

## Dropping (Fatty) Acid

Organic food healthier than non-organic, research finds

Who woulda thunk: Organic food is healthier than pesticide-ridden food, according to preliminary results of a four-year study funded by the European Union. Researchers found that organic nosh contained more antioxidants (yum!) and fewer fatty acids (ew!) than non-organic. Organic milk was found to have up to 80 percent more antioxidants than conventional cow juice, as well as higher amounts of vitamin E. Organic wheat, tomatoes, cabbage, onions, and lettuce had up to 40 percent more antioxidants than their conventional counterparts, and potatoes, kiwi fruit, and carrots were found to have higher levels of vitamin C. The study -- the largest of its kind to date -- is ongoing, and final results are expected to be published over the next year; the research has yet to be peer-reviewed. Advocates hope the research will sway Britain's Food Standards Agency to change its current advisory that "the balance of current scientific evidence does not support" the contention that organic food is more nutritious than conventional.

## A Tip of the ICAP

New partnership hopes to jumpstart global carbon market

A slew of countries and U.S. states have signed on to a new International Carbon Action Partnership, with a goal of sharing knowledge about and standardizing best practices for what they hope will become a global cap-and-trade system. Participants include members of the Western Climate Initiative and Regional Greenhouse Gas Initiative in the U.S., as well as various European countries and New Zealand. "By working together we can make our shared vision of a global carbon market a reality," said British Prime Minister Gordon Brown. Added California Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger (R), "Just because you don't see Washington leading on this issue don't assume that America is shirking its responsibilities." Zing!



## LIAR, LIAR

by Craig Nelson

John Winston Howard, we accuse you  
Of being a compulsive liar, and a piss-weak bowler, too.  
As a cricket tragic, you put us all to shame,  
No idea of line or length and policies the same.

You wouldn't make twelfth man in a Nimbin side.  
Apart from your ineptitude, we don't pick those who lie.  
No GST, ever, ever, children overboard,  
David Hicks in gaol forever, what Wheat Board?

Weapons of mass destruction, centres of detention,  
Immigration exclusion zones, we know your intention.  
Fuel the fear of difference, keep us all in line  
In suburban bunkers, paling fence sublime.

A flag in every school, or else we miss some funds.  
Salute the Union Jack, kiss a Yankee bum.  
Workplace agreements -- employers may agree --  
Too bad about the workers, casual now and free.

Unemployment's down, how good does it look?  
An hour's work a week and they're off the books.  
John Howard's Australia, the place is one big quarry --  
Dig it up and sell it and we haven't got a worry.

Sell coal for power, all around the Earth.  
It helps global warming and you know we love to surf.  
Forget the disadvantaged; they're not in the race,  
Unless they sit on minerals, you keep 'em in their place.

You're supposed to be our leader and, crikey, what a team:  
Abbott and Costello with a Bishop in between,  
Ruddock and Downer, both so aptly named,  
If only Brendan Nelson and Mandela were the same.

You don't fill us with the confidence a proper leader could,  
And you've had more chances than you really should.  
The selectors have concurred, next vote that we decide,  
To try some rising talent and drop you from the side.

Those values that you talk about, but don't put into action,  
You're about to find out the punters' true reaction  
We'll re-endorse the values Australians do hold dear:  
Give everyone a fair go and, hey, you're welcome over here.

Then, we'll set to work cleaning up the place,  
'Cause the bloody mess you left is, frankly, a disgrace.  
So, take this as fair warning and don't do anything silly,  
And you better warn Janette to start packing Kirribilli.

Because, anything you say, from now to Kingdom Come,  
Will never be believed, so put on your joggers and run.

## Chaos is the key -- remember Timbarra

by "SoulJuice"

We are going through momentous change. Some of us, we toss and turn in bed at night because we are called to bring in the new paradigm. The present status quo looks unchangeable if we look at it in nuts and bolts. Though when thought of in 'hundredth-monkey -type dynamics', we definitely have a chance at turning this into a good ending -and beginning for all...

The truth is that Earth has been a battleground between duality and unity, love and fear, imprisonment and freedom, light and dark, expansion and contraction for millions of years.

This time round is the best chance we've had ever for stepping through the door and moving on - back to where we started - paradoxical as it is... this is the road to 2012 story we are talking here on the larger scale...

But let us bring it back down to the microcosmic view of our local area.

If the proverbial 'soul warrior' is still wondering just how we are to overcome the apparent insurmountable obstacles to a free world, he or she may choose to checkout recent local history to see how freeing ourselves will happen.

This is because we have already been given a key clue-- played out in our own backyard - as a way to show us that: nothing is impossible, and amazing magic can happen, when applied with heaps of love and good intention.

This is the story of Timbarra Plateau. It is a story of a win by the people over a Goldmine on a 'sacred and environmentally sensitive' site.

It started in about 1997 when multi-national, Barrick Gold attempted to establish a Cyanide-Leach-Pad system gold mine on a unique high plateau environment in the hills east of Tenterfield. The site also happened to be one of the most significant Sacred Sites to the Bundjalung Aboriginal Nation.

Seasoned local anti-logging activists, the North East Forest Alliance started off the resistance to the mine by protesting and camping just outside the gate to the then prospective site on top of the mountain plateau.

Gradually and with grinding force, the miners - helped by the police forced the protesters back - away from the gate and down the road. Base camp was gradually and incrementally moved further and further down the mountain and away from the mine.

Eventually the base camp of the resist/dance (because it was also a dance) was in fact driven off the mountain and into a camp ground down near the Bruxner Highway.

By then, word about this event had spread far and wide.

Active and caring men, women and children from all walks of life and of different ages --all concerned about the same thing came from everywhere and just kept coming.

The 'organization' became multi headed with many people and groups using their own specialist skills and techniques - covering different areas of activism -- from the front line to legal, environmental and all levels of media -- from coffee table mags to leftist rags, the pressure was maintained on the owners of the mine.

Doggedly defending in the court way down in Sydney and supported by the main players (- namely the Aboriginal nation) was a terrier of a person not even with a Doctorate of Law!? The

mine was sold and bought like the hot potato it had become on the financial markets.

Meanwhile at the frontline out in the forest, Tripods and Dragons were fed by many keen young martyrs. People willingly endangered their wellbeing and locked themselves onto devices aimed at holding up the mine's development at every stage.

Ultimately, the two seminal dynamics that seemed to be the deciding factors which caused the company to finally close the Mine were:

Love and Chaos.

It was a way that white people could come and stand beside Aboriginal people to show support and respect for what was and still is considered a continually repressed culture.

It allowed for people to play a personally empowering part in drawing the line in the sand and saying in a loud and happy voice 'NO MORE DE-STRUCTION' to the establishment and the Government -- well represented by the gold diggers.

'WATER-MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD' -- a common catch-cry of the times, increases with relevancy as the days pass.

Consider that the victory of the people over a multi national Mining Company was a microcosmic example of how all of us in our own collective positive circles can overcome the odds and steer our path to a better world.

Seasoned campaigners and even Bob Brown said "good luck", but we could never bear a mining company -- what with their inalienable rights to go anywhere in the country and to trash it with seeming impunity...

AND WE DID!

Let us return to the present, where -- with those lessons of the past learnt. We now know that it won't be a political organization that will take back the world for the people - or any other big body of people that will effect any large and lasting change on this Earth.

It is US - in our little groups -- 'chipping away democratically' (if that's your bag)... as we contact our politicians, write letters to newspapers, attend movements in support of positive and sustainable change. Alternately we can choose to take direct action and go to the forests or the court rooms and make some noise... !!!!

The loggers and gold miners are sneakily circling out west again at present. Gold mining exploration is being carried out in the same area where Timbarra still is and in the Washpool area, further south.

Locked inside us is a key only we have. That key is linked to our home - the Earth. And with that key; if enough of us put it in the right keyhole... and the door opens... then we all get what we really want...

We must locate that key inside us, then locate the lock and put the key in and turn it so we can complete what we really came here for.

We are here to co-create Heaven on Earth (not rip it apart!!).

We have our guides and ancestors more and more 'on side' now as the veils thin between the dimensions and we hurtle thru this wondrous universe toward the new gate of 2012.

This is the age of ethical empowerment. The tide is finally with us.

Together, we are to re-incorporate respect for all life and help reset some order in these crazy times. Remember, nothing is impossible and magic actually does happen....

So get inspired and get active and have fun at the same time.

No Astrological Trends for November unfortunately, due to unforeseen computer problems in the storms. Bev should be back next month. Meantime, Bev can be contacted at insightbevmurray@yahoo.com

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**Gimme a break!**

Don't you just hate it when someone gets up at a poetry event And introduces their poem, casual as you like, with "I just scribbled this down on the back of a drinks coaster before I got up" And then Delivers a gripping, poignant, darkly humorous, perfectly nuanced performance Of a brilliant piece of writing? Or "I just cobbled together this nonsense in the car on the way over here It's night outside so they've done it in the dark And then Does the same bloody thing?"

BUUULL – SHIT!

They are either Lying Or Have been chauffer-driven from Patagonia In a luxury motor home Dropping in at a few tropical live-in writers retreats With a personal peptalk and firewalk with Tony Robbins A private blessing from the Dalai Lama A brief but spiritually candescent love tryst with the illegitimate son of Jack Kerouac Ken Kesey or Alan Ginsberg – nobody's sure which but it was definitely one of them So something must have rubbed off Or on Followed by a three week intensive masterclass at the Lee Strasberg Method Acting

Studio In New York Before pulling up outside the poetry venue I mean, you gotta allow at least three months for that Probably six

Because the alternative is unthinkable for us normal poets Agonising in the small, wee hours preferred by people who commit suicide Draw your own conclusions

And then Learning the bloody things Sure, sure They look like they're reading off the paper But they've learned it Probably in the six months, maybe eight, it took to get here from Patagonia

And you know why the alternative is unthinkable? Because it means they are brilliant Far more brilliant than we can ever be

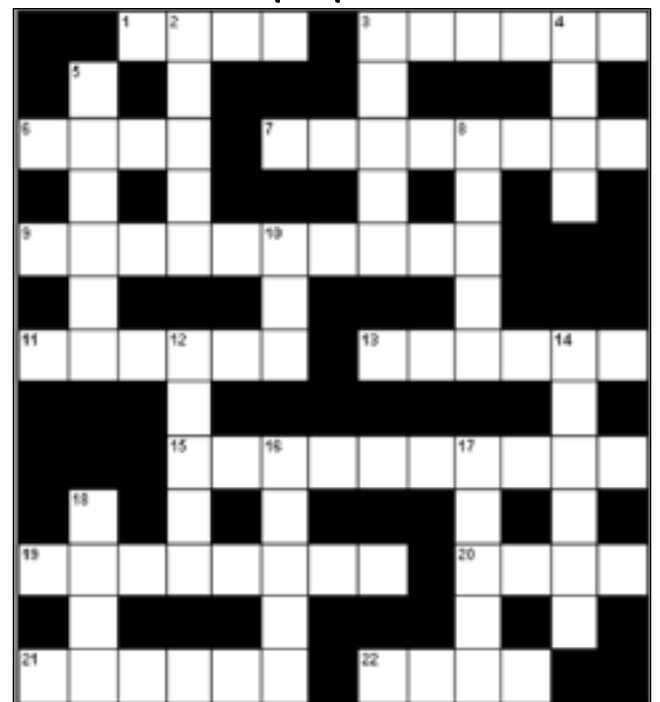
We are crushed We are going to despise them We would like to...eliminate them Hunt them down and destroy them like the vermin they are 'Tho we'll never show it because we're poets And way too cool for that But they'll feel it

Most of all We hate them because we would kill to write a poem like that No matter how long it took

Robyn Archbold

**Nimbin Crossword**

2007-10  
by 5ynic



**Across**

- 1. And 22 across (4,4) Market space where herbal infusions provide marked calm
- 3. Carpet snake
- 6. Music - solo vocal piece with accompaniment
- 7. Quit your job? Accept as inevitable
- 9. Your local supplier of healthy herbs and cures
- 11. Local fruit. First president of Zimbabwe
- 13. Mescal button
- 15. Correct route marked for traffic? Warned
- 19. Termite (5,3)
- 20. Make by curling into cylindrical form

- 21. Smallest gas-giant planet
- 22. See 1 across

**Down**

- 2. Nimbin - \_\_\_\_\_ of the rainbow region
- 3. Ottoman ruler
- 4. Cows?
- 5. Italian brandy
- 8. With abandon? Merrily
- 10. Queensland's environment agency
- 12. A plus? Item owned
- 14. Threefold? Soprano
- 16. Lecherous guys? Horny ruminants
- 17. Mermaid? Alarm!
- 18. Not melting ice, but the god of thunder.

**Solution Page 19**

*"A dreamtime story I remember from my Mum"*

recounted through Mira

In the creation time, Blue Sapphire Dog travelled the distance across the stars, inspired by love. He is drawn to the depths of the feminine mystery and attracted by the Bliss of the Transcendental Orgasm.

With his faithful and trustworthy affection and devotion, he also brings a wealth of practical knowledge, different from the wisdom of the feminine. He offers the science of mathematics and logical thought, an understanding of the structure of material things and the intelligent awareness of Right Action.

She is an amethyst crystal being, lolling in the mud and earth of the mantle and rooted in the iron core of planet Earth. She, Goddess of his heart, is the primordial feminine force of the planet. She exists all at the same time in her four aspects, the evolving phases of her life from gumnut baby to beautiful woman, to birthing mother, to wise shamaness.

Amethyst and Sapphire bond in perfect union and a very special baby is created. The family live together, in love in a sacred place of mountains. As mother, her presence in the mountains is projected in the form of a goanna



descended from the Ancient Dragon Reptile Mother of the Earth. Beware her sharp claws, and the thunder and lightening of her Tempest. She will do what is necessary, when the time comes, to protect the survival of her baby, the Rainbow Serpent.

The Rainbow Serpent glows and shines with incandescent opal, His/Her mind flashing with all the colours plus white light. She/he travels the energy lines of the planet, networking with the other Serpent kind in the land. This way the whole unfolding evolution can be synchronised as the planet enters the necessary time of turmoil, pain and suffering and tempering by purifying fire. We hang our hopes on the Rainbow Serpent, that She/He can pull together all the threads of the matrix and hold them together in balanced harmony.

But Beware the strike of the Rainbow Serpent! For She/he can be impulsive and maybe, as the cathartic time intensifies, She/He will become frustrated and offended, and strike impulsively without thought of consequences or communication with the others of His/Her kind.

So, the Light Beings are needed also, and have an important purpose in the

evolution. Although, at present the majority of the Light Beings are not turned on, they have the potential in the larger unused part of their brains, to develop skills and talents for the purpose of channeling and focusing the energy of the crystal beings of the Earth.

And the Ancient Jasper Warrior, primal force of Nature, giant father of the family of mountains, he sees all from along the caldera wall. He holds His anger for the rape of his daughter by machines of technology for greed, and he holds His anguish for the massacre of His original people for domination by technology for greed. For He knows that the evolution must unfold. In His ancient Wisdom of past and future, he sees that things are not complete, and he must allow this to happen. But he must not impose the resolution, but it must grow itself sincerely form the Heart.

Dreaming of a time yet to come, when planet Earth will be governed by acknowledgement of Spiritual Purpose. When peoples of all colours will live together in peace, in the One Love, in Harmony with the Earth, giving Honour and Respect to that very source of their livelihood... and the green technology is now available to sustain fairly the Big Mob of billions of Light Beings.



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# It's official, the Nightcap Forest Festival was a fantastic success.

by Lisa Yeates

From the 17th – 21st October, Nimbin turned back the clock 25 years to celebrate the Nightcap Action Group's protests on Mt Nardi that led to the creation of the Nightcap National Park.

Old NAGers returned from all over Australia to the original site of the Protesters Camp on Andy Frame's land. What a great camp it was too, much thanks to Jingles, Max Crawford and Peter Pedals who put up the huge marquees and to Tania and the Tuntable School's Camp Kitchen for continually producing such wonderful meals. Many kept coming back to enjoy the caring community feeling at the camp, that reminded us of how good and healing it can be when we come together to share and enjoy time and skills with each other.

For many the highlight of the event was going on Peter Poropat and Gummy's inspiring guided walks into the amazing Nightcap rainforest. Thanks guys for sharing your fantastic knowledge.

A special mention should go to the Rainbow Power Company for its generous donation which enabled us to have solar power at the camp, and to Gerhard for providing and driving the gloriously erratic shuttle bus.

• The Friday Night Storytelling and music round the campfire, was all and more than we dreamed of. What an amazingly creative and innovative mob we were then and the reminiscences were heart warming, dramatic and often very funny. What was also very apparent was how many old NAGers had continued their activism and their efforts had impacted and their impact has far reaching

• The Nightcap Protesters Historic Exhibition Based at the Nimbin Rainbow Gallery ran for five days and attracted over 300 people. Many came more than once, some returning with friends and family. There were obvious expressions of joy as people recognised themselves, friends and locations from 25 years past. The combination of protest photos, media clippings and posters with some northern NSW forest protest videos evoked tears of delight, sighs of pain and roars of anger. It seemed ... for a few moments in time ...the past became the present.

A special thanks to Peter Pedals for preparing the historic images for display and Peter Poropat for his beautiful photos of Nightcap tall trees from his new book, and Paul Roguszka's who brought in his display of timber samples and was constantly engaged answering questions.

• The Nightcap Forest Ball reminded Nimbin of how good it used to be. What a magnificent night it was, "Just like the old days", To a packed house, the belly dancing Nomads launched a glitzy night of entertainment, followed by Robert Bruce, young Lunar with forest poetry, Robyn Frances, Mook & Shanto all the way from the coast, and Daddy Cool on the grand piano.

The bands, the "Skylarks" featuring Lisa Yeates, and the scratch band combining Nimbin's "Jambin" and the disbanded "Intergalactic Blues Mafia" hastily renamed, "The Name with No Band" had the crowd up and dancing the night away.

Marie Cameron, the Forest Ball MC, wove the efforts of



activists who dared to care through the impressive line up of performers and speakers, Sophia Holbein, Ian Cohen and John Seed, who celebrated the permanence of the Nightcap. Gail Clarke managed behind stage and Bo Khan directed the sound. Bless you all for the wonderful night.

• The Nightcap Forest Raffle. Ian Cohen won Burri Jerome's much coveted painting of the Nimbin Rocks. Thank you so much Burri and huge thanks must also go to our Judy Hale, who raised over \$1,500 selling the tickets at her weekly street stall.

• Greening the Nimbin Market. On Saturday and Sunday many went to watch the incredible environmental films thanks to Judy Hale who had collected and screened them in the Dance Studio, using the projection gear lent to us by the Nimbin CTC.

Even the bad news turned out for the best. While everyone was down in town at the Ball, three kids came into the camp. They went into several tents and stole a mobile phone and my computer. When Nimbin's community found out about it everyone was very distressed that such a thing could happen. The good news is that everything was returned within 24 hours, showing the world again just how a strong community like Nimbin's can deal with such problems and how well we can look after our own.

Thank you Nimbin.



And to that end I spent countless hours at home creating posters, scanning, collecting and editing photos and assisting with the publicity. Five weeks from the event we faced some major personal crises to which we raised to the challenge, regrouped and got on with it. We had no choice. It is like having pushed the button to launch the spacecraft and then trying to change the launch date. We had to run with it and somehow guarantee its success.

We left it up to Andy Frame to look after the site clearing, slashing, onsite infrastructure, arranging marquees, toilets, firewood and water supply and I was asked to supply some electric lighting. I arrived on the morning of Wednesday the 17th, the first day advertised for the event and found nothing to install the solar powered lights into. Jingles, Max Crawford and myself then organised ourselves into a team and set about erecting the marquees. Max was then of great assistance with installing lights into two of the marquees.

Andy then soon turned up with the portable toilets. I was asked to install 3 lights into 3 adjacent toilets and found the toilets placed hundreds of meters apart and so one battery and one solar panel could not provide for 3 toilet lights. We had not

## Thanks for the memory

by Sophia Hoeben

Upon my arrival at the camp, the urge to walk down to where I had parked my Kombi for the duration of the Nightcap action became irresistible. The camp, set on the high ground near the entrance, was in exactly the same place it was twenty-five years ago and meant an easy walk down and a stiff walk back up.

Halfway down the track, I looked back over my shoulder and there was the once familiar scene of the NAG kitchen under the big tents and the people milling around the fire with the playing children close by. For just a moment, it was 1982 as I stood at the same place where I had slept ever fitfully each night for months all those years ago. On the top of the hill, I could see the smoke from the fire rising in the air forming perfect shapes around the Cedar tree we once called home. Then Ian Cohen, parked close by, came out of his shadow truck and together with Wendy Coates, we walked back up the hill towards the camp. But no...that was twenty-five years ago.

Around the fire on the Friday night of the Festival, I could barely make out the faces of the former warriors, yet knew they were there in the smokey haze listening intently to the stories as they were being told. It was good to see some familiar faces under the glow of the solar-powered kitchen lights so kindly installed by Peter of the RPC. Amidst the catch up conversations, I noticed Tanya Wolf working tirelessly away without a grumble as she shifted heavy pots of boiling water from fire to kitchen urn. I flashed on Katie and other women a quarter of a century earlier performing equally amazing feats in the camp kitchen.

Gerhard drove in with his green mini-bus blaring out the Tonka Toys song whilst delivering people to the camp, hourly runs to Nimbin was quite a commitment over three days. I thought of all the people like him who just made things happen. Like everyone else, I'd played my role and done the job of creating the Festival for the re-union of the NAGgers and more importantly to ensure local history would not be lost or altered. Lisa Yeates and Marie Cameron brought to fruition the wonderful night had by all at the Nightcap Ball on Saturday night. The night's highlight for me was Mook and Shanto (Island Dream) who took us all back through the ages as the energy peaked with inspirational hippie classics and forest songs, taking nostalgia to a new height.

Back at Mt Nardi, Andy delivered more than the firewood with a smile on his face, his easy-going manner never faltering, a true blue Nagger for life. He continues as a warrior for Mother Earth, along with most of the other NAGgers and I am proud to remain amongst them.

On Sunday I realised with sadness in my heart there may never be another major anniversary, it was hard stimulating energy for this one initially. Yet, I hold hope of a yearly celebration in the form of a dance, just to give thanks to the forest for changing our lives forever and giving us the energy to face the uncertain future together.

## From inception to ash

by Peter Pedals

I witnessed the birth and the growth of the idea of "The Nightcap Forest Festival" as an anniversary celebration of the successful Stop the Logging campaign by the Nightcap Action Group (NAG) 25 years ago. I saw that here was an idea that deserved to be realised and vowed to myself that I would do whatever I could do to help turn it into a reality.



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planned or budgeted for multiple toilet lighting kits and thus only provided lighting in one.

I provided three family-size canvas tents, one of which was attached to the Rainbow Power Company stall tent as the reception tent at the entrance. Benny Zable got busy with erecting flags and banners, including the large "Welcome to the Nightcap Forest Camp" banner across the road whilst the Tuntable School crew set up the kitchen in one of the marquees.

This hive of activity quickly made it look like a Festival site. Soon people started rocking in from everywhere and the party was on, reaching its climax at Leaf Camp on the Friday night and in Nimbin Town Hall on the Saturday night where the Ball was held. The photo exhibition at the Nimbin gallery saw a constant stream of people, especially on the Sunday when the Nimbin market was on.

The camp lingered on through Wednesday night the 24th October when a celebratory feast was had. One week after the camp was assembled the only evidence that remains of the celebration is the ashes of the campfire at Leaf Camp which will soon be covered with grass, but in the meantime a wonderful time was had by all and the memories shall linger on.

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by Len Martin

After our Moreton Island escapade we enjoyed two easy walks in September.

Our Cape Byron Coastal Walk and Whale-watch on the 16th (led by Kay as I was crook) was enjoyed by five members and one visitor. Wonderful weather and views, and ice-cream, but alas no close views of whales.

Clarrie Hall Dam Fire-trail Walk on the 26th (postponed from previous month because of bush-fire) saw nine participants enjoy a shaded walk through a highly diverse forest, down to the edge of the dam and then back. There is still a lot of this particular track to be explored.

Afterwards lunch at the dam lookout, followed by a well earned coffee break at the Sphinx Rock Cafe.

October - and three walks planned for the rough, tough stuff! Our mid-week

day-walk on the 10th - the ascent up the ridge to the southern summit of Blue Knob was led by Judy Hales.

Our vice-president, Michael Smith had planned to continue on to Sphinx Rock for an over-night camp (2 day walk) with Judy. However, Judy having reconnoitered the ascent the day beforehand, considered the Sphinx rock expedition would be too much.

We had described the day-walk as "Grade 5 - 4hr return - a strenuous, short, steep climb to a lookout with panoramic views, but we can take it slowly". We certainly had to take it slowly - steep slopes and a bit of cliff at the top negotiated by ropes - but we did complete it in 4 hours, it was strenuous and there were fabulous views.

The weather was kind for walkers, though not for photographers, as it was grey and misty and cool. We

wondered if we would have been able to do it had there been full sun - even though most of the climb was in shade, and with some of the most spectacular grass-trees we have ever seen - so many and so thick as to be veritable forests. I actually got lost in one bit.

Above the cliff, we reached mature rainforest, the ground continuing to slope upwards to the north. Lunch and return down the cliff - worse going down than going up. But wow! We made it, and all safely down.

Our weekend walk on the 21st, Mount Cougal, East Peak, led by Michael Smith, was superb. Thanks Michael. Fantastic views of the Cougal range on the way up, then into rain forest with spectacular strangler figs. A good clear track, though a bit steeper than I had expected.

Some of the more elderly (like me), and the less fit, did find the "easy bit" quite demanding. Nonetheless, most of us made it up the steep bit (*below*) and up the cliff bit and onto to the top, and - triple wow! Fantastic view to Springbrook and the border ranges, with Mount Cougal West Peak in the foreground; panoramic view of Mount Warning.

I left wondering whether I'll still be able to do it in a couple of years' time. A picture of us taken by Michael on the descent (*above*), shows the two peaks,

east in front. We went up its left-hand ridge, right across the face, up the cliff and onto the right-hand ridge and left to the summit. Again we were fortunate in that the sky was overcast and the day cool.

Our final and toughest jaunt - Overnight walk from Border Ranges Antarctic Beech Lookout to the Stinson Wreck, led by Don Durrant was set for the weekend of 27-28th. Alas, the 26th saw the great storm, so Don had to cancel and reschedule for November.

As it is getting warmer we are starting earlier, and have only two (easy) walks in December and no walks in January. The club's AGM will be at our place, with a walk to the rainforest beforehand, via the southern cliffs.

Free copies of the new Great Walks magazine will be available for the first twenty to arrive! Bring food to share for a picnic lunch afterwards.

A festive lunch on her verandah will follow our penultimate (very easy) walk on Lyn Cameron's place on December 2nd - club members only. For our final walk of the year, open to all, we hope to finally penetrate to the other end of Wanganui Gorge.



## Nimbin Garden Club Notes



Happy Garden Club members enjoying the Williams garden last month

by Gil Schilling

### October Meeting

A very social gathering of happy garden club members was held at the home of Vickie and Mark Williams on Saturday 20th October. A sunny afternoon in a garden made up of a pleasing mix of natives and exotics, and providing good shade, created the right environment for a most enjoyable meeting. The swap table was also well supported by members.

### In the Garden

Nimbin's gardeners have welcomed some late afternoon and overnight storms in recent weeks. It's good when nature does the right thing and allows us to conserve precious water resources.

It has also been observed that many garden plants, which appeared to have been killed off by the late winter black frost, are now sprouting back into life - take a look, you will be surprised. The bad news is that, with the warmer weather, many weed species, such as lantana, are also making a comeback - as are the ticks and cane toads.

### Club Support for the Nimbin Fire Brigade

Following discussions with the local Fire Brigade, the

club has decided to donate up to \$500 to the Brigade for the purchase of four new fireground radios. The radios are expected to become available in the near future.

### Christmas Party

Members should note on their calendars that this year's Christmas party will be held on Saturday 8th December at Crams Farm Reserve. The event will be a BYO picnic. More details will be advised next month.

### Next Garden Club Meeting

The next club meeting will be held at 2pm on Saturday 17th November at Janet and Grahame Carthew's property in Crofton Road. Club member Len Martin, who is a nationally recognized authority on flying foxes, has agreed to give a talk about his favourite beasts at the meeting.

Members are also reminded to bring the usual plate, chair and mug. Prospective members and guests are most welcome. A swap table will be happening, so don't forget to bring a few spare seedlings, cutting, plants, produce etc. Further details about the Nimbin Garden Club can be obtained by calling Gil (6689-0581) or Caroline (6689-1945).

## Walks Program for November & December

### Sunday November 11

Three Easy (grade 2) Coastal Walks  
Arakwal National Park just south of Byron Bay  
Leader Michael Smith, 6689-9291.

1. Heath-land, wildflowers, beach & lagoon, 2km return, 1 hr. 2. Tyagra Nature Reserve Start Brunswick Heads surf club, South Beach Road, Brunswick Heads. Walk down a fire trail and back along the beach. 1.7km. 3. Brunswick Heads Nature Reserve Start at end of North Head Rd (off Orana & Rajah Rds) Ocean Shores. A short but rich walk with coastal rainforest, river entrance & beach, 800m, 45min. Lots of flowers & wildlife. Bring swimmers & lunch. Meet Nimbin carpark 8.30am, Channon Pub 9.00am for leader, 10.00am, front of Oasis Resort, Scott St, Byron Bay.

### Saturday/Sunday November 17/18

Overnight walk from Border Ranges Antarctic Beech Lookout to the Stinson Wreck  
(club members only - postponed from October)

Leader Don Durrant 6633-3138, at night

Grade 5 This is a demanding 2 day, off-track, back-packing expedition - about 10km out & 10km back. Those planning to do this walk (fit walkers only) must contact the leader beforehand for details.

### Sunday November 25

Annual General Meeting (club members only)

To be held at the Martins' on Nimbin Rocks Cop after a grade 3/4 walk to rainforest & southern cliffs starting at 9am. AGM at 12.00 then lunch.

Leaders Kay & Len Martin 6689-0254

Meet at Martins' entrance opposite Shipway Road. Bring food to share.

### Sunday December 2

At home with Lyn (club members only)

Leader Lyn Cameron 6679-7298

Grade 2/3 1.5-2 hr mainly through forest tracks. Then a convivial festive lunch on the verandah, shared with Lyn's little cattle dog & two donkeys! Meet 8.30am Nimbin car park, 9am 25 Waratah Court (road opposite Sphinx Rock cafe). Bring that which is appropriate for a festive lunch.

### Saturday December 8

The Complete Wanganui Gorge  
Leader Hilary Fuerst 6689-0254

Grade 2/3 2-3 hours. Initial shade-less walk on farmland then on shaded track through forest. Some steps.

Meet 8.30am Nimbin car park, or 9.30am end of Upper Coopers Creek Rd, off Coopers Creek Rd, Repentance Creek.

Bring gloves, secateurs etc., in case track is overgrown, water & food for picnic.

There will be no walks in January.

## Crossword Solution

See page 17.



## WALLERS BUS COMPANY



### Leaving Lismore through to Murwillumbah

Normal Depart Times		School Holiday Times	
8:00	2:35	3:20	Lismore Transit 8:00 2:35
8:10	2:45	4:00	Goolmangar 8:10 2:45
8:20	3:00	4:15	Coffee Camp 8:20 2:55
8:45	3:20	4:30	Nimbin Ave 8:35 3:10
9:30	3:30		Nimbin depart 9:00 3:30
9:40	3:40		Blue Knob 9:10 3:40
9:50	3:55		Twin Bridges 9:15 3:45
9:53	4:00		Mt Burrell 9:20 3:50
10:10	4:20		Uki 9:40 4:10
10:15	4:25		Mt Warning turn 9:45 4:15
10:30	4:40		Murwillumbah 10:00 4:25

### Leaving Murwillumbah through to Lismore

Normal Depart Times		School Holiday Times	
7:10	1:50		Murwillumbah 7:30 2:15
7:20	2:03		Mt Warning turn 7:42 2:28
7:30	2:08		Uki 7:55 2:33
7:55	2:30		Mt Burrell 8:10 2:55
8:00	2:35		Twin Bridges 8:20 3:00
8:32	2:40		Blue Knob 8:30 3:05
8:45	2:50		Nimbin arrive 8:40 3:15
7:50	9:00	3:30	Nimbin depart 9:00 3:30
8:05	9:10	3:45	Coffee Camp 9:10 3:40
8:15	9:20	3:55	Goolmangar 9:20 3:50
8:50	9:35	4:10	Lismore Transit 9:35 4:00
8:55	9:40	4:15	Lismore Depot

This service runs Monday - Friday excluding public holidays  
Enquiries phone 6622 6266 Mobile 0428-255-284

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