

Healing

by Daniel Keszler

As the year comes into swing, the new energy allows one to emerge in a new presence and communion with the whole as never before. What is not resolved in old patterns can not be overlooked and if one is letting the changes take place, the new level of being settles in. Letting go of those old patterns can be painful as we have come to like them, even if they are unfulfilling to us. To be at ease in a new presence and awareness takes some practice and strength in one's own resolve. If we can integrate what comes to us in experiences, and grow to new competencies, we heal ourselves a little more each time.

I am seeing in my own work with my fellow humans, that a more energetic awareness is around. Events are felt on a deeper level and individual truth becomes the norm. Compassion rises with the understanding that we are all in this together and that we are all creating our very unique and individual path. Listening to our heart and using our wisdom in equal part as well as a firm grounding in the here/now, in the body, is essential as we create this most enlightened reality.

Healing is a journey to oneself, and it is always one's own effort that heals.



I dare to call myself a healer these days, not because I think I could heal anyone out there, but because the healing journey is my passion and because I assist others in theirs. Together, we can explore certain aspect of ourselves, and in that being together, something can take place. I have gathered some useful tools along my path, and with some trust in the process, magic can happen.

First of all though, one needs to claim responsibility for oneself, including one's emotional, mental and physical reactions and state. The environment triggers one, there is no doubt, but how one chooses to respond is in one's own individual power. One may not have the appropriate resources at hand, but the belief that they are within, even if one can not see them, is already the opening, an invitation to one's greater self to mobilize those aspects that one needs to get a little step further on the path. Remember, we are resonant energy entities in a sea of energy. The support may come from any direction and may look different from

what one imagines, and that is where trust comes in. The mind is usually of little help if the heart is not in it. The mind can even be quite destructive, if one lets it steer ones life, so to me, keeping it in the back seat helps tremendously. Then who is steering the vehicle? Well, that is where spirit comes in.. Soul is that part of the infinite Great Spirit that is one's individual life. We are never apart from Great Spirit; alas, as we live from the Soul, our life is guided by the Great Spirit. Through accessing the Soul, we discover infinite creative potential and resources. The conditioned, individual mind is only a pale shadow of past experiences and its own created concepts thereof.

Creation comes from our whole being and healing, wholeness is our origin and our destiny.

I am looking forward to seeing and working with each one of you who wants to walk with me a little on their path. My path leads me to work more wholistically using body work, energy work, spiritual techniques such as channelling and intuition, combined with my experience and scientific knowledge. This makes each meeting very unique. As a healer, I do not take over your responsibility. I am here to listen to what your needs are and if I can assist you in your next step, it is my greatest pleasure to be there with you.

Love to all.

Plant of the Month

Red Bloodwood Corymbia gummifera

by Richard Burer

Red Bloodwood is a common local tree to 20-30m, it has red brown bark and it grows on well-drained soil on the plateaus and ridges around the area.

Its leaves are glossy green with a yellow mid-rib and are attractive. The woody fruits are like they are from a mini



China cup set as they have typical gum nut character.

This tree is very useful, not only is it a favorite for birds, bees and bats, but its cultural uses range from treating

medicinal illnesses to dyeing clothes. The bark produces a red kino that is bitter and can be harvested without damaging the tree for your use. The creamy white flowers are strongly honey-scented.

If we have a dry February, which is unlikely after last week, the local apiarists will rejoice, as I have experienced bees filling up a super of bloodwood honey in a week! Unfortunately this period has been wet for years, and flowering can be spasmodic.

Bloodwoods are easy to grow. Collect fruits all year round and let the seed disperse into a paper bag.

Musings on tea and mother love

by Rebecca Ryall

Those of you who know me, are aware that I have been supporting my daughter through a diagnosis of a rare and aggressive cancer, over the past 18 months. I can truthfully say that I have never encountered such a frightening and disempowering challenge as this.

There are so many layers of fear to get through – not the least has been my fear of the dominant model of 'Western Medicine'. I have devoted years to the study of Natural Medicine, and have developed a healthy distaste for many of the practices and doctrines associated with mainstream medicine. One of the many challenges I have faced on this particular journey has been my loss of power over the direction of my daughter's treatment.

A cancer diagnosis is like the Sword of Damocles, hanging over the head of not only the sufferer, but all of those important to her. As a parent, my world totally changed the day we received this diagnosis, and it has been a constant struggle to remain centred and present.

My first reaction was to research diet and lifestyle changes, which might benefit my daughter in her efforts to 'beat' this illness. Then came the endless search for alternative 'cures'. What I came to realise over time, however, was that decisions relating to her treatment were not mine alone. Obviously, my daughter has a father, who also wished to have a say in

the direction we would take. More to the point, the patient herself could no longer be considered a child, at the age of 16. So came the lesson of acceptance, as I came to understand that this is not my journey. I cannot 'save' her.

What I would like to share with you in this column, is the simple herbal prescriptions I have used over time, to aid my daughter in her quest to live a full and healthy life, and to mitigate the side effects of her treatments.

My immediate prescription was for a tea that would help her to cleanse, as she independently chose to make some radical dietary changes designed to minimise the opportunity for cancer to thrive in her body. This tea was comprised of Sencha green tea (a known and trusted antioxidant), red clover (a powerful blood cleanser with a long history of use in female cancers – the cancer was initially misdiagnosed as breast cancer), nettles (my favourite cleansing tonic tea), echinacea (to boost her immunity) and peppermint as a flavouring and appetite stimulant. This brew has been her constant companion since day one, going everywhere she does.

At different times, I added other herbs to this mix, as required, such as angelica when there was speculation of a large blood clot, and elder, when I felt she required the addition of a warming tonic.

More recently, she has suffered terribly from the

effects of radiotherapy, which burned her oesophagus, such that she was unable to eat or drink. With powdered slippery elm, marshmallow and liquorice, in some manuka honey, and at times all dissolved into warm water, I hoped to speed the recovery of her mucous membranes, allowing her to swallow again. She has also had drinks based on fresh aloe vera and coconut water.

I have never felt I had the ability, with herbs, to cure my daughter of cancer. Instead, herbs have provided for me the gift of participation in her treatment. This is a helpless, and often hopeless situation for a mother, to see one's baby battered, bruised and burned, in the name of 'treatment' and I am grateful that I have had something to offer her in the way of relief, at times.

While I am unable to work regularly at the GreenBank at present, the Tea Medica dispensary is still operating from there, and the full range of blended teas still graces the shelves. Kylie and Lishia are available to dispense your prescribed herbs, or to fill repeats of previous therapeutic blends I have given you in the past. Just drop in and see them. I am always available via email: info@teamedica.com. au should you wish to discuss a therapeutic blend. And of course, tea tastings are still happening every day at the GreenBank, 39 Cullen St Nimbin, next door to the Post Office.

I humbly thank you for your support of my business, and of my family.

Youth leading the world

by Moksha

In November last year, Nimbin had its first Ozgreen Youth Leading The World community forum in the Town Hall.

One exciting outcome was that our youth's Vision Statement for a better world was hand-delivered to the

Mayan Solstice and End of the Long Count Ceremony in Mexico. At the same ceremony, the Mayan elders activated their own visions for the New World, born of the Old World.

The community forum saw many local issues also discussed, and these will be high on the agenda for action



The whiteboard in November

this year. All those people who came to the forum and expressed an interest in assisting with some of these issues will be contacted in early February.

The two main issues were: a water filter station to fill water bottles and hopefully eliminate plastic water bottles in the village; and the planting of shade food trees in Peace Park.

Another YLTW forum this year is also on the agenda. Enquiries, phone 0447-044-603.

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Tunable Falls school garden takes root

by Thomas Rose, teacher

Coming back into the garden after a long summer holiday break does not necessarily need to be a nightmare of overgrown garden beds and weeds popping up everywhere.

As we entered our wonderful Stephanie Alexander School Garden, we were welcomed by a big smile of the dinner plate-sized sunflowers, planted

by the children late last year. Each flower head proudly contains hundreds of seeds, untouched and undamaged thanks to our netted garden; the parrots, lorikeets and other birds had to go to the neighbour's place to get their feed.

The weeds found it rather difficult to travel through our garden paths, protected by weed mat and covered with wood chips. Our raised garden beds are still producing rocket, lettuce and herbs. Also the rockmelon/watermelon bed is still growing well with maturing fruits soon to come.

One huge, still undeveloped garden bed is a glowing green of very healthy looking and well-established legume crop (cow peas), sown in mid-December and soon to be ready for cutting and breaking down to raise nitrogen levels in the soil. The rosellas are powering away and we are looking forward for a fantastic crop to make jam later in the term.

It took less than a day's work to clean up the many crops that had gone to seed over the holidays and to replenish the soil with aeration and some extra nutrients.



Now all garden beds are ready for some late summer planting, including: beans, beetroot, corn, capsicum, cucumber, lettuce, radish and tomato.

In the flower department, we are going to beautify our garden with wallflowers, viola, verbena, snapdragon, nasturtium, marigold and not to forget the most delicate Iceland poppies.

The old cast iron bathtub has been put in place, ready to be converted into a worm farm to turn our kitchen scraps into healthy worm juice and castings to be added into our soil. It is also time to feed and mulch, to keep making compost and stirring the liquid manures in order to feed the soil to feed the plants.

This term will also see the implementation of a 'wicking garden bed'! If you'd like to find out what a wicking bed is, either come and visit our garden (by appointment only) or find some more info in our regular garden column in next month's NGT.

Until then, all you revolutionaries, get off the barricades and get into the garden beds to grow your own!

Herb of the month: Angelica

by Tom Culpeper

Angelica-Angelica archangelica.
Syn.A.officinalis, Garden Angelica

This magnificent plant, a bold and showy biennial, was once the doyen of the herbalist's and culinarian's herbs. Now rarely found in general food commerce, its absence is a frustration to the chefs and cooks and an intrigue to the new food aficionados.

A fragrant genius, Angelica has adapted to growing just about anywhere there is sufficient water – it grows in such places as the fields behind Lincoln's Inn in London, on the Faroe Islands and north to Iceland.

In Lapland and Greenland, where it is naturalised, the children fashion flutes from its seed stems. The Finns bake young peeled stems in ashes and serve it as a vegetable. The Lappish treat it as fragrant for addition to jam, preserves and stewed rhubarb.

It's candied and glace'd in southern Europe, adding the green constituent to the dried fruit blends used by the pastry cooks for cake-making. Benedictine, Chartreuse and Vermouth owe their distinct flavours to Angelica.

The root is still listed in some Continental Pharmacopoeias. An oil is distilled from both the seeds and roots. The Norwegians use the ground root in bread making.

Most of the material available for processing is grown in Niort and Clermont-Ferrand in southern France, and the Harz Mountains of Germany.

Angelica grows beautifully on the Northern Rivers, it is virtually pest free, growing to 1.5- 2m high, the broad compound leaves offering shade to the sun-shy inhabitants of the garden's under-story.

A Wicca garden plant believed to be of Syrian origin, it was widely used in Celtic/Pagan festivals following the introduction of eastern Judo/Christian dogmas to Europe. An 'Angel' of a plant, so it seemed, to the adherents to the Pagan mysteries.

For propagation, fresh seed must be obtained – the seed will barely survive a year – transplant while young and with at least four leaves. Angelica tolerates a wide Ph. of 4.5-7.0, deep sandy loam being the best soil – the red soils of the Caldera are a natural.

Fertilise with nitrogen-rich organic formulae during the initial year, and increase potash in the following springs/summer flowering stage.

Left to its own devices, Angelica will self-seed and naturalise – let it.

The flowers will bloom in the following summer. A superb bee-plant, it will be an asset to any food garden, attracting both



the honey-bee and the native bee species and in particular the blue-bummed bee.

Angelica was one of the plants that preceded Maize, Sorghum and cane sugars as a sweetener in European cooking.

Rhubarb steamed or stewed with Angelica is superb. The candied stems are a great addition to ice-cream as a 'chip' and is also a sweetening ingredient used in the baking arts.

Farm produced liqueurs benefit from its pervading, sweet, unique aromatics. It is an essence jewel for chocolate makers and confectioners.

Search engines such as Bing, Google and Yandex will turn up a mire of recipes and processes on the net.

Culpeper has some fresh seed this year: he'll be at The Channon Markets with Nimbin Delicious.

Bowen Therapy and allergies

by Tonia Haynes

Dip Bowen Therapy, Cert Remedial Massage, Advanced Pranic Healer

Allergies, both of the skin and of the digestive system, can be quite a burden to bear in everyday life, and they can be an absolute droob when it comes to the subject of romance.

I remember, many moons ago, meeting a man, who at the time I thought was pretty hot. He was a city bloke, so with fluttering heart and newly polished toenails, I invited him to a treat: a lunch at my beautiful country home.

Surrounded by all the lush greens that mother nature carries in her apron, serenaded by two butcher birds singing out their little hearts on the window sill on a sunny spring day, the chooks clucking softly in the yard and my border collie gazing at him adoringly

from the comfort of the front of a lit wood-stove, my potential new beau and myself sat down to a lunch of tandoori chicken with all the accompanying side dishes.

For the first ten minutes all went swimmingly as we nibbled our chicken and sipped a reasonable sauvignon blanc, while tentatively synchronising our intelligence with suitable conversation. Then suddenly, he went silent.

I actually watched the metamorphosis from the other side of the table as his face swelled and became a blotch of vivid red. Welts arose on his slender, but masculine hands and lumps appeared all over his well developed arms.

Being that I lived in the bush and there was not an anti-histamine to be had for thirty kilometres, he left soon after, never to be heard of again.

Bugger! To this day I do

not know which part of that oh, so romantic scenario I got wrong!

There are many different allergies and one may wonder how Bowen Therapy, which is targeted towards the muscles and skeletal system could possibly help an imbalance of the internal body.

Bowen therapy may not cure allergies, but it certainly will assist the body to a balanced state if the therapist targets the illeocecal valve.

The illeocecal valve is the door between the small and large bowel. When the body has finished taking all the goodness from our imbibed food, the door opens to allow the waste to enter the large bowel so that it can be evacuated and then closes again.

For varied reasons of emotional or physical stress the illeocecal valve can get stuck and remain open. The result, delicately put, is that



we reabsorb our waste matter back into our blood stream 24 hours a day, until the illeocecal valve is triggered to once again close and then open as it should.

Over the years, I have seen many people with a malfunctioning illeocecal valve. Bad breath, symptoms of nausea, or feeling uncomfortable after eating, headaches, excess amounts of flatulence, swollen stomachs, constipation or diarrhea and even shoulder pain are but a few symptoms that can directly relate to problems with the illeocecal valve.

It plays a major part in the painful stress of colic in babies and I have had great results over the years with quite a few babies who, after weeks of crying, have returned to their naturally happy, smiling selves due to one or two of my treatments. Fortunately malfunctions

of this tricky little valve, which can cause such havoc in the body, are quite easy to rectify, if the therapist knows how.

I first learnt about the illeocecal valve and was given a method to rectify its recalcitrant nature in the 80s, during my studies of kinesiology. I was reminded of it again during my early studies of Bowen Therapy and was given another method.

The beautiful thing about the two methods is that one of them I can pass onto my

clients to do at home in order to make sure the little devil keeps behaving itself. It is an easy to do rubbing exercise, which takes about thirty seconds.

If you suspect that perhaps your digestive system is not acting as it should or you are prone to acne, it may be that your illeocecal valve needs attention. Believe me, a treatment can only help in the best possible way.

Love, light and laughter.

I am in clinic in Nimbin at 1/80 Cullen Street, Tues and Sat. Phone (02) 6689-0240.

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ASTRO FORECASTS BY TINA MEWS

YOUR MONTHLY REVIEW OF WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE HEAVENS

February

At the moment, the Sun sends its cosmic rays through socially orientated Aquarius, the sign of friendship. Individuals who are strongly influenced by it are often concerned with the subject of social structuring and the workings of organisations. It is a mental air sign, even though the mythological background of 'the waterbearer' reveals a close connection to 'the waters of life' that Aquarius pours out of his vessel. However, the most fitting Aquarian archetype is the Greek Titan Prometheus who stole the fire from the gods to give it to humankind. He got severely punished for his great service and chained to a rock. When Aquarians cannot have freedom of thought, they feel chained like Prometheus did!

The Aquarian quest has been to liberate human beings from the bonds of nature through inventiveness and scientific forward-thinking technologies which eventually will lead to our collective awakening as co-creators. As we enter the Age of Aquarius we feel the urge to live in a better world. However, we still need to identify the steps we must take on a personal as well as collective level to inaugurate a new reality. Aquarians are idealists who are interested in the progress of the collective more than individual achievements believing that the whole is more important than the parts that compose it. This is why head and heart often remain disconnected with the result of being too emotionally detached and too fixed on their, at times, eccentric ideas. A bit of heart felt passion and warmth from the opposite sign Leo can be helpful with shining the light in the dark and grounding a worthwhile cause.

Mercury, the cosmic messenger, and Saturn, the planetary force associated with our need for enduring structure and form, are turning retrograde this month. As seen from the Earth, retrograde planets are slowing down in speed because in their orbits around the Sun they have moved closer to us. Spaceship Earth is, after Mercury and Venus, the fastest planet in our solar system. Imagine retrogradation as a faster moving car overtaking a slower moving car which then appears to go backwards from the faster moving car. In astrology, retrogradation is seen as a time for reflection and revision. It is not so easy to have an objective view on things

because matters represented by the planetary energies are too close to our minds to maintain a clear and objective view. Mercury has three retrograde periods per year. This particular period lasts from February 23 'till March 18. Anything to do with communication, networking and transport might be delayed and it is easy for misunderstandings or conflicts to arise. Saturn, being a much slower moving planet, has only one retrograde period per year, stretching from February 19 'till July 7. This is a phase where it is more difficult to go beyond set boundaries. Rather it is a time for revisiting projects and developments that we have started since mid-November. It is essential to slow down and realistically work through any issues that have been neglected, as unfinished business from the past is likely to show up now. We are asked to improve bits that need attention and prune those parts that are not needed. Also activities that prove to be more a burden than a success can be discarded now after careful review. We are asked to be persistent and work through any difficulties with patience and endurance before starting on completely new projects after the Saturn retrograde period ends mid-year.

Two more days to keep in mind are the New Moon in Aquarius on February 10 and the Full Moon in Virgo on February 26. We might remember the former as a moment in time where we made important steps in separating from the past and leaving behind out-dated concepts to embrace greater spiritual truth and independence. People we meet on this day might challenge us or even function as messengers, teachers or spirit guides. The Full Moon period could turn out as a very moody phase of the month when misunderstandings can easily happen, leaving us feeling disappointed or deceived. We might have to realise that we spread ourselves in too many directions at once. A bit of discernment will help with keeping expectations at bay.

For Personal Astrology Consultation contact me on 6689-7413 or 0457-903-957, via e-mail: star-loom@hotmail.com or visit my web page: <http://nimbin-starloom.com.au> One-day-workshop: Astrology and Australian Bushflower Essences with herbalist and astrologer Linn Wiggins on 16th February. at Castle-on-the-Hill, Uki..



Aries

Mars, the planet of initiative and assertion is moving into watery Pisces on February 2 (until March 12), marking the ending period of a 2 year cycle. You could make use of this period in your life by looking inward to reflect as well as completing unfinished projects before initiating the next step of action once Mars enters your sign mid next month.

Taurus

Venus, the planet of love, beauty and harmony, enters outward-going Aquarius on February 2 (until February 26). This might be a great period for making new connections and friends. You might find that you are pulled between what feels familiar and safe versus what feels unconventional and controversial.

Gemini

Mercury's retrograde phase allows you to reflect or reconsider your career path and life direction. You might want to improve your situation or make changes to parts of your life that do not work well or are unfulfilling. Wait with any final decisions up to mid next month.

Cancer

This month lends itself for reviewing the values that you share with your loved ones. You might have to find a new balance between accommodating the needs of others versus walking the path of self-determination and the fulfilment of your most personal aspirations.

Leo

Venus is transiting your house of relationships between February 2 and 26 indicating an excellent time for the experience of 'love and peace'. You might grab the opportunity and settle any conflicts and disagreements with dignity and grace.

Virgo

There are lots of issues that need to be talked about right now. However, keep in mind that Mercury, the planet of communication is retrograde during February 23 till March 18. This is fertile ground for misunderstandings. Delay and wait until this period has past.

Libra

Venus, the planet of beauty, love and harmony, is in the sign of friendship until February 26. This might kindle your need for fun, entertainment and creative self-expression. Is there even momentum for another love affair? Who knows what is possible for pleasure seeking Librans!

Scorpio

Saturn, the taskmaster of reality, might be putting the brakes on when he turns retrograde on February 19. Revisit and work through existing projects. Know which parts need to be left behind and which ones have to be strengthened. Be open for people who support and sympathise with your vision.

Sagittarius

Jupiter, the planet of opportunities, could well materialise in the form of people who support your cause. However, do not spread yourself too thinly during the Full Moon period (February 25 -27) in order to avoid the pitfalls of promises that cannot be kept and consequential disappointments.

Capricorn

Right now it is a good moment in time to be serious about teamwork and group participation. Reflect upon your goals and make sure that they are valued by the people you are dealing with. There might be a conflict between competing views later on in the month. Focus on the common ground.

Aquarius

This might be a great moment in time for gathering cooperation from people to help with the fulfilment of your aims and purposes. However, pause, reflect and make sure that your ideas are in touch with the cosmos and resonate with everybody else. Be receptive towards others and value their input.

Pisces

Mars, the planet of assertion and action, is moving into your sun sign on February 2 (until March 12). A 'hot' planet in a watery sign makes a lot of steam, but also can dry up any excess moisture. There might be an increase of inner restlessness that is best expressed artistically. Especially favoured are music and dance.

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Astrology – a planning tool for the New Age

by Tina Mews

Astrology is a magical language that communicates through symbols and planetary correspondences. In the holistic view of reality, consciousness exists in one form or another in all things, including animals, trees, plants, minerals and planets, which are embodied intelligence vibrating at a different frequency.

In practising astrology, we participate actively in a dialogue with the cosmos and nature. We learn to understand the dynamics of our birth chart and get engaged with our own inner and outer evolutionary process.

Within the myriad expressions of the life force, certain patterns can be

observed. By paying attention to these patterns, we can recognise material manifestations of a similar resonance.

There is no such thing as a perfectly harmonious horoscope, and there is no such thing as perfect harmony in nature. Crisis and conflict are evolutionary drivers. There are optimum moments for transformational work and there are times where we only can surrender to what is. Knowing the difference is something that astrology can teach us well.

In this way Astrology can be a great planning tool. A sound understanding of planetary and cosmic cycles can help us move more swiftly with the energies filtering through the current moment. This does not mean that we can spare

ourselves from recurring growing pains. However, at least we can co-operate with what is happening instead of perceiving ourselves as 'helpless victims' of outer circumstances.

A new astrology course, 'Mapping the Psyche', to run over 8 weeks, will start on 19th February, 10am - 1pm at the Lillifield Community Centre. You will learn the basic building blocks of astrological language, including the psychological dimension of human life, and experience your own inner cosmology through playful exercises.

The costs are \$160 for the entire course, including material. For bookings and information, please contact Tina on 6689-7413 or email: star-loom@hotmail.com

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Terania Street Lismore, looking towards Nimbin Photo: Omega



Seccombe Bridge, Coffee Camp Photo: Sue Stock



Old Cullen Bridge, Nimbin Photo: Julie De Lorenzo

Bush Theatre screen previews

Reviewed by Belinda Marsh



Baraka

Friday 8th and Saturday 9th February 7.30pm \$8

Baraka is a must-see on the big screen. Visually stunning with breathtaking photography, Baraka shows us the world we live in. The music is uplifting, and this documentary gives us a beautiful spiritual awakening.



Latcho Drom

Friday 15th and Saturday 16th February 7.30pm \$8

Latcho Drom is a beautiful documentary about the lives of Romany gypsies. Through dance and song, these nomadic people show us their lives—young and old celebrate their cultural values, families, journeys, loves and persecution.



Journey From Zanskar

Friday 22nd and Saturday 23rd February 7.30pm \$8

Journey From Zanskar is the story of the children of Zanskar, an area in the hinterlands of India. The families want the children to get an education. Buddhist monks take the children on a harrowing trip through treacherous snow and difficult landscapes in order to reach the schools so that the children have a chance to learn. Narrated by Richard Gere.



Belinda promised one of the monks, Geshe (pictured above), that she would show *Journey From Zanskar* at the Nimbin Bush Theatre, so come along and support him!

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The world according to...

Magenta Appel-Pye

I don't like Valentine's Day. But in a country where the often used compliment for a good sort is 'she's not bad', a reminder for romance may well be in order. However forced to make a small effort (if you're lucky), some think that's it for the rest of the year. Romance done. Back to the tennis.



On our first Valentine's Day my husband gave me... nothing... and I very nearly fell for his excuse. "I think every day living with you is pure romance and this day is no different. Besides it's just capitalism creating something between Christmas and Easter." I was flattered and agree with the ideology but managed to keep my feminine wits and responded "then give me a gift of love every day."

Next year he gave me a box of chocolates, which he then proceeded to eat.

The year after that he excelled himself and bought me a very expensive and very ugly frog statue. I tried to be gracious and hinted that a gift is so much more personal if it were handmade. The next year he made me something (I still don't know what it is) and now I'm stuck with it.

Just when I think neither of us can win this silly game, my single friend (one of the many in this area) reminds me, "At least you've got a husband, and a good one at that," and I remembered the years when Valentine's Day slashed open my loneliness and bought up fears that no-one would ever love me. I offered a humble, genuine expression of gratitude to my beloved.

I give him the same recycled card every year and sex. He's happy with that.

trivia@ thebowlo

Devised by the Nimbin Bowlo's Quizmaster, Marty

Questions

1. Which creatures live in a formicary?
2. What do we call the art of trimming plants into ornamental shapes?
3. What is the other name for the Jewish day of Atonement?
4. Who wrote 'The Happy Hooker'?
5. Who is the lead guy of The Wallflowers?
6. Name the two animals that make up a Centaur
7. They may be complex, vulgar or mixed. What are they?
8. To which order of mammals do lemurs, apes and monkeys belong?
9. Who was Tsar Nicholas II's youngest daughter?
10. If you had tinnitus, from what would you be suffering?

Answers
1. Ants
2. Topiary
3. Tom Kippur
4. Xaviera Hollander
5. Jakob Dylan (Son of His Bobness)
6. Man and Horse
7. Fractons
8. Primates
9. Princess Anastasia

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Nimbin Crossword

2013-I

by 5ynic



Across

2. Catered
4. Eskimo
8. Not odd
9. Beat soundly? Have belong
10. Destroy utterly
13. Whistleblow? Let in 23 across
15. Pool resort?
18. Man, for example
20. (Bavarian) Secret society – features in David Icke's conspiracy theories
22. Epoch
23. Precipitation
25. They're from a neighbouring country ESE of Oz
26. Neighbouring country NE of Oz

country to N of Oz (5,5)

2. Give birth (of a mare, for example)
3. Tropical insect repellent (active ingredient – init.)
4. Not coastal
5. Not (yet) rented?
6. Straight above Cape York
7. They're from a neighbouring country N of Oz
11. Kind
12. It's eaten jellied (in London!)
14. Worn to keep off 23 across
16. Non-wage-slaves? Less active folk
17. Measure of resistance (to Buddhist chanting)
18. Hotel?
19. Connective tissue
21. Eyes wide open
- 24 No Problem (SMS or Tweet?)

Down

1. Local name of neighbouring

Solution Page 26

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Marijuana Australiana

It's well after midnight on a weeknight, mid-year 1978. Julie (Shanto), myself and Billy Bongo are in Melbourne, driving home to Camberwell on the South Eastern Freeway after a gig at "Marijuana House"... a three storey, corner building in Brunswick St. Fitzroy. I'm at the wheel of a fairly new Ford Transit van. It is one of a fleet of four identical vehicles. They are all painted black with large, extremely noticeable, bright yellow and green signs on each side saying "DRUGS"... and stuck-on-transfer shattered bullet holes splattered all around. It is owned by the Australian Marijuana Party and the Cannabis Research Institute. They have flown us down to Melbourne in the wake of the amazing Nimbin Allstars... to record songs for their double LP "Emergency Ward"... and to play music in the night-club-style room on the top floor of their newly opened headquarters in Fitzroy.

And the gig was great! We teamed up with some old muso mates from our early Melbourne professional days and performed lots of nice rock, reggae and the odd funny song for an appreciative audience of groovy, stoned, local punters. Afterwards, we packed up and loaded the van, then hung around raving and whatever with old friends, and new, for a couple

of hours.

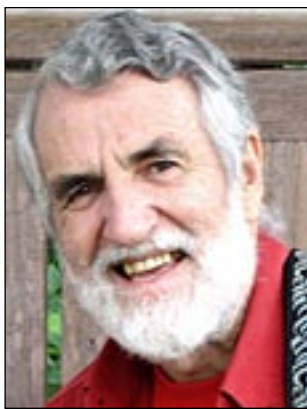
So right now, on the way home, there is little or no traffic on the freeway. A set of headlights appears in the rear-view mirror and rapidly catches up to us. A siren flicks on and off, lights flash and a cop car complete with two cops, pulls up alongside as we slow down and stop.

The totally-wary cops step out and approach us as Billy frantically tries to conceal a small lump of glad-wrapped hash between the back part and the seat part of the seat. We hear it fall through and land on the bare metal floor of the no-frills, fleet vehicle.

Then, one cop is at the driver's window checking my licence while the other circles the van with a torch, checking the DRUGS signs at close range. He needs to reassure himself that he wasn't seeing things earlier on when the van first sailed past them parked back there on the side of the freeway. The torch flicks across the stack of musical instruments in the back, then it comes around into our faces. The torch cop checks the front cabin, up first, then all around us and the middle bit, then down around our feet. From this angle he can't see under the seats.

He snaps off the light and stands back. He doesn't order us out or appear to want to do a search.

"Where have you been?"



Mookxamitosis
by Brendan (Mookx) Hanley

Now it's the first cop. "Where are you going at this hour?"

"We've been playing music at a venue in Fitzroy. We're from NSW, staying with friends in Camberwell. We're heading there now!"

"What is the name of the venue you were playing at? Where is it?"

"Um... it's in Brunswick St. Fitzroy!"

"What's it called?"

"Marijuana House!"

The cop almost drops his torch... looking at me incredulously, not quite knowing how to process this piece of not-your-normal-reply. And fortunately, as bizarre as it seems, there doesn't seem to be any immediately evident criminal element involved. We weren't even speeding... seatbelts and all! He hands me back my licence and, shaking his head, walks back to the patrol car, waving us to get going.

We drive off, leaving the two cops sitting there. We imagine them to be pondering and wondering wtf is happening to this world. Billy Bongo scrabbles under the seat and reclaims the hash, shoving it in his pocket with a sigh of relief. A second later the siren kicks in again, and lights flashing, the police car comes racing after us again.

Billy immediately goes into "Holy shit I gotta hide the stash again" mode as I pull up and roll down the window to talk to the officers. We're mildly crapping our pants that they are going to search us this time.

The car pulls up alongside and cop no. 2 leans out and says "Sorry to bother you again. We forgot to get one final detail. Who is the registered owner of the vehicle please?"

I look at him with my best smile and say... "The Australian Marijuana Party!"

Roll titles and opening song... 'Marijuana Australiana, the Movie'.

Anastasio, Jose and Jesus



Fruit of the Vine
by Terry Beltrane

Too many gourmet lunches and dinners, matched with the best of fine wines, a relative lack of physical exertion and the need to run a business. What do you get? Corpulent winemakers. Sure there's an abundance of winemakers today who are fit, healthy, athletic and apply themselves to the physical demands of working a winery – and loving it. It's not entirely the fault of those who take an easier option in handling the fruit of the vine because experience passed on through the years and the increasingly sophisticated technology of our nascent 'industry' has made the task of crafting wines much less labour intensive. And Australia is recognised globally for its technological initiatives and developments, adopted by countries that have been making wines internationally recognised for hundreds of years.

Today, a well-equipped winery needs only two cellar hands and a winemaker to 'process' 50 tonnes of grapes per day, from the juice separated at the crusher to having that juice in a tank. In larger wineries with computerised operating systems the same number of people can process over 800 tonnes to achieve the same result. Five decades ago a winery needed several times this number of people to work the fruit arriving at the winery in tonnes at a time. The availability of seasonal labour was crucial for vintage.

Come on in, Anastasio (Anastazio), Jose (Hozey) and Jesus (Hesus), seasonal farm workers in the 1960s who'd emigrated from Spain to Townsville. In winter they'd wield their wicked knives for 12 to 14 hours a day cutting sugar cane and then move south to pick grapes in the blistering heat of the Riverina six days a week, and the same number of hours. Anastasio was surly in demeanour, of simian semblance (think Orang-utan), self contained and unapproachable. Jose was the uber cool slick and handsome Spaniard with the charm and personality of Antonio Banderas, while Jesus completed the triumvirate being rotund, shortish, swarthy and a total smart arse who loved practical jokes.

Their intelligence and committed work ethics were quickly noted by 'The Boss' and they were asked if they'd like to get out of

the blazing sun and work in the winery with we cellar hands/trainee winemakers. No surprises in their response.

As with many wineries of the time, most of the red wine fermenting vats were made of concrete, waxed on the inside, with an open top. As the mass of crushed grapes began to ferment the skins would rise to the top forming a 'cap'. This fermenting mass is called 'must', the term used for fermenting juice, it no longer being grape juice and not yet wine – which it 'must' become.

'Plunging' the cap back into the must to extract the colour, flavour and tannins, which are concentrated in the skin of the grape, had to be done several times a day using a long wooden handle to which was attached an oblong piece of wood that pushed the skins back into the fermenting mass. So you walked along the narrow lip of the vat, working at least twice around the perimeter of each vat working all the skins back into the must. In this particular winery the vats held several tonnes of crushed fruit with the resultant cap being up to half-a-metre thick and pressed into a solid cake on the surface by the emission of copious quantities of carbon dioxide, a by-product of fermentation. It was hard, tedious and somewhat dangerous work that every new boy (it was a male domain back then) had to endure as part of the learning curve in winery procedures.

There was a 'cellar' fridge in the winery where we kept the cold water, lunches and a few flacons of red and white wine (there were no limits on consumption – well before the days of OH&S). Jose was caught out adding vinegar, amongst some of his other pranks, to the odd flagon of wine and it was thought that he should be 'initiated' into the bottom rank of first-year cellar hand. (Another of his 'faux pas/pranks' was to piss in the skins that had to be shovelled out from the vat after the juice was drained off because he was too lazy to get out of the vat – a no-no in winery etiquette, not to mention the health issues).

The 'initiation' was the responsibility of the second year trainee who'd previously been through the initiation; guess who? When Jose was to do his 'next turn' on the plunger I had to 'observe and appraise' his application to the task and then bump him into the vat. There was a couple of cellar hands close by so that we could pull him out of the must, quickly, because there's no oxygen above the cap, it being covered with carbon dioxide. Asphyxiation by carbon dioxide, in Australia alone, has caused the demise of too many honest and committed winemakers and cellar hands.

Jose was not a happy chappy, and given his prior escapades we were all 'en guard' for several days. In a demonstration of his mastery in the art of obfuscation and manipulation Jose had prepped Anastasio to engulf those of us gathered to check out a particularly fine load of Frontignac, with crushed grapes spewing from a 120mm diameter hose straight from the crusher.

It was all such innocent silly fun to break up the 36-hour days, night shifts, heat and hard work doing our best to make something decent to drink with our meals. Shame we'd go to court today for the same things.

For wine info: terryb88@tpg.com.au

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Don at Koreelah Gorge

by Catherine Baker and Michael Smith

I have been making my way through the bush, without the help of grown-ups, for 50 years now. When I was young and hard, I always expected to complete the walk no matter how difficult. Only once as a teenager was I a day late, having to spend a freezing night in the Blue Mountains with my companion. We walked out when the moon came up at 2am. I carry a torch now. There were a few times when I went close to my physical limit, and was glad to get out at all. Only once did I give up and shorten the walk, not up to the job, due to injury.

When the Nimbin Bushwalkers Club runs a walk, we don't always know the abilities of the people who turn up. To me, the most important thing for a walk leader is that there is nobody on the walk who should not be there. Participants need to check the grade of the walk and feel fit enough for it. Sometimes a walk is shortened when a participant cannot make it. One person turned up, walked 100 metres, was too exhausted to continue, turned around and drove home. Just recently somebody else, towards the end of the walk, sat down, legs gone to jelly, could not walk further. With one of us angels supporting either side, they managed to walk to the finish. Another time someone felt so unwell they lay on the ground, a gum leaf over each closed eye, seemingly to await death. We sat with them until the crisis was past. Occasionally we witness someone strain their ancient body and go near to collapse. I

have watched older members slowing down over time, as they age, becoming more timid when rock-hopping, and dropping back as the hills become steeper.

Most of our walks are happy events. Good company, the best lunches, lots of photographs, curiosity slaked for the time being. A little learning, a bit of teaching, we all have our specialities. Consider spending time with us in 2013. The first walk will be a swim-fest in a couple of rainforest pools, below waterfalls. Then Pholis Gap, the walk that in the past few years has led to three people requiring rescue. It's easy. Come with us. We know the way. It's the nearest walk to Nimbin, and the first walk our Club ever did.

– Michael Smith

I can vouch for Michael's claim that the members of the Nimbin Bushwalkers Club all have their specialities. I'm not sure there are too many other local bushwalking clubs where such pains might be taken to show the punters how coastal banksias were used to make

lamp-wicks in the old days. Or how to position a march-fly so that you can get a great photo of its outrageous sting. In what other situation will you hear Shakespeare quoted, learn the mating habits of land mullets, enjoy the wit of Len Martin's superior doggerel, as you dodge the lawyer vine and wonder what



happened to the track you were following? Yes, our walks are indeed mostly happy events. And, importantly for me, nobody is looking to break any records – perhaps because of our increasing average age. The delight is in being in the vastness and the never-ending variety of the Northern Rivers landscape.

We average a couple of walks a month, weather permitting. Naturally, these day-walks are in the general area of the Northern Rivers region. But our camping trips may take us farther afield. I joined the club in 2011 and have managed to do three of the camping trips since then. The first was a week on Moreton Island, Queensland; then two weekend camps in NSW, at Boonoo Boonoo and Bundjalung National Parks respectively. I've enjoyed all three. As Michael says, a little learning, a bit of teaching. We get to know one another better, doing a few walks a day together. Then the evenings, and maybe a fire. A few glasses of wine, a lot of food, often shared around. Banter, fruit cake, photos of the day's activities.

Some people have come for the camping trips from as far afield as Bellingen, and maybe even farther for all I know. Though it's called the Nimbin Bushwalkers Club, it's far from being Nimbin-centric in membership. I live in Mullumbimby, and have enjoyed a number of closer-to-home walks with the club. In fact, I've got to know my home area of 23 years better since becoming a 'Nimbin Bushwalker.' Well, there you are. Irony is nothing unusual. There are some good things planned for 2013, including another week on Moreton Island, guaranteed to toughen up the musculature.

– Catherine Baker



Koreelah swim

Walks Program for February

Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc.

Sunday 10th February

Whian Whian Falls, Dorrroughby Grass and Tahooti Falls

Leader Michael Smith (6689-9291).

Grade 2, Two waterfalls and a hilltop lookout. 3 hours, easy, 1km walking in total. A little bit of scrambling near the falls. This trip is about swimming in the rainforest.

Meet 10am corner of Dunoon Road and Whian Whian Road.

Saturday 23rd February

Pholis Gap Mt Nardi

Leaders Kay and Len Martin (6689-0254)

Grade 2, 1.5 - 2hrs. Shaded walk on formed track through top quality World Heritage rain- and wet-sclerophyll forest, returning up old forestry road; some moderate grades.

Meet 10am Nimbin car park; 10.15am Mt Nardi.

Bring water, lunch, leech repellent.

Unless otherwise specified, visitors (non members) welcome, but will be required to pay a fee of \$5 per walk, deducted from membership fee when they join Club. Membership \$15pp. to Treasurer Kay Martin PO Box 20061 Nimbin, 2480 (Phone 6689-0254). Website: www.nimbinbushwalkers.com Secretary, Len Martin (pteropos42@smartchat.net.au)

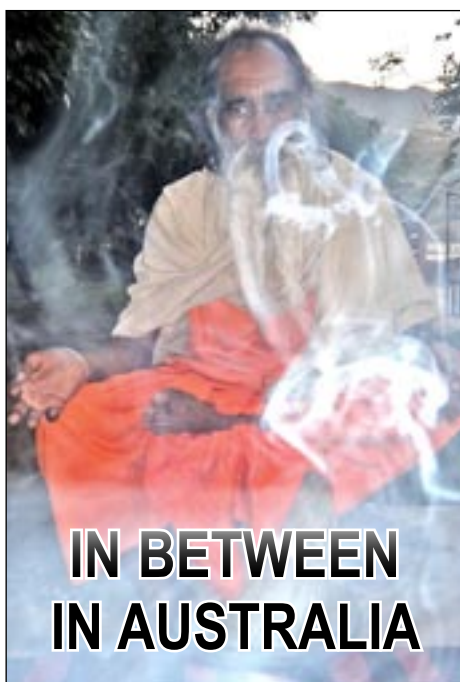
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IN BETWEEN IN AUSTRALIA

Ironically Yours Travel diary of the irreverent

by Dionne May

A kookaburra's call wakes me on my first day back in Australia. I smile and stretch on white sheets, glimpse a blue sky and anticipate my first Vegemite hit. I am struggling with being home; joyous greetings mixed with sad farewells. The responsibilities and expectations of returning palling with the loss of not only a great friend, but also a woman rightly respected in our small community.

Sandra Lansdown, you were an inspiration to me; a friend to so many with your booming laugh and wicked sense of humour. I cannot imagine Nimbin without you. So many recent losses in Nimbin have made this transition period, which are never easy for me, all the more difficult. Ironic for someone who is constantly travelling to still struggle with the choice. The indecision as my fingers are poised to press those final buttons to book the next flights. Worrying about my choices, where they will take me. Scared of myriad possible dangers. Fear of leaving my children to struggle on alone in our heartless society. And always the guilt instilled in me and many of my generation that dictates a life of service and hard work. Anything less than this is frivolous at best and downright selfish and irresponsible at worse and this guilt can cloud your very existence if you let it.

But not this little black duck. After shaking off the remains of a predictably dysfunctional Christmas I headed home

to Nimbin and the best cure of all; time spent with good friends to recharge the love and reset the course of my adventures. So as my friends laugh at my predictability, I charge ahead and book tickets back to India for Kumbh Mela, the largest religious gathering in the world. Over 55 days between 30 and 60 million pilgrims will bathe in the waters where the Ganges and Yamuna meet, to cleanse their sins and reaffirm their faith. This is the place where the sun, symbolising wisdom, rises. The universe is said to have originated here and it is supposed to be the centre of the Earth. This gathering happens every 12 years and alternates between the cities of Nasik, Ujjain, Hardwar and Allahabad. This year it is being held in Allahabad in the north western state of Uttar Pradesh. Such a large-scale event poses the most mind-boggling challenges for organisers, especially regarding water and sanitation! Twenty thousand lampposts have been erected and four temporary power stations.

I'll be met by the two Warrior Sadhu friends that I befriended in their ashram in Rishikesh on my last trip. Finding them may be a bit of a problem though! Ironically they are both strong and fast friends with my wily 'pirate' mate Babou. They are the most unlikeliest of friends on very different paths in the world. Babou scheming, hustling and dealing, and two dedicated young men with heavy responsibilities on spiritual paths. All three are in their late twenties and our time and conversations together made me both laugh and cry. Their chosen separation from their families and mothers and fathers especially made my heart ache for the young boys' loss I saw reflected in their eyes. Babou's misadventures as a young orphaned boy thrown out of school for his wild ways after his parents died, funny but sad. We spoke on topics ranging from religion and faith, Hindu gods, ethics and morals to cultural and social differences between our two countries. It was cheeky I know, to then suggest that they could ask me anything at all about my life as a single 45-year old woman and mother travelling the world. "Go on." I insisted.... "You can ask me anything."

After two days consideration their only question was.... "How many times have you had sex?" It is suffice to say that two young men are now highly enlightened on the subject! So now I am off at their request to meet and camp with them at Kumbh Mela. Seems like an opportunity too good to miss so I'm off in early February to catch the last two weeks of this amazing spectacle with my friends at my side. Nice.



Postcard from Cambodia Part Three

by Bob Tissot

OK. So there we were in the Laughing Fatman Café; savouring our tropical breakfasts and nursing JJ's ankles that have not really survived the previous day's business of boat-wrestling, which involved re-flotation and then extraction from the river, all by means of pulleys and levers and a lot of manpower. By day's end Apsara is sitting on two huge logs about 1m above the river, which is when the neat 1/2 inch hole drilled through the wooden hull becomes apparent.

"This would be your leak then," says the Engineer. "Bastard!" says JJ. He is of course referring to the boat-builder who, either for reasons of drumming up return custom or simply drunken stupidity, has drilled the hole through the hull and then packed it with clay. It was just after this discovery that the propeller fell off because the locking pin hadn't been inserted. It could have happened in the middle of the Mekong! (Good Morning Vietnam).

"Filthy rotten Bastard!" JJ returned that night crippled inside and out and next morning his ankles were the size of melons. Simmo and I decree a day of indolent luxury for his health, and we've just sparked up a big reefer of the local weed to round off the breakfast when into the café walks a dumb-ass crazy American [DACA] (If this sounds like a joke you've heard just tell me). The conversation went something like ...

DACA: (loudly) Hey is that marijuana you guys are smoking?

SIMMO: Nooo. That's illegal. This is something called "skunk"

DACA: Skunk? That's just another name for marijuana!

BOB: No. No. No. The man

said it definitely wasn't that. But I thought he called it "skink". JJ: He called it "skank". And he promised us it wasn't marijuana. I think "skank" is a local herb. DACA: He meant "skunk". That's marijuana. I'm from California you know. SIMMO: Maybe he said "stink". I think that was it...



Suddenly, the DACA's Cambodian wife cracked the shits with him and, screaming abuse, chased him down the street flailing a knotted piece of rope that occasionally connected with his buttocks. (Later the Laughing Fatman cracked the shits with both of them and threw them out for "disturbing the guests")

I decide to leave JJ to a day of iced lemon and chess with the bar staff and grab a tuk-tuk to The Killing Fields (pictured).

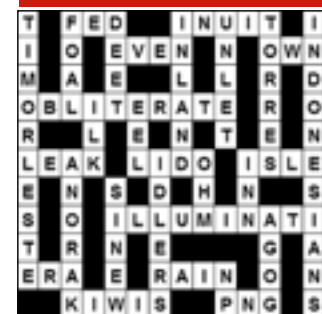
I'm feeling very ambivalent about this trip. Why on earth am I going to traipse over the site of unspeakable horrors? And yet, the whole obscenity that was Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge is such an intrinsic part of the national psyche of this poor, sad country, that to not go seems

patronising and heartless. A dusty, pot-holed hour of mayhem later and I'm at the Choeng Ek Genocidal Centre, issued with my personal recorded guided tour (a choice of 11 languages), and respectfully ushered through the ornate gate into a pock-marked landscape of large overlapping craters covered in lush green lawn. Each crater is an excavated mass grave (there are dozens and dozens of craters). A path leads around the site and a soft voice in my headphones identifies the various craters. "This one held headless traitors, that one naked raped women. The one over there held children" About halfway around I turn off the voice. The path eventually leads to a tall, marble and glass pyramid full of polished skulls, hundreds of them. Along with the other shell-shocked tourists I hand in my headphones and find my tuk-

tuk driver. "You want to go shoot guns now?" he asks. "Shoot machine gun? Maybe RPG?" It's all just a bit too much for this little black duck. "Fatmans" I manage to say, but I'm thinking, "Fucking Homo Sapiens!"

Nimbin Crossword Solution

From Page 23



Dionne (second from right) amongst friends back home

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| 7.00am | 7.45am | 8.00am | 8.30am |
| 8.00am | 8.45am | 12.00pm | 12.35pm * |
| 12.00pm | 12.35pm * | 2.35pm | 3.10pm |
| 2.35pm | 3.10pm | 5.30pm | 6.00pm |
| 3.20pm | 4.15pm | | |
| 5.30pm | 6.00pm | | |
| Leaving | Arriving | Leaving | Arriving |
| Nimbin - Main St. (Park) | Lismore Transit Centre | Nimbin - Main St. (Park) | Lismore Transit Centre |
| 7.52am | 8.50am | 9.00am | 9.35am |
| 9.00am | 9.35am | 3.25pm | 4.10pm |
| 12.45pm | 1.15pm * | 6.05pm | 6.35pm |
| 3.25pm | 4.10pm | | |
| 4.25pm | 5.00pm | | |
| 6.05pm | 6.35pm | | |

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* Mondays & Thursdays Only

by Jennifer Parke

Why play football? The sport is played by millions of children and adults across the globe because they have fun, learn skills, develop fitness and enjoy healthy competition.

The 2013 football season is just around the corner. The sign on day for Nimbin Headers was held on 2nd February, with a good turn up of new and returning players. However, we still have places in teams for players of all ages.

Online registration is still available. All the information you need is on the web site. Follow the links and register online at any time from now, at: www.sportingpulse.com/club_info.cgi?c=0-8226-114589-161791-0

An online registration can be made with an online payment or a manual payment to the club via an invoice. Players will register into a fee package based on their age and then teams will be formed at a later time based on the number of registered players. All registrations are pending until the full fee has been received.

Families with players under 18 years old who find it difficult to pay the full fee can apply to the Headers for a fee subsidy thanks to a grant from Lismore City Council Youth



Anja and daughter Nelene, who is about to sign on for this year. Gary Whisker and Peter Mitchell at the table.

Grants. Application forms are available by emailing: Jenniferparke@bordnet.com.au The amount of the subsidy available depends on the number of applications.

Season highlights

The Nimbin Headers had a great 2012 season. There were many highlights for adult and younger teams. These include:

- The grade 9's being awarded North Coast Team of the Month for their outstanding team spirit and playing skills
- The juniors training with the Melbourne Hearts at Oakes Oval and Oliver O'Reilly running the team onto the field for their official game
- Both men's and women's teams celebrating

great wins and improvements in playing skills

- Nimbin Headers were represented at the 2012 Gold Coast Masters Games in the Over 50's soccer by Bruce Hatfield and Gordon King playing for the FNC's (Far North Coasters), bringing home a bronze medal and thoroughly enjoying the experience
- Headers Women's won the Award for Fair Play 2012

Headers Sports Club has also been successful in applying for several grants. These have seen significant improvements to the fields, investment in the canteen, new uniforms for juniors, water tanks and other water saving infrastructure installed, and fee subsidies for eligible families. We are a Club on the go!

Pre-Season Training

All Club members are welcome to attend pre-season training at the field, Thursday arvos 5.30pm 'til dark.

Working Bee

Saturday morning 9th February. Volunteer help is very much needed to prepare the Nimbin Headers playing fields for the coming season. Brush cutting, canteen and club-house preparation, line marking, mowing, fence repairs, uniform and equipment audits, plus heaps more needs to



The juniors before the game between Melbourne Heart and Greater Western Sydney at Oakes Oval in Lismore

be done. This work is needed before games can be played. Head on down to the Headers field Saturday morning and lend a hand.

Tuesday evening Social Games

There is strong interest for starting a Tuesday evening social comp at the Headers field. Show your interest via the Club's Facebook page. All welcome.

Go the mighty Headers!

New blood at Nimbin Brigade



by Marcus Mantschiff

Training/ Equipment Officer, Nimbin RFS

Nimbin Rural Fire Brigade received a great Christmas present last year. The brigade formally welcomed 12 community members, their membership applications now subject to the National Police Checking Service/ CRIMTRAC. At the time of writing, three have been cleared to begin accredited Bush Firefighter training in early February.

Nimbin Brigade has been proactive with targeted training to assist new and existing members prepare for what has already proved to be a challenging fire season. Locally, Nimbin, Blue Knob and The Channon fireys have demonstrated real professionalism during the persistent fire along Tuntable Creek Road, a fire at the Nimbin Mill and a structure fire near the Nimbin Rox YHA.

Nimbin Brigade also deployed two

volunteers to the first of two Northern Rivers Strike Teams supporting districts both north and west of Sydney, in townships experiencing Extreme to Catastrophic Fire Danger weather. A number of our local fireys have also been deployed throughout Region North as part of the NR Remote Area Firefighter Team (RAFT), suppressing fires with air support, in hard to access terrain.

Nimbin Brigade plans to get all new members trained this year, plus see new blood and old hands continue to be involved in local training throughout 2013. Nimbin Brigade meets the first Thursday each month at 6.30pm, and Blue Knob the first Monday at 6pm.

Lastly, a reminder that, despite the recent rains, fire permits are still required. In Nimbin, phone 02 6689-1221 or visit: www.rfs.nsw.gov.au for more information on what activities may require a fire permit.

Ugandan Tales PART 1

by Peter Atkinson

In 1972, after travelling up the Nile, Sudan, Ethiopia and Kenya, I found myself in Kampala, Uganda.

It was only my second day in Kampala when I was walking along the street and saw a sign saying 'Carl Bro Roughton and Partners, Engineers and Surveyors'. I thought, what the hell, and went in to try my luck for work. They said could I start immediately!

So, by the next day they had given me a Landrover, a bunch of plans and surveying equipment and I was sent off to a village about 100 kilometres west called Mubende.

A trip I did with an American guy was from Mubende through Fort Portal to the Mountains of the Moon, part of the Ruwenzori range. The road was pretty rough and I remember coming round a bend on the edge of a steep ridge and seeing a whole steamy valley open up in front of us. We didn't know if we were in the Congo or Uganda, as the border was not really defined and we had bush-bashed a good distance westward. We



Ugandan family exploring Peter's theodolite

gradually dropped down into some true rain forest and when we got to the flatter area, about 20 pygmies came running out. They had all sorts of trinkets for sale, but we told them we would like to buy some bhang.

We haggled for a while and eventually gave them about five dollars for about half a pound, tightly wrapped up in banana leaf. They promptly all clambered all over the Land Rover and gestured for me to take them further along the track. There were pygmies on the roof, the bonnet and all over, all laughing and yelling to each other.

About a mile further on

we came to a small clearing with a humpy or two. They all piled off and headed straight for one of them. It sold 'pombe', a very potent grog made from banana. It tasted pretty bad, but they all enjoyed it immensely. They were singing and dancing and soon we had joined them.

I'm not sure they spent the whole five dollars.

Northern Rivers Greens

Next monthly meeting in Nimbin: Monday 11th February, 6pm at Birth & Beyond.



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Justine Elliot says **LOCK the GATE** STOP CSG Mining on the North Coast

“ It’s time to draw a line in the sand on the important environmental issue of coal-seam gas mining.

We know the community’s view. It is clear. Our community does not want coal-seam gas mining.

I call on the National Party state MPs to tell the O’Farrell government that our community needs a moratorium on CSG on the north coast.

The ball is totally in their court: the state government regulates and licenses coal-seam gas mining; and they can stop it dead.

Justine Elliot

Justine Elliot MP
A Strong Voice for Locals

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