

Watery Sauces Oldies and Boldies

Newsletter No 68

July 2012

Newsletter of the Water Resources Retirees Association

Under New Sponsorship

Following the change of government at the recent State election, there have been significant changes in organisational arrangements for water management. These are described in an article on page 8. In essence, the changes mean that most of the functions of the old Water Resources Commission are no longer carried out within the Department of Natural Resources and Mines. Instead, the new Department of Energy and Water Supply has the oversight of many of our former activities while SunWater continues in the role of the management and development of most of the water infrastructure of the State.

The constitution of the Water Resources Retirees Association allows for the appointment of two Patrons. The Management Committee has given a great deal of thought to the positions of Patrons. Peter Boettcher, CEO of SunWater has been a Patron for a

number of years, as was his predecessor Peter Noonan. Peter B has happily agreed to continue in this role. The Committee has invited Jon Black, the newly appointed CEO of E&WS to be our second Co-Patron.

The result of this decision is that we are no longer under the patronage of NRM, although we still have ties of interest there. In addition, Graham Bauer who, as an officer of DERM was so obliging in printing and posting our mail-outs, has been re-assigned to the Department of Environment and Heritage Management. Fortunately for us, Peter Boettcher has generously offered to provide the support of SunWater instead. From now on, Committee meetings and mail-outs will be held in the SunWater offices and our printing and postage will also be done there. We are, of course, very grateful to Peter, just as we have been grateful to DERM and its predecessors for so many years.

From the Editor's Chair

On page 3 of this edition of the Newsletter is an obituary for Alan Wickham, a man of considerable significance in the development of Queensland's water resources.

Not only did I have a high regard for Alan as an engineer, I greatly value two "extra-curricular" associations with him. During the period 1983-1985 Alan was Chairman of ANCOLD and I had the good fortune to be Secretary. Our working relationship could not have been more harmonious and I greatly enjoyed the benefits of his technical knowledge and wisdom.

When my daughter Margaret and I were writing our "People's History" Alan was a member of our Steering Committee along with Bernie Credlin and George Pearce. Again, I very much appreciated Alan's assistance and input.

Alan was one of the many officers of the Commission who made working for the organisation rewarding and fulfilling.

Until next time, au reservoir.

Ian Pullar, Editor

Prior to his new appointment to E&WS, **Jon Black** had been CEO of Unity Water since its formation two years ago and before that he was CEO of the Council of Mayors of South East Queensland of which Campbell Newman, as Lord Mayor of Brisbane, was Chairman.

Mr Black believes that his Defence background - he spent 25 years in the Army in command and management roles - will help him in his new role as it instilled in him a culture of service.

While he was reluctant to leave Unity Water after a relatively short time, the challenge of the State-wide role was too much for him to resist. He is very much looking forward to working with Minister Mark McArdle to achieve the LNP's water objectives which include maximum affordability of water. In addition, he is looking forward to being based in Brisbane where his family of two teenage sons live.

We wish him well in his new role.

The new Acting CEO of Natural Resources and Mines is **Dan Hunt** who was previously Associate Director General of DERM and comes from a mining background. We also wish him well along with our former colleagues who now serve in this new entity.

Out and About

The Annual General Meeting of the Association, duly held on 26 April, was attended by about 20 members and spouses. It would be nice if more members came because these occasions are always very pleasant and it is always nice to catch up, particularly with those who are not regular attendees. It was really good to see John Cantor and John Morse after some time (my absences may also have contributed to this). Nev and Marilyn Caton were in town so I finally got to meet my faithful contributor, Marilyn. There were no changes to the committee. Minutes of the AGM have been posted on our website.

The Committee has subsequently met and decided on events for the next year as follows:

10 August Golf Day (see enclosed flyer)
Mid-late October Lunch at Southbank
Mid-late November Christmas luncheon
February luncheon social
April AGM

Further details will be supplied in due course.

We have acquired three new members of the Association: Don Best, Bruce Edwards and Allan Pollard -welcome aboard, gentlemen.

It is to be hoped that at least some of our recent retirees will see fit to join. A number have promised to do so, but haven't quite got round to doing so. Recent retirees (who have been given application forms) are John Ridler, Robert Ellis and John Richardson. There is an account of the farewell function for Messrs Ridler and Ellis elsewhere on this page.

Attendance at the mid-year luncheon at COTAH was rather disappointing. Only 26 members and spouses had registered as attendees, but in the end a number of these didn't make it. Our patron Peter Boettcher had intended to come but at the last minute was called to a meeting of the SunWater Board.

A special guest at the luncheon was Graham Bauer, invited by the Association in appreciation of his assistance since 2006 in reproducing newsletters and notices to members and for organising meeting rooms etc. Many thanks, Graham - your help is much appreciated.

Once again Terry Loos's Trivia entertained us. Some of his tricky questions can be found on page 11.

I am very happy to be able to report on some of the activities of some of the attendees.

Bruce Edwards used to be an Engineer in Project Planning and Designs, but he left the government in 1982 and operated a Newsagency. Once he had sold that, he seized an opportunity to resume his former profession and currently works for the Co-ordinator General. It was great to catch up with him again.

Bruce Pearce is still in harness, now working for the new Department of Science etc out of the Boggo Road complex. He is contemplating retirement.

Ross Stewart has recently returned from a trip to South America of which the Galapagos Islands may have been the highlight. Unfortunately, he was not allowed to ride a turtle as the species is somewhat threatened. George (at the age of 155) appears to have lost interest in reproduction and in any case he appears to be infertile so AI is out of the question. The Stewarts also delighted in following the Inca trail and overall had a wonderful time.

Paul and Robyn Mills were in England in May to meet a new grandchild. Paul's son-in-law's father is a sailor who lives beside the Thames and he allowed Paul to steer his boat through the Thames Barrier; which Paul described as an exhilarating but dodgy experience with the multitude of heavy vessels all around.

Other unfamiliar faces were those of Don and Vera Best. Don was a contemporary of Dave Morwood and Keith Nutt. He was working in Mareeba in 1964 when he left to take up an engineering job in New Guinea. Since then he has worked in Indonesia, out of Brisbane and then, through his friend Des Stephenson, was the major designer of the irrigation works on Cubbie Station and adjacent properties. Don has very kindly agreed to provide a much fuller account of his activities for the next Newsletter.

After the luncheon, Dave Morwood reported as follows: "As I told a few people today, I had a long needed heart operation on Tuesday last week, to repair a faulty mitral valve I've had for at least 40 years. This was done by a very new process not requiring open heart surgery, which is still subject to trial before final approval. I was a cooperative and successful guinea pig. Out of bed on Wednesday, and walking fairly well on Thursday. No ill effects from the lunch today. I decided to tell you this, as there may be other members who could benefit when it is fully approved. It's so much easier and safer than the old way".

A Retirement Function

A retirement function was held on 24 May for John Ridler and Robert Ellis at the Landcare Centre with many attendees adjourning to the Pineapple Pub for refreshments. John was presented with a gold-plated current meter and Bob received a memento based on a piece of bore casing. Both retirees gave vintage speeches. Bob referred to the fact that, when he joined IWSC, he met professional people who have remained life-long friends. John traced the history of hydrographic technology in Queensland with some humorous anecdotes thrown in for illustration. A recurring theme of the day was how the professionalism of the early days allowed the job to be done in the face of natural adversity and with the lack of modern conveniences such as mobile phones, laptop computers, electronic loggers, and so on. Notable faces from the past included Don Alexander, Col Hazel, John Hillier and Peter Cochrane. Long serving current staff members included Leon Leach, Bruce Pearce, Ray Alford, Randall Cox, and Paul Martin. Country visitors included Ross Carruthers, Dave Free, and Rainfall Ray Maynard.

Jon Henry

Search facility

It is now possible to search the newsletters that are posted on the website. If you try Google with ["martin murphy" "groundwater branch"] then you get the very first newsletter. The strings ["arthur seabrook" "surface water"] find newsletter no 11. And so on. The early newsletters were only ever available in paper form. Google has OCRed them and indexed them. More recent newsletters (Nos 42 on) are in electronic form and can be searched more reliably because there is no OCRing involved.

Most members do not keep past newsletters. The website provides a useful service for members by storing the newsletters so they can be searched.

Jon Henry (Webmaster)

Thanks Jon for this excellent service. -Ed.

Vale Alan Ernest Wickham B.E. F.I.E. Aust

Alan was born in Brisbane in 1924 to Norman Selwyn Wickham and Mary Isabella Penman Wickham. He was educated and worked virtually entirely in his home state of Queensland. He completed his secondary education at Churchie, graduated in Civil Engineering from the University of Queensland in 1947 and joined the Irrigation and Water Supply Commission after graduation. He married Joan Nimmo on 27th May 1950 and after six years with the Commission they went to Britain where he worked on hydro-electric projects with Sir Alexander Gibb & Partners in London, returning to Queensland to rejoin the Commission in 1955.

Alan was appointed Senior Designing Engineer, Chief Designing Engineer and finally Deputy Commissioner of Water Resources in 1979. He retired from that position in 1985 and undertook private consulting work until 1993. During the period that he was with the Commission, Alan was involved in some way with virtually all of the dams constructed in Queensland for rural water supply purposes, as well as some multi-purpose dams, totalling over 20, of many different types, mostly designed in-house but some with design consultants.

Alan's two loves in his life were his wife and his engineering – particularly dams. Joan and Alan did not have any children and as such their careers took on more significance in their lives. With Alan as an engineer and Joan running the University of Queensland Engineering Library, this proved to be a perfect match with them travelling together frequently to engineering functions.

Alan represented the Water Resources Commission on the Australian National Commission on Large Dams for 7 years. He served on the ANCOLD Executive and was Chairman from 1983 to 1985. During his Chairmanship, the *Interim Guidelines on Design Floods* were produced, a project in which he took a close personal interest.

Alan and Joan attended twelve meetings of ICOLD (International Commission on Large Dams) between 1970 and 1990. Most of these were held overseas in locations which ranged from Europe to Asia to South America. Although they were working trips they were also holidays where they caught up with old friends. Alan was the Australian voting delegate for 5 years and a member of the ICOLD Committee on Dam Safety for seven years. He was elected Vice President of ICOLD for the term 1986 to 1989.

Alan was a founding member of the Queensland Group of the Australian Geomechanics Society. He joined the Institution of Engineers in 1946 and was a member for 66 years. He was a full Chartered member and Fellow of the Institution.

Alan also took a close interest in the education and training of young engineers and other technical staff, being involved with in-house training schemes and staff selection interviews. He served for five years as a member of the Civil Engineering Degree Course Assessment Committee of the Queensland Institute of Technology.

Alan and Joan's nephews were to some extent their surrogate children. They all have memories of Sunday lunches at the house in Balmoral.

As an engineer himself, Peter Nimmo was able to appreciate Alan's prominence in the field and understand how much he gave to his profession and his state. Alan helped him with work experience at Wivenhoe Dam during his studies and with his first work interview in the UK.

Alan and Joan moved from Balmoral to Albany Creek in the late nineties. Joan's health deteriorated in the 2000s and she moved into care. She died on 6th August 2009. They had been married for 58 years.

Peter and Anita Nimmo have fond memories of Alan coming for Sunday lunches with their family. Anyone who knew Alan would appreciate that he was a measured and precise person. At the lunches he would always have a light beer and a chat before sitting down with the family for a roast (his favourite was pork) and a glass or possibly glass and a half of red wine and more chat. He would then finish dessert and coffee and drive himself home.

In nephew John Nimmo's view, "He was a good, kind-hearted person – he led a good life, contributed much through his public service, and was married to someone he really loved. What more can you ask for?"

- from the eulogy delivered by Peter Nimmo at Alan's funeral.

The Secretary reports that we have lost contact with a number of members. He would be very grateful if anyone can tell him of the whereabouts of:

Bruno Schumann
Jim Chamberlain
Glenda Bucknell
Pauline Wright
Eleanor Bower
Merv Brand

Vale James Robert Walls

The following death notice appeared in *The Courier Mail*:

Walls, James Robert. Late of Cannon Hill. Passed away peacefully on 21st May, 2012. Aged 82 years. Husband of Charlessa. Private service held on 24th May 2012.

Jim served the Association diligently and faithfully as Treasurer from 1993 to 2002. Many thanks for his valuable contribution. Prior to his retirement he was a senior administration officer in Accounts Branch.

Groundwater Goings-on

by David Dempster

(continued from previous edition)

Biloela

In 1970 the Boring Inspector at Biloela, Doug 'Shiney' Nielsen, took six weeks leave. Sam McCall sent me down there to relieve for that period. However, after 5½ weeks I received a letter stating I was now transferred there; Very Sneaky !!

There was a staff of six or seven at Biloela office and everyone became multi-skilled (or rather, was co-opted to assist to get a job done). I was trained in the 'art' of de-airing water to be used for testing the soil moisture pressure lines embedded in the wall of Callide Dam. For recharge investigations, I worked with a backhoe travelling along the bed of every dry creek in the valley, digging a pit every quarter mile looking for bed sands that might be continuous down to the groundwater aquifer. Drilling a borehole through the clay-core wall of Callide Dam and the saddle wall at Wuruma Dam investigating leakage problems was "different". And when required, I carried a staff for surveys of rural water supply schemes and at Theodore for a survey of the levee bank around the town (based on the events of last year, we obviously didn't make it high enough).

One major excursion was a four week field trip to North Queensland with seven other technicians and hydrologists from around the state. We carried out property surveys in the Cape River and adjoining tributaries of the Suttor River. We camped under canvas on the bank of the Cape River while working in the south of the area but stayed at the Pentland pub while working the north section. That pub was an 'experience' as it was the watering hole for the workers at the nearby Cape River Meatworks. The bar had a chicken-mesh wire partition separating the serving bar from the pool table. Drinks were only sold via stubbies and when they were empty, they were smashed into 44 gallon drums positioned just outside the back door. Smashing glass sounds would be heard into the wee hours of the morning.

On one occasion out on the job Dave Free and I were given misleading directions and almost on dark we ended up on the wrong side of a sizeable river. We left our 4WD and walked some four kilometres to the homestead where the landowner lent us his ute to drive back to our camp. He said it was a good thing we didn't attempt to drive across that river in the fading light as there were areas of quick sand in some sections of that river bed; Phew !! Next morning we drove across safely, following cattle tracks.

I celebrated my birthday while on that trip. I asked the cook to bake a mulberry pie for me. He agreed on one condition – I had to collect the mulberries from the trees in the grounds of the pub. The boys really ragged me for climbing up on the roofs of the buildings to collect the fruit but were suitably impressed at meal time.

Toowoomba

Toowoomba office had a staff of sufficient bodies who could carry out their own work-related tasks, so coopting staff from other sections was rare. Thus my time was spent doing mostly groundwater work or studying part-time at the Darling Downs Institute of Advanced Education. Occasional trips to Warwick to assist with bore licensing were pleasant interludes as it meant I could spend lunchtime with my mother.

After the major flood down the Condamine in 1976 all field staff were seconded to record the extent of flooding by pegging the high water level mark on both sides of the river, to be accurately surveyed later. Ian Young and I drew a short straw – we had to cover the right bank from Warra to Miles driving a Holden panel van. Although we didn't become bogged in the wet subsoil after the flood, we had many close shaves in locations that would have involved several kilometres of walking across black soil to get help.

Bundaberg

The 21 years I had with the Department at Bundaberg were the most fulfilling. I was able to draw on all the experiences gained at other locations from around the state to assist the local irrigation community in managing their historic saltwater intrusion problem.

However, Darryl Griffiths ensured I did not end up with groundwater tunnel vision; he had me carry out investigations into leakage from the local irrigation channels.

Comment

The Department carried out a review of the groundwater advisory service in the late 1990s and recommended it be discontinued as there were several consulting firms available who could provide the service. As a consequence, consulting firms would phone the local groundwater technical officer and find out the groundwater prospects for the property, then go and tell the landowner and charge them accordingly.

Conclusion

In my 45 years with the Department it has been a privilege to be able to assist many landowners develop groundwater bores for their projects, as well as several local authorities. Two industrial projects I have been involved with are the groundwater supply for the salt works at Bajool (Central Qld) and the groundwater supply extracted from the floor of what is now Awoonga Dam to the Gladstone alumina plant.

There is, however, one major change that has occurred over the years. When I joined the Department, exploration and development of groundwater resources was the primary objective. Over time that has transitioned into a focus on management of the resource today.

Many thanks, David, for this valuable article and the contribution it makes to our recorded history. - Ed.

Answers to Terry's Trivia (on page 11)

1. (iii) Francois
2. (ii) Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal
3. (i) purple
4. (iii) saffron
5. (iii) 1942
6. (v) Robert French
7. (vi) Cribb Island
8. (ii) eight
9. (iii) John Gorton
10. Elton John 65; Rod Stewart 67; Lee Rogers 70; Cliff Richard 72; Robert Redford 76; Sophia Loren 78; Leonard Cohen 78; Clint Eastwood 82; Mickey Rooney 92; Kirk Douglas 96

A 2011 Travelogue - Part 2

by Peter Jones

(continued from previous edition)

In the last edition of the newsletter I told the story of our travels in the USA and Morocco and did promise to tell you the story of our continuing travel through Spain, Portugal and Italy. So, here we go.

We flew out of Marrakesh into Madrid to commence the European leg of our travel. The couple with whom we were travelling had arranged to lease a Peugeot for the duration of our stay in Europe. Wisely, they had arranged for a car with integrated GPS navigation. Unwisely, we spent less than 5 mins with the agent learning how to use and understand the directions it would give us – especially given that when we later went to consult the instruction book (yes, only go to the instruction book when all else fails) we found that we had been left with a copy in French. High school French done too many years ago was not much help.

Now each of these navigation aids has its own peculiarities – and we headed off into a foreign city not knowing the peculiarities of the one fitted to our car.

We got within about ½ kilometre of the accommodation we had booked, but somehow could not manage to get off the freeway onto street level at the point the GPS wanted to send us. Overshot the entrance once and got taken around in a loop to try again. Missed it again on the second attempt. The only way to get to our accommodation was to get off the freeway as soon as we could, travel far enough in the general direction to overshoot the accommodation and then let our very patient GPS guide take us to our accommodation from the opposite direction.

Ultimately, we did finish up “mastering” navigating with the GPS – and here might be a lesson to anyone else planning a driving trip in a foreign country. The night before, we would check our destination on Google maps – gave us some landmarks and the name of a few surrounding streets. Secondly, we always had a designated “navigator” in the passenger’s seat to ease the problem of trying to read the GPS while concentrating on being on the wrong side (perhaps more correctly the “unnatural” side for us) of the road. So what was different from the way we used to do it when the passenger read the map and directed the driver? Nothing really, but much more information and without the unwieldy map to keep refolding.

That system worked well until (and there is always an “until”) we were in Italy and joined by an Italian relative of our travelling companions. Now I can’t speak or read Italian, and I’m driving on the unnatural side of the road. My navigator cannot speak English, and he is directing me in areas with which he is not familiar. But the ultimate problem, he cannot tell his left from his right, even in Italian. Needless to say we survived, but it was hysterics for a while.

We had rented an apartment in Madrid (chosen off the internet) for 4 days. It was located in a suburban area about 2

to 3 km from the centre of Madrid. So plenty of local shopping, local eateries and transport into central Madrid was available to us. The apartment had a “local guidebook” the owner had written up for visitors – where to catch the underground, the better eating places, where to find grocery and fruit shops, the local out of hours corner store and sites to see in the local area. It made it so much easier to settle in for a few days.

We checked out the main tourist sites in town, the Plaza Mayor (described in the guide book as the elegant focal point of central Madrid), the shops of the Gran Via, the Palacio Real, the Catedral de Nuestra Senora de la Almudena, the centuries old churches, the gardens to mention but a few. We sampled tapas, ate paella, drank sangria, watched the locals going about their daily business (while drinking more sangria) and bought the items that caught our eye in the souvenir shops. We followed a self-guided walk from the Lonely Planet guide book around the central area of Madrid to pick up many of the famous city sights.

Madrid was also our base from which we drove to Segovia and Toledo (with the help of our trusty GPS) to explore these ancient towns with their narrow streets, wonderful old buildings and hordes of tourists. People still live their daily lives from the ancient homes in these cities. Not that I should have been surprised, but I guess that I had never thought of it until walking down an old narrow lane in an ancient city with someone’s washing hanging above me.

We left Madrid for our next stop – Seville some 500km drive from Madrid. Seville was named the capital of the autonomous region of Andalucia region in the 1980s, but its history as a town dates back to the Roman times. It has been a regional centre during the times of Islamic Spain, in the 12th Century for the Almohads from Morocco and Christian Spain from around the mid 13th Century. This history has endowed Seville with many great and magnificent buildings, although most of what we see today dates from the 14/15th Centuries onwards as Spain grew to a world power. In a short three day stay in was not possible to explore them all in depth – for many we had to be satisfied with an outside view.

During the 20th Century, Seville hosted two international expositions – 1929 and 1992. The first was not truly an international exposition but rather a World’s Fair (Barcelona hosted the International Exposition in the same year, but I’m yet to sort out the difference between the two).

The difference between the legacies left by each is remarkable. Many, if not most, of the pavilions from the 1929 World’s Fair are still in use and with the name of the country for which they were the national pavilion still above the entrance. The most magnificent of them was, and still is, the Spanish Pavilion forming an arc behind the Plaza de Espana.

By comparison, I think there is only one of the pavilions from the 1992 World Exposition remaining. Like Brisbane’s South Bank, the national pavilions for the 1992 Expo were of a temporary nature with the Expo providing the impetus for the redevelopment of a degraded area of the city.

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A 2011 Travelogue – Part 2 *(continued)*

It was in Seville that we experienced two of the Spanish traditions – the flamenco and the bull fight.

The flamenco is extremely energetic, combining the art of the guitarist, the dancers and the singers. And behind this is the percussion generated by the hand clapping, the castanets and the rattle of the feet. The singing is quite melancholy, but, not being able to understand the language, we missed much of its significance. We are all most likely familiar with the sound of the Spanish guitar, and it is this that gives the life and vibrancy to the flamenco. But dominating it all is the rattle of the feet of the dancers, men in that classic pose dancing around the women, and the women swirling their ankle length dresses as their feet stamp onto the floor. We decided to attend a bull fight to see for ourselves what they really are – a grand contest between man and beast, or a cruel blood sport. They are part of both.

The bullfight is about the spectacle. The parade of matadors, picadors and others who participate in the fight, the live band, and the fight itself are all part of the spectacle. And it takes place in accordance with a very defined ritual. It ends with the matador driving a sword into the bull's lungs or heart for the kill. The odds are always against the bull, although it does sometimes get the better of the bull fighter. But on the day we attended, there were six fights in the session and the bull lost five.

The one the bull did not lose was, to steal a term from the world of boxing, a TKO. In an early charge, the bull injured a leg to the extent that he became unstable and would stumble when he tried to charge. It was clear that his fight would not continue, but how was he to be removed from the ring? It was then that we saw this wonderful spectacle – about 6 large creamy coloured bulls (that looked to me to be the charolais breed) and each wearing a cow bell (or should I be describing it in these circumstances as a bull bell) entered the arena, formed loosely around the injured bull and led him from the arena – clearly a task they, and the fighting bull, had been trained for.

Having seen both a flamenco show and a bullfight, we walked the streets and avenues of Seville, taking the obligatory horse drawn carriage tour of the city and wandered the streets of the old area of the city, Triana.

Then we were on the move again for our next stop – Gibraltar.

On the way, we stopped at the town of Jerez de la Frontera, home of the Real Escuela Andaluza del Arte Ecuestre (the Royal Andalusian School of Equestrian Art – as best as I am able to interpret it). It's a magnificent complex in beautifully landscaped grounds, the centrepiece for the visitor being the fully enclosed arena built in a classic Spanish style where the equestrian exhibition occurs.

The school is devoted to conserving the ancestral abilities of the Andalusian horse, maintaining the classical traditions of Spanish baroque horsemanship. It provides education in all aspects of horsemanship, coach driving, blacksmithing, the care and breeding of horses, saddlery, and the manufacture and care of horse harnesses. The Royal Andalusian School is comparable to the Spanish Riding School in Vienna (my thanks to the guide books and Wikipedia for this description).

The show includes demonstrations of riding skills with the horses moving in intricate patterns, the classical dancing horses and carriage driving. All quite spectacular, but not being a horse person, I could not appreciate the subtleties of the skills required for training and presentation (and gaining this appreciation may have been hindered by the fact that the commentary was entirely in Spanish). But the spectacle could be appreciated without this.

One aspect that surprised me was the limited marketing of souvenirs at the complex – there were the obligatory postcards and a range of small but very expensive mementos for sale, but the range was not large. It is difficult to imagine a similar show in Australia without a very significant merchandising program backing it up.

After the show it was off to Gibraltar with only a short GPS induced detour – the cause in this case being two roads of the same name in two towns about 200km apart. But we did manage to find our accommodation on the coast just north of Gibraltar and, once booked in, we headed into Gibraltar itself.

Getting in, and out, is chaotic – caused by the sheer volume of traffic moving across the border, not by the customs and immigration processes, as these seemed to be non-existent. As soon as you cross the border, you are in a little part of England – the language and accents, bobbies and the red phone boxes. The one thing that did not change – you still drive on the right hand side of the road.

As a result of our GPS detour, our arrival in Gibraltar was late in the afternoon and consequently our visit was short – just sufficient to get a feel for this little corner of the empire that still exists in Europe.

That night, we dined at a local restaurant, La Perla del Mur, near our hotel. Seafood was their speciality so the fresh sardines (nothing like you get from the tin) and octopus were a must. The sardines I would have again, but the octopus (although more correctly the octopus tentacles) – no, I don't think so.

We headed off the next morning to Lisbon, Portugal. Something that took our attention when we travelled in the Andalusia region, from the time we left Seville and on into Portugal, was the extensive use this area of Europe was making of renewable energy. Large solar arrays were a common sight. But even more extensive were the wind farms, with some complexes seeming to have hundreds of generators. And always on the crest of ridges, but then I suppose that is where you catch the best breeze. From a visual perspective, I found them to be quite intrusive in an otherwise picturesque landscape.

Our arrival in Portugal was another adventure per favour of our trusty GPS. Without worrying about how it did it, our GPS got us completely lost (of course nothing we did contributed to us getting lost – it was all the GPS's fault). Our travelling companion had a philosophy – when lost, find a policeman and ask him. This we did, interrupting two officers booking drivers for some offence that still remains a mystery to us.

After making our destination known, one officer commented "Yes, I know this place, but it is too difficult to direct you from here, so wait one minute please". He and his partner finished booking the motorist they had stopped, got into their car and with a wave and call of "Follow us" proceeded to provide us with an escort to our hotel. We did get to follow their flashing lights through some heavy traffic, but disappointingly, no siren.

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A 2011 Travelogue – Part 2

(continued)

The next couple of days were spent exploring Lisbon's sights, history and tastes. The public bus from outside our hotel took us into the centre of Lisbon, the Placa Dom Pedro IV which proved a central location from which to explore. As is our habit in any new town, we took the "Hop On-Hop Off" bus to orientate ourselves – which proved invaluable to locate what was, for at least one of our party, the primary purpose for coming to Lisbon – the pastry shop in Belem (a suburban area of Lisbon) which made and sold the best Portuguese custard tarts that money could buy. The shop is thronged by tourists throughout the day and the staff bring out tray after tray of freshly baked tarts from early morning to late afternoon. They were really something. And right beside is Starbucks – buy your tarts, take them with you to Starbucks and you have morning or afternoon tea covered. We are now on a mission to find the best Portuguese custard tarts in Brisbane to see if they match the originals from Balem. An onerous task, a labour of love, or just an excuse to eat more Portuguese tarts – if you can tell us where someone in Brisbane makes them, we will be there to give our now expert opinion.

Our stay in Portugal came to an end and we headed east towards Barcelona. A short stay there to see the sights before boarding the ferry for Italy – the next episode in this saga.

There's more to our adventures yet. I did not realise I was writing so much, but the writing of an article for the newsletter has been the driver for me to put our experiences into words for ourselves, something we had not done on previous travels. So the story will continue next issue. I hope you have enjoyed the journey so far.

I have certainly enjoyed Peter's Odyssey. I trust readers have too. Thanks Peter. - Ed.

Bonshaw Weir



Noel Dowling supplied this photograph and note. The weir on the Dumaresq River at AMTM 78.7km (at the Bonshaw tobacco township) was a steel sheet piling weir 7.5 feet high. I don't know when it was built but it was well known when I worked for the IWSC in the 1950s. With no tobacco being grown, the adjacent land seems suited to pasture but I don't know its present use. Some scouring is evident on the southern bank.

Tennis Group Approaches 50

Many of you would know the story of how way back in 1963 (or 1964) a few young officers of IWSC regularly bought take-away health food (pies, and a bottle of chocolate milk) for lunch, or before college, at Bill Morris' restaurant on William Street. Led by Roy MacArthur, they decided to organise a hit of tennis, and Bill was invited to join in. The rest is history.

Various factors such as the 1974 floods, cleanouts and house downsizing, has meant that no records are available of the early days. So, working off fading memories the group has decided to start organising its 50 year celebrations for 2013. If someone can later prove that the start was in fact in 1964, then they'll do it again the following year. The organising work is moving forward rapidly. Already the Government has sacked the previous head of the organising committee and has asked Eric Davis to take over. Eric has now issued a 100 day action plan and as a first step has called for all lapsed members of the group (i.e. those with lapsed memories, lapsed body parts, lapsed anything) to contact him so that they can be invited to the festivities. For instance, the limited record books show that the following water resources people once were members : Col Cooney; Mike Wilke; Bevan Faulkner, Russ McConnell, John Hastie, Nev Caton, Barry Cook, Noel Dowling, Gordon Lamont, Ernie Melville, Roy MacArthur Eric's phone number is 3207 6662, email etjd@bigpond.net.au.

Meanwhile, the group held a small celebration for Lee Rogers' 70th birthday between sets two and three at tennis at Toowong on Thursday 10 May.



Toasting Lee's birthday are Terry Loos, Lee, Nev Caton, Graham Young, Peter Allen, Gary Corbett, Bill Morris and Eric Davis

Lee plays a key role in the tennis group. He holds the posts of Patron; Chairman, Chief Executive; Captain; Coach; Chairman of Selectors; Secretary; General Committee; Body Corporate; Treasurer; Keeper of the Records; Keeper of the Balls. He is ably supported by a Council of Elders (the Joya Lirga) comprising Chris Georga; Bill Morris; Eric Davis; with more elders being added on a regular basis.

P.S. Attention all WRRRA members – if you are anywhere near the end of Milton Road Toowong on a Thursday night between 7.30 and 10.00pm, and you see some players zipping around on the court adjacent to the Caltex Service Station, that probably won't be us. If however the players are moving at a sedate pace, it will be us so try to find a parking space somewhere and call in for a laugh and a port. Be careful crossing Milton Road.

Eric Davis

The MOG changes – a rough guide.

MOG – machinery of government changes seem to be the norm these days after each state election. This time has been no different with major organisational changes from the mega department approach of the previous government. The previous Department of Environment and Resource Management has been split four ways.

Although some of the details are still being finalised, watery activities under the new government are broadly as follows.

Under Minister Andrew Cripps, The Department of Natural Resources and Mines, **DNRM**, will be responsible for water management functions including water monitoring, water resource planning, allocation and management, quarry materials, etc. The Acting Director General of this new department is Dan Hunt with Sue Ryan being appointed Acting Deputy Director General of the Water and Catchment Management Division of the Department.

Under Minister Mark McArdle, the Department of Energy and Water Supply, **DEWS**, will include water supply policy and water supply planning and regulation, including dam safety. The new department will also have a role in total water cycle planning and policy including sewerage planning considerations. The Queensland Water Commission which was established to deal with the water supply crisis in south east Queensland during the recent Millennium drought will cease to exist when the necessary legislation is passed and its functions will be integrated into the Department. Jon Black

who was previously CEO of the water supply retailer Unity Water is the new Director General and senior staff in the water supply area previously in DERM will include Bob Reilly, Richard Priman, and Judith Jensen. Details are still being worked through.

Under Minister Andrew Powell, the Department of Environment and Heritage Protection, **DEHP**, will be responsible for environmental management including healthy waterways and wild rivers. Andrew Chesterman is the Director General.

And finally, the science teams including the surface and ground water hydrologists now located at the new Boggo Road complex are to be a part of the Department of Science, Information Technology, Innovation and the Arts – it's easier to remember **DSITIA**. John Ruffini and his team will continue to provide hydrologic analyses to both DNRM and to DEWS.

At SunWater, a significant change is that Scott Spencer has been replaced as chairman of the Board by Will Siganto who is a mechanical engineer by background with a major business background in the air conditioning industry.

More changes in the water service provision arrangements in south east Queensland can be expected since a priority objective of the new government is to curb rising urban water (and energy) prices. Watch this space!

Lee Rogers (with input from Richard Priman)

SunWater in 2012

The following is a summary of Tom Vanderbyl's address to the AGM compiled by Terry Loos. Thanks to both Tom and Terry.

SunWater is a Government Owned Corporation with an independent Board. All shares are owned by the Queensland Government. SunWater projects are developed on a fully commercial basis.

SunWater has a \$7 billion regional network of water infrastructure with 19 major dams, 63 weirs and 2,500km industrial pipelines and irrigation systems.

SunWater also has 23 new projects valued at \$3.8 billion currently under investigation comprising two dams; three weirs and 18 pipelines. The current focus is on the Galilee, Surat, and Bowen Basins, and mainly for thermal coal, coking coal and CSG-LNG projects.

The Connors River Dam

The dam would have a capacity ~ 373,000 ML with an annual supply ~ 50,000 ML. The structure would have a crest length ~ 610 m; spillway: 250 m wide and be of 34 m max height. It would have a fish way for U/S and D/S migration. Water delivery would be through a 1500mm dia, 53 500 ML/a capacity MSCL pipeline over approx 133km to Moranbah (one 7.5MW pump station). The Total Estimated Cost - Dam & Pipeline is \$1.3 billion.

Then 221km of 1,125mm diameter MSCL pipeline with a capacity of 25,000ML/a to the Alpha coal mine at a total estimated cost of \$600M (plus 53km of 375 mm diameter DCL pipeline) and two pumping stations – Moranbah (3.5MW) & Alpha (300kW).

Nathan Dam on the Dawson River

The dam would have a capacity ~ 880,000 ML with an annual supply ~ 66,000 ML. The embankment ~ 2,420 m; spillway 200 m wide with a max height of 38 m. A fishway for U/S and D/S migration.

A Nathan Dam to Dalby pipeline of length – 260 km; 1200 mm dia MSCL with a capacity ~ 46,000 ML/a. There would be four major pumping stations:

- 1.6MW; 3.6MW; 3.4MW; 2.9MW. The Total Estimated Cost - Dam & Pipeline = \$1.4 billion.

SunWater sees the Nathan Dam as part of a long-term integrated water supply solution where treated CSG water from the Surat Basin gas fields would provide supply to users initially, with supply coming from Nathan Dam when the CSG water supply runs down.

So, another initial project proposal is the Woleebee Ck to Glebe Weir Pipeline. This would be a 120km; 860mm dia buried pipeline taking RO treated CSG water from the Queensland Gas Company's (QGC's) northern Surat Basin gas fields via Wandoan to Glebe weir on the Dawson River. Water will be supplied to Xstrata's Wandoan Coal project and to irrigators in the Dawson River under a Beneficial Use Approval (BUA) issued under the *Waste Reduction and Recycling Act 2011*.

Kenya to Chinchilla Pipeline

This is a project to connect QGC's Kenya CSG field RO Water Treatment Plant to the Chinchilla Weir. It is to be a 20km; 1000mm dia MSCL buried pipeline to deliver up to 100ML per day of RO treated CSG water along the pipeline. A key feature about this project is that a condition of approval is that there be no release of water to the Condamine River beyond the end of the existing Chinchilla Weir Irrigation scheme. Hence all the scheme customers drawing from the river will have to take water on a continuous basis. In order to achieve this objective, the water price structure has been designed such that it will be more costly *not to take* the water. Eventually a regional grid of pipelines and RO WTPs in combination with Nathan Dam is envisaged between Taroom and Dalby.

Irrigation and Water Supply Camp Kids Reunion

A local group of Mareeba citizens has decided to hold a BBQ/Overnight Camp for a reunion with as many people who were Camp Kids as possible (Tinaroo, Walkamin, Paddy's Green, Mutchilba or any other camp they may care to nominate).

The event will be held on

20th and 21st October 2012

at Keribee Park, Mareeba

from 3pm onwards

for a BBQ, Overnight Camp and Breakfast on Sunday

Participants are asked to bring meat, salads, sweets, drinks
tables, chairs, utensils and camping gear

Those not wishing to camp may obtain accommodation at local motels

Jackaroo Motel (Ph 4092 2677) Mareeba Motor Inn (Ph 4092 2451) Mareeba Lodge (Ph 4092 2266)

RSVP by 28 September to

Bev Haines PO Box 364, TOLGA 4882 or

Allan Pollard 07 4092 1340 or

Lyn Herron: lyn.herron@gmail.com

For more details feel free to contact

Allan Pollard (4092 1340), Bev Haines (nee Buttenshaw) (4095 5130), Lyn Herron (nee Bailey) (0407 644 789)

Barry Henderson (4092 2756), Ray Clark (4093 3808)

Book Club too

I thought this was sufficiently amusing to warrant extra space. I hope you do too, gentle reader. - Ed.

Vale and RIP Peter Roebuck. Here is a slightly paraphrased excerpt from his autobiography *Sometimes I Forgot to Laugh* about the dilemmas and risks that could arise when insisting on a 'hometown' umpire. This is a 'village cricket' story from the late seventies when he was teaching at Campion School in Corfu. Apparently cricket has been played on Corfu by the Corcyrans and various ex-pats since the British held the island.

'Campion School had lost its first match after some unusual interpretations of the rules by the local men in white. Accordingly our intrepid leaders decided to contribute our own umpire, by way of *balancing the scales*. Our innings began and our opening batsman edged the first ball and was caught behind. The bowler who, unbeknownst to us, had been banned from local soccer owing to an approach regarded even by the Greeks as 'hot-headed', appealed with all the conviction he could muster, and he was a man not to be underestimated. It would take a brave man or a fool to turn him down.

'Hence, rather earlier than expected our umpire found himself at the epicentre of attention. Hitherto his contributions had been stronger on the social side than upon the field, for cricket was not quite his game. Now he was in a quandary for an answer to the enquiry was momentarily expected and, so far as the fieldsmen were concerned, eagerly anticipated, and there was not a moment to lose.

'Somewhere in the depths of his mind he may have recalled the rules of the game and thought that, perhaps, things were not looking too bright for his colleague. In this time of reflection he may also have remembered stirring speeches about justice, given by men whose names have survived the ravages of time. Left to his own devices he may have done the honourable thing for he was not entirely without conscience and, in truth, the issue was clear cut.

'But there were other, more pressing, matters to be considered. His appointment to stand in this match had been accompanied by a briefing from a burly figure resembling his employer who had provided a most helpful discourse on the question of subjectivity and objectivity, shedding light upon an issue that for centuries had been confounding the greatest minds.

'After due consideration, taking his courage in his hands ... our man shook his head. Even Campion supporters were surprised by this turn of events.

'Now had come the time for discretion. A man may survive many blows, outstare numerous disappointments and still hold his head high. It is not the harshness of an event that brings him down but the tiny, unendurable slights that follow. Had our batsman pushed back the next few deliveries the crisis might have passed. Alas, he had found the taste for putting bat on ball and swung violently at the following delivery. What trick of the gods it was that caused a man who had not once before struck a ball further than twenty yards to dispatch it into a distant café cannot be guessed. As the ball crossed the boundary there was a sense around the ground that the plot was thickening.

'The bowler was not pleased to find his best offering rudely treated by an incompetent opponent who had already outstayed his welcome. A few men might have responded to this sequence of events with a shrug of the shoulders. One or two might have managed a rueful grin. Our man was not of this ilk. Suddenly, the unfairness of life came upon him, the injustices that throughout had conspired against him. Every man has his breaking point and his had been reached. It was time for action. He took hold of the middle stump at the bowler's end and brandished it in the manner of an enraged chef. Finding himself the focus of attention our umpire took flight hotly pursued by the offending party....'

Terry Loos

HEALTH *and beauty*

You may scoff at those among us who are superstitious about habits that affect their health and well-being. Steve Waugh always had his red handkerchief when he went out to bat. Another cricketer always had to enter the arena left foot first. Tiger Woods wears red on the final day of a tournament and Serena Williams has been known to wear the same socks throughout a tournament.

Superstitions abound about walking under ladders, avoiding Friday the 13th, and carrying rabbits' feet or four-leaf clovers for luck. Superstitious nonsense, you may say.

But behavioural scientists have proved otherwise. Dr Lysann Damisch of Cologne University asked 28 volunteers to bring along a lucky charm. At the start of the experiment the charms were taken away and only half were returned. The volunteers were then asked to perform a series of tests. Those who had their charm did much better than those who knew they didn't have theirs.

The study concluded that lucky charms boost people's confidence and increase their chances of success. Even a good luck gesture such as crossing fingers can raise performance. They really do work like a charm.

Basil Isn't Faulty

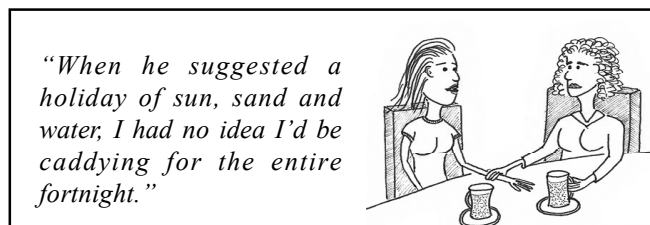
Herbs have been important for a very long time – as food additives and/or for medical purposes.

Cultivated for more than 2000 years, basil symbolises love. Young girls used to place it on their windowsills to indicate they were looking for a suitor. According to tradition, any man will fall in love with a woman from whom he accepts basil as a gift.

In ancient Rome, the name for the herb, *basileus*, referred to a basilisk, the fire-breathing dragon. The herb was thought to be a charm against the beast.

The Greek word for basil means royal or kingly. It was believed only the king himself should harvest the herb and only with a golden sickle.

Basil originated in India where it is considered sacred to the gods.



The Health of the UK

Helen and I were in the UK in May. The first two weeks were quite cold (maxima around 15°C) and a bit on the wet side – not that we were discommoded. There was still a hose ban in operation, however. The second fortnight was quite a contrast – fine days with blue skies and temperatures around 28°C, which caused complaints about a heat wave. I asked the manager of an eating place who had travelled from Brisbane to Cairns by car one hot January what temperature the Poms actually liked. He looked at me with a quizzical expression and said, "It's always too hot, too cold, too wet or too dry."

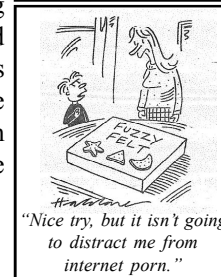
While we love the UK and enjoyed our stay there as usual, there appears to be a general malaise. With economic growth below 1% and interest rates about the same, the government is engaged in an austerity drive. There are government cut-backs on many services including the immigration department. The result is illustrated in the first cartoon (from *The Times*).

Naturally there is considerable apprehension about the impact of the Eurozone crisis, with the Brits being extremely grateful that they maintained their own currency. Not that their banks have performed all that well and they are still threatened as suggested by the cartoon from *The Daily Telegraph*.

While we were there, there were two events that gave a significant boost to the national morale. The first was the running of the Olympic torch which brought great crowds out into the streets to witness its passing. Not surprising, as the runners were selected from a vast list of nominees and represented well-known athletes, local celebrities, war victims etc etc. Very heart-warming. No doubt, though, while the Olympics are expected to boost the economy and add to the sense of national pride, they will have their down side with traffic disruptions etc. Public notices are suggesting that people "plan their journeys" (but how might be a mystery) and the government is urging citizens, particularly Civil Servants, to "Work from Home" during the Olympics – as illustrated by the third cartoon (also from *The Times*).

The Queen's Diamond Jubilee was also causing great rejoicing with street parties in all the villages and a total sell-out of bunting. There is no doubt the Poms do pomp splendidly. We were able to watch the Jubilee celebrations in London from the comfort of our own home and out of the rain (which only started after we were on our way home)!

I just thought the fourth cartoon was funny.



Exercise those Brain Cells

Mary and John like peach and turnip
 Felicity and Peter like parsnip and cauliflower
 Sally and Matthew like apple and marrow
 Cecilia and George like tomato and cucumber
 Annette and Llewellyn like beetroot and gooseberry
 and, of course, Susanna likes blackcurrant.
 So, do Jennifer and William like artichoke or mushroom?



Solution to last edition's puzzle

A: There were 15 coconuts.
 The captain got 8 (7.5 + .5), leaving 7.
 The mate got 4 (3.5 + .5) leaving 3.
 The deckhand got 2 (1.5 + .5) leaving 1 for the monkey.

Where Have I Been?

This piece was sent to me from an unidentified source. I thought readers might empathise with it. - Ed.

I have been in many places, but I've never been in Cahoots. Apparently, you can't go alone. You have to be in Cahoots with someone.

I've also never been in Cognito. I hear no one recognises you there.

I have, however, been in Sane. They don't have an airport; you have to be driven there. I have made several trips there, thanks to my friends, family and work.

I would like to go to Conclusions, but you have to jump, and I'm not too much on physical activity anymore.

I have also been in Doubt. That is a sad place to go, and I try not to visit there too often. I've been in Flexible, but only when it was very important to stand firm.

Sometimes I'm in Capable, and I go there more often as I'm getting older.

One of my favourite places to be is in Suspense! It really gets the adrenalin flowing and pumps up the old heart! At my age I need all the stimuli I can get!

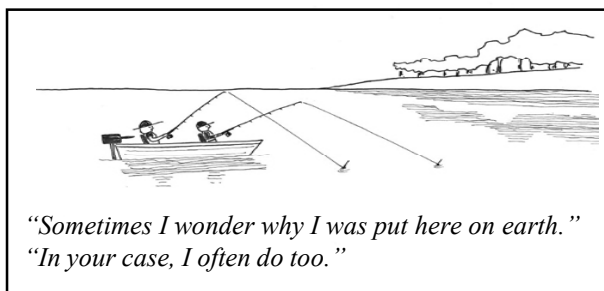
I may have been in Continent, but I don't remember what country I was in. It's an age thing.

How Come – ?

St Pantaleone, about whom little is known, was the son of a pagan father and Christian mother who, in AD 303, was persecuted as a Christian by the Roman Emperor Diocletian, tortured and after six abortive attempts to execute him, beheaded.

With the passage of time, he became venerated as one of the great martyrs, a miracle worker and a doctor who had worked tirelessly without payment as a healer of the poor sick. He was made the Patron Saint of Venice and became a beloved figure of the 16th Italian stage, where morality plays were popular. As more time passed he was transformed into a stock character of Italian comedy, portrayed as a foolish, old and haggard, harmless dotard. The paradox of his name was itself a cause for laughter – he who was so meek and mild was called Pantaleone, the Italian for “all-lion”.

The loose trousers he wore (once quite fashionable as can be seen from the Michelangelo designed uniforms of the Swiss Guards at the Vatican), grew ever baggier and were called by his name: pantaloons. Shortened to pants, they are now the trousers of every man (and woman), even those not making fools of themselves.

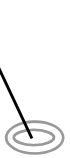


A Sign of the Times

On a T-Shirt:

**There is a fine line
between a fisherman ...**

**... and an idiot standing
on the bank**



Terry's Trivia

Some of the questions from the mid-year luncheon. Answers on page 4.

1. The first name of President Hollande of France is: (i) Nicolas (ii) Jacques (iii) Francois (iv) Valery (v) Georges?
2. Tracking west to east, which is correct: (i) Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto (ii) Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal (iii) Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa (iv) Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal
3. Before the modern orange coloured variety became common, carrots were most commonly: (i) purple (ii) white (iii) red (iv) green
4. The most expensive cooking spice is: (i) cinnamon (ii) pepper (iii) saffron (iv) asafoetida (v) cardamon
5. The movie Casablanca was produced in: (i) 1952 (ii) 1942 (iii) 1932 (iv) 1962
6. The current Chief Justice of Australia is: (i) Murray Gleeson AC (ii) Sir William Deane (iii) Sir Harry Gibbs (iv) Sir Gerard Brennan (v) Robert French AC
7. The Gibb family (BeeGees) migrated from Manchester in 1958 to live in the Brisbane suburb of (i) Pinkenba (ii) Nundah (iii) Sandgate (iv) Cribb Island
8. In total, Elizabeth Taylor married how many times: (i) nine (ii) eight (iii) seven (iv) six
9. Who was Australia's Prime Minister in 1969: (i) John McEwen (ii) Billy McMahon (iii) John Gorton (iv) Harold Holt
10. How old will these people turn this year (match the name and the age: 65; 67; 70; 72; 76; 78; 82; 92; 96
Clint Eastwood; Elton John; Robert Redford; Cliff Richard; Leonard Cohen; Lee Rogers; Mickey Rooney; Rod Stewart; Kirk Douglas; Sophia Loren ...

Meditation on the Meaning of Life

Why
am I?

- possibly the shortest poem ever written.

Book Club

The Times assessed *Europe - an intimate journey* by Jan Morris as *among the finest achievements of one of our greatest writers*. Below are some (slightly paraphrased) excerpts, hopefully tantalising, of how she writes of great European rivers.

‘Great European rivers have generally decreed the situation of great European cities, founded where there was a convenient ford, or an easy bridging site, or at the highest point of navigation, or at an estuary. Run your eyes over the map of the Rhine and you find Rotterdam, Dusseldorf, Cologne, Mainz, Mannheim, Strasbourg, and Basle. The Rhone has given birth to Geneva, Lyon, Avignon and Marseille, the Danube to Regensburg, Vienna, Bratislava, Budapest and Belgrade.... Who has not stood upon a bridge parapet above some famous stream and sentimentally marveled at all the history, wasteful and productive, sad and joyful, that it has sponsored on its journey, through so many centuries to the sea?’

‘The supreme European river is the Rhine – far more than a mere frontier... but a majestic communication. As a highway it begins at Konstanz on the frontier between Germany and Switzerland where a large figure on a riverside board tells the barge captain he has 1165 km to the North Sea. By the time he gets to Rotterdam he would have sailed under 150 bridges and along the littorals of six nations.

‘The Rhine is a western river, but the Danube looks to the East and undergoes many a metamorphosis on its journey to the Black Sea. Sometimes it is a busy thoroughfare, sometimes it runs lonely through desolate wastelands. It is called the Duna here, the Donau there. ... One of the strangest of Danubian sights is an enormous empty space of land on a bend of the river near Esztergom in Hungary which is all that remains of an abandoned dam.

‘The Danube is all it ought to be at Budapest, big, brassy, consequential. It is gloomy at Belgrade. It is suitably thoughtful as it passes under the Stone Bridge at Regensburg, beneath the city’s fabled hundred towers. It separates the Bulgars from the Romanians in a calm, judicial manner moving in wide curves between wooded banks. It subsides mysteriously and gloriously into the Black Sea through the waterlands of the Danube marshes.

‘Sometimes, like with the Danube at Vienna, the greatest rivers of Europe can be sadly disappointing.... “What !” I can still hear myself exclaiming when I first went to Rome, “That’s the *Tiber*?”. That was the river that flowed with blood, whose bridge Horatius guarded, which Popes, emperors and conquerors have been proud to survey, and poets and painters since the start of history anxious to immortalize What a flop to find that it was no more than a sluggish stream, lovelessly dyked and foully polluted.’

Terry Loos

Have any of you been watching *Downton Abbey* on television? We have, although I admit we cheated and watched it on DVD, thus avoiding the distracting ads. We have certainly found it entertaining and addictive. We have even seen the Christmas special.

While in England we visited Highclere Castle which has become *Downton* although a large number of the interior scenes have had to be filmed in the studio (sometimes because the plumbing is too modern!) We were fortunate to get in as it is only open to the public at limited times and two days after we went, it was closed entirely as the filming of Series 3 was about to commence.

Highclere is the seat of the Earls of Carnarvon, the fifth one of whom was the sponsor of the expedition in Egypt in 1922 that discovered the tomb of Tutankhamen (and is popularly believed to have succumbed to the Mummy’s Curse!) There is an Egyptian exhibit at the castle which was the main attraction before the *Downton* exposure.

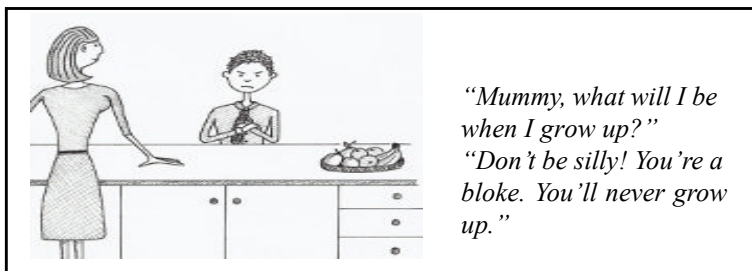
The family don’t actually live in the castle. They occupy another residence in the grounds, but use the castle on high days and holidays.

England was celebrating the Queen’s Jubilee and the papers were full of articles concerning her and her family. One article featured the people who are her principal advisers and helpers. Not surprisingly, one she relies on implicitly is her expert adviser on horse flesh who apparently has no equal in the kingdom. By coincidence, he is married to the daughter of the current Earl of Carnarvon!

Ian Pullar

Credits

My thanks are once again due to Helen and Jean; to Harvey Yates for his continuing cartoons; to the contributors; to Olga Kakourakis who printed it; to Ann Liekens and Rebecca Wall who made it available to departmental staff; and to Jon Henry who placed it on our website – www.waterysauces.org.au.



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