

# I BELIEVE

As Catholic kids we had to learn lots of stuff by heart ... and repeat it like parrots whenever the collective 'Let's Get Holy' button was pressed at school or church. Not the least of all this brainwash clatter was the Apostles' Creed; a litany of affirmations of belief in all kinds of crap. Virgin births, resurrections, turning bread and wine into human flesh and blood etc ... and particularly our Holy Mother the Church.

It always made me wonder why such a blokes' club with a misogynistic core that relegated women to virgins or whores ... why they kept referring to this Holy Mother the Church. The word 'Church' wasn't in reference to the buildings in which all the holy stuff happened ... it was referring to a massive collective of blokes all around the world ... from the Pope, the Cardinals, Bishops, Monsignors, Priests, Brothers ... the Jesuits, De La Salles, whoever ... millions of blokes and a few token nuns somehow adopted the oxymoronic title

## Mookxamitosis

by Brendan (Mookx) Hanley

of Holy Mother. Usurping the Female Principle for powering a macho-male money-making machine!

Beliefs. Look at what we do to our kids with bullshit beliefs like Santa Claus, Easter Bunnies and Tooth Fairies. Julie and I were so 'cool' with our kids. We debunked the first two myths thinking we were doing the right thing. Somehow we let the Tooth Fairy escape the purge ... and it ended up one day with a tearful little girl who probably still doesn't trust us 30 years later. We blew it big time.

Santa has to go, Easter Bunnies need a dose of myxo and Tooth Fairies are as false as Granny's dentures. It's barbaric to build fictitious characters to fill a kid's imagination, then one day have to tell them it's all a heap of crap. God of course is the biggest invisible friend of them all - a nasty-tempered, vindictive, genocidal, old bearded bugger with a triangle on his head ... oh shit don't start me on the Trinity.



Father, Son and Holy Ghost - three more blokes! And pardon me but, WTF is a Holy Ghost??? This particular 'Mystery' we were compelled to believe in, was obviously written by a moron of a scriptwriter. And what's it all about anyway? Why was a Trinity so significant? Why not the Fab Four, the Seven Morphs, or the Devout Dozen? I reckon the guy that came up with the Trinity thing couldn't count past three anyway.

Hitler's mob believed in the Master Race, Americans believe that God is on their side, Australians believe in football. Beliefs can make you do things you wouldn't do otherwise. Wars, persecutions, witch-burnings,

hangings, shootings, rape and pillage, beheadings, stonings, imprisonment, torture, toxic vaccinations, plastic food, nuclear disasters, self-destructive existence ... all perpetrated under the umbrellas of people's beliefs.

We have a local Council and Mayor who say they believe that adding one of the most deadly waste product chemicals in the world into our water will fix a few kids' teeth. This ridiculous belief will have far-reaching negative effects on so many levels.

There is so much damning evidence and so many places banning fluoride worldwide that what a few people believe shouldn't be part of the equation.

There is no justification in poisoning a local country populace because you believe some tripe the Party tells you.

What I believe is that water is nature's greatest gift to us. It keeps everything alive. That's a pretty good reason to believe! It's bad enough that we shit and piss in it without a second thought. Leave our water alone! Don't poison it because you believe you're right!

## Patience ... and reward

In the late 1960s, for my final assessment after three years as a trainee winemaker, I was asked by my boss to make a minimum commercial quantity batch of any wine style.

I decided to make a vintage port from some shiraz grapes of excellent quality growing in one of the fruit blocks owned by the winery (most of the several hundred tonnes of fruit were supplied by individual growers).

I asked friends Anastazio, Jose and Jesus to give me help with crushing the grapes in the traditional way, trampling them with bare feet. This is the traditional method in Portugal, the home of origin of port.

It took us three long nights, on top of our shifts in the winery, and several cases of beer. I knew as soon as the fermentation got under way that I had something special on my hands providing I didn't stuff it up. (Some years later a wine-making friend of mine said the first mistake you make as a winemaker is to pick the fruit).

The must grew increasingly mesmerising with the colour deepening to an almost black purple, rich ripe satsuma plum aromas wrapped around a slightly green herbaceousness from the grape stalks and the unmistakable fragrance of "passionfruit" that is integral with all grape fermentations.

I fortified the wine while it was still on skins and stalks with some brandy that was maturing in our cellars. The wine was then drained off and the skins and stalks were pressed in an old wooden



## Fruit of the Vine

by Terry Beltrane

hand operated basket press and the pressings were added back into the wine.

The wine was true to style, completely hand made - and it looked, smelt and tasted like it. I got a pass mark and my boss got some excellent vintage port, which we bottled.

I did nothing to clarify the wine, transferred it into a large, old oak vat and left it to settle naturally over several months and then directly bottled it by hand without any filtration. The bottles then went into an underground concrete tank for maturation.

Three years later, in 1971, I left the winery to move onto other life experiences while the bottles still lay in that underground concrete tank.

In 1990 I was at the Royal Adelaide Wine Show, tasting my way through as many as I could before finally getting around to the fortified wines section of the exhibits. First place and gold medal award was for a 1968 Vintage Port - made by yours truly.

I said a silent "Thanks mate" to the man who had recognised what I'd created and kept it for all those years until it was ready to be enjoyed at its best.

terryb88@tpg.com.au

## THE GREAT BANYAN TREE

### *Ironically Yours*

Travel diary of the irreverent

by Dionne May

Dappled light filters softly through the canopy of leaves of this ancient banyan tree. Her limbs have spread over a five hundred-metre radius, creating her own jungle. She is reputed to be 10,000 years old. A mighty, majestic, magnificent mother.

Within her holy embrace sits Chalti Kherli Ashram in the state of Punjab. I sit beside my beloved friend Julie. Two Nimbin women sharing a special experience. My good friend and Naga, Baba Amrit, has invited us to his guru's ashram on the outskirts of a small rural village in the state of Punjab, a wide fertile plain between the Himalayas.

The rivers rush down from the mountains flowing a clear icy aquamarine blue and feed the golden fields of ripe wheat. The people are proud, wealthy farmers of predominantly Sikh religion. They wear resplendent bold coloured turbans that take up to an hour each day to put

on. Their religion is a break away from Hinduism and what was at first a bloody rift six hundred years ago has settled into something quite amazing to experience. Two religions living side by side in harmony.

Within the walls of this active sacred ashram we have witnessed a crossover of respect between these religions that is inspiring. Here the Holy Baba plays an integral role in the community. Each day the full spectrum of this community visits the ashram to pay their respects. Hindu and Sikh, old and young, they enter the cool courtyard nestled around the base of the mighty tree. They bless the gods in the small temple to the right, and at the Shiva shrine at the base of the tree.

Inside awaits the Baba sitting on his platform. They enter and touch his feet. He in turn blesses them by giving them prasad (small rice sweets). Everyone sits cross-legged on the floor while details of lives are exchanged and any problems discussed. Always these visitors bear gifts or perform small cleaning jobs. A small



pail of fresh milk, wheat, rice, sometimes a little money, blessing the giver with the virtue of giving and sharing.

This in turn leaves the Baba free of the trappings of work, money and family responsibilities to do the necessary soul and spiritual work to help guide the family man. A perfect symbiotic relationship.

My journey continues as I follow my friend Amrit from ashram to ashram, always warmly welcomed. Surrounded by 13 Babas one night I had visions of Dwarves and Middle Earth. Another night I slept peacefully between two Babas next to the flowing waters of the Gunga River, waking to the birds morning call and the curious looks of many Indians!

From the 50 degree



simmering heat of India's pre-monsoon Summer in Himachal Pradesh and Rishikesh to a snow storm climbing the gruelling pilgrim trek to the Holy Shiva Temple at Kedarnath in Uttarakhand, 3584 metres high.

Perhaps predictably this run of luck hit a wall in the shape of 11 Indian policemen a few nights ago. Keen to get off the freezing Himalayan mountains, our group of three Babas and I pushed on against mounting resistance. We forged through four



police road blocks, incredible fatigue, and for me a small dose of Acute Mountain Sickness to deliver ourselves neatly into their waiting hands.

A small quantity of charas is found as they menacingly search the car and while possession is still illegal here, Babas are usually granted a degree of tolerance. Until

now. With respect for these Holy Babas dwindling and police corruption rife, these police gleefully stood around clutching their crotches and counting the Rupees as I step out of the car. Two of these Babas are in jail now. I visited them today and will do all that I can for them in this menacing and corrupt system.



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# Mount Barney, Mount Maroon, Snapper Point



by Michele Alberth and Michael Smith

No way would I miss out on this walk! Having been to the 'Lower Portals' of Mount Barney a couple of years ago, and having caught a glimpse of this amazing mountain and its surrounding peaks many times on my way to Brisbane, I was really excited about this bushwalking weekend in May. After all, our very own Kyogle Basalts are the lava remains from an ancient volcano which had erupted there some 24 million years ago. What a spectacle this must have been!

Setting off from Kyogle on a beautiful, cloudless Saturday morning, we reached the start to our 'Lower Portals' walk around midday. The well-marked track through quite dry but lovely countryside full of grass trees and spotted gums, led us to Mt Barney Creek, which we crossed easily, hopping over the rocks without getting our feet wet. The track then continued alongside the creek, till we reached a point where the only way forward was to squeeze/climb through some giant boulders to reach the 'Lower Portals' (where the Mt Barney creek re-emerges from a subterranean route). It is an amazingly beautiful place, with a crystal-clear pool of water surrounded by huge boulders – a good place to sit for a while to contemplate and enjoy.

That night, back at camp, we were surprised by the visit of a cute and inquisitive brush-tail possum that seemed to know quite a bit about humans. What a delightful end to a lovely day!

– Michele Alberth

Michael continues the weekend camp story:

The possums were all back in their tree hollows by the time we arrived at the Mount Maroon car park. It was full. Groups were assembling for the upward thrust. I

noticed a mob of oldish ladies move off. They seemed to be in their eighties. We should be able to pass them.

Maroon shows up as a giant peak just north of Mount Barney, over the border, in Queensland. A steep rocky trail leads up to the gully. Here the grade 5 begins; fit people only. Not quite a rock climb, but plenty of opportunities to scramble your body. The first false summit was reached, a rocky lookout with an A-grade view. We paused for a nibble and a rest with a group of walkers we had caught up with. Silhouetted on a ridge further up were the octogenarian ladies, pressing on, looking strong.

The walking was less severe from here, an easy ramble to the rocky cairn at the top. Big mob of people, mostly younger. Plenty of overnights kept arriving, having done the longer, harder, routes. It was marvellous to see the gear they bristled with. One chap was reading on his Kindle, pausing to take in the 360-degree view.

To the south were the twin peaks of Mount Barney, and beyond, Mount Lindesay. The tip of Mount Warning peeked over the Border Ranges. All around, places less familiar, lakes, farms, towns and peaks unknown. Smart phones and GPSs clicked. I asked one lady if she had ever activated the EPIRB she had clipped to her shoulder strap. Three times she had called up a rescue. I listened to the grim tales of pain and survival. I got to admire the expensive clothing, equipment and quality lunches.

Our humble Club members took it in, and headed back down. We never caught up with those old girls. Probably they had tired of the view and moved on for a more worthy challenge. I wonder now if I had ever seen them at all. My muscles were sore for the next 4 days. Mount Maroon, I can tell you, is a beauty.

– Michael Smith



Seven of us gathered in late May at Dirrawong Reserve, Evans Head, to do the Grade 2 walk to Snapper Point. There was a wind, but nothing drastic. A beach walk at first, where we found a freshwater spring pumping up through the sand. Then up through coastal heathland, lots of lovely banksias. As we got closer to the area of the bombing range the wind grew to a 30-knot monster, whipping up sand. Three of us decided not to get sand-blasted, turned back, found a lovely sheltered picnic spot on the beach. Waited for the others to return. Unfortunately, we missed the spectacle that Michael now describes:

Here, on the edge of the bombing range, nature had turned wild and challenging. Seas pounded the river floodwater into a stew of rolling, flying, engulfing foam. We ran quickly across the grassy knoll, to a cliffy bay that had on a remarkable display. The unique topography funneled the wind to drive the foam vertically up the cliffs, to swirl, then shoot across the landscape. A snowstorm, an orgasm. Too windy to stand, we flopped on the tormented grass to watch this impossible scene. What are in reality black and solid volcanic cliffs were white and quivering. We hopped around the rocks to join the others for lunch in a poetic setting. Great rollers, driven north by the wind, had swung around the headland and headed back into the wind that had created them. Before spending their energy, each wave curled and left behind a rooster-tail of spray all the way to the beach.

– Michael Smith

## Walks Program for June

### Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc.

**Saturday June 8th**

**Don Durrant's 'Afterlee'**

(20 mins west of Kyogle)

**Leader** Don Durrant (6633-3138 at night).

**Grade 3**, 5 hr walk through superb rainforest, all on tracks and easy grades (really!) – no lawyer vine!

**Meet** 9am at end of Vidlers Road, off Afterlee Road. **Bring** food for picnic, water.

**Sunday June 23rd**

**Minyon Falls to Condong Falls**

**Leader** Michele Alberth, Catherine Baker (6684-2160)

**Grade 2**, 3hrs, 4km on fire trails and walking tracks, quite a few steps. Two waterfalls and lots of wildflowers.

**Meet** 10am Minyon Falls picnic area (top of falls).

**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)*

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# Brand new day



View from the Woodenbong hills

by Marilyn Scott

It's a new day... and I'm alive to experience it. Thank you seems so small.

The first kookaburra chortle reverberates through the fog, enveloping the surrounds. The ground is wet from the light rain, the air so pure, old man's beard everywhere.

The stillness brings joy, such exhilaration to my being, an excited chatter of birds in the trees down in the valley. Sounds like ibis from here. Rain still falling gently, love embraces my being, the care, the kindness surrounds all living things.

I feel the presence surround my form, it's close, it's intimate, but it has no name. This gentle presence fills my

awareness. I can feel tears building.

Life is so magnificent; do we understand its meaning, do we give thanks every morning first thing on awakening? Do we feel the peace build inside, radiating outwards, everywhere we look? Life is an amazing blessing. Such a paradise has been given, a gift beyond thought to support and nourish our bodies as we fill our hearts with love.

More life is awake now, how sweet the sounds, so harmonious, such a magnificent world. I breathe through my nostrils, air full of vital prana, healing magick.

I can feel on my skin the presence of Life, I am not alone. The Mother has nurtured me back to health, a journey of wonder; a mystical experience, so deep the

journey. All is here now; we have all we need. Life is giving, each and every second.

As I've sat and accepted, opened and let go of my fears and my worries, and the possibility of losing my life. I awake to a world so near yet so far, a wonderland of beauty. I've been healed with the support of so many, without physical form. Their presence has never left me, my call was heard.

I have no doubt of the healing power of Life, beyond anything we could ever imagine. The Earth provides all we need, our food, our water, and our shelter, the air that we breathe.

And when we're sick she provides the medicine to restore us to health.

We live in a world of healing. Thank you seems so small.



## Nimbin Garden Club Notes



by Gil

### Pretty Gully Style

The May club meeting was held at Athol and Will's mature sprawling garden located on the Pretty Gully community, Byrill Creek. Although some distance from Nimbin, this garden attracted more than a dozen hardy members on a cool yet sunny afternoon.

Sited on a very generous hectare of terraced hillside, Athol and Will's garden features a mix of native and exotic species, including many mature trees, ornamental shrubs and grasses, a large veggie patch, an orchard, a propagation nursery, rock walls, a succulent garden and clumping bamboos.

Among my personal favourites were a large NZ Kauri (*Agathis australis*), an American Swamp Cypress (*Taxodium distichum*), an in-



flower Gordonia (*G. axillaris*), a south Asian Elephant Apple (*Dillenia indica*), and a clump of striped weeping bamboo. Terrific thanks also to Will and Athol for being so generous with their 'samples' and cuttings etc.

### Next Meeting

The June meeting of the club will be a visit to Diana Roberts and Sam Herren's home garden located at 89 Cecil Street Nimbin (look out for the Garden Club signs). The visit, which will include the club's Annual General Meeting, will take place at 2pm on Saturday 15th June.

Diana and Sam's house was originally the 'Belleridge' homestead built around 100 years ago. The gardens on this 12 acre property are well established and contain old fig trees, bamboo groves, bromeliad gardens, an orchard and vegetable garden.



## Ugandan Tales

by Peter Atkinson

An incident that illustrates the smallness of man and the awesome power and wildness of Africa happened in Queen Elizabeth game reserve. I know everyone has seen film of the wildlife, but there is nothing like being there.

An American friend, Mark, and I had the whole game park to ourselves (Amin scared all the tourists away). We had been wandering all over, seeing a leopard in a tree, giraffes, elephants, rhinos etc, when we saw a cloud of dust a couple of hundred metres away. I immediately drove straight towards it.

Three lions had a buffalo in their jaws. The lioness had a grip suspended from the buffalo's neck with its jaws deep in the throat, while the two males were on top of the neck and hanging from the side. The buffalo was spinning round and round, bellowing and kicking out futilely. After what seemed like ages, its front leg collapsed onto its knee and it soon went down, landing partly on one of the males. He shook himself free and quickly got a jaw covered in blood on the neck. They stayed like this for quite some time until the buffalo's leg, which had been twitching in the air, gradually sagged.

The two males rolled over and lay about puffing and panting and passing a casual eye over us in the landrover, engine running all the time, about forty metres away. The lioness, however, went to the back end and, after ripping away strips of flesh and skin came up with a foetus about the size of a normal dog. It climbed a nearby tree and lay the meal on a limb. Then it relaxed and slowly licked away the afterbirth or whatever it was.

Words cannot explain the feelings that were going through me as I watched all this, but my heart was pounding and



adrenaline pumping. I felt insignificant and somehow terrified. Mark was feeling it too, as we hadn't spoken a word the whole time, so mesmerised were we.

The two males gradually stirred and started chewing on the back end. By this time there were several buzzards circling around then landing between us and the lions. More and more came 'til we felt intimidated by them, so we backed off a little. Next came the hyenas. Their numbers grew until there were mobs of them squabbling with each other and the buzzards and sneaking up on the lions who carried on chewing and occasionally snarling at whatever came too close.

When a mob of warthogs arrived, it was getting a little crowded. The hyenas weren't shy about the landrover and when they started snuffling around the tyres we decided it was time to leave, so we drove off, still buzzing.

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# Both Headers senior teams end May on top of table



Phil Courtney slams in a penalty to open the scoring against Alstonville

Match reports by PAC

## Round 6, Saturday 18th May Men's Fourth Division. Nimbin Headers Vs Alstonville

This was a very lively match, and Alstonville played well above their lowly status, with play flowing from end to end. After about 15 minutes, a shot came in from one of the Headers forwards which hit a defender's arm – a penalty to the Headers, which was duly dispatched by Phil Courtney; smacked high into the net, and the Villa keeper who dived the right way nearly touched it. Headers 1 Villa 0.

Then the Headers were lining up to add a second with four corners in a row and the last one was flicked on and headed into the net, but the young linesman had his flag up and the referee went over and spoke to him and awarded a free kick to Alstonville for offside or a foul? As I was taking a photo at that time, I was unable to agree or disagree.

Minutes later, Headers forward Steve Wadington split the defence and as the keeper came out, Steve shoots past him and just past the far post. The Headers do get their second goal and at half time it's Headers 2 Alstonville 0.

The second half starts like the first, but Alstonville offered less in attack than they did in the first half and were on the back foot. Though they did have two corners in a row that the Headers defended well. The Headers' third goal came in on the left-hand side as one of our two young attackers slotted one past the keeper



and into the right hand corner of the net: 3-0 to the Headers.

The Headers were all over the opposition now and a fourth goal was added to the list.

But for the Villa keeper it could have been six goals upwards, as he made at least four wonderful saves and defused many more threatening situations.

Full time: Headers 4 Villa 0

## Round 5, Sunday 19th May, Women's Fourth Division. Nimbin Headers Vs Tintenbar

Tintenbar are top of the table on 10 points and the Headers are fourth on 7 points. The first 20 minutes showed this, as both teams had a go, but no goals.

Headers striker Ruby Grabovski has a shot from the right that just misses the far post. Five minutes later, Ruby has another shot which the keeper spills but no Headers forward was following in to pick up the crumbs and the chance was missed. Half time 0-0.

For the first 10 minutes of the second half, Tintenbar had most of the ball. Then the Headers got into it

## Rainbow brings the ball to heel in the Tintenbar game

again and had a few attacks on goal and also a corner kick, but nothing came of it. About 20 minutes in, a Tintenbar player challenging for a ball twisted her knee near the sideline, and there was a long break before she was stretchered off.

After the break, Headers were on the attack a lot, but the goal would not come.

Not long left in the match and Ruby has another shot, but over the top again.

Then Tintenbar are on the attack and a shot came in but a good save by the Headers keeper who had to stop the ball and then gather it in. Well done Myf, who replaced Emma in goal at half time. Time is now running out fast when Ruby's through on goal, and her shot smacks the bar and falls safe, then the referee blows for full time: Headers 0 Tintenbar 0.

## Men's Fourth Division

	Play	Win	Draw	Loss	Pts	F	A	+/-
Nimbin Headers	7	5	1	1	16	31	8	+23

## Women's Fourth Division

	Play	Win	Draw	Loss	Pts	F	A	+/-
Nimbin Headers	7	4	2	1	14	19	7	+12



## Nimbin Headers Grade 12 mixed team

size increases as they get older until they're on a full field at 12 years.

The number of players on the field also increases as the kids get older. Five year olds play with four on the field. The game scores are not recorded. There is no ladder, no finals and no winner of the 'competition' at the end of the season. The changes were controversial at the time, so it has been interesting to observe the Headers 12 year old team, coached by Mark Whitlen. These are the first juniors in our club to go all the way through playing in this non-competitive structure.

The idea is to remove the pressure of 'needing' to win the season's competition. This has significantly changed the experience of the parents and coaches and what they do with the children. The players have much more freedom to experiment, take risks and just have fun. Kids who are competitive continue to be so and will always be able to quote the score and give blow by blow descriptions of the game.

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Our 12 year olds are a cohesive group who, at its core, have been playing together since they were six. It has been fascinating watching them mature from little cuties who played with their hands in their pockets, wandered off to turn cartwheels at a whim, or needed their mum on the

field during training. Now they are fit, fast and capable. Their first game was very exciting and a real rite of passage in their soccer career and as young teenagers. They have won four out of four games and are at the top of the 2nd division ladder, four points ahead of second place.

They have excellent fitness and are enjoying the space of the full field. They are developing their game strategies and beginning to find team combinations that work well. Mark, their coach, whilst aiming for finals is not losing sight of developing them as a team. His long-term objective is a team with skill and depth, with players who know each other's game, can cover for each other and is not dependent on any one player.

This side is shaping up to be a shining star for the club. One to watch.



## May match results

### Men's Fourth Division

Round 4 Saturday 4th May.

Kyogle 1 Nimbin Headers 6

Round 5 Tuesday 7th May, Italo Stars 0 Nimbin Headers 0

Round 6 Saturday 18th May, Nimbin Headers 4 Alstonville 0

Round 7 Saturday 25th May, Bangalow 2 Nimbin Headers 6

### Women's Fourth Division

Round 4 Sunday 5th May, Pottsville 2 Nimbin Headers 2

Round 5 Sunday 19th May, Nimbin Headers 0 Tintenbar 0

Round 6 Friday 24th May, Ballina 1 Nimbin Headers 4 (Ruby 3 Myf 1)

Round 7 Sunday 26th May, Lismore Workers 1 Nimbin Headers 4 (Ruby 3 Ashley 1)

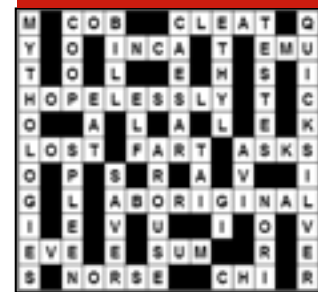
## Headers Juniors Report

by Simone Ruttley

About six years ago soccer for junior teams was restructured on the north coast from competitive to non-competitive games. This means that kids playing soccer aged 11 and under play on small pitches. The

## Nimbin Crossword Solution

From Page 23



## PiXiE the BUiLDER

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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
		9.00am	9.35am
		12.45pm	1.15pm *
		3.25pm	4.10pm
		6.05pm	6.35pm
		Leaving	Arriving
		Nimbin – Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre
		7.52am	8.50am
		9.00am	9.35am
		12.45pm	1.15pm *
		3.25pm	4.10pm
		4.25pm	5.00pm
		6.05pm	6.35pm

\* Mondays & Thursdays Only

No Public Holiday Service  
 Town Service - Wheelchair access available upon request, 24 Hour notice required  
 Some Buses connect in Nimbin for Operators to Murwillumbah



## Skaters see the light



by Jennifer Parke

Jayden Morrison

The Nimbin skate park became a popular chill-out venue at this year's MardiGrass.

The unfenced space, manicured lawns, skating action, sunshine and lights at night combined to ensure this was the place to be all weekend.

People loved the look of the flowing curves and shadows created by the multiple lights, which were primarily erected for safety reasons by skate park volunteers to ensure people didn't accidentally fall into the bowls at night.

The only people falling into the bowls were the skaters!

One out-of-town skater said that he used night skating as a reason to pace himself during the day. Lit-up skate bowls at night are a rare opportunity, and highly valued by skaters everywhere.

Full credit goes to Neil Morrison for preparing, cleaning and maintaining the park leading up to and during the weekend, with help from other volunteers including Bill Cox, Laurelli Anderson, and Nathan Carthew.

Gold Coast skaters Pee Wee and Harry, MC'd the Bowl Jam (an opportunity for skaters to pitch their talents

against each other) and did a great job getting the skaters going hard and keeping the crowd involved.

Special thanks to all the businesses that donated merchandise for the successful weekend and skate jam, including Pharside, Murwillumbah; Truck Stop, Ballina; Byron Bay Indoor Skate Park, and 36 Chambers, Lismore, plus locals: Bringabong, Nimbin Tattoo Studio, Hemp Embassy, Nimbin Hotel and Nimbin Service Station.

Bill Cox commented that our talented local skaters spent the weekend showing their prowess when they weren't sitting next to the big red truck on the hill like the Lords of the Park that they are.

Periodically, they helped sell drinks to fund more thrones (built by Nathan Carthew) and concrete.

The tables, chairs, benches and additional fixtures at the park have all been funded by on-going fundraising efforts by Friends Of Nimbin Skaters (FONSK8), primarily organised by Laurelli Anderson.

## Who reads the GoodTimes?

Currently, the 15,500 copies are distributed monthly throughout all six LGAs of the Rainbow Region. The following towns and village are serviced by our volunteer delivery staff, to whom we are eternally grateful:

Alstonville	Lismore
Ballina	Lennox Head
Bangalow	Main Arm
Bilambil	Mallanganee
Billinudgel	Modanville
Bexhill	Mooball
Blue Knob	Mount Burrell
Bonalbo	Mullumbimby
Bray Park	Murwillumbah
Broken Head	New Brighton
Brunswick Heads	Nimbin
Burringbar	North Lismore
Byron Bay	Ocean Shores
Casino	South Golden Beach
Chinderah	South Lismore
Condong	Stokers Siding
Coraki	Suffolk Park
Crabbes Creek	Tabulam
Dunoon	Terranora
Drake	Tintenbar
East Ballina	The Channon
Eltham	Tumbulgum
Ewingsdale	Tweed Heads South
Federal	Tweed Heads West
Fingal Head	Tyagarah
Goolmangar	Tyalgum
Goonellabah	Uki
Greenhills	Wadeville
Kingscliff	Woodenbong
Kyogle	plus Sydney, Brisbane, Bello

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## Showing how it's done

by Pixie, fishing reporter

Fishing out of Evans Head on a beautiful Sunday morning with no wind and a small swell, three members of the Nimbin Heads Fishing Team, Cal, Dooee, Pix and 10-year old grandson Zaydn (pictured), went out early through a non-existent bar and out to sea through the fog, just to make the day a bit more spectacular.

The fish were hard to find early, but when we did find them, Zaydn showed us guys just how to hook up, with him catching the biggest trag of the day, as well as a 2kg snapper that was also the biggest snapper of the day. He caught a total of nine fish, which was the most fish of the day. Good fishing, Zaydn.

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*This initiative was funded by the Australian Government.*

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