

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL...

There was a time when getting away from it all was possible. For a while anyway! But not any more.

As a small kid in the mid-forties, I lived near the beach at Mentone, Port Phillip Bay in Victoria. I remember the ferny, grey-sandy, open acres that were the neighbouring landscape we romped over on our many trips to the beach.

Then came the men with trucks full of timber, bricks and glass... and ditches were dug, and poles erected with string tied between them. They marked the walls of the houses that, by the dozen, banged, whined and clattered into existence on all sides and right across our sea view.

I have lived in lots of places since those days and must admit that this pattern is something that just keeps on occurring no matter where. People keep blocking the scenery with more buildings.

In my memory, one case in particular stands out above them all.

After moving from Melbourne to Cairns in 1972, I met lots of people who lived up around Kuranda and Mareeba in the Atherton Tableland. There were tall tales of the "Sunshine Marijuana" entrepreneurs who recruited half the local population in what must still be one of Australia's most successful dope-growing and marketing ventures ever executed. Apparently the blokes who ran the show did the dirty on all their drones and pissed off with all the money. They bought themselves a big slice of jungle...



Mookxamitosis

by Brendan (Mookx) Hanley

up around Portland Roads... where they lived a life of armed paranoia in their secret hideaway. Can't have ended up too good!

However, another jungle story was told of a Dutch family, the Rijkers... pronounced and spelt Rykers by the locals. The Rijkers had disappeared from the radar years before, and were said to be living in the jungle around Cape Tribulation. It was told that the two boys had grown up feral rainforest kids, with their own language and all. And their dad, Willem Rijker was a hero for having left the world behind and retired into Paradise and Tropical self-sufficiency. The hippie dream come true.

One fine day, a few years later, I was on board the Cairns to Cooktown ferry, leaning over the port side admiring the famous down-to-the-sea Cape Tribulation rainforest. The ferry slowed down considerably and hove slightly shoreward, parallel to the stunning, sandy, jungle beach. Just then, some vegetation parted and a medium-sized canoe lit out from under cover, making straight for us.

Three people on board.

As it approached and came alongside, I saw it was an old man and two bronzed,

long-haired, teenage Tarzans paddling strongly. The ferry driver leaned over and took some money from Mr. Rijker, promising to drop off a pouch of rolling tobacco on the return trip. The canoe turned, heading back to shore and we chugged Northwards again, on our way to Cooktown.

The inevitable end to this tale comes out of a revisit to Cairns some 25 years later.

Our "Bahloo Family Band" were playing at resorts and islands around Cairns when an old Melbournian friend invited us to visit his "place" on the Cape and entertain his guests. We arrived at the "Coconut Beach Resort", smack in the middle of Trib. and literally metres from possibly the most magical beach on the planet. The imposed "cultural" inference here, and actual practice in many parts of the world, is that it is a private beach. It was just one of several such "facilities" that had been built adjacent and nearby. I was gobsmacked.

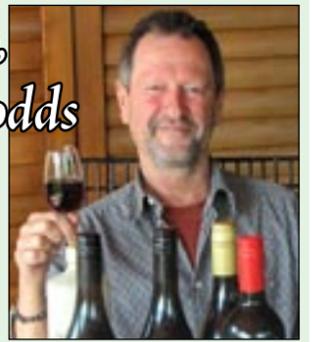
My host then took us to visit some of his other "developments" around the Cape, which consisted of dozens and dozens of cabins, "treehouses", lodges, bungalows... tasteless motel rooms all over the place... all bearing names like "Paradise", "Rainforest", "Coconut", "Tropic", "Pacific", "Coral Reef" etc. in the title.

This was 20 years ago. I shudder to think what's going on up there today.

The Rijkers are long gone, that's for sure... but there's a Rykers Road there somewhere. It's a bit like all those streets in Byron Bay that are named after the trees they cut down in order to make the street.

So after all, there's no getting away from it all, at all!

A good drop, against the odds



Fruit of the Vine

by Terry Beltrane

There's a bumper sticker out there somewhere that reads "Happiness is Lubbock in your rear view mirror"; I know, I've seen it. And I've been there.

This is a Texas city where you can only consume alcohol in licensed premises or at home, but cannot buy take-away alcohol within the city limits. To do that you have to travel out to "The Strip", a string of several huge liquor barns (drive-through of course) where you can buy your bourbon and beer, put it in the "trunk" and hope that some cop with a bad attitude doesn't decide to pull you over and search your car – carrying liquor into a dry zone can get you a jail term of several years.

And a bunch of blokes decided to build a winery there. I'd managed to rort my way into the US looking to make some money for an airfare back to Australia, after a couple of years in South America, and went to a wine symposium in San Diego after having no success in the previously mentioned wine regions (you cannot get work without a green card, let alone on a tourist visa).

It was there that I met Professor Clinton "Doc" McPhearson, science lecturer at Texas Tech University and board member of the Llano Estacado winery. Desperate as he was, he offered me the job as winemaker for his winery.

Texas's first commercial winery was a small, oblong, whitewashed cinder block building sitting in the middle of a parched and barren (the cotton crop had yet to be planted) endless horizon under a milky blue sky that domed above the heart-rending vista.

Inside the winery I was met by disparate pieces of wine-making equipment, empty oak barrels standing on their ends, a mass of hoses, a stainless steel bench and a toilet cubicle with the door open, the bowl in full view. Fantastic.

The vineyards turned out to be a series of one-acre blocks of grape varieties I'd never heard of. The growers, mostly members of the board, had planted predominantly American hybrids having been advised, incorrectly, that the climate was unsuitable for *Vitis Vinifera*, the genus of grapes producing the finest wines in the world.

Was this going to be fun or what?

I needed a cellar hand and this six-foot-seven guy, Jim-Bob Plemons, who played linebacker for the Texas Tech Red Rangers, hard as an iron bark on the outside and soft as a freshly cooked mud crab on the inside, he was a gem, and we set about commissioning the winery.

The grapes came in and I decided to ferment the white fruit at temperatures at almost freezing levels and the red grapes at temperatures ten degrees higher than is considered appropriate. My biggest problems were the constant interruptions from media reps and the curiosity of the board members who frequently came around to check out the fermentations by taking samples from the tanks, and offer advice from their limited theoretical knowledge of wine-making.

When the wines were finally ready for barrel maturation and/or bottling, I invited the shareholders around for a tasting and Doc said to the gathered interests, "Boys! I think we got ourselves a winemaker."

I flew back to Australia for a visit, flew back to the US, got busted for working illegally, sent back to Oz – and 23 years later, I received in the mail paperwork from the US Dept of Immigration formalising my application for a working visa.

For wine info, email: terryb88@tpg.com.au

A Narrow Escape

Ironically Yours

Travel diary of the irreverent

by Dionne May

The metal gates of the jail loom large overhead, simmering in the noonday sun. Visitors to the prison squat patiently against a nearby concrete building or huddle under the meagre shade of a desolate tree.

The first group has gone in and we await our turn, silently conserving our breath and energy in this searing Indian heat. We have come to visit our two Baba friends. They have been here now for three weeks and will probably have to wait another nine till they are granted bail.

Caught with 500g of hashish and having no fixed addresses and no contacts in the police or local community they are at the mercy of a corrupt and heartless system. No money, no contacts, no freedom. Even if they can find the money for bail they will also need two citizens to act as guarantors for bail.

The alternative is to wait

in jail until their court appearance which could be this year, or next year, or the year after.

As I enter through the small iron gate within the large outer gate I am photographed, fingerprinted, stamped and thoroughly searched by two hard-faced female Indian wardens before being marched in to the superintendent's office where I am grilled about who I am here to see.

With steely determination I calmly answer all his questions only to find myself gleefully thwarted. "You are not an Indian citizen, it is not possible." "No, I want to see my friends," I reply, to the amazement of everyone in the room. Silence.

The superintendent stares at me for a long moment. "OK, OK," he says, waving us from the room. I'm in. It is a small consolation in an otherwise bleak and heart-breaking day. The memories of this visit lingering long into the next weeks. Without guarantors our friends will simply have to wait inside and hope their gurus come to help.

We leave with heavy hearts and I am again incensed by



laws against smoking cannabis and hashish that see innocent citizens, and even Holy Babas, jailed – while the dangerous and corporate criminals roam free and reap profits. I am grateful to have escaped the same fate.

So with just over a month left of this most amazing adventure I am keen to cram in as much as possible.

In a series of three hair-raising Indian road trips I have travelled to the alpine splendour of Nainital in the south of Uttarakhand, over to a tiny cow village to buy a small "baba orange" Suzuki car, back to Rishikesh then on to Kasol in Himachal Pradesh.

My companions are again three babas. My good friend Amrit; a former Brahman turned baba and "Money Baba", a baba who has taken an oath not to speak for eight

years and who dresses in a robe and hat made of rudrakshas (holy seeds), with coins from all over the world dangling off his garments.

Driving around in his Ambassador car with police siren attached, he is a sight to behold. It was his ashram in Nainital that we first visited. Forests resplendent with eucalypt trees, a bush retreat in the cool mountains where you can sit around a log fire.

With our own car and camping equipment Amrit and I have split off and are now in Kasol for the last leg of this magnificent adventure.

Kasol is a small town forty kilometres from Manali, home of the legendary Malana Cream, reputedly the best hash in the world – and it's harvest time. What can I say, except lucky me!





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Bushwalkers take on the trails



by Catherine Baker and Len Martin

Six people gathered on June 8th at 'Afterlee', 20 minutes west of Kyogle, for the Nimbin Bushwalkers first walk of the month. I didn't do the walk, but Don Durrant, who led the walk and who owns the property, told me about it afterwards. He bought the 760-acre property 15 years ago with a view to maintaining the trees that were there and to plant lots more. The area was originally logged in 1906. As we all know, there's always a bit of natural regeneration going on, but it sounds like Don has given the process a massive helping hand, having planted 'about 12,000 trees' since he's been there. His planting includes the species characteristic of dry rainforest – hoop pine, white elm – with the addition of all the local figs, plus cudgerie, silky oak and teak. The result is 400 acres of rainforest, possibly the largest privately-owned rainforest in New South Wales.

Don took the walkers along the track through the centre, fielding questions about tree species. It was drizzling a bit, and Don said there wasn't much wildlife apparent. A few pigeons, a turkey. He described it as an uneventful day – but people still enjoyed the walk and the talk. A couple stayed over at Don's, and on the Sunday he drove them to Toonumbah National Park, about 10 kilometres from his property. They did the loop walk around the Murray Scrub area, saw pademelons, pigeons, a variety of 'fabulous fungi', and what is reputedly the biggest stand of old-growth red cedar in the state (see below for Aug 3rd walk).

Our second walk in June was from Minyon Falls to Condong Falls, following an easy track along the top of the escarpment. There were nine of us, six members and three new people, of whom two had come from Tweed. The first part of the walk took us south from the top of Minyon Falls through dry eucalypt forest and was marked by our spotting a juvenile snake coiled just beside the track. Its red/rust and dark grey patchy bands were hard to miss. We watched, took photos, made a few guesses as to identity, noticed it

wasn't moving. It was a bit chilly for a snake to be out and about. Touched it gently with stick. Definitely a dead snake – no clues as to cause of death. Len later identified it from the photo as a brown tree snake, a native and a bird eater responsible for bird extinctions on Guam.

At the intersection we took the right-hand turn to Condong Falls. I wondered if the track would still be blocked by trees, blown down in the cyclonic winds earlier in the year. Sure enough, after a couple of hundred metres, there they were, still blocking the track. The first obstacle was the biggest in diameter. It had a trunk you could only slither over on your belly. No big deal there, but it lay across the track at angle of – I don't know – 35 degrees. With the recent rain, this turned it into a giant arboreal slippery dip pointing to the abyss below. Imaginations got to work, but there were many indications of the slippery dip having been clambered over by undaunted bushwalkers, so on we went. Each fallen tree teased out of us a new and different approach to surmounting it.

Our destination was just minutes away from this effort. We loitered at Condong Falls. No sunny patches there, so we didn't get out our lunches. Instead we had a meeting, decided we weren't going back the same way, though that had originally been the plan. No-one fancied the obstacle course again, so we took the longer but easier road back. The Quondong Fire Trail goes north-west from the Falls. It offered us a bit of sun too, so we sat on fallen logs and eyed one another's lunch boxes. Have to say it – the bushwalkers I know are pretty healthy eaters. Not averse to the odd ginger bickie, however. Suitably refreshed, we reached the Minyon Fire Break, turned right and headed east, back to where we'd started. A three-hour walk all up.

It's a popular walk, too. So the sooner those fallen trees are cut through the better. Like most bushwalkers, I find the lack of funding for our National Parks very worrying. Especially now, with the shooters flashing their cash and finding more sympathetic ears (as per Four Corners a few weeks back).

Catherine Baker

At last we can enjoy the Pholis Gap walk on Mt Nardi. It is a local jewel, and one of the first the club enjoyed in 2006, soon after we formed. Close to Nimbin, shaded, on well-defined tracks, with varied vegetation, views, and easy grades, it is suitable for all ages. In 2012 it was completed by an enthusiastic three year old! We had scheduled it as our first walk of 2013 but it was rained off. Then the track was closed



Waterfall walkers



Afterlee Wompoo pigeon

for some months because of massive storm damage – fallen trees etc. Thanks to the efforts of our local National Parks staff the way is now clear for a wondrous winter wander.

Unless specified 'members only', non-members are welcome as visitors. However, to cover insurance they are charged \$5. This goes towards the annual membership fee of \$15, should they decide to become members (the annual fee covers club insurance with the NSW Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs). Each of our walks is led by an experienced bushwalker familiar with that particular walk.

Len Martin



Don's favourite birdwatching spot



Afterlee Regen area



Dead brown tree snake

Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc.

Forthcoming Walks Program

Saturday 13th July

Pholis Gap, Mt Nardi

Leader Len Martin (6689-0254)
Grade 2, 1.5 to 2 hours. A shaded walk on formed tracks through world heritage rain- and wet-sclerophyll forest, returning up an old forestry road. No steep grades. Meet 10am Nimbin car park/10.15am Mt Nardi car park. Bring water, lunch and leech repellent, and be prepared for mud. *The walk will be cancelled if there is substantial rain.*

Sunday 28th July

Three Walks at Iluka

Leader Michael Smith (6689-9291)
Iluka Rainforest: Grade 1, 1 hr, 2 km, well-graded, easy walk on formed track. World heritage rainforest and bird watching.
Iluka Bluff Lookout Grade 3, 15 min, 500m return, a steep walk up 98 steps to lookout. Views over beaches & rocky headlands.
Iluka Bluff to Woody Head: Grade 2, 1.5 hr, 4.5 km. Easy walk on sand & rock. Beautiful coastal landscapes, sandstone formations, shore birds, wildflowers, wallabies and emus.
Meet 8am Goolmangar Store, or at start 9.40am information shelter in Long Street Iluka. Bring lunch, water, hat.

Saturday 10th August

Murray Scrub (see also main article)

Leader Judy Hales (6689-1477)
Grade 3, An easy walk on a formed track. Eucalypt and sub-tropical forest, white booyongs, red cedars, bellbirds, black cockatoos. Also giant stinging trees.
Meet 9.30am, Kyogle Information Centre. Bring Lunch, water, hat

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 Secretary Len Martin, PO Box 20061, Nimbin, 2480 (phone 6689-0254; email: pteropus42@smartchat.net.au) Website: www.nimbinbushwalkers.com

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A big couple of months in the Woodenbong Hills



by Marilyn Scott

Well it's been a big couple of months... three Eclipses, Winter Solstice, Pluto and Uranus doing their thing (the harbingers of the new age)... and then of course, all the other incomings and outgoings of planets into signs... making significant Galactic waves.

Everything is energy as... most of us now know... everything vibrates, has a message and can be felt. The Galactic 'soup' is sparking with so much new and vibrant energy... and we are all a part; birth and death, transformation and renewal... the cycle of Life. And all those gorgeous white mornings of late... up here in the Woodenbong Hills... such invigorating air and spectacular views. Gratitude overflows.

I grew up in a city, well actually I 'arrived' in the Blue Mountains not far from the magnificent Three Sisters; those very early impressions leaving a lasting love of nature... and the mountains in particular.

Growing up in the inner city there were lots of

buildings and concrete... some of the old buildings were quite beautiful, the old Wool Stores still looking great. But that's not what I remember. I remember community, the warmth, love and nurturing... the extended family, the smiling faces, the gatherings, the inclusion. That has imprinted on my psyche.

It was our first real home... Murray Street in Pyrmont, now called Darling Harbour. It was a brick terrace house, surrounded by other brick terraces. Our gardens backed onto each other, we often talked over the fence, or were invited in for lunch. I have such warm memories of those times and I'm really grateful for those early years... I'm proud to be a Sydney girl.

My grandparents made their way to Australia around the turn of the century... the early 1900's. They came from Glasgow in Scotland... but were proudly Irish. They settled in Glebe and made their new life here in Oz. It must have been an incredibly brave thing to do... a young family with many children, unsure of

what was in store for them when they arrived in this great southern land.

I've lived in many cities, both here and abroad. I've lived at the top of narrow winding mountain roads, in various 'trendy' places, right in the heart of the city and a long stint in an ashram. And now I live in the Woodenbong Hills... well actually it's Lindesay Creek.

I'll always be grateful for my early years, a close knit community, free with their sharing... a true sense of community. It's so important.

Jupiter has just entered the astrological sign of Cancer and will spend a year there... expanding, enlarging, visioning, learning, exploring and travelling... our roots, our ancestry, our home and family... our earliest memories of love and nurturing.

I feel nurtured by Life, by love and sharing, by respect and consideration and especially by Mother Nature. As a human being I have needs... that need fulfilling... we live as a member of one very large family, the human family. Jupiter is often considered the great bestower of abundance, of plenty... may we find renewed enthusiasm, greatness and appreciation, may inspired visions fill our awareness... may we live in peace and harmony... on this majestic Earth.

Have a sensational month... immersing yourself in nurturing energy. Lotsa lov.

Nimbin Garden Club Notes



by Gillian Jones

It was such a beautiful sunny day on the weekend of the garden visit to Sam and Diana's home on Cecil Street, overlooking Lillian Rock, Nightcap Range and the Nimbin Valley. 40 people attended the event and after so much rain, this well kept garden was a welcome reprieve.

This established home, originally known as Belleridge was one of Nimbin's most elegant houses, built around 100 years ago, surrounded by 12 acres of established gardens. We walked through a dappled gully with its quondongs, palms and fertile undergrowth, linked with dams throughout the property. There are bamboo groves, huge bunya nut trees, hoop pines, she oaks, staghorn and elk horns on various trees, and giant bamboo both golden and Buddha varieties, on the periphery of the property.

Surrounding the house were camellias, fan palms, aspidistras, black sapotes, maiden-hair ferns, japonica, bromeliads, cliveas and a huge variety of lush undergrowth, as well as mysterious pathways and sunny glades. There were bird baths, and water features, as well as sitting areas for quiet contemplation and a palpable sense of peace surrounding the property.

The original owners the Allsop family, planted the many tall mangoes, fig trees, and other large trees surrounding the homestead. In 1997 Jim and Carlo added a great deal to the garden expanding it in all directions. The



vegetable garden was prolific with bok choy, parsley, rhubarb, lettuce, chillies as well as green leafy vegetables, highly impressive for such a wet winter. Fat and healthy chickens poked around the glades of shrubs.

John Bennet from Garden Clubs Australia was our guest speaker for this June AGM meeting. He told us that the association was first formed in 1950 with its member aims to "create friendships through gardens". John spoke about what it means to be part of GCA association. John is an avid rosé grower, and is part of the Murwillumbah Garden Club, the Gold Coast Rose Society, and is on the North Coast's Horticulture judges' panel. Office bearers were voted in for another year, with a diverse group all sharing the various organisational activities.

Next month on the 20th July we will be visiting Eternity Springs Art farm, a bed and breakfast (plus a whole lot more) which is at 83 Tuntable Creek Road. If you are coming from Nimbin, go past Tuntable Creek School and it's one km on the right or five km's on the left past the Channon. Amanda has created an artist's retreat with various buildings for creativity - visual arts, music and sculpture workshops - as well as self contained cottages or space with shared facilities to stay overnight surrounded by lush gardens.

Bring a chair, cup and food to share, purchase plants from our plant table, meet and make new friends. Visitors and new members always welcome.

Please note also that Will and Athol from Byrill Creek raised a fantastic \$100 for the club through their raffle of unusual plants from their garden.

A workday will also be held on Saturday 6th July at the Nimbin Hospital grounds from 9am til 12 pm. bring your tools. All welcome.

Ugandan Tales

by Peter Atkinson

My previous Ugandan Tales have been somewhat light hearted and positive in nature, however there is an ugly side to the "dark continent".

In 1972, the house I stayed in when I was in town was on the outskirts of Kampala, and the dirt road to the office went

through a slum.

Most of the time I would drive steadily along but could see seriously deformed people grovelling on the side of the road and naked children with distended bellies staring blankly at me. On one occasion, a man came running out and threw a dead cat that bounced off the windscreen.

There was a small police outpost on the corner of the main road to town, and on a couple of occasions I saw four or five dead bodies lined up on the front verge, with people going about their normal business around them.

These (and other) images are still vivid in my brain.

While in the region, I came across this Letter to the Editor of the *Kenya Times*, which I have kept to this day:



The daily grind of carrying water

“

Parasites on all humanity

We are really pleased to notice the beginning of public awakening and disapproval about the so-called "hippies" and their imitators.

Unfortunately, those locust-like swarming types have reached our country and already contaminated a great part of our younger, foreign-adoring community.

Even cancer is not so dangerous, because it is not infectious like this disease of hippieism and drop-outs.

It has taken our forefathers many centuries to educate their offspring, as better, reliable, Godfearing, honest, respectable, law-abiding, intelligent, clean and mentally healthy members of their tribes and nations.

All this growing up involves hard work and self-discipline, but the hippies don't like this, that is why they adopt a negative attitude towards life.

They have not yet grown up. They are still at the lowest level of evolution. Their twisted brain (sic) is not able to understand that every human being has a positive task to fulfil during his lifetime.

Under the banner of democracy and personal or individual freedom they undermine whole nations.

As long as there are hippies we can compare them with parasites or bloodsuckers on the life force of humanity, but they are potent suppliers of future robbers, thieves, murderers, hijackers and all other evil folks.

No sane man can take their claim seriously that they are harmless and only want to protest about the abovementioned evils. Let them meditate again, so that their poor, sensitive souls receive the message: The vibrations here in Kenya are out of tune for them.

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Frustrating, Frustrating, Frustrating.

Match reports by PAC

The headline says it all as the month of June turned out to be, with rain playing havoc and not too many games being played.

Saturday 1st June 2013 Men's Fourth Division

The games against Goonellabah are usually close affairs, and this game turned out to be just that. The first genuine attack came from the Headers around 7 minutes in. Gary Whisker has a shot and it's over the bar. After this, the game is see-sawing with no penetration from either side. On around the 1st quarter mark, Goonellabah are awarded a free kick about 25 metres out on the right, and the ball is driven in hard

which surprised the keeper and he saved it from going into the net, but the shot was so ferocious that the ball knocked the keeper off balance and went straight up into the air. The first player to get to it on its descent was from Goonellabah, and he calmly headed it into the net 1-0 to Goonellabah. The game to-and-fro-ed for the rest of the half.

It was similar stuff in the second half until 15 minutes in, when Nimbin Headers receive a penalty for a tackle in the box. Gary Whisker steps up and smacks the ball onto the crossbar; another shot comes in and it hits the post and goes out for a goal kick.

Around the 70 minute mark, Headers striker Phil Courtney runs to the goal-

line and dribbles around about three players, chips the ball over the remaining Goonellabah defenders and finds a Headers forward who slams it past the keeper, Nimbin Headers 1 Goonellabah 1.

With about 8 minutes remaining, Goonellabah mount an attack down the right side and a cross is hit into the penalty box and one of their forwards does a lovely glancing header into the far corner of the net, and that's how it finished: Nimbin Headers 1 Goonellabah 2.

Sunday 2nd June 2013 Women's Fourth Division

Ballina had played two games over the weekend and won them both 2-1 and 1-0 to claim top spot

form the Headers. Nimbin Headers won their game on the Sunday, beating Goonellabah 2-0. It should have been a bigger margin as Goonellabah had only won one game and lost five.

That was the last game the Headers women played in June

Saturday 22nd June 2013 Men's Fourth Division

The Nimbin Headers have not had a game for three weeks, and for Lismore Thistles, this was their third game in a week and they'd won both before this, making them 5 points in front of the Headers on top of the table.

The Thistles scored goals on the 5th, 25th, 35th and 41st minute, giving them a 4-0 lead at half time, even



though the Headers did have a few chances.

In the second half, Thistles didn't score another goal until 29 minutes in and the Headers were unlucky in not scoring a couple themselves. The Thistles keeper made an unbelievable save from Gary Whisker who smashed the ball from a couple of metres out. Thistles scored again on 81, 88, and 90 minutes to make it 8-0.

The Headers missed a few more which, if some had gone in, would have made the score a bit more respectable, but Thistles could have had a bigger total if the Headers

keeper hadn't made so many saves. Good onya Gordon King.

To sum it up, Lismore Thistles were too quick and too slick and the Headers boys know they have to improve their passing game.

Upcoming home games hopefully.

Men's Fourth Division

Saturday 20th July 1pm
Nimbin Headers V
Woodburn Wolves
Saturday 27th July 1pm
Headers V Kyogle

Women's Fourth Division

Sunday 7th July 12.30pm
Nimbin Headers V
Lismore Thistles.
Sunday 21st 12.30pm
Headers V Uki Pythons
Sunday 28th July 12.30
Headers V Pottsville

So come on, boys and girls, let's see if we can win them all.

Go you Mighty Headers.

Men's Fourth Division

	Play	Win	Draw	Loss	Pts	F	A	+/-	Pos
Nimbin Headers	9	5	1	3	16	32	18	+14	3rd

Women's Fourth Division

	Play	Win	Draw	Loss	Pts	F	A	+/-	Pos
Nimbin Headers	8	5	2	1	17	21	7	+14	4th



On your marks...

by Cassandra Jeffreys

The next Nimbin Fun Run will be held on the 25th August 2013.

The Fun Run started in 2010 and this will be the fourth annual event. The inspiration came from a need for equipment for the new Physical Activities Centre at the Nimbin Showgrounds.

The Traffic Management Plan was the biggest challenge faced in organising the event, both financially and logistically and support from the Nimbin Hotel and Backpackers and Mount Franklin Spring Water was welcome.

Their support continues to this day, and prize money has been boosted as each year more and more local businesses get involved. Without their crucial support, this event could not continue.

The Nimbin Fun Run has always been more than

a competitive race. It is about promoting physical fitness, bringing families together and improving and maintaining a valuable community asset.

The fun run has always been a family-orientated day with children's games, activities and entertainment before and during the event.

Over the years, the fun run has generated funds for three treadmills, two exercise bikes, one cross-trainer, boxing equipment, weight sets and fans, as well as finance repairs and maintenance.

By participating, you are joining with others to continue to improve and maintain the equipment, and improve the health of the wider Nimbin community.

Watch out for the August edition to get a full list of runner sponsors and prizes. Details can be found on the *Nimbin Fun Run Facebook* page.



Faeries search for mystery Queen

Do you know this queen?

Nimbin's Ganja Faeries are in the process of compiling a book that celebrates their glorious 20-year contribution to the spirit of the annual MardiGrass gatherings.

There have been 19 years of pregnant Faerie Queens, and almost all have been identified, but the current faeries have lost touch with the 2001 Queen. If anyone recognises her from the photo (above), or can recall who she is, please contact Biko (the first Faerie Queen) on 6689-1461.

The faeries are also looking for any photos of the Ganja Faeries taken before 2001, particularly of previous Queens. Please email photos to: nimbin.ganja.faeries@gmail.com

Footy jersey raffle



On 2nd June, Nimbin Community Gym celebrated three years of operation.

Gym co-ordinator Wayne Cuthbertson thanked the Nimbin community for its ongoing support of the facility, both through patronage and through support for the fundraising raffles.

Wayne also thanked the South Sydney Rabbitohs for their continuing support.

At present, an autographed and framed South Sydney Rabbitoh Limited Edition 2013 Jumper is being raffled for the gym.

The jumper is on show in the Rabbits Warren corner raffle at the Nimbin Hotel, where tickets can be bought for \$3 each, and where the winning ticket will be drawn

on NRL Grand Final day, 6th October 2013.

Nimbin Crossword Solution

From Page 23





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Normal Mon-Fri Week		School Holidays	
Leaving	Arriving	Leaving	Arriving
Lismore Transit Centre	Nimbin - Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre	Nimbin - Main St. (Park)
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	
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	12.45pm	1.15pm *
12.45pm	1.15pm *	3.25pm	4.10pm
3.25pm	4.10pm	6.05pm	6.35pm
4.25pm	5.00pm		
6.05pm	6.35pm		

No Public Holiday Service
Town Service - Wheelchair access available upon request, 24 Hour notice required
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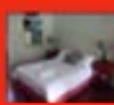
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Lantern Parade ushers in winter

The ancient pagan festival of the Winter Solstice was celebrated again in style in Lismore, with no sign of the usual wet weather that has dogged the event in previous years, leaving the popular event with venue problems.

The Lantern Parade presents so many community groups, schools and organisations, all having made their own illuminated displays, that it is a show of remarkable diversity with a commonality of purpose.

And while Fiery Finale queues at Oakes Oval stretched around the block, the thousands of families remained good-humoured, and warmly applauded the strong program of local entertainers in the lead-up to the eye-catching fire-play routines and fireworks. Congratulations to Jyllie Jackson and her team, and here's hoping all the sums add up, so we can all be there next year.

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<p>COMM. CREEK E.O.I.</p> <p>Country Retreat 300 Acres of pristine paradise at the end of a country road just over an hours drive to the major hubs of Byron Bay and Coolangatta International Airport. Centrally located to all that the magic Wollumbin Caldera has to offer with an amazing variety of all types of native flora and fauna in this magical place where you feel like you may have stepped back to another time and place in the history of Gondwanaland.</p> <p>Nestled into the bosom of the crystal Mount Jerusalem and fed by rambling stone filled creeks this is the perfect extended family getaway or the start of that eco-tourist dream you have been envisioning.</p> <p>There are 2 x 3 bedroom homes, 1 x 2 bed house, 1 x 1 bed house and a converted 2 bed cow hales all self contained and ready to live in or rent as holiday or long term accommodation. So much more!</p>	<p>WADEVILLE \$375,000</p> <p>Rural Hideaway This 6.6 acre property offers plenty of options for rural living. Tucked away on Williams rd at Barkersvale yet handy to local shops and schools with a character filled 3 bedroom home, you have an opportunity to enter the market at a realistic price.</p> <p>Features include: 40-50 various fruit trees, including Banana, Citrus, Mango, Macadamia, kiwi, Apricot, Blueberry and Avocado. A huge chook run with 3 separate fenced and gated yards as well as snake proof housing. An approx. 2 acre creek front paddock where there are resident platypus and tasty catfish among the private swimming holes. 2 Large dams and plenty of water storage. A huge double carport and colorbond shed. This would be ideal for your country getaway or your very own hobby farm.</p>	<p>MT.BURRELL \$490,000</p> <p>Bamboo Forest 12 Acres - a mix of bamboo forest, native bush and cleared home sites with views to Mt.Waring and under the watchful gaze of Sphinx Rock and Mt.Burrell. With a 4 bed house and a couple of studio/workshops for the handyman or artist!</p> <p>Only minutes to The Mount Burrell service centre where all your daily Grocery, fruit, veg, grog and fuel needs are met. An abundance of water from spring fed dams with well fenced tracks over the property to each cleared area.</p> <p>Would make a great start into the small lifestyle acreage living or a super investment for the future. Only 35 minutes to Murwillumbah and under an hour to Coolangatta Airport making this a great tree-change destination. Inspect today!</p>	
<p>KUNGHUR \$485,000</p> <p>What a view! Nestled high on a hill and bordered by the headwaters of the Tweed river sits this near new 3 bed / 2 bath steel-framed Dixon home. With beautiful stone featured floors and a great timber deck taking in the most spectacular views to Mount Burrell, Sphinx Rock and the Nightcap range this is a must to inspect. In fact, there are views from every room in the house!</p> <p>Lots of water storage, good grid connected solar set up as well as a new solar hot water system. There is also a fantastic flat 2 acre pad as part of this rare 11 acre parcel with Tweed river frontage, perfect for camping. In that, potential for an eco-tourist type set up or use it to grow a market garden for veggies and fruit trees with great soil.</p> <p>Just 5 minutes to local shops, schools and transport and only 25 minutes to Murwillumbah. Inspect today.</p>	<p>STONEY CHUTE \$295,000</p> <p>Avalon... This is a truly magical place, a place of healing, a getaway back to our natural intuition and purpose. With privacy, peace, tranquility and the rambling waters of Websters creek running as a backdrop for your own piece of paradise. A 5 acre share on the very organised and easy going community of Avalon nestled in a rainforest and Eucalypt forest sandstone cliff ridge just 15 minutes from the iconic village of Nimbin. Come home to nature every day, yet just under an hour to the bustling hubs of Byron and Tweed Valley shires. A lovingly cared for and tastefully decorated home of 3 bedrooms awaits you. Self sufficiency in its solar power and composting toilet means no nasty bills. Lots of natural timber and glass features in this fully council approved house...you could call home! Inspect now!</p>	<p>BARKERS VALE \$749,000</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 36 ACRES • FULLY IRRIGATED INCOME PRODUCING ORCHARD • VARIOUS DWELLINGS • INFRASTRUCTURE • RAINFOREST POCKET • WATERFALL / CREEKS • PRISTINE SETTING • WALKING / DRIVING TRAILS • 15 MINS. TO NIMBIN 	