50 years or so. Unlike the cartoon, the strategy is expected to include measures to reduce water use and to provide 'new' water, not only from dams, but also from rainwater tanks, wastewater reuse, stormwater and eventually desalination.

The Minister for Natural Resources, Stephen Robertson, announced on March 1 that the Government "stands ready" to begin work on the Wyaralong Dam, between Boonah and Jimboomba. The dam is likely to form just one part of a major water strategy aimed at dramatically cutting urban consumption and changing residents' attitudes to water use. But Mr Robertson does not favour permanent water restrictions similar to those introduced in other major Australian cities.

Development of the strategy is a challenging task and I am privileged to be playing a small part in the team.



Signs of the Times

Outside a Geelong church:
christmas@church.come

SunWater Snippets

SunWater staff have been extremely busy of late working on a number of projects. One major task was the construction of an offstream storage near Collinsville to provide an emergency supply to the Bowen Basin coal mines in the event that Eungella Dam did not receive any significant inflow again this year after several years of negligible runoff.

A number of retirees have been reengaged to help with projects, including Bob Geddes, Dave Tardrew, Jim Mienert, Bevan Faulkner, Geoff Eades and even me!

Ian Ferrier was one of the 'Old Boys' engaged by SunWater to assist with the heavy program. He wrote this article in recognition of the Dedication and Expertise exhibited by SunWater Day Labour Personnel on the Gattonvale Off-Stream Storage Rising Main Project.

The SunWater organisation as a whole needs to be aware of the magnificent efforts and achievements made by a number of SunWater personnel and crews in attempting to construct the Gattonvale Pump Station and Rising Main and render the system operable over a 2 month period leading up to Christmas 2004. Many personnel worked 12 hour plus days for 6 (and often 7) day weeks from late October to 23 December in a valiant effort to achieve management's target of being able to pump water by Christmas. To put this effort into perspective, it should be noted that, while the local mining industry work 12-hour days, they do so on the basis of 4 days on and 4 days off.

Some of the exceptional efforts that come to mind include:

- The concreting and form-setting crew spending 8 hours in the blazing sun and sapping humidity mucking out some 15 m³ of silt from a section of rising main at the base of the steep river bank following a 63mm storm overnight. They then turned around and spent another 4 hours pouring 60m³ of concrete to ensure they were not caught out again!
- The reinforced concrete pipe (RCP) laying crew were set a fairly optimistic target of 15 pipes per day to meet the Christmas deadline. Despite several major storm events over the period they almost invariably met this target

and on occasions laid up to 29 pipes in a day. The crew of Bub Morelli, Jack Searle and Supervisor Bill O'Brien are to be congratulated. Together with the hired-in excavator owner/operator Phil Smith they make an awesome team.

- A form-setting crew comprising Kev Ransom and Gary Davenport arrived mid-term and worked tirelessly to achieve the impossible of approximately a pour a day on the dual fronts of the rising main: across the river flat to the pump well and up 'Gallipoli' - the imposing 70m high, highly erodible river abutment presided over by the large valve pit.
- Following another two storm events on successive nights (7th and 8th December), the site roads were almost un-trafficable but the crews battled on to start pouring a particularly difficult to reach, 63m³ section of the sloping rising main after lunch. [The conditions were: slope 36.4% and temperature about 43^o.] After pouring 36m³ of concrete, the Boral site batching plant subsided due to the wet substrate and was rendered inoperable. As we had a concrete pump in transit from Mackay to pour the long awaited valve pit wall-pour, we sought assistance from Pilchers Readymix in Bowen (a mere 3.5 hour round trip) who could only supply 2 trucks at short notice. To these we added the 2 Boral site agitators (and trucks) and augmented this with 3 loads from the local Collinsville supplier. In the end we pumped the 27.4m³ valve pit to achieve an excellent strip and completed the rising main pour at 8.30pm under headlights. Initially the pour was achieved using a combination of 45 tonne Kato crane & kibble loading into a 30 tonne excavator (benched into the slope) which placed the concrete. This system was replaced for the latter half of the pour by the concrete pump when it became available. SunWater Supervisor Errol Wright and a crew he sourced from North Coast Concretors deserve high praise for their efforts here.
- On Saturday 18 December, just before the Christmas shutdown, Errol Wright's crew, with the aid of a concrete pump, poured the last 116m³

in the section of the rising main adjacent to the pump well, while the Ayr-based form-setting duo of Kev Ransom and Gary Davenport assisted and then managed to set up and pour the difficult adjacent dissipator slab while the concrete pump was still available on site. All of this was achieved in stifling heat and in the face of the SunWater Christmas Party staged to thank the locals that evening!

- Works Supervisor Phil Byrne battled manfully for 2 months to plan the project and source some excellent local contractors such as Gordon's Welding Service and wrestle with the numerous imponderables that a project of this nature and timeline throws up on a daily basis. While now a 'contractor' for Dad's Army, Doug Kleinhans was irreplaceable in driving the whole of the MSCL section of the rising main.
- Another unsung hero was Peter Read (Dad's Army) who utilised his considerable experience to ensure the numerous suppliers, fabricators and transporters met our time, cost and quality criteria.
- Not to forget the considerable efforts expended by Site Clerk Phil Kemp (Dad's Army) and clerical back-up provided from Ayr in the form of Rod McNamara to keep the wheels of industry turning on site and to keep us all 'Happy Chappies'.

I hope I have managed to paint a bit of a picture for any office bound members of the Organisation (i.e. 'shiny-bums') of what sort of commitment is required of those at the 'coal-face' to make a project such as this happen. So, if we've given your cage a rattle from time to time to make something happen, hopefully in future you will have a better understanding as to why we are such 'grumpy old geriatrics'.

I have to say how marvellous an experience I have found it to be part of this project team. I last worked with some members of this team at Maroon Dam some 30 years ago. How time flies! And how nice to find that we're all still useful!

- Ian Ferrier

HEALTH *and beauty*

Prostate with Admiration

Did you happen to see in the *Courier Mail* on 10 January the results of some brilliant medical research? A team of doctors has found that drinking red wine greatly reduces the incidence of prostate cancer. This is in addition to previously reported benefits. As I see it, that's one glass for the prostate, one for the heart and one for the blood pressure. What about the liver, did you say? I guess we'd better have one for that too, just to make sure.

In the same paper there was a report of some obviously flawed research. It claimed that women over 60 who had no partner are healthier than those who have. How could this possibly be? – unless they're fitter from having to cut the grass and put the bins out.

Let's Face It!

Personal hygiene in the C18th left much room for improvement when people bathed only twice a year (whether they needed to or not!). As a result, many women and men had developed acne scars by adulthood. The women would spread beeswax over their facial skin to smooth out their complexions. When they were speaking to each other, if a woman began to stare at another woman's face she was told, "Mind your own beeswax." Should the woman smile, the wax would crack, hence the term "crack a smile." If she sat too close to the fire, the wax would melt and she would "lose face."

Specialist Training

A man and wife
Spend single life
Pursuing their proclivities,
And then forsake
These things to take
The time for small activities.

Exercise those Brain Cells

A woman answers the door to a toy salesman. After hearing his spiel, she agrees to buy his toys provided he can tell her the ages of her three children. 'The product of their ages is 36 and the sum of the ages is equal to the number of the house opposite,' she says. The salesman looks at the house opposite and she adds, 'The eldest child plays piano.' She buys the toys.



What are the ages of the children?

Answer to Last Edition's Puzzle

The commodity for which 1 cost \$1, 10 cost \$2 and 100 cost \$3 was house numbers.

Fit for Purpose

A retiree, who had decided the body beautiful was no longer as trim, taut and terrific as it once had been, reported, "I joined a fitness club in an aerobics class for seniors. I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down and perspired for an hour. But by the time I got my leotards on, the class was over."

A Transport of Delight

For all of us who feel only the deepest love and affection for the way computers have enhanced our lives, read on. At a recent computer expo (COMDEX), Bill Gates reportedly compared the computer industry with the auto industry and stated, "If GM had kept up with technology like the computer industry has, we would all be driving \$25.00 cars that got 1,000 miles to the gallon."

In response to Bill's comments, General Motors issued a press release stating: If GM had developed technology like Microsoft, we would all be driving cars with the following characteristics (and I just love this part):

1. For no reason whatsoever, your car would crash twice a day.
2. Every time they repainted the lines in the road, you would have to buy a new car.
3. Occasionally your car would die on the freeway for no reason. You would have to pull to the side of the road, close all of the windows, shut off the car, restart it, and reopen the windows before you could continue. For some reason you would simply accept this.
4. Occasionally, executing a maneuver such as a left turn would cause your car to shut down and refuse to restart, in which case you would have to reinstall the engine.
5. Macintosh would make a car that was powered by the sun, was reliable, five times as fast and twice as easy to drive – but would run on only five percent of the roads.
6. The oil, water temperature, and alternator warning lights would all be replaced by a single "This Car Has Performed An Illegal Operation" warning light.
7. The airbag system would ask "Are you sure?" before deploying.
8. Occasionally, for no reason whatsoever, your car would lock you out and refuse to let you in until you simultaneously lifted the door handle, turned the key and grabbed hold of the radio antenna.
9. Every time a new car was introduced car buyers would have to learn how to drive all over again because none of the controls would operate in the same manner as the old car.
10. You'd have to press the "Start" button to turn the engine off.

I Swear, It's True

Some people, especially older ones, find the proliferation of swearing in everyday life – particularly in films – to be offensive. Interestingly, at my Theatre older patrons are more likely to object to swear words than sexual themes. The *Courier Mail* journalist Kathleen Noonan recently took up the cudgels, arguing that researchers have found swearing is a stress-relieving strategy. But swear words need to be used sparingly. Excessive swearing reduces its effect and she claims we should only swear when abso-bloody-lutely necessary. She quoted a 78-year-old lady who wrote her a lovely letter in which she asked, "Could you refrain from swearing? In life in general, I find it totally unnecessary, unless describing my arsehole ex-husband. Thank you and God bless."

When one gets fit, one is healthy, but if one has a fit – ?

More Origins

- Back in the old days of printing, typesetters laid out a page by setting up rows of letters, spaces and punctuation marks (all of which were actually in mirror image but which they quickly learned to read). Once the page was complete, it was all locked into place within its frame by the insertion of wedges variously known as quoins or coigns (the same word as the locking stone in an arch). This locking into place of groups of words led to the expression *to coin a phrase*.
- In Wiltshire, UK, (the home of Stonehenge and the horses carved into the limestone peaks), the prosperous farmers lived on the fertile river flats where their dairy cows were very productive. The lack of prosperity of the farmers who eked out a precarious living on the chalk cliffs was in stark contrast. One could say (and the locals did), that they were *like chalk and cheese*.
- Long before the general populace could afford crockery, food would be served up on slabs of bread called trenchers. Those who polished off, not only the food but also the bread, were regarded as *good trenchermen*.
- Salt was always considered a luxury because of its rarity. Roman soldiers were sometimes paid in salt instead of coins, the salt payment being known as the *salarium*, whence comes our term *salary*. When it came to large banquets, only those of sufficiently high standing would have the salt passed to them. Those lower down the social scale were thought to be *below the salt* or *not worth their salt*.
- From the days of muzzle-loaded guns come a number of expressions. Guns had to be loaded with gunpowder into the fire-pan, have that secured with wadding before having a bolt or bullet inserted in the barrel. The powder was then ignited via a wick and flint. The burning powder created a gas which expelled the charge. If the chamber was improperly rammed, the powder ignited with a flash but didn't expel the bullet. This was a *flash in the pan*, of no significance in terms of wreaking damage. Once the bullet had been fired, the gunner had *shot his bolt* and could do no further damage without reloading. And it was, of course, essential to *keep your powder dry* until you had the opportunity to *have a shot* at wreaking some damage.
- In the Middle Ages, it was genuinely believed that when baby bears were born they were an amorphous mass and the first task for their mothers was *to lick them into shape*.
- *Posh* originates from the voyages to India (and other exotic eastern destinations). Anyone who was well-to-do and could afford it always travelled Port Outwards, Starboard Home.

Signs of the Times

In an office block in London:

Toilet out of order - use floor below

Expertise

We retirees of Water Resources pride ourselves on our knowledge and experience and probably consider ourselves as experts in the field of water systems. Could our pride, however, be misplaced? Norm Rossi, now a veteran Probian, has passed on information, enlightening to us all, gleaned from Tour Directors of Probus trips.

In the Lockyer Valley there is, undetected beneath the ground surface, a Blue Lake which is the source of water for the better known geographical feature of the same name on North Stradbroke Island.

Another Tour Director, on North Stradbroke itself, explained the higher than normal water level in Brown Lake by asserting that the floodwaters of 1974 had finally reached the island.

No doubt all this is attributable to the aquifers (sic) which have remained undetected to generations of Water Resources hydrogeologists but which were identified to Dave Morwood, Mike McKenna and me at a public meeting in Laidley in the late 1980s where the Lake Dyer scheme was first publicly bruited.

Those were the days

We note that the State Government has made it illegal to leave your car unlocked. Back in the 1960s, Brisbane car parks asked drivers to leave the keys in the ignition so vehicles could be moved if necessary. What can you say? Those were the days when no one lost their car keys 'cause they were always in the ignition.

- **Brian Williams**, *Courier Mail*, 5 February 2005

On August 17 1896, 44-year-old mother of two Bridget O'Driscoll was knocked over by a car travelling at 12 km/hr near Crystal Palace, London, becoming the world's first person to be killed in a car accident. The coroner said, 'This must never happen again.'

- *Sunday Mail*, 19 February 2005

Prayer for the Middle Aged

Lord, you know I am growing older.

Keep me from becoming talkative and possessed with the idea that I must express myself on every subject. Release me from the craving to straighten out everyone's affairs. Keep me from the recital of endless details. Give me wings to get to the point.

Seal my lips when I am inclined to tell of my aches and pains. They are increasing with the years and my love to speak of them grows sweeter as time goes by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong. Make me thoughtful and not nosey, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom and experience it does seem a pity not to use it all. But You know, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

- **Marilyn Caton**

Fear

A recent British survey on fear found that by far the greatest fear – greatly exceeding the fear of death – was the fear of having to speak in public.

For collectors of utterly useless information, here are some phobias from which we may suffer (medicare permitting): hygrophobia (damp); homichlophobia (fog); trichophobia (hair); pogonophobia (beards); nosophobia (illness); batophobia (high buildings); oneirophobia (dreams); chrematophobia (money); thassophobia (idleness); androphobia (men); gametophobia (marriage); and pinaciphobia (lists).

I try to take one day at a time, but sometimes several days attack me at once.

Book Club

Sugar in the Blood was read on *Australia All Over* on the ABC some time ago. It is a collection of the more light hearted reminiscences and events in the life of W S (Bill) Oliver who worked for CSR for almost 40 years.

Oliver started work in CSR's Sydney office as a junior chemist at the age of 16, moved to the Pyrmont Sugar Refinery, then Broadwater Mill on the Richmond River and eventually became a Mill Manager. It was when he was in Innisfail that he was offered the position of mill owner's representative on the Central Sugar Cane Prices Board. He was involved in the formation of the Australian Molasses Pool, Bulk Sugar Terminals Organisation and then catapulted into the position of General Manager Raw Sugar Marketing. He met with the first Chinese sugar delegation and was among the first official and commercial Australians allowed into China.

The book, while detailing Oliver's involvement in historical events in the Australian Sugar Industry and the pressures of being in senior executive positions is full of amusing anecdotes and is a very easy and enjoyable read.

- Marilyn Caton

Credits

My thanks are once again due to Helen; to my daughter Jean who proof reads; to Trevor Lynam and Josie Alati who printed this; to the contributors; to Scott Spencer, Peter Noonan, Natasha Gajda and Katrina Mack who made it available to depart mental staff; and to Harvey Yates (my son-in-law) for his cartoons.

Your name could be here!

If you love words, beautifully written, you must read *The God of Small Things* by Arundhati Roy.

Winner of the 1997 Booker Prize, it is a compelling story that makes you laugh and finally moves you to tears. Set in India, it explores the fate of a family which "tampered with the law that lay down who should be loved and how." It is a book that you'll want to stop and re-read a phrase or a page – "a banquet for all the senses we bring to reading."

- Marilyn Caton

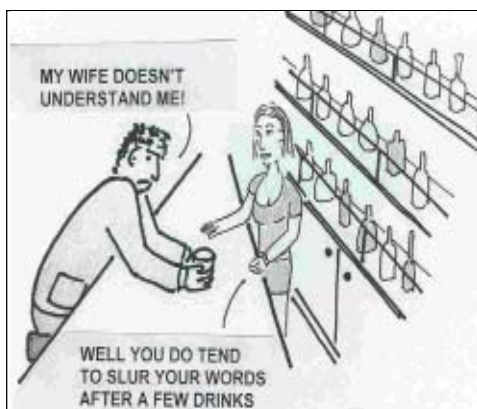
A Likeness by Sonia Overall is narrated by a young portrait painter who leaves Norfolk hoping to achieve fame and fortune at the court of Queen Elizabeth I. There he meets up with a courtesan Kat Joyce and through her with notables of the court including the Earl of Leicester, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Walsingham and the Earl of Essex. As for fame and fortune – ? The book is most evocative of the times – you can almost smell the squalor of Elizabethan London. I loved it.

- Ian Pullar

A Recipe for Enjoyment

Your name could be here!

I can't believe that there is no one out there who eats!- Ed



This letter was retrieved from the dead letter office.

S. Claus

North Pole

2 Jan, 2005

Dear Fatso

I am writing to complain in the strongest possible terms about your behaviour at my place on the night of 24-25 December. After the office party, I was feeling rather tired and emotional so I must have slept through your worst excesses. I did hear some noises on the roof, but probably just thought it was those bloody possums again.

But when I got up in the morning and looked out the window, what did I see? What looked like great gouges through my flower beds apparently made by sleigh runners – in the middle of Summer, I ask you!? And my herbaceous borders chewed beyond recognition. And piles of animal droppings all over the place.

But that was nothing to the mess in the living room. Soot everywhere! And the bottle of beer and half Christmas cake I'd left out in case I got taken short in the night, entirely consumed. And presents! By the time my kid had opened them all, I could barely fit the wrappings into the recycling bin on top of the bottles. And now the kid has expectations for future birthdays and Christmases that I'd been trying to stamp out by strictly limiting his presents to schoolbooks.

And what made you think you had the right to do that to my wife? The son thinks she was kissing me! But I haven't been guilty of that in years and, besides, how could he have mistaken me for you – I'm not that fat – am I?

But I'm going to get even. I've written to Dan Brown. After he's finished his latest book and debunked the Freemasons just like "The Da Vinci Code" demolished the Catholics, he'll be writing a book to prove you don't exist. And serve you right too!

Indecipherable signature

Office Bearers

Current Office Bearers of the Association are given below for the information of anyone wanting to contact them. There have been some changes.

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