

WATERY SAUCES Oldies and Boldies

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Newsletter of the Water Resources Retirees Association

Institutional Arrangements for Urban Water Supply in SEQ

The State Government is committed to the construction of the SEQ Water Grid, which is a series of interconnected pipelines that will deliver water security to SEQ even if a drought continues indefinitely. By connecting the region's major water sources, water treatment plants and bulk water transport networks, the Water Grid will enable the co-ordination of delivery of urban and industrial water supplies across the SEQ region.

The water grid will incorporate existing and new infrastructure and will require new management arrangements to ensure the grid is operated as efficiently as possible. After offering a number of operational arrangements for public comment, the Government announced in September the following institutional arrangements:

bulk source and treatment - ownership of dams/weirs and water treatment plants to be rationalised to a single bulk supply entity owned by the State, effective by 1 July 2008; and further consideration is to be given to the future ownership of wastewater treatment plants;

manufactured water - the Gold Coast Desalination Plant and the Western Corridor Water Recycling Scheme, upon completion, to be located within another State-owned entity;

bulk transport - major transport infrastructure, including that currently owned by Local Governments and that being built by the State as part of the SEQ water grid, to be moved to a single bulk transport entity, owned by the State, effective by 1 July 2008;

water grid management - a Water Grid Manager will be established by the State to manage contracts between the bulk supply entities and the retailers, and to manage the flow of water around the SEQ water grid, effective from 1 July 2008;

distribution - retail activities to be split from distribution, effective from 1 July 2009, with all water reticulation pipes and sewerage pipes to be moved into a single regional entity, wholly owned by the SEQ Local Governments, with retail activities to subsequently move from Local Governments to new entities no later than 1 July 2010;

retail - SEQ Local Governments to be asked to advise the Government by 30 November 2007 with regard to the number of retailers - up to 10 - they wish to establish and the time frame over which the retail function could be separated from Council accounts, with the outer time frame being 30 June 2010.

Based on current SEQ Council boundaries, there will be seventeen Councils in the SEQ Water Grid, namely Brisbane, Logan, Ipswich, Redcliffe, Gold Coast, Redlands, Pine Rivers, Caboolture, Caloundra, Maroochy, Noosa, Esk, Laidley, Gatton, Kilcoy, Boonah and Beaudesert.

However, once the amalgamations of the existing SEQ Councils in SEQ are completed, there will be ten Councils in the SEQ Grid. The operational and pricing arrangements for the Grid will commence from 1 July 2008. The ten Councils at that time will be: Brisbane, Gold Coast, Logan, Redlands, Sunshine Coast, Ipswich, Somerset, Moreton Bay, Scenic Rim and Lockyer Valley..

The Swanbank, Tarong and Tarong North Power Stations will also be part of the SEQ Water Grid.

At this stage, other nearby Local Government areas, for example, Toowoomba and Cooloola will not form part of the SEQ Water Grid.

- Information provided by Queensland Water Commission

From the Editor's Chair

I was recently contacted by Greg Claydon who was chasing a copy of the People's History for an old Commission employee he had met. There are no more copies available as, after five years, the Department had decided to give away all remaining copies.

Anyway, Greg went on to ask, "Are there any more yarns about Water Resources?" The answer is, "Yes and no". Over the years, quite a few yarns have been recounted in WRRR Newsletters (e.g. Morwood's Memoirs on page 4 of this edition and Affo's Anecdotes).

Following Greg's question, I put it to the Committee that these yarns could be collected and published once there is a 'critical mass'. This has been agreed, so it is now over to you, the members.

There is no shortage of yarns, only of the effort to assemble and send them. Fortunately I have (thanks to Dave Morwood) most of Bernie's Newsletters in electronic form and I have commenced the sifting of yarns. But we need more before we can publish. Will you help?

Until next time, au reservoir.

Ian Pullar, Editor

Out and About

Where are all our members?

The Annual Bowls Day appears to be declining in popularity. This year, 14 players participated at Aspley Bowls Club while another seven joined them for lunch. Nevertheless, the Committee is grateful to Don and Shirley Beattie and Norm and Lindsay White for their continued efforts in organising the event.

The Portside rendezvous for lunch and a movie on 1 October wasn't well attended, with only 11 people turning up. Lee Rogers reports that they all had a good and very pleasant chat, but he doesn't think anyone watched a film.

Attendance at the Theatre outing (see article below) amounted to 41 members and friends, the balance being locally recruited.

On the other hand, attendance at the mid-year luncheon (reported on in the last edition) was the best for a number of years. Don't forget the Christmas luncheon on 21 November for which a flyer is enclosed. There is a slight change of venue this year with some remodelling of COTAH and changes to the Skyline Restaurant. I'm sure we'll find our way.

Two new members have been recruited this period (is it a tetramester?) – Doug Houston and Shirley McArthur. We welcome both on board. As there have been or will be a number of retirements, we can expect our ranks will be further swelled. Among the retirees from SunWater are Neil Howard (in early August after more than 40 years' service), Ian Rankin (in August) and Paul Johnson.

I recently ran into (Emeritus Professor?) Robin Black at Barrie Fawcett's funeral. Robin was an engineer who was working in Mareeba before he resigned to take up a post as lecturer at QUT back in the '60s. He retired about six years ago but manages to fill in the idle moment. In particular, he chairs the Institution of Engineers Heritage Committee.

Warren Hutton was also at the funeral and it was good to see him looking well and enjoying his retirement. Gordon Wilson was

also there (along with many others including Col Taggart). His transplant operation has been successful although not without its ongoing problems of monitoring.

At a totally unrelated function, I caught up with Peter Zinn who left Water Resources in 1991 and who has been enjoying life enormously since. Apart from being a little greyer (and who isn't?), he hasn't changed a bit.

Another who left Water Resources at around the same time is Sam Zullo. Although Sam would stand no more than 5'6" in his socks, Ian Hanks reckons that currently he stands at least 6' tall with pride. His 19 year old son, Michael, has made "a stunning A-League debut" with Queensland Roar and has been touted as a potential Olyroo. Time will tell, but I'm sure we all wish Michael (and Sam) every success in the future.

Graeme Bertram left the Commission even earlier (1989, I think) but he and Joyce were in the pink of condition when we joined them on a most enjoyable Probus tour of the Stanthorpe area. Graeme spoke happily of trips to USA (where his son Colin lives) and Egypt.

Lee and Denise Rogers returned intact to Australia (is that normal for them?) after a most enjoyable trip with *Intrepid* to the Balkans. Denise tells me that she is planning their next trip to include Turkey but the rest of the offering is still up for discussion.

The Marleys also returned home from their ICOLD etc tour, but how safely can be judged from Mike's account on page 3.

Ross and Marjorie Stewart rate their American tour as "the trip of a lifetime" but they were back in time to be part of our theatre outing (which Ross kindly agreed to report on as you can see below).

Past President Eric Davis is about to celebrate his 70th birthday and Jan is planning a big bash (appropriately) at Laff's Tennis Centre at Mt Gravatt East. The previous past president, Jim Uhlmann, has reached the same venerable age. Congratulations and best wishes to both of these fine gentlemen.

Theatre Outing

On Sunday 26 August, a beautiful sunny and warm day, many Oldies and Boldies eagerly turned up to Ipswich Little Theatre to join the eager throng to see Ian Pullar's latest plays performed as *One Day After Another - Anzac Day* and *D-Day* - at the Burley Griffin Incinerator Theatre. The gods had been kind the days before providing SE Queensland with the best rain event for August in over 100 years.

Ian introduced the plays to a packed house and advised that fine food would be served after each play and the assembled became soporific. Big words like that are enough to make me doze off but I was here to enjoy the light dramas.

The first of the plays *Anzac Day* was a series of monologues and the actors had many great one-liners, which the audience appreciated with raised laughter. Lines like "Sixty! Fancy being sixty!" were in tune with the assembled reflecting their own experiences in life and the times. The flood tale of the moveable barn, delivered by the straight-faced bushie Frank, had us all back on the water stage of our careers and the crazy moments we all shared in the bush from time to time. When Frank was served quiche for dinner after his missus became adventurous after reading a CWA cookbook he became indignant - "That's not meat and three veg," he exclaimed. The play ended with a twist and a line that lingers in the memory as

spoken by Frank ten years on from WW II – "ANZAC Day is mostly about memories – mates from Gallipoli".

The light drama *D-Day* had the audience entranced from the opening scene when a young British airman shot down in France, stumbled into a farm house occupied by two women. This play had more twists in it than a rope and had us all on the edge of our seats. The opening scene turned out to be a re-enactment for a film of the pilot first entering the house. The surviving pompous D-Day pilot (Henry) was critical of the young actor as his portrayal of him made him "look like a prat"; whilst the director admonished the aging pilot with the line "the art of story telling is to make it more interesting". Throughout the play we were entertained with flashes of the past such as Vera Lynn singing *The White Cliffs of Dover*. This drama embraced young lust and the one night stand, lost love and finally REVENGE. Henry's closing line to the play summed up the situation – "The past is what happened. History is what was recorded".

From the response of those attending I have been asked to congratulate Ian and Helen Pullar, the production team and the actors in both plays. We had a great day. Also thanks to Ian for the post theatre tour and the background history he presented of the Incinerator.

Ross Stewart

Travel Trials and Tribulations

Travel may be very popular with many of our members, but it isn't always beer and skittles, as Mike Marley reports.

It all started innocently enough with the Marleys planning to visit Russia (St Petersburg) for the annual ICOLD meeting followed by London, and Portugal for friends' 25th wedding celebrations.

RUSCOLD decided that they would parcel up large batches of visa applications for bulk processing. But flexibility is not a strong Russian trait. The organisers were unable to comprehend that individuals might plan to leave their respective countries to suit other arrangements that they had planned. Two months before departure, we were assured that "your visas are in hand; be patient". With one week to go before departure, we were starting to get a little agitated as it was evident despite re-assurances from our Russian contact (one Comrade Gorbatenko) that we were fast running out of time. Increasingly agitated email traffic reached a crescendo on the Friday before the Queen's Birthday long weekend when no visa appeared. With our departure scheduled for the following Tuesday, we made hurried arrangements for me to fly to Sydney on the Monday holiday (not observed by the Russians we were assured) to get the visas processed. This was achieved with only one heart stopping moment when the Deputy Consul sauntered to the gate at opening time to hang a notice on said gate announcing closure of the Consulate for a public holiday (the following day!).

Visas were duly issued at a cost of \$800 in recognition of the superhuman effort required to stamp our passports in two hours!!

Needless to say, packing for the Tuesday departure was a hurried affair that night.

On arrival at the Hotel Pribaltiskaya to register for ICOLD, we were dismayed to find no reservation for us (despite having booked and paid by bank cheque two months before). Comrade Gorbatenko, surrounded by large numbers of disgruntled delegates from all over the world, was forced to execute some fairly fancy footwork to avoid a major international incident. It was quickly evident that our visa experience was neither singular nor exceptional. Only 50 % of the delegates to the Committee on Fill Materials for Dams were present (largely as a result of visas failing to be issued in time to allow travel plans to be confirmed!). I assume that the story was similar in other committees.

After ICOLD, we flew via Helsinki to London. We were somewhat disappointed to find that our suitcases had failed to keep up with us, but we were not alone and joined a queue to fill out lost baggage forms. The next flight from Helsinki arrived with still no sign of bags. The next few days (quite warm as London gets in summer) saw us washing what we stood up in each night in preparation for the following day. We started half-heartedly buying some additional clothes. And then at midnight on Tuesday out of the blue my case was delivered, but no sign of Hjordis's.

With our departure for Portugal looming, the last couple of days turned into a shopping frenzy to re-equip Hjordis with some semblance of a wardrobe. We set off for Portugal still without a clue as to when the case might turn up.

At a quarter to midnight two nights after leaving London, we received a phone call from a courier announcing that he was trying to deliver the case but was unable to find our daughter's flat. The case was duly returned whence it came. Requests to have the lost

baggage redirected to Portugal fell on deaf ears.

We missed the flight from Oporto to Heathrow, but arrived with vouchers for confirmed flights to Singapore and vouchers for unconfirmed flights from Singapore to Brisbane in our hot little hands. QANTAS advised the next morning that they were unable to confirm flights from Singapore to anywhere in Australia for three or four days. I spent several hours remonstrating with TAP Portugal ground staff about the unsatisfactory onward bookings they had managed to deliver. Eventually, after much robust discussion, I departed not only with return first class Air NZ tickets via Hong Kong and Auckland to Brisbane, but with the information that Hjordis's case was at a warehouse in Hounslow and would be available for us to pick up that evening prior to departure.

We arrived back at Heathrow early, but after a two hour wait without sight of the bag, we had to abandon it once more to an uncertain fate and catch our flight home.

Two nights later, another courier claimed to be unable to locate our daughter's flat. Once again the bag returned to rejoin the 30 000 other bags at Heathrow anxiously waiting to be reunited with their equally anxious owners.

Two months passed (with daily emails to anyone who could vaguely be capable of assisting in the process of recovery of the case). Then lo! one Saturday morning when we least expected it, QANTAS rang to announce that the prodigal bag was here in Brisbane and would be delivered to us that very day! And it was!

To say that the trials and tribulations of this trip somewhat dampened our enthusiasm for international travel is something of an understatement. However, foolishly or not, we are lining up for another trip to the dreaded Heathrow to join our two daughters for Christmas. Wish us luck!

Mike Marley

Travellers' Tales

Many of our members love to travel and come home full of tales of their adventures, but sometimes lacking an audience. So I am offering an opportunity (nay, I am begging) for you to contribute to future columns. There are no rules other than to tell an interesting story based on your own experience or on something you learnt while away. Mike Marley's trials and the following titbits may serve as examples. - Ed.

From Norfolk Island

Our bus driver on Norfolk Island claimed that the most gob-smacking question he had ever encountered was, "Captain Cook made three voyages to the Pacific. Was he murdered on his second or third?"

From the Isle of Mull

Lachlan, the 11th Chief of the Clan MacLean, is remembered as the man who left his wife, Margaret (nee Campbell), on the Lady's Rock, just off the Isle of Mull, hoping she would drown. She was rescued by a fisherman and went back to live with her brother, the Duke of Argyll. Can you imagine the reception Lachlan got when he tearfully came to report to his in-laws, the unfortunate death of their kinswoman? And can you imagine his reaction when said wife was produced, hale and hearty? He married again – another Campbell! Not surprisingly, Lachlan was later murdered in 1527, by one of Margaret's cousins, Campbell of Cawdor.

The Morwood Memoirs

What follows is mostly the light hearted, perhaps amusing incidents of my experience from 1954 to 1957 in the Burdekin.

In addition, of course, there was some real work done. Things I had a part in developing were:- All concrete was 'weigh-batched' and vibrated; vibrating screeds for two inch concrete channel lining; the original vibrating slip form for small concrete lined channels; perhaps the first 'Neyrpic' automatic channel regulators in Queensland; and perhaps the variant on the slip form for pump-well walls that were 30 inches thick. Plus a lot of other things. Merek Kotek was a driver of a lot of this, and deserves a lot of credit.

But that's enough of the boring stuff.

THE SINGLE LIFE

When I first went to the Burdekin in early 1954, it was as a single new graduate, to Millaroo. Merek Kotek was Engineer in Charge of construction at Millaroo, Alf Taylor was District Engineer at Clare, Don Clarke was there too and became District Engineer when Alf resigned. And David McLauchlan (?) who was a real English gentleman engineer. All of them and many others were very helpful to the new young bloke.

At Millaroo, Stan James was my first guide and mentor. I remember the first morning on the job, Stan took me to see the works. I drove. At a crossing of a partly built channel, I was all for getting out and walking over the banks and ditch, but Stan insisted, "Don't be so lazy. Drive."

We all worked together, but Merek Kotek was very much the boss, and was also very influential on how one behaved. Stan was married, so was just that little bit separated from life in the single quarters, which was "different".

For example, the system of choosing the clothes to wear today from the least dirty pile in the third corner of the room was very much in vogue. I can't imagine that Joyce, or Stan for that matter, would have done that. Fellow occupants of the single staff quarters I remember include Merek, Van Vandenberg, Jack Zajkowski, Jim Prosser, Graeme Bertram (were you there Graeme or only at Dalbeg?).

We were a happy bunch mainly. I recall Sunday mornings listening to music (classical of course), weekend trips to Ayr and the pub, plus more of the same at Alva Beach, (swim?! NO WAY). And the very occasional visit to Clare, generally avoided as only likely to make trouble.

THE MARRIED LIFE

It was only a few months later that I took leave to go to Brisbane to marry Judy. We arrived back in our old Vauxhall car, after a disastrous "honeymoon drive" from Brisbane, of which the less said the better. Suffice to say I had had to phone Alf Taylor to explain that we had some bad luck with car breakdowns and lack of money, and I was going to be a few days late arriving back for work. Alf's only question was, "Who else have you told?" When I said, "No one, only you" he just said, "That's OK. See you when you get here." My first experience of sensitive management, which I really treasure.

We arrived at Millaroo. There were no staff married quarters available for us, and we were allocated a wages married quarters. There was a difference. Perhaps there shouldn't have been??? Anyway it was a two room fibre board prefab, which was a big advance on the small tent we had been living in. No furniture, but

there was water and a bush shower, and a kitchen sink. A kerosene stove was arranged from the store, we had a quick trip to Ayr and bought (on credit) a mattress for the floor, two chairs, and a make it yourself table, and life became more comfortable. All the staff were most helpful within and probably exceeding their powers.

Judy especially remembers the kindness and help of Joyce James, who was "much more experienced"? at camp life. Her life at that stage would have been very difficult without that. All of the men were great too, we were both treated with real respect.

THE MANGLED MIXER

When I first went to Millaroo, parked in the far corner of the workshop yard was a severely distorted version of a 1 cubic yard (remember cubic yards?) concrete mixer. The drum was opened up like a peeled orange, and the frame was broken and bent in all directions. Naturally I asked, "What on earth happened to that?" No answer was forthcoming. Eventually Jack Zajkowski (sorry if the spelling is wrong) volunteered, "Bernie did it." No more details. I hadn't met Bernie Credlin then, as he'd left Millaroo before I arrived.

Later on when I did know Bernie, at first I wasn't ever game to ask him about it. And years after we both retired I did ask him, over a beer in the Public Service Club, "Whatever did you do to that mixer at Millaroo?" Bernie almost spilt his beer, became almost apoplectic, and in savage tone told me, "I promised myself to sue any bastard who said I did that. Who told you that?" I told him it was Jack, (no longer available to be sued), and he settled down and told me about it. The mixer had been left with concrete in it, and he'd told the blokes responsible to get in there and cut it all out with hand tools. He had even expressly told them on no account to use explosives. Perhaps that was an error, gave them the idea. Anyway the explosion must have been awe inspiring – the result certainly was. I don't know what finally happened to the mixer. Nothing much I guess.

SILLY WHEEL

Vladimir Podagiel (Poddy) was a surveyor, a real one, who was attached to Construction to keep us on the right lines. He was a great bloke, properly educated in Eastern Europe somewhere (Poland??), preferred grads to degrees, but had to use degrees because Charlie Martin insisted on it, etc.etc.

He had one of the new Willys 4WD utes, which was indeed a pretty good vehicle at that time, and he loved it. He couldn't be separated from "My Willy" as he called it.

One time Willy started making horrible clanging and clashing noises, so I suggested as kindly as possible that Poddy should take it to the workshop to let Doug Kelly have a look at it. But it still went, so he resisted and it was a few days before it got real attention. The wheel bolts on one wheel had been loose and were worn almost through, the nuts similarly. The wheel was a write off. I guess Poddy would have been a write off too if that had gone on much longer.

Twenty years or so later, our son Derek phoned at about midnight to say our old VW beetle had started making noises as though the diff and gearbox were about to fall to pieces. "What have you done to it?" "Nothing." "Did you perhaps have a flat tyre?" "Yes but I changed it, it's not that" "Ah! OK then. Go back and tighten the wheel nuts." Every so often he looks at me and asks, "How did you know about the flat tyre?"

To be continued next edition. Thanks Dave for this wonderful contribution - Ed.

SunWater Snippets

The big news from SunWater is the announced retirement of CEO Peter Noonan. In December, at the ripe old age of 55, Peter intends to call it quits and set off with his (also newly retired) wife into the wide blue yonder on extended travels. I'm sure you all join with me in wishing them well and in thanking Peter for his contribution to the water industry and in particular to the fledgling commercialised entity of SunWater. Who will his successor be?

As foreshadowed in the last Newsletter, Brian Shannon has retired after a suitable send-off function where his career was highlighted by a number of speakers from SunWater, government and industry. Rumour has it that he will be doing a bit of consulting in the future and, of course, he is still ANCOLD Past Chairman. In that capacity, he went to St Petersburg and got caught in the visa fiasco reported by Mike Marley (page 3).

Brian's place as SunWater's Member Delegate of ANCOLD is Daryl Brigden who has been packing his bags to attend the Annual General Meeting and Study Tour in Queenstown, New Zealand. It's a hard life! Next year's ANCOLD meeting will be in Queensland, probably centred on the Gold Coast. For once there will be plenty to see with new dams, pipelines, desalination and recycling plants under (fast-tracked) construction. Secretary for the conference will be Russell Paton, Manager of Planning and a relative newcomer to SunWater. No doubt the conference will live up to the long-standing traditions of the august body sometimes referred to as the Australian National Club for Large Dinners!

Brian's replacement as General Manager is newcomer Mark Browne, who previously worked in the electricity industry. His appointment coincides with a reorganisation effected in July. Under the new arrangements, there is a CEO (Noonan's successor), a Chief Operating Officer – Peter Boettcher –, a GM Water Services – Peter Sampson –, a GM Asset Solutions – Mark Browne –, and a GM Corporate – Geoff White. Mech & Elec is now part of Water Services (not Engineering Services) but the Civil Groups are under Mark Browne. Ian Rankin no longer heads up Mech and Elec as he chose to join the ranks of retirees recently. Best wishes, Ian!

The reorganisation reflects the growth in work load which is now enormous. Not only is SunWater heavily involved in the activities of QWI (see elsewhere this page), work is being carried out on Connors River Dam, raising Eden Bann Weir and a new Rookwood Weir (on the Fitzroy), as well as pipelines from the Fitzroy to Gladstone and the long-awaited pipeline from the Burdekin to Bowen.

Decisions are still to be made at Government level about ownership and management arrangements of assets – existing SEQ assets will be transferred to a new agency (see page 1). But that's life in the fast lane!

Qwintessential QWI

Queensland Water Infrastructure Pty Ltd (of which Tom Fenwick is a member of the Board) is the Government Agency created to deliver major pieces of water infrastructure to meet short and long term water demands under both drought and population growth scenarios.

Dave Murray, who left the Department, returned to SunWater and then joined private enterprise, was an early recruit. Hein van der Heide also joined QWI in retirement. Engineer Graham Young was seconded from NRW to QWI where he is heavily involved in land acquisitions.

The major project is Traveston Dam, due for completion by 2011. The results of the Senate Enquiry have not yet been promulgated and the dam is subject to Commonwealth approval under the Environment Protection and Biodiversity Act. Nevertheless, investigations and designs are continuing apace using expertise from SunWater and external experts including Professor Robin Fell and Graham Bell. Expressions of interest in the construction of a works camp have been called for commencement in late 2008. Land acquisitions are continuing, purely on a voluntary basis at this stage.

Construction of a new Cedar Grove Weir on Logan River is under way with completion planned for December 2007.

Pre-construction works have commenced for the proposed Bromelton Off-stream storage adjacent to the Logan. Completion is scheduled for March 2009.

Investigations, planning and design for Wyaralong Dam on Teviot Brook is in hand with heavy involvement from SunWater. The dam is scheduled for completion by the end of 2011. The schedules are very tight.

Pipeline Performance

The Department of Infrastructure (in which former DNR officer Ian McFarland is a major player) has the overall responsibility for a number of pipelines which are urgently required in the event of a continuing drought. Those responsible certainly heaved a collective sigh of relief when the September rain event provided at least a few weeks breathing space. There are a number of projects all of which have incredibly short timeframes and consequent risks of cost blowouts.

The Western Corridor has already delivered recycled water to Swanbank Power Station. By December 2008, it is designed to deliver 23 ML/day at a cost of \$2.4 billion. The press reports that because of the success of the current water restrictions, the quantities of water available for recycling have been revised downwards.

The Gold Coast Desalination Plant – a joint venture of government and the Gold Coast City Council – will deliver 125 ML/day by November 2008. Some water will be used on the Gold Coast while some will be pumped north.

The Southern Regional Water Pipeline will provide a connection between the Gold Coast and Brisbane (Wivenhoe Dam) with the capacity to transfer up to 130 ML/day in either direction.

The Northern Pipeline Interconnector will allow up to 65 ML/day to be transferred from the North Coast area to Brisbane or the other way, depending on where supplies are available. It is scheduled for completion by December 2008.

The Eastern Pipeline Interconnector will allow an extra 22 ML/day to be delivered from North Stradbroke Island by December 2008.

Boy, are these boys busy!

If it weren't for the last minute, nothing would get done. - Anon.

Climate for Change

This article is an abridged version of Dr Paul Willis's contribution to Selector, Spring 2007 (the magazine of Wine Selectors). We enjoy their wine too. - Ed.

The overwhelming majority of scientists cognisant with the science agree that CO₂ levels are at previously unrecorded high levels because humans have been burning coal and crude. There is debate about how bad the impacts might be and what is the best way to tackle them but a majority of over 95% agree that we must act now to reduce the levels of CO₂ or face a range of consequences, most of which will be devastating for humanity.

There are two approaches to reducing atmospheric CO₂. We can pull it out of the atmosphere or we can reduce the amount we produce. Pulling CO₂ out is most simply achieved by planting trees and forests. Clearing existing trees releases lots of CO₂ already trapped, so this activity must be stopped. In Australia land clearing accounts for 10% of our total CO₂ production.

It is generally agreed that we need to reduce today's levels of CO₂ by around 60% by 2050. But how do we achieve such reductions? In Australia around one third of all CO₂ production is from coal-fired power stations and 15% from transport. Stopping these activities is not a realistic option.

Step one is to make do with less. We could switch to smaller, more fuel efficient cars, public transport, walking or riding bicycles. We could all use less electricity by installing energy-efficient light bulbs and turning off unused appliances. By some estimates, simple measures could reduce our individual CO₂ production by 20-30%. But we also need sources of energy that are carbon free.

Clean Coal. The idea is simple; capture the CO₂ produced by burning coal and pump it deep underground. This is called geosequestration. But we simply don't have the time to wait while the technology is developed.

Nuclear Power. If we were to start building nuclear power stations today, it would be a decade before we got any power from them. The biggest problem is disposal of the waste. At an absolute minimum the waste has to be locked away for at least 1,000 years.

Sunshine. Around 40% of an average domestic electricity bill goes on water heating which could be replaced by a solar hot water system. Larger scale systems can pre-heat water going to a coal-fired power station, reducing the amount of coal needed. By some estimates, all of Australia's electricity could be met by a solar-only station with a total area of 50 km square.

When the sun doesn't shine, solar power can be stored in buried ponds filled with metal balls. There is little potential to up-scale these technologies from current trials.

Photo-voltaic systems use sunlight shining on silicon cells. Current efficiency is low and you need a lot of silicon cells. As long as it's cheaper to burn coal, other sources will find it difficult to compete.

Wind Farms. Wind can play a greater role, but that role will always be limited.

Hot Rocks. The inside of the earth is very hot. So, drill a hole only a few kilometres deep, pump water down, extract boiling water and drive a turbine. There are only a few places where hot rocks are shallow enough to get at them economically. And like geosequestration, we don't have time to wait.

Other Ways. Wave and tidal power have been proposed but no reliable technologies have yet been developed. Hybrid engines are now available but expensive. Hydrogen fuel cells are in the pipeline but a long way off commercial production.

The answer? While no single solution can do the job, a combination of reduction and new technologies as they become available ought to meet the target. The consequences of doing nothing are too terrifying to contemplate.

Watery Perspectives

No, this is not an article on impressionist water-colourists. These are published views of members of the public. The first is an extract from an article in Gardening Australia October 2007 by Jolyon Burnett who is the chief executive officer of the Irrigation Association of Australia.

The next time you see the 'water police' in your street, ask yourself why gardeners are being enlisted to solve, almost single-handedly, a problem that is largely of the government's own making.

Water use in gardens is already dropping. It's the houses with their three showers, four toilets and full air conditioning, that are using the water. So why do water restrictions only target outdoor water use? Because it's easy to police.

It's ironic that the current water restrictions actually ban the most efficient ways of watering your garden. Modern irrigation systems can be programmed to water only when the soil is dry and can supply water far more accurately and efficiently than most gardeners are able to with a hose. The main cause of wasted water in gardens is the behaviour of the gardener, not the irrigation system.

In the rural sector, the same governments that are using water restrictions to ban sprinklers in the home garden are giving farmers

cash incentives to install smart irrigation systems.

Claiming to save water by allowing people to water only between certain hours is like claiming to cure an alcoholic by telling him he can only drink between certain hours – but he can drink as much as he likes then. What do you get? Binge drinking.

Both public and private gardens are essential components of a healthy, happy community. They improve health, help to reduce obesity, prolong active lives in the elderly and help reduce energy use for heating and cooling.

Despite this, lazy policy sees the taps turned off and the parks and gardens wither in the false belief that this is the best way to save water.

A Frank Wolber of Tingalpa wrote to the Courier Mail (Thurs October 4) – "I have no objection to the State Government limiting my water consumption to 140 litres a day. After all, we are in the grip of a prolonged drought.

"What I do not like is how I can use my allocated amount of water. It should be left to individual households to decide if they want to forgo the benefit of a shower or the flush of a toilet in lieu of washing the car or watering a plant...."

VALE Barrie George Fawcett 16 July 1934 - 2 August 2007

Barrie died on 2 August 2007, after a two year “war” as he called it with cancer: a war because it was a succession of battles, not just one. This followed four years of nursing his wife Dorothy. He managed to keep a positive attitude to life right to the end. He was just over 73 years old at his death. A number of retirees attended his funeral, along with many others from other parts of his life, including his five adult children and their children. Two of his sons, Robert and James spoke well of his life achievements.

Barrie was born in Ballina, New South Wales, on 16 July 1934, the older son of John and Mona Fawcett and brother of Jack Fawcett. He was descended from immigrant English, Scottish, Irish and German families who settled in northern NSW in the mid-19th century.

Barrie attended schools in Ballina, South Grafton and Newcastle, finishing his schooling as a prefect at Canterbury Boys High School in Sydney.

He attended The University of Sydney to study Veterinary Science and while at university started his national service. His university studies were not the success he had hoped for, and he spent three years as a stock and station agent for Dalgetys. These were formative years in his life, transforming him from something of a city boy into a passionate devotee of the country.

His university years weren’t wasted, however, because he married Dorothy Allingham on 17 October 1959. The following March they moved to Queensland, first to a rented house in Swann Road, Taringa. Later, they bought a house in Toowong where he and Dorothy lived for most of the rest of their lives.

Barrie joined the Commission (the Irrigation and Worri Supply one) in 1961. He started in the Farm Water Supplies section of Rivers & Streams Branch, did the certificate training course, and became a qualified Water Adviser. He was selling irrigation equipment before he joined the Commission. He was assessed as “careful, intelligent, and too honest for his own good” and so he got the job.

The ‘Stream Control’ part of R&S Branch was closely mingled with FWS officers’ experience and Barrie became familiar with that

side of the work very early. When an opportunity arose some years later, he moved to this more legalistic side of the work.

In that role he had a lot of contact with lawyers and the Land Court Appeals on licensing business, and became an ‘expert’. His career developed along these lines, and he did a lot of the hard work especially preparing and delivering evidence for appeal cases.

Later still he worked directly with the Commissioner and Assistant Commissioners, in revising the *Water Act* and other legislation, and in preparing information to go to the Minister. As we all know these things have to be “Right, Right”.

Perhaps the best summary of Barrie came from Tom Fenwick at this stage (about 1990). “If Barrie says it’s right, it’s right. If Barrie says it’s wrong, you might have to think a bit more about it.”

Outside the Commission, Barrie was a keen supporter of his local Uniting Church, including being maintenance bloke for their preschool during his retirement. For many years he worked on the Oldies and Boldies Committee including periods as Secretary and President. And for a time he was on the Council of the Queensland Naturalists’ Club, a 100 year old body of Natural History scientists and others.

He was an incredibly practical and skilled do-it-yourselfer and a frequent sailor with Ian Pryor and Dave Morwood on the *Mark Twain*, and co-owner of the boat from 2002 onwards. His attitude to sailing was the same as his attitude to everything else. “Make sure it’s right before you do it”. He has a beacon on the bay named for him, the FFFB (Fearless Fawcett’s F Beacon). This beacon appeared magically just a week after Barrie put the boat aground at the spot! Uncharacteristic! He always referred to this as “my beacon”.

After recovering from Dorothy’s death in 2005, he was almost set to enjoy a new life. There were plans of grey nomadism, with a new vehicle and camping unit meticulously fitted out, when Nature dealt another cruel blow in the form of the cancer which killed him.

He is survived by his five children, his four grandchildren, his brother, and his brother’s children and grandchildren.

He will be sorely missed by those who knew him well.

This tribute combines the address of his son Robert at Barrie’s funeral and the contribution of his great mate Dave Morwood.

Vale Ronald Joseph Scott Lucy

Members will be very sad to learn of the passing of Ron Lucy in September at the age of 58.

Ron was an officer of Water Resources for around twenty years, serving on a number of construction sites. Ron always lived life in “the fast lane”, particularly when it came to transport on the highways where his “low flying” was legendary. His brother Paul, also a former Water Resources officer, recognised at Ron’s funeral that he had always lived life to the full.

HEALTH *and beauty*

A Strong Tip for Long Distance Travel

If next time you are catching a long-distance flight and you see someone swallowing Viagra, it may not be to satisfy an ambition to join the mile-high club. Research on hamsters has suggested that taking Viagra could help beat jet lag.

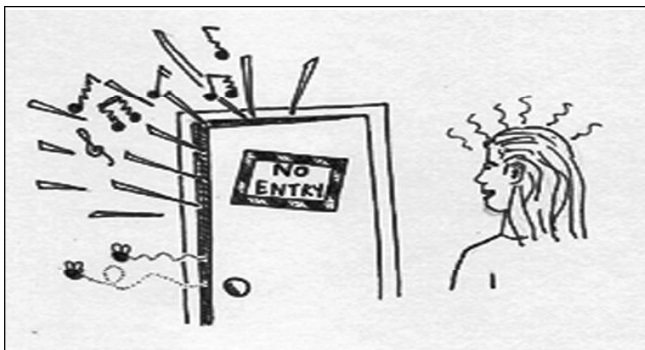
The beneficial effect, however was seen only when a time change like that of an eastbound flight was simulated and not in the opposite direction. The experiment conducted at Quilmes National University in Buenos Aires, simulated the effects of jet lag by switching lights on six hours earlier than usual and monitoring how long it took the hamsters to adjust as shown by running on their exercise wheels. Those animals injected with a low dose of Viagra recovered between 25 and 50 per cent more quickly than those not injected.

The findings are preliminary and would have to be repeated on human beings before Viagra could be recommended for treating jet lag – as well!

There was a recent British report that a truck load of Viagra had been hi-jacked. The police were looking for a bunch of hardened criminals!

Cure

According to a recent edition of *Doctor*, research has shown that by far the best treatment for bluebottle stings is hot water – far better than cold water, vinegar or urine. So, particularly you northerners, whenever you're going to a beach where you might get stung, remember to take your kettle and your long extension cord.



Mother: *Some day I hope you have a kid who puts you through what I've gone through!*

Child: *Yeah, that's what Grandma says she used to tell you.*

Exercise those Brain Cells

An explorer in darkest Africa comes to a crossroads and does not know which fork to take to Sumplace. Standing at the crossroads are two natives from different tribes, one of which always tells the truth and one of which always lies.

How, in one question to either native, can the explorer determine which road to take?



Sailing into the Hereafter

The following report may interest members.

About two years ago my wife and I were on a cruise through the western Mediterranean aboard a Princess liner. At dinner we noticed an elderly lady sitting alone along the rail of the grand stairway in the main dining room. I noticed that all the staff, ship's officers, waiters, busboys, etc. all seemed very familiar with this lady. I asked our waiter who the lady was, expecting to be told she owned the line, but he said he only knew that she had been on board for the last four cruises, back to back.

As we left the dining room one evening, I caught her eye and stopped to say hello. We chatted and I said, "I understand you've been on this ship for the last four cruises." She replied, "Yes, that's true."

I stated, "I don't understand" and she replied without a pause, "It's cheaper than a nursing home."

So, there will be no nursing home in my future. When I get old and feeble, I am going to get on a Princess cruise ship. The average cost for a nursing home is \$200 a day. I have checked on reservations at Princess and I can get a long term discount and senior discount price of \$135 per day. That leaves \$65 a day for gratuities which will only be \$10 per day.

I will have as many as 10 meals a day if I can waddle to the restaurant or I can have room service (which means I can have breakfast in bed every day of the week.)

Princess has as many as three swimming pools, a workout room, free washers and dryers and shows every night.

They have free toothpaste, razors, soap and shampoo.

They will even treat you like a customer, not a patient. An extra \$5 worth of tips will have the entire staff scrambling to help you.

I will get to meet new people every 7 to 14 days.

TV broken? Light bulb need changing? Need to have the mattress replaced? No problem! They will fix everything and apologise for your inconvenience.

Clean sheets and towels every day and you don't even have to ask for them.

If you fall in the nursing home and break a hip, you are on Medicare. If you fall and break a hip on the Princess ship, they will upgrade you to a suite for the rest of your life.

Now hold on for the best! Do you want to see South America, the Panama Canal, Tahiti, Australia, New Zealand, Asia or name where you want to go? Princess will have a ship ready to go.

So don't look for me in a nursing home, just call shore to ship.

P.S. And don't forget, when you die, they just dump you over the side at no charge!

Solution to last edition's puzzle

(i) Ask the Transylvanian, 'Are you sane?' Both the sane human and the insane human will answer, 'Yes' while both the insane and sane vampire will answer, 'No.' Therefore a 'No' answer can only come from a vampire (and a 'Yes' answer from a human).

(ii) Ask the Transylvanian, 'Are you a vampire?' Both the sane human and sane vampire will answer, 'No' while the insane human and insane vampire will answer, 'Yes.' Hence anyone who answers 'Yes' is insane and anyone who answers 'No' is sane.

How Come - ?

During our recent overseas trip, I acquired yet another book of origins - 'Red Herrings and White Elephants' by Albert Jack. Here are some snippets.

Bob's Your Uncle is often used to describe something that is easily resolved without much effort, but where did it originate?

In 1886, British politician Arthur Balfour was promoted to Secretary of State for Ireland. He was a surprise choice for the position and few regarded him as qualified for the post. But when it became known that he was the nephew of Prime Minister Robert Gascoyne-Cecil, Third Marquis of Salisbury, the joke circulated that, if Robert was your uncle, a deed was as good as done.

Footnote: Arthur Balfour turned out to be considerably more than the expected nonentity - he was the leader of the Conservative Party for over twenty years and Prime Minister from 1902 to 1905. His name became attached to the Balfour Declaration (1917) which dealt with the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. A more apt phrase (though less euphonious) may be 'Arthur's your nephew'!

To be screwed is a widely used term for being cheated or placed at a disadvantage. During the 19th century, English prisons were intended to be cruel places of punishment (hard labour) to deter prisoners from returning. One of the forms of punishment was to force a convict to turn a crank handle 10,000 times a day. These handles were designed in a way that the hard labour could be made even worse by a warder turning a simple screw, which increased the resistance of the handle. Is this why warders are commonly known as 'screws'? In such barbaric places, bribery and corruption were commonplace and any prisoner who did not agree to a warder's demands could find himself being 'screwed' next time he was on the handle. Other interpretations of the term are likely to be back formations.

Another theatrical allusion. When someone **Steals Your Thunder** they are taking credit for something that you should be properly credited for. The expression was coined in the early 1700s by the playwright and critic John Dennis, who discovered that the sound of thunder could be reproduced to great effect by pummelling large tin sheets backstage at Drury Lane Theatre in London. At the time when sound effects were virtually unheard of, his idea added considerably to the drama and drew much attention. His play, on the other hand, did not attract attention and was replaced within a few weeks. Shortly afterwards the embittered Dennis saw a performance of the Scottish play (*Macbeth*) and was furious to hear his thunder reproduced without his permission. Writing a review next day he raged, 'See what rascals they are. They will not run my play yet they steal my thunder.'

Books

When grandchildren ask me to read them a story I'm ready and willing and keen to comply for books, we all know, are the repository of fuel that can make a young intellect fly. But to claim my sole target is their education would be, I'm afraid, rather stretching the truth. I have to confess to one more motivation – to revel once more in the books of my youth.

A Sign of the Times

Outside a Tweed Heads Nursery:

Organic Cow Manure

- *Sunday Mail* 6 May 2007

Goes well with the noting on a fertiliser packet – chemical free.

How could she bare it?

An English woman, according to the *Sunday Express*, was climbing into the bathtub one afternoon when she remembered that she had left some muffins in the oven. Naked, she rushed downstairs and was removing the muffins when she heard a noise at the door. Thinking it was the baker, and knowing he would come in and leave a loaf of bread on the kitchen table if she didn't answer his knock, the woman darted into the broom cupboard. A few moments later she heard the back door open and, to her eternal mortification, the sound of footsteps coming towards the cupboard. The door opened. It was the man from the gas company, come to read the meter. 'Oh,' stammered the woman, 'I was expecting the baker.' The gas man blinked, excused himself and departed ...

Three strikes and you're out

In 1918 in Flanders, Belgium, a certain Major Summersford was struck by lightning and invalided out of the Canadian Army. Six years later he was fishing in Vancouver when lightning struck him again, paralysing his right side. Within two years he had recovered sufficiently to be walking through a local park when - you guessed it - he was struck again. This time he was paralysed for good and, after lingering for two years, died of his injuries. There is a brief postscript; in 1934, during a thunderstorm, lightning shattered a tombstone at a Vancouver cemetery. It was Major Summersford's.

Choice

We are plagued by the tyranny of choice. Too much thinking to do. Someone recently did an experiment in a supermarket in which customers were invited to sample jam and then buy one, get one free (what advertisers refer to aptly as BOGOF). In the first week they had a table with six varieties on it, in the second they had 24 varieties. It seems that more people were attracted to the table when there were 24 types than when there were six, but only one-tenth as many people went on to actually buy some. There was too much choice.

Cheep Copies

Call it the new phone sex. Birds are mimicking the sounds of mobile phones to attract a mate. But while the technology-inspired twittering may be attracting the birds, it's driving phone owners to distraction.

Birds such as magpies, bowerbirds, lyrebirds and parrots are chirping the sounds of simple mobile ring tones and the incessant beeping of alarms.

It seems that the more sounds a bird has, the older and more experienced he appears, leading to a greater degree of success.

- from the *Sunday Mail* 6 May 2007

Some men spend a lifetime in an attempt to comprehend the complexities of women. Others preoccupy themselves with somewhat simpler tasks, such as understanding the theory of relativity - Albert Einstein

Book Club

When we were in England in June, the Number One book on the Waterstone's list was *The Interpretation of Murder* by American debutante author Jed Rubenfeld. Naturally, we bought and read it.

Rubenfeld is a professor of law at Yale University. As a Princeton undergraduate, he wrote his senior thesis on Freud. At the Juilliard School of Drama he studied Shakespeare. He has drawn on all these elements to create his first crime-fiction novel.

The story is set in Manhattan in 1909 and Rubenfeld paints a vivid picture of time and place including the construction of modern skyscrapers and the Brooklyn Bridge. On the morning after Sigmund Freud arrives in New York on his first – and only – visit, a debutante is found bound and strangled in her penthouse apartment high above Broadway. The following night, another heiress is discovered tied to a chandelier in her parents' home, wounded and unable to speak or recall her ordeal. Freud and his American disciple (the narrator of much of the tale) are enlisted to help her recover her memory and piece together the assailant's identity. Inevitably, Freud's methods of analysis and insistence that all mental problems have a sexual derivation are called into question.

One reviewer opined, "Fact and fiction are nicely blended in this clever and unusual novel." I agree.

Ian Pullar

To leap up on errands, to go through heat and cold, at the bidding of one's lady, or even of any lady, would seem but honourable and natural to a gentleman of the 13th or even 17th century, and most of us have gone shopping in the 20th with ladies who showed no sign of regarding the tradition as a dead letter.

C.S.Lewis, *The Allegory of Love*, 1936.

When recently divorced romance writer Anne de Lisle and newly widowed real estate developer Ian decide to move in together, they realise that the tiny township of Malany, where they are living, would not be the place to do so. Their search for a conveniently located home draws them to historic Maryborough and the derelict 'Baddow House' – known to the locals as the 'ghost house'.

Anne's memoir, *A Grand Passion*, tells of their journey together as they lovingly restore the old home. Life is not without its problems. Each of them has adult children and Ian's, in particular, are somewhat hostile to the developing relationship, especially once marriage is foreshadowed. Tensions arise and relationships require delicate negotiation.

At the same time, the cost of the renovations soars and the physical demands take their toll. It is difficult, painstaking work

Parallel to the personal story is a very detailed description of the work involved in the restoration which instills in the reader a great admiration for the artisans of Maryborough whose dedication to the project matched that of the owners.

And then there is the ghost story which introduces the historical background of the house and its former owners.

How Anne overcomes the obstacles in her path – including a dread of being alone in the isolated, haunted house at night – will keep the reader enthralled.

This is a true Queensland story which conveys the writer's passion for the restoration project in a very believable human context.

Helen Pullar



Maitre D: *Do you have reservations?*

Prospective Diner: *Yes, but we came anyway.*

Credits

My thanks are once again due to Helen; to my proof-reader daughter Jean Yates; to Graham Bauer 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.

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