

**Saturday 7th January, 2014**

## **Issue 3**

Produced & Printed by



# **THE DRYBLOWER**

**Cue's only Dedicated News Resource**  
**on what's happening in and around Cue**

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Government of Western Australia  
Department of Regional Development



ROYALTIES  
FOR REGIONS

Keeping you informed of what is happening in the Community of Cue



The Dryblower is a non-profit community newspaper edited, printed produced and distributed by the Cue CRC.

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## From the Editors Desk

**It is traditional as we welcome in the New Year for us make resolutions that we hope will either better our lives, our health, or our situation in life. This got me thinking about why we do this and why we choose a New Year to do same when in reality New Year's Day is only a date in the calendar and nothing more. As Ralph Waldo Emerson once said "Life is a journey, and not a destination"**

We tend to romanticise the "end" of the journey/journeys through life that we go on. There are many, and some are difficult. On these paths, we hope to have some sort of great prize awaiting our arrival. The truth, though, is that life is not really so much about the destination, the ending place one arrives at, as it is about the road and experiences one takes away from the whole thing.

We should look at our lives. Do not the vast majority of us seem to be "on the way to somewhere"? It's always another climb, another great distance to cross. We look at only the horizon where we hope to eventually be, and never at the ground beneath our feet, a place that deserves more of our attention than anything else. Because it just doesn't end. The path we just took leads us to a hundred more, as the process of discovery is not a short one.

Those that look back on their lives and regret not doing more are those that had their lives glued to the horizon and nothing else. Doesn't it always seem as though the road you're currently on is just a never ending lane of endlessness? Sometimes that's exactly what it is. I'm not for one minute saying nothing ever changes nor am I saying that that single road will stretch on forever onto the very edges of our universe. I'm saying that you're always on some sort of road, and that cycle of roads never ends. It explains the sometimes painful monotony we all come up against. I don't see how growth can ever have a final point. I don't believe true perfection can ever be achieved as long as we're human. It's something that frankly doesn't exist for us. I do not think that those thoughts deserve their space in our collective minds.

We like to have a point, an exact location where we can set our minds up for expectation. Results of some kind, whatever kind we imagine about and settle on. It's a closed minded way of living. It's that kind of mentality that can ruin the experience of the whole adventure. To learn about what life is all about, it's meaning to you, a shift in mindset has to be made. No longer can we march through life with all our focus on the reward perched at the "end" of the road. We rush through far too often, attention on the things that don't feed our souls. Living like that only leads to unhappiness that is sadly so apparent in the world today.

Instead, I honestly believe that our attention and energy should be concentrated on the journey of exploration and discovery, of mistakes and learning. That is where the true rewards, the truly important pieces of life lie.

Quite simply it's not about getting there, it's not how quickly one can arrive. It's about what you take away from your experiences on the way there. Growth and learning has no limit. It's about the journey, not the destination, so perhaps the best New Year's resolution we can make is to focus on the journey, not the destination. Joy is found not in finishing an activity but in doing it.

Have a happy and rewarding New Year

Ian W. Dennis

Editor



# Cue Christmas Party



*The Christmas gathering in the park was a huge success Thankyou to the shire of Cue and the tireless workers before and after the event . Without you this event could not have been the success that it was.*



# Santa at the Cue Christmas Party



*Of course no Christmas event would be the same without Father Christmas, arriving traditionally on the fire truck.*

*Santa and his helper made a lot of children happy and many presents were handed out with no children going without. Thankyou Santa and your helper, without you it wouldn't be Christmas.*

## President's Report January, 2014

Early one Sunday morning prior to Christmas, I had the misfortune to slip and break my left elbow. My good fortune was it

happened here in Cue where my colleagues in the ambulance service strapped me up and got me to Meekatharra hospital where, after rapid and cheerful treatment from the doctors and nurses, the Meeka Ambo's transferred me to the R.F.D.S for a flight to a Perth Hospital and the following day I had an operation to repair the break. I seriously doubt my injury could have been dealt with more expeditiously even had the accident occurred in the city and a huge thank you to every one involved.

A downside to the above is that I'm not available for ambulance duty for some weeks which means this service is seriously compromised until other volunteers return from holiday. So please be very careful, don't drink and drive, and watch out for snakes as there have been several sightings reported from various locations around town.

## From the C.E.O.'s Desk

It is hoped that all had a very enjoyable Christmas and New Year. Most of the Shire staff has been on holidays however the few that remained kept things ticking along nicely. All staff will recommence work on the 6th of January and our normal operations will recommence.

2013 promises to be a very busy year with a number of projects nearing finalisation and with others that are to commence, along with the normal compliance issues. We still have a lot of work to do on the roads and general town maintenance and this will keep us busy for the foreseeable future.

Our Deputy CEO, Mr Terrence Bragg has resigned and has relocated back to South Australia to be with his family. At this stage we won't be looking to fill the Deputy position and will carry on with our existing staff levels.

I was able to get back to Cue in time to attend the community Christmas Party on December 14, which was very well attended and another big thank you to every one who was involved with organising food and preparing the venue ahead of Santa's visit on the Fire engine. Congratulations to Mal and Maria for winning the Christmas lights competition and to Suzy and Graham, Val and Phillip for taking out second and third prizes respectively. Given the on-going generous support from sponsors, this event has potential to become a local tradition.

The next major public event will be Australia Day, details of which will be posted on notice boards. Australia Day is also when the local citizen of the year is announced. Council was pleased to note two very worthy candidates were nominated, but in both cases the nominees declined the honour. Hopefully next year will see more nominations and an acceptance!

I wish to mark the untimely death of Ron Pawson, a former Cue Shire Councillor who passed away earlier in December. Ron had an abiding interest in the shire and his presence in the gallery will be missed. My condolences to Corry and his family in their bereavement.

Best wishes for a happy and healthy new year,  
Roger

Unfortunately we will not be able to present a citizen of the year award at the Australia Day celebrations as the two persons nominated declined the nominations. Both of these nominees would have been very worthy recipients and I personally thank them for their unselfish endeavours to assist members of the community.

Cyclone Christine looked as though it may cause problems for us; however this time Mother Nature smiled upon us and the rain was more of welcome relief rather than cause infrastructure damage.

As always, I have an open door policy as such if anyone wants to discuss any issues with me directly I am more than happy for this to occur.

John McCleary, Esq, JP, bBus  
Chief Executive Officer





## Christmas Lights Competition 2013

And the winners are.....

1st— Mal & Maria Taylor

2nd— Sue Ward

3rd— Val & Phillip



Encouragements Prizes—

.Liz Houghton

.Fred Spindler

.Owen & Rose Hauge

### Sponsored by:

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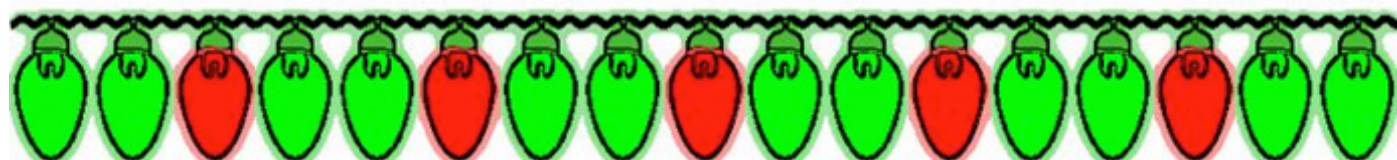
Murchison Club Hotel

Murchison Traders

Shire of Cue

Silverlake Resources

Thank you to everyone who participated in this years competition 2013.



# I'M ALERT Food Safety

## INTERACTIVE ONLINE TRAINING



### Food Safety - Are you ALERT?

**Do you and your staff have the skills and knowledge required to ensure safe food for your customers?**

**Food Safety is your Business.** It is the responsibility of a Food Business to ensure that all food sold is safe and suitable.

This information package has been developed by qualified and experienced Environmental Health professionals and is equivalent in scope to a two-day consultant delivered course.

The interactive, logical and easy learning format will assist you and your staff to develop the skills and knowledge required to ensure safe food for your customers and to comply with your obligations under the Food Safety Standards for Australia and New Zealand.

Most sections include an interactive quiz. Upon completion of the program, a training acknowledgement form can be saved or emailed and filed as part of your food safety records.

### Course Index

- Overview
- Foodborne Illness
- Potentially Hazardous Food
- Contamination of Food
- Temperature Control
- Food Handling Skills and Knowledge
- Food Receipt
- Food Storage
- Food Processing
- Food Display
- Food Packaging
- Food Transportation
- Food Disposal
- Food Recall
- Health of Persons Who Handle Food
- Hygiene of Food Handlers
- General Duties of Food Businesses
- Cleanliness
- Cleaning and Sanitising of Specific Equipment
- Structure, Design and Maintenance
- Temperature Measuring Devices
- Single Use Items
- Animals and Pests
- Management Control Techniques (HACCP, Food Safety Programs)

### Minimum System Requirements

- Internet Connection (Broadband Recommended)
- PC, Mac or iPad
- Modern Web Browser
- Screen Resolution of 1024x768 or Higher
- Speakers (or Headphones)
- Adobe Reader version 5 or higher

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## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY

### PLANT OPERATOR

The Shire of Cue is seeking the services of a full-time Plant Operator to compliment the team in the Works and Services Department.

This position will require the successful applicant to be able to operate the following pieces of plant:

- Loader
- Skid Steer Loader
- Backhoe
- Vibrating Roller
- D6 Dozer
- Grader
- Semi – Road Train Combination

The successful applicant will preferably have the following qualifications / endorsements:

- Current MC or HC Drivers License
- Plant certificates of competency
- Police Clearance

The Shire of Cue is an organisation that values our employees and we will look for people who can demonstrate the following characteristics:

- Reliability
- Honesty
- Integrity
- Punctuality
- Teamwork
- Safe Systems of Work

Applications are to include a CV with referees, and a covering letter indicating your ability and experience to meet the role requirements.

For enquiries about this position, please contact John McAllan on 0427074201 or John McCleary on 0427080205



# Australia Day

## *Sunday, 26th of January*



**Water Slide**

**Family  
Entertainment**

**Games,  
Prizes  
Face Painting**

**Hamburgers,  
Slushies, Hot Dogs  
Lamingtons and lots more**

**Please view the community  
notice boards for updates on this  
event to celebrate Australia Day  
in Cue**



# Public NOTICES



**Water exercises to be held  
in Mount Magnet**



**Friday morning leaving Cue  
at 9am from the CRC  
commencing on January 10th**

**All interested people should contact**

**Ruth on 9963119 or Jenni On 99631020**



## Interesting training method

A young man named Jon received a parrot as a gift. Unfortunately, the parrot had a bad attitude and an even worse vocabulary. Every word out of the bird's mouth was rude, obnoxious and laced with profanity.

Jon tried and tried to change the bird's attitude by consistently saying only polite words, playing soft music, reading scripture to the bird, and anything else he could think of to "clean up" the bird's vocabulary, but it continued to spew profanities at a remarkable rate.

Finally Jon was fed up. He yelled at the parrot. The parrot yelled back. Jon shook the parrot and the parrot got even angrier and more rude. In desperation, Jon finally grabbed the bird and shut him in the freezer. For a few minutes the parrot squawked and kicked and screamed. Then, suddenly there was total quiet, not a peep was heard.

Fearing he had killed the foul-mouthed bird, Jon quickly opened the door to the freezer. The parrot calmly stepped out onto Jon's outstretched arm and said "I believe I may have offended you with my crude language and actions. I am sincerely remorseful for any inappropriate transgressions and fully intend to do everything I can do to correct my rude and unforgivable behaviour."

Jon was stunned at the change in the bird's attitude. He was about to ask the parrot why he had made such a dramatic change in his behaviour, but the bird continued...

"By the way, what did the TURKEY DO?"



# Out and About in Cue for Christmas



A sample of the Christmas Lights around Cue, Congratulations to all those who lit up Cue for Christmas, it was a great display and a real credit to all those who made the effort.

# January



Jo Jackson 07/01  
Richard Berg 07/01  
Jayzia Cooper 16/01



# Houses for Rent

## Three fully furnished rental properties Available.

1 x 3 bed 1 bath

1 x 3 bed 1 bath

1 x 4 bed 1 bath

starting at \$500pw Neg.

All rooms have individual air conditioners and all houses fitted with RCD units and smoke alarms to comply with new Government regulations.

“Very tidy properties that would suit discerning families working in the mining industries.”

All enquiries to

Levi Clarke

Mob: 0458 508 824 email: [leviclarke7@bigpond.com](mailto:leviclarke7@bigpond.com)

## Take a Year End Attitude Inventory

It's a wise custom to end the old year and begin a new one with serious self reflection. What did you learn this year that can improve your life and make you a better person.

Start by examining the way you think and feel about your job, your relationships, and yourself. After all the single most important factor in personal happiness and your impact on others is your attitude.

In the geometry of life, the axiom is 'positive attitudes produce positive results.' They make success more likely, failures less harmful, pleasures more frequent, and pain more bearable. Some people tend to bring warm sunshine wherever they go, others bring chills. What do you bring?

To find out where you can improve, take an honest inventory of your predispositions, the attitude you're most likely to start with.

**Are you generally optimistic or pessimistic?**

**Do you tend to assume the best or expect the worst of people?**

**Is your first instinct to be emphatic or judgemental?**

**Is your first instinct to be supportive or critical?**

**Do you send the message that you can enjoy life or that you're barely enduring it?**

**Do you come across as the captain of your own ship or simply a passenger?**

Wherever you are on the positive-attitude spectrum, think how much better things would be if you were more consistently and self-consciously optimistic, empathetic, grateful, enthusiastic, hopeful and cheerful

So why not resolve to think, act and speak more positively about yourself, your family, your co-workers and everyone else in your life?



# Poet's Corner

## Outback

by Henry Lawson

The old year went, and the new returned, in the withering weeks of drought;  
The cheque was spent that the shearer earned, and the sheds were all cut out;  
The publican's words were short and few, and the publican's looks were black-  
And the time had come, as the shearer knew, to carry his swag Out Back.

For time means tucker, and tramp you must, where the scrubs and plains are wide,  
With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a mountain peak to guide;  
All day long in the dust and heat- when summer is on the track-  
With stinted stomachs and blistered feet, they carry their swags Out Back.

He tramped away from the shanty there, when the days were long and hot,  
With never a soul to know or care if he died on the track or not.  
The poor of the city have friends in woe, no matter how much they lack,  
But only God and the swagman know how a poor man fares Out Back.

He begged his way on the parched Paroo and the Warrego tracks once more,  
And lived like a dog, as the swagmen do, til the western station shore;  
But men were many, and sheds were full, for work in the town was slack-  
The traveller never got hands in wool, though he tramped for a year Out Back

In stifling noons when his back was wrung by its load, and the air seemed dead,  
And the water warmed in the bag that hung to his aching arm like lead.  
For in times of flood, when plains were seas and the scrubs were cold and black,  
He ploughed in mud to his trembling knees, and paid for his sins Out Back.

And dirty and careless and old he wore, as his lamp of hope grew dim;  
He tramped for years, til the swag he bore seemed part of himself to him.  
As a bullock drags in the sandy ruts, he followed the dreary track,  
With never a thought but to reach the huts when the sun went down Out Back.

He chanced one day when the north wind blew in his face like a burnace-breath.  
He left the track for a tank he knew- twas a shorter cut to death;  
For the bed of the tank was hard and dry, and crossed with many a crack.  
And, oh! it's a terrible thing to die of thirst in the scrub Out Back.

A drover came, but the fringe of law was eastward many a mile:  
He never reported the thing he saw, for it was not worth his while.  
The tanks are full, and the grass is high in the mulga off the track,  
Where the bleaching bones of a white man lie by his mouldering swag Out Back.

For time means tucker, and tramp they must, where the plains and scrubs are wide,  
With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a mountain peak to guide;  
All day long in the flies and heat the men of the outside track,  
With stinted stomachs and blistered feet, must carry their swags





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### **The Magician and the Parrot**

A magician was working on a cruise ship in the Caribbean. The audience would be different each week, so the magician allowed himself to do the same tricks over and over again.

There was only one problem: The captain's parrot saw the shows each week and began to understand how the magician did every trick.

Once he understood, he started shouting in the middle of the show:

"Look, it's not the same hat!"

"Look, he's hiding the flowers under the table! Bwaaak!"

"Hey, why are all the cards the Ace of Spades?"

The magician was furious but couldn't do anything; it was, after all, the captain's parrot.

Then one day the ship had an accident and sank. The magician found himself on a piece of wood adrift in the middle of the ocean -- with the parrot, of course. They stared at each other with hate, but did not utter a word. This went on for a day, then another, and yet another.

Finally, after a week the parrot said: "OK, I give up. Where's the boat?"

### **The dinner party**

My wife hosted a dinner party for all our friends, some we hadn't seen for quite a while, and everyone was encouraged to bring their children as well.

All during dinner my wife's best friend's four-year-old stared at me sitting across from her. The girl could hardly eat her food for staring.

I checked my shirt for spots, felt my face for food, patted my hair in place but nothing stopped her from staring at me.

I tried my best to just ignore her but finally it was too much for me.

I finally asked her "Why are you staring at me?"

Everyone at the table had noticed her behaviour and the table went quiet for her response

The little girl said "I'm just waiting to see how you drink like a fish."

### **A New Year's Wish**

On New Year's Eve, Marilyn stood up in the local pub and said that it was time to get ready. At the stroke of midnight, she wanted every husband to be standing next to the one person who made his life worth living.

Well, it was kind of embarrassing. As the clock struck - the bartender was almost crushed to death.

### **A Word from the Wise**

The old believe everything, the middle-aged suspect everything, the young know everything.

# Barbecued kangaroo and macadamia salad with honey mustard dressing

## Ingredients

2 dried lemon myrtle leaves (or 1/2 tsp lemon myrtle seasoning)  
2 rosemary sprigs, leaves picked off  
3 garlic cloves  
1 tbs macadamia oil (see note)  
2 tbs Australian Bush Spices Red Meat Blend or chopped fresh thyme  
600g kangaroo loin fillets (see note)  
2 cups each baby spinach & rocket leaves  
1/2 red onion, thinly sliced  
1 red capsicum, thinly sliced  
1/2 cup (75g) roasted macadamia halves

## Honey mustard dressing

2 tsp honey mustard  
2 tbs white wine vinegar  
1/3 cup (80ml) macadamia oil (see note)

## Method

### Step 1

Using a mortar and pestle, pound the lemon myrtle, rosemary leaves, garlic cloves and macadamia oil to a paste. Transfer to a bowl and stir in the spice mix. Add the kangaroo fillets and turn to coat in the spice mixture. Cover with plastic wrap and chill for at least 1 hour, preferably overnight.

### Step 2

Heat chargrill pan or barbecue over high heat. When hot, add the kangaroo fillets and cook for 2-3 minutes each side for medium-rare or until the fillets are cooked to your liking. Transfer to a plate and rest, covered loosely with foil, for 5 minutes.

### Step 3

For the dressing, whisk the mustard, vinegar and oil in a bowl until combined.

### Step 4

Combine spinach and rocket in a large bowl. Slice the fillets 1cm thick and scatter over the leaves with the onion, capsicum and macadamias. Drizzle with dressing and serve immediately.







## VEGETABLES WORD SEARCH

Read the words in the word list below, then find and circle them in the puzzle.



I	V	P	G	Q	B	V	G	C	B	P	R	H	F	R
H	P	L	X	B	Z	H	O	O	Y	C	Z	Q	L	Q
J	L	D	F	Y	L	L	X	O	D	A	L	W	X	C
C	G	R	K	J	E	W	E	L	X	D	F	F	I	K
T	O	O	L	D	P	X	S	K	M	K	A	E	F	I
G	W	J	G	H	O	U	L	O	B	M	S	R	G	B
F	L	H	G	G	Y	K	N	V	D	C	T	R	R	W
O	O	K	Y	W	F	O	O	L	I	M	O	U	H	G
G	D	H	M	K	R	U	L	E	J	A	O	S	F	D
E	P	E	U	P	B	Q	I	P	Y	N	L	P	E	S
P	O	O	L	I	U	Y	B	N	D	D	R	O	O	L
I	O	W	E	F	Y	L	H	I	D	V	L	O	D	F
J	L	X	T	L	L	M	O	K	S	K	W	L	Q	Y
L	B	N	C	Q	U	R	V	C	O	E	C	B	K	L
A	H	Z	D	A	O	U	G	F	M	S	U	D	Q	T

COOL  
DROOL  
FOOL

GHOUL  
JEWEL  
MULE

POOL  
RULE  
SPOOL

STOOL  
TOOL

### Jokes for the kids

Q: How do you hire a teddy bear?

A: Put him on stilts!

Q: What do you call a big white bear with a hole in his middle?

A: A polo bear!

Q: Why do polo bears like bald men?

A: Because they have a great, white, bear place!



## OUTBACK Parks & Lodges

Leonora • Laverton • Coober Pedy • Cue • Wiluna

### Leonora Lodge

1126 Otterburn St, Leonora, WA 6438

P 08 9037 7053

E [leonora@opl.net.au](mailto:leonora@opl.net.au)

- Swimming pool
- Gymnasium
- Recreation room
- Self contained units
- Dining room
- BBQ area
- Guest laundry
- Mining shutdowns
- Foxtel
- Single rooms with en-suite
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- Guest laundry

### Laverton Caravan Park

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- Breakfast available
- Campers kitchen & BBQ area
- Convenience store
- Dining room
- Mining shutdowns



## Concluding Episode of the 2 Louise's and Thelma at the Community Development Forum Shark Bay

The Forum was well attended with CRC Community Operators from all over the MidWest/Gascoyne Region including several Tourism Operators, Shark Bay Community Leaders, WA Government Mid West Development Commission Representative Brendin Flanigan, in all approximately 39 people attended.

It had been well organised with a evening boat trip from Monkey Mia a meet and greet for everyone, followed on the day of the Forum with a bus trip around Denham taking in all the various sites and points of interest.



This was the first Forum for our Region where everyone discussed developmental ideas, funding opportunities, future initiatives, and activities etc that could support and grow their communities. As we know not every community has an asset like the Shark Bay World Heritage area but we can all offer something specific in our area which would aid and promote tourism maybe even bring back some of the community spirit that is sadly lacking in some of the smaller towns

The forum was held at the recently opened Recreation Centre, which is a credit to their

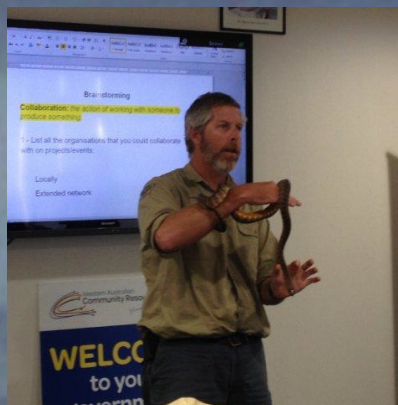
community.



This centre is well used by their community who have a collaborative agreement with the Shire for their CRC to utilise the facility which is run by the CRC for the Shire



Councillor Sharyn Burvill of Shark Bay – Executive Manager for Tourism, Community & Economic Development chaired the Forum and was enthusiastic to provide assistance to all those attending.



This community, Shark Bay, previously struggled, was divided in direction, but has proven itself by obtaining grants, forming partnerships, training, fundraising etc ,which supports social opportunities in areas such as arts and crafts, markets, festivals,

children's activities just to name a few.

The Forum gave everyone renewed enthusiasm and all those attending agreed it would be great to achieve a link and/or provide a collective Midwest Calendar for event s which tourists/visitors/grey nomads could attend in each community.



The event concluded on Friday night followed by a few social drinks, great BBQ Dinner, laughs and promises to make this an annual event.

The contingent from Cue returned home via Geraldton for an obligatory "Bunnings" stop and quick swing by the Railway Markets, well worth a visit anytime one visits Geraldton.





### CUE RAINFALL FIGURES

#### Dec 2013      MM

6th	4.2
7th	7.5
10th	17.2
11th	0.8
31st	6.2

Total	35.9	for month
Total	196.4	for year
Mean	233.3	

Last 10 years

2003	251.6
2004	214.3
2005	175.8
2006	406.3
2007	130.0
2008	232.9
2009	270.2
2010	289.6
2011	380.9
2012	202.4

Highest rain in one month – 229.9 Feb 1960  
 Next -211.3 Apr 1900  
 Next -183.5 Jan 1942

Contributed by Neil Lawton

### ***Interesting Facts from our Warehouse of Useless Knowledge***

1. A Ten Gallon Hat barely holds 6 pints.
2. A cockroach can live for several weeks with its head cut off.
3. A giraffe can clean its ears with its 21inch tongue.
4. A giraffe can go without water longer than a camel.
5. A jumbo jet uses 4000 gallons of fuel to take off.
- 6 .160 cars can drive side by side on the Monumental Axis in Brazil, the world's widest road.
7. A gold fish has a memory span of three seconds.
8. A shark is the only fish that blinks with both eyes.
9. Almost a quarter of the land area of Los Angeles is taken up by automobiles
10. An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.
11. Babies are born without knee caps. They don't appear until the child reaches 2-6 years of age.
12. Bubble Gum contains rubber.
13. Chewing gum while peeling onions will keep you from crying.
14. Human teeth are almost as hard as rocks.
15. "I am" is the shortest complete sentence in the English Language.





# ***J. T. Gregorys'*** ***Cue***

## ***Lubritorium And Repair Facility***

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### **JOKE OF THE DAY**

How dogs are better than women.

A Dog's parents don't come to visit you.

A dog never expects you to call.

A dog will not get mad if you forget its birthday.

Dogs don't care about the previous dogs in your life.

A dog doesn't get mad if you pet other dogs.

Dogs never expect flowers on Valentine's Day.

The later you are the happier a dog is to see you.

A dog doesn't shop.

A simple thought:  
Knowledge and wisdom is extremely valuable,  
Knowing when to use them is priceless.

# Gardening Tips

## Garlic

Garlic favours and open sunny position in light well drained soil. It is beneficial to rake in a general fertiliser about ten days before planting. Rotate your crop and do not plant in sites where you have grown onions in the last year. Keep bulbs weed free throughout the growing season.

It is best to plant cloves in pots and plant out when ready or they can be grown in pots on window sills in a sunny position.

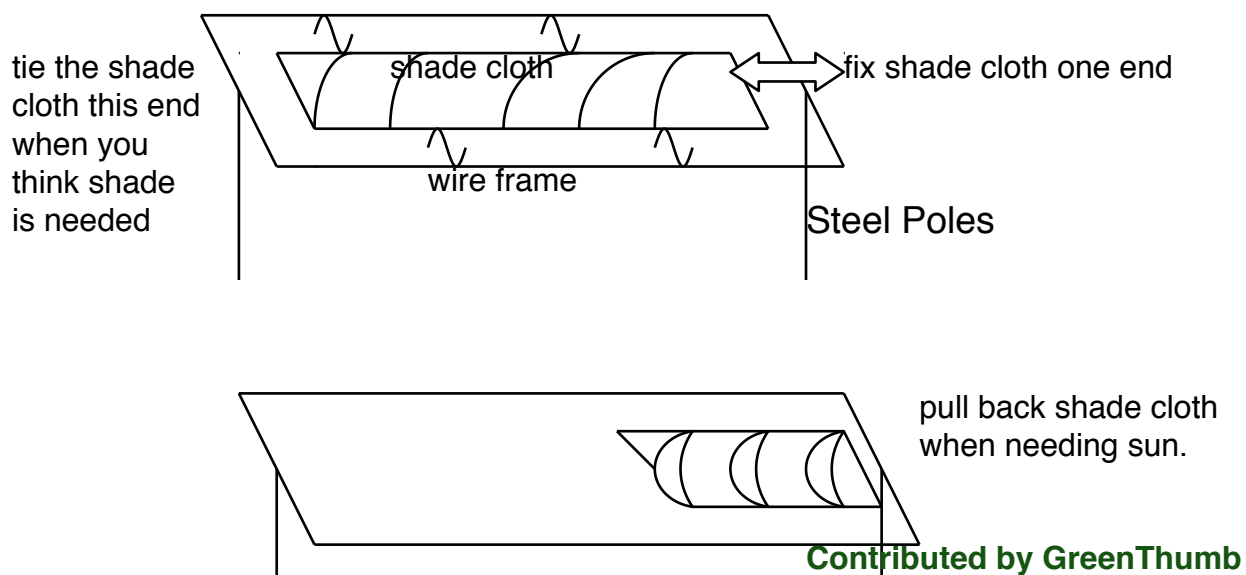
## As a Companion Plant

Plant garlic beside rose bushes as it can control Green fly. It is also an excellent companion plant for lettuces, beetroot and strawberries. It should never be planted with peas and beans.

## Medical Benefits

Garlic has powerful anti viral and anti bacterial properties and is very effective for digestive complaints, bowel disorders and insect stings. Modern herbalists believe that the common cold can be cured by rubbing garlic on the soles of your feet. (an interesting combination of odours!) Current research also indicates that it has an ability to reduce blood cholesterol levels and the chance of heart attacks.

## ***Great Idea for your Veggie Garden to regulate sunlight***



## **GARDENING JOKE**

A woman's garden is growing beautifully but the darn tomatoes won't ripen. There's a limit to the number of uses for green tomatoes and she's getting tired of it. So she goes to her neighbor and says, "Your tomatoes are ripe, mine are green. What can I do about it?" Her neighbor replies, "Well, it may sound absurd but here's what to do. Tonight there's no moon. After dark go out into your garden and take all your clothes off. Tomatoes can see in the dark and they'll be embarrassed and blush. In the morning they'll all be red, you'll see." Well, what the heck? She does it. The next day her neighbor asks how it worked. "So-so," she answers, "The tomatoes are still green but the cucumbers are all four inches longer."

















**CHINESE NEW YEAR IN 2014**

**IS JANUARY 31ST.**

**UNLIKE WESTERN CALENDARS, THE  
CHINESE CALENDAR HAS NAMES THAT  
ARE REPEATED EVERY  
12 YEARS DENOTED BY ANIMALS:**

**TO FIND YOUR ANIMAL SIGN FIND YOUR YEAR BELOW.**

											
<u><a href="#">Rat</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Cow</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Tiger</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Rabbit</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Dragon</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Snake</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Horse</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Sheep</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Monkey</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Chicken</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Dog</a></u>	<u><a href="#">Pig</a></u>
1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911
1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923
1924	1925	1926	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935
1936	1937	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945	1946	1947
1948	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959
1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971
1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980	1981	1982	1983
1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995
1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007
2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019

**The Chinese floral emblem of January is the plum blossom**

## Trivia for January

**January is named after the Roman god Janus, who was always shown as having two heads. He looked back to the last year and forward to the new one. The Roman New Year festival was called the Calends.**

**Birthstone: Garnet**

**Flower: Carnation**

**33 Robinson St Cue**

**PH: 08 9963 1198**

**Fax 08 9963 1197**

**Email: [cue@crc.net.au](mailto:cue@crc.net.au)**

**Web: [cue.crc.net.au](http://cue.crc.net.au)**

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**Monday to Friday**

**8.30am to 3.30p**

**Weekends & public holidays closed**

### **Cue CRC**

**is your local centrelink agency  
where you can**

**Make centrelink phone calls**

**Fax documents to centrelink**

**Use the computer to do your  
centrelink business**

**Have your documents verified**



### **CUE CRAFT GROUP**

**MEETS EVERY TUESDAY AFTERNOON**

**At the community resource centre**

**12NOON TILL 3PM**

**COME AND HAVE A CUPPA**

# Thank you Cue CRC!

The following is a kind letter of support and thanks to Cue CRC from a satisfied customer.

**Well done Cue CRC!**

*I have recently had the opportunity of visiting Cue. We are from the Darling Downs in Queensland.*

*My partner wanted to visit this area for the gold prospecting and I was fortunate enough to see a sign on the caravan park notice board that there was an arts and crafts club at the Community Resource Centre.*

*When I arrived at the Cue Community Resource Centre, I was invited in and offered a cup of coffee by Ruth. What a wonderful lady she is.*

*Ruth not only assisted the ladies of the a&c club but also ran the centre during the couple of hours which I was there.*

*We had only booked into Cue for 2 weeks but my partner wanted to stay a bit longer so I jumped at the chance just to meet up with Ruth, her cups of coffee and the other wonderful group at the CRC.*

*We have been in Cue for 6 weeks now and sadly will be moving on this weekend.*

*I have been in lots of clubs in my time, but this one really stands out. The words Community Resource Centre are truly apt for Cue. Ruth is a credit to this community and part of the resources she offers are cups of coffee, laughs and friendship.*

*I was a perfect stranger here but I felt like I was in my small home town in Queensland.*

*Your network is to be congratulated for providing these centres especially the one in Cue but most of all for people like Ruth to run them.*

*Thank you Joan*

## Cue CRC Christmas Raffle Winners

**1st Prize**

**Connie Fraser**

**2nd Prize**

**Mary Radovanovic**

**3rd prize**

**Phil Fogarty**

**4th Prize**

**Don Toombes**

Congratulations to the winners and thanks to all for your support, have a very Happy New Year from Cue CRC





# Cue CRC services and activities

## The year that was 2013

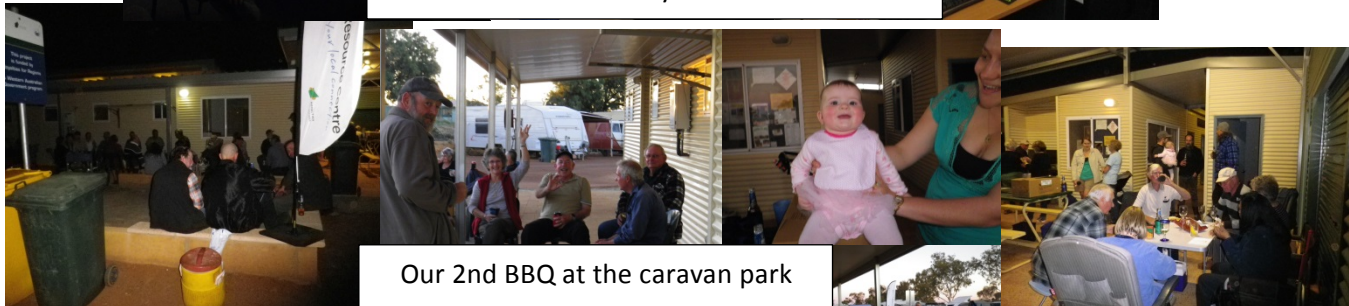
### Looking back over 2013



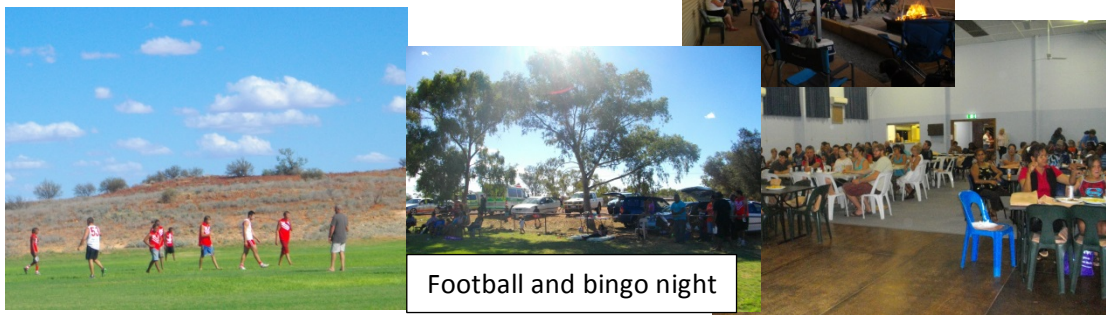
Our 1st BBQ at the caravan park



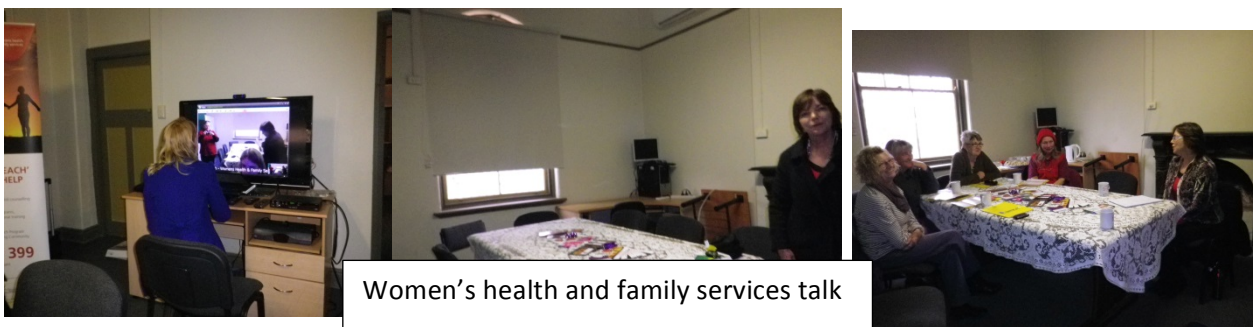
Rosies visit with the Beyond Gardens team



Our 2nd BBQ at the caravan park



Football and bingo night



Women's health and family services talk





Cue fun day 2014



RRR women's sundowner



Our last markets



## Lecture Tour with A Difference

On New Year's Eve, Daniel was in no shape to drive, so he sensibly left his van in the car park and walked home. As he was wobbling along, he was stopped by a policeman. 'What are you doing out here at four o'clock in the morning?' asked the police officer.

'I'm on my way to a lecture,' answered Roger.

'And who on earth, in their right mind, is going to give a lecture at this time on New Year's Eve?' enquired the constable sarcastically.

'My wife,' slurred Daniel grimly.

### A WORD FROM THE WISE

Nothing is really work unless you would rather be doing something else

.....James M. Barrie



## The Veldt, Ray Bradbury

This tale, from one of the greatest science fiction writers in [history](#), is deliciously wicked. Though it was written in 1950, this kind of story — of children driven mad by want, of technology turning on its masters — will never get old. Until technology actually turns on us, that is. Then we probably won't want to hear about it.

"George, I wish you'd look at the nursery."

"What's wrong with it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, then."

"I just want you to look at it, is all, or call a psychologist in to look at it."

"What would a psychologist want with a nursery?"

"You know very well what he'd want." His wife paused in the middle of the kitchen and watched the stove busy humming to itself, making supper for four.

"It's just that the nursery is different now than it was."

"All right, let's have a look."

They walked down the hall of their soundproofed Happy life Home, which had cost them thirty thousand dollars installed, this house which clothed and fed and rocked them to sleep and played and sang and was good to them. Their approach sensitised a switch somewhere and the nursery light flicked on when they came within ten feet of it. Similarly, behind them, in the halls, lights went on and off as they left them behind, with a soft automaticity.

"Well," said George Hadley.

They stood on the thatched floor of the nursery. It was forty feet across by forty feet long and thirty feet high; it had cost half again as much as the rest of the house. "But nothing's too good for our children, George had said.

The nursery was silent. It was empty as a

Ray Bradbury was an American fantasy and horror author who rejected being categorised as a science fiction author, claiming that his work was based on the fantastical and unreal. His best known novel is Fahrenheit 451, a dystopian study of future American society in which critical thought is outlawed.

He is also remembered for several other popular works, including The Martian Chronicles and Something Wicked This Way Comes. Bradbury won the Pulitzer in 2004, and is one of the most celebrated authors of the 21st century. He died in

Los Angeles on June 5, 2012, at the age of 91

*"I don't need to be vindicated, and I don't want attention. I never question. I never ask anyone else's opinion. They don't count .....*

Ray Bradbury

jungle glade at hot high noon. The walls were blank and two dimensional. Now, as George and Lydia Hadley stood in the centre of the room, the walls began to purr and recede into crystalline distance, it seemed, and presently an African veldt appeared, in three dimensions, on all sides, in colour reproduced to the final pebble and bit of straw. The ceiling above them became a deep sky with a hot yellow sun.

George Hadley felt the perspiration start on his brow.

"Let's get out of this sun," he said. "This is a little too real. But I don't see anything wrong."

"Wait a moment, you'll see," said his wife.

Now the hidden odorophonics were beginning to blow a wind of odour at the two people in the middle of the baked veldt land. The hot straw smell of lion grass, the cool green smell of the hidden water hole, the great rusty smell of animals, the smell of dust like a red paprika in the hot air. And now the sounds: the thump of distant antelope feet on grassy sod, the papery rustling of vultures. A shadow passed through the sky. The shadow flickered on George Hadley's upturned, sweating face.

"Filthy creatures," he heard his wife say.

"The vultures."

"You see, there are the lions, far over, that way. Now they're on their way to the water hole. They've just been eating," said Lydia. "I don't know what."

"Some animal." George Hadley put his hand up to shield off the burning light from his squinted eyes. "A zebra or a baby giraffe, maybe. "Are you sure?" His wife sounded peculiarly tense.



"No, it's a little late to be sure," he said, amused. "Nothing over there I can see but cleaned bone, and the vultures dropping for what's left."

"Did you bear that scream?" she asked.

"No."

"About a minute ago?"

"Sorry, no."

The lions were coming. And again George Hadley was filled with admiration for the mechanical genius who had conceived this room. A miracle of efficiency selling for an absurdly low price. Every home should have one. Oh, occasionally they frightened you with their clinical accuracy, they startled you, gave you a twinge, but most of the time what fun for everyone, not only your own son and daughter, but for yourself when you felt like a quick jaunt to a foreign land, a quick change of scenery. Well, here it was!

And here were the lions now, fifteen feet away, so real, so feverishly and startlingly real that you could feel the prickling fur on your hand, and your mouth was stuffed with the dusty upholstery smell of their heated pelts, and the yellow of them was in your eyes like the yellow of an exquisite French tapestry, the yellows of lions and summer grass, and the sound of the matted lion lungs exhaling on the silent noontide, and the smell of meat from the panting, dripping mouths.

The lions stood looking at George and Lydia Hadley with terrible green-yellow eyes.

"Watch out!" screamed Lydia.

The lions came running at them.

Lydia bolted and ran. Instinctively, George sprang after her. Outside, in the hall, with the door slammed he was laughing and she was crying, and they both stood appalled at the other's reaction.

"George!"

"Lydia! Oh, my dear poor sweet Lydia!"

"They almost got us!"

"Walls, Lydia, remember; crystal walls, that's all they are. Oh, they look real, I must admit - Africa in your parlour - but it's all dimensional, super reactionary, supersensitive colour film and mental tape film behind glass screens. It's all odorophonics and sonics, Lydia. Here's my handkerchief.

"I'm afraid." She came to him and put her body against him and cried steadily. "Did you

see? Did you feel? It's too real."

"Now, Lydia..."

"You've got to tell Wendy and Peter not to read any more on Africa."

"Of course - of course." He patted her.

"Promise?"

"Sure."

"And lock the nursery for a few days until I get my nerves settled."

"You know how difficult Peter is about that. When I punished him a month ago by locking the nursery for even a few hours - the tantrum he threw! And Wendy too. They live for the nursery."

"It's got to be locked, that's all there is to it."

"All right." Reluctantly he locked the huge door. "You've been working too hard. You need a rest."

"I don't know - I don't know," she said, blowing her nose, sitting down in a chair that immediately began to rock and comfort her. "Maybe I don't have enough to do. Maybe I have time to think too much. Why don't we shut the whole house off for a few days and take a vacation?"

"You mean you want to fry my eggs for me?"

"Yes." She nodded.

"And darn my socks?"

"Yes." A frantic, watery-eyed nodding.

"And sweep the house?"

"Yes, yes - oh, yes!"

"But I thought that's why we bought this house, so we wouldn't have to do anything?"

"That's just it. I feel like I don't belong here. The house is wife and mother now, and nursemaid. Can I compete with an African veldt? Can I give a bath and scrub the children as efficiently or quickly as the automatic scrub bath can? I cannot. And it isn't just me. It's you. You've been awfully nervous lately."

"I suppose I have been smoking too much."

"You look as if you didn't know what to do with yourself in this house, either. You smoke a little more every morning and drink a little more every afternoon and need a little more sedative every night. You're beginning to feel unnecessary too."

"Am I?" He paused and tried to feel into himself to see what was really there.

"Oh, George!" She looked beyond him, at the nursery door. "Those lions can't get out of there, can they?"

He looked at the door and saw it tremble as if something had jumped against it from the other side.

"Of course not," he said.

At dinner they ate alone, for Wendy and Peter were at a special plastic carnival across town and had televised home to say they'd be late, to go ahead eating. So George Hadley, bemused, sat watching the dining-room table produce warm dishes of food from its mechanical interior.

"We forgot the ketchup," he said.

"Sorry," said a small voice within the table, and ketchup appeared.

As for the nursery, thought George Hadley, it won't hurt for the children to be locked out of it awhile. Too much of anything isn't good for anyone. And it was clearly indicated that the children had been spending a little too much time on Africa. That sun. He could feel it on his neck, still, like a hot paw. And the lions. And the smell of blood. Remarkable how the nursery caught the telepathic emanations of the children's minds and created life to fill their every desire. The children thought lions, and there were lions. The children thought zebras, and there were zebras. Sun - sun. Giraffes - giraffes. Death and death.

That last. He chewed tastelessly on the meat that the table had cut for him. Death thoughts. They were awfully young, Wendy and Peter, for death thoughts. Or, no, you were never too young, really. Long before you knew what death was you were wishing it on someone else. When you were two years old you were shooting people with cap pistols. But this - the long, hot African veldt-the awful death in the jaws of a lion. And repeated again and again.

"Where are you going?"

He didn't answer Lydia. Preoccupied, he let the lights glow softly on ahead of him, extinguish behind him as he padded to the nursery door. He listened against it. Far away, a lion roared.

He unlocked the door and opened it. Just before he stepped inside, he heard a faraway scream. And then another roar from the lions,

which subsided quickly.

He stepped into Africa. How many times in the last year had he opened this door and found Wonderland, Alice, the Mock Turtle, or Aladdin and his Magical Lamp, or Jack Pumpkinhead of Oz, or Dr. Doolittle, or the cow jumping over a very real-appearing moon-all the delightful contraptions of a make-believe world. How often had he seen Pegasus flying in the sky ceiling, or seen fountains of red fireworks, or heard angel voices singing. But now, is yellow hot Africa, this bake oven with murder in the heat. Perhaps Lydia was right. Perhaps they needed a little vacation from the fantasy which was growing a bit too real for ten-year-old children. It was all right to exercise one's mind with gymnastic fantasies, but when the lively child mind settled on one pattern... ? It seemed that, at a distance, for the past month, he had heard lions roaring, and smelled their strong odour seeping as far away as his study door. But, being busy, he had paid it no attention.

George Hadley stood on the African grassland alone. The lions looked up from their feeding, watching him. The only flaw to the illusion was the open door through which he could see his wife, far down the dark hall, like a framed picture, eating her dinner abstractedly.

"Go away," he said to the lions.

They did not go.

He knew the principle of the room exactly. You sent out your thoughts.

Whatever you thought would appear. "Let's have Aladdin and his lamp," he snapped. The veldt land remained; the lions remained.

"Come on, room! I demand Aladdin!" he said.

Nothing happened. The lions mumbled in their baked pelts.

"Aladdin!"

He went back to dinner. "The fool room's out of order," he said. "It won't respond." Or-- "Or what?"

"Or it can't respond," said Lydia, "because the children have thought about Africa and lions and killing so many days that the room's in a rut."

"Could be."

"Or Peter's set it to remain that way."

"Set it?"

"He may have got into the machinery and fixed something."

"Peter doesn't know machinery"  
"He's a wise one for ten. That I.Q. of his -"  
"Nevertheless -"  
"Hello, Mom. Hello, Dad."

The Hadleys turned. Wendy and Peter were coming in the front door, cheeks like peppermint candy, eyes like bright blue agate marbles, a smell of ozone on their jumpers from their trip in the helicopter.

"You're just in time for supper," said both parents.

"We're full of strawberry ice cream and hot dogs," said the children, holding hands. "But we'll sit and watch."

"Yes, come tell us about the nursery," said George Hadley.

The brother and sister blinked at him and then at each other.

"Nursery?"

"All about Africa and everything," said the father with false joviality.

"I don't understand," said Peter.

"Your mother and I were just traveling through Africa with rod and reel; Tom Swift and his Electric Lion," said George Hadley.

"There's no Africa in the nursery," said Peter simply.

"Oh, come now, Peter. We know better."

"I don't remember any Africa," said Peter to Wendy. "Do you?"

"No."

"Run see and come tell."

She obeyed

"Wendy, come back here!" said George Hadley, but she was gone. The house lights followed her like a flock of fireflies. Too late, he realised he had forgotten to lock the nursery door after his last inspection.

"Wendy'll look and come tell us," said Peter.

"She doesn't have to tell me. I've seen it."

"I'm sure you're mistaken, Father."

"I'm not, Peter. Come along now."

But Wendy was back. "It's not Africa," she said breathlessly.

"We'll see about this," said George Hadley, and they all walked down the hall together and opened the nursery door.

There was a green, lovely forest, a lovely river, a purple mountain, high voices singing, and

Rima, lovely and mysterious, lurking in the trees with colourful flights of butterflies, like animated bouquets, lingering in her long hair. The African veldt land was gone. The lions were gone. Only Rima was here now, singing a song so beautiful that it brought tears to your eyes.

George Hadley looked in at the changed scene. "Go to bed," he said to the children.

They opened their mouths.

"You heard me," he said.

They went off to the air closet, where a wind sucked them like brown leaves up the flue to their slumber rooms.

George Hadley walked through the singing glade and picked up something that lay in the corner near where the lions had been. He walked slowly back to his wife.

"What is that?" she asked.

"An old wallet of mine," he said.

He showed it to her. The smell of hot grass was on it and the smell of a lion. There were drops of saliva on it, it had been chewed, and there were blood smears on both sides.

He closed the nursery door and locked it, tight.

In the middle of the night he was still awake and he knew his wife was awake. "Do you think Wendy changed it?" she said at last, in the dark room.

"Of course."

"Made it from a veldt into a forest and put Rima there instead of lions?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I don't know. But it's staying locked until I find out."

"How did your wallet get there?"

"I don't know anything," he said, "except that I'm beginning to be sorry we bought that room for the children. If children are neurotic at all, a room like that -"

"It's supposed to help them work off their neuroses in a healthful way."

"I'm starting to wonder." He stared at the ceiling.

"We've given the children everything they ever wanted. Is this our reward-secrecy, disobedience?"



"Who was it said, 'Children are carpets, they should be stepped on occasionally'? We've never lifted a hand. They're insufferable - let's admit it. They come and go when they like; they treat us as if we were offspring. They're spoiled and we're spoiled."

"They've been acting funny ever since you forbade them to take the rocket to New York a few months ago."

"They're not old enough to do that alone, I explained."

"Nevertheless, I've noticed they've been decidedly cool toward us since."

"I think I'll have David McClean come tomorrow morning to have a look at Africa."

"But it's not Africa now, it's Green Mansions country and Rima."

"I have a feeling it'll be Africa again before then."

A moment later they heard the screams.

Two screams. Two people screaming from downstairs. And then a roar of lions.

"Wendy and Peter aren't in their rooms," said his wife.

He lay in his bed with his beating heart.

"No," he said. "They've broken into the nursery."

"Those screams - they sound familiar."

"Do they?"

"Yes, awfully."

And although their beds tried very hard, the two adults couldn't be rocked to sleep for another hour. A smell of cats was in the night air.

"Father?" said Peter.

"Yes."

Peter looked at his shoes. He never looked at his father any more, nor at his mother. "You aren't going to lock up the nursery for good, are you?"

"That all depends."

"On what?" snapped Peter.

"On you and your sister. If you intersperse this Africa with a little variety - oh, Sweden perhaps, or Denmark or China -"

"I thought we were free to play as we wished."

"You are, within reasonable bounds."

"What's wrong with Africa, Father?"

"Oh, so now you admit you have been

conjuring up Africa, do you?"

"I wouldn't want the nursery locked up," said Peter coldly. "Ever."

"Matter of fact, we're thinking of turning the whole house off for about a month. Live sort of a carefree one-for-all existence."

"That sounds dreadful! Would I have to tie my own shoes instead of letting the shoe tier do it? And brush my own teeth and comb my hair and give myself a bath?"

"It would be fun for a change, don't you think?"

"No, it would be horrid. I didn't like it when you took out the picture painter last month."

"That's because I wanted you to learn to paint all by yourself, son."

"I don't want to do anything but look and listen and smell; what else is there to do?"

"All right, go play in Africa."

"Will you shut off the house sometime soon?"

"We're considering it."

"I don't think you'd better consider it any more, Father."

"I won't have any threats from my son!"

"Very well." And Peter strolled off to the nursery.

"Am I on time?" said David McClean.

"Breakfast?" asked George Hadley.

"Thanks, had some. What's the trouble?"

"David, you're a psychologist."

"I should hope so."

"Well, then, have a look at our nursery. You saw it a year ago when you dropped by; did you notice anything peculiar about it then?"

"Can't say I did; the usual violences, a tendency toward a slight paranoia here or there, usual in children because they feel persecuted by parents constantly, but, oh, really nothing."

They walked down the hall. "I locked the nursery up," explained the father, "and the children broke back into it during the night. I let them stay so they could form the patterns for you to see."

There was a terrible screaming from the nursery.

"There it is," said George Hadley. "See what you make of it."

They walked in on the children without rapping  
The screams had faded. The lions were feeding.

"Run outside a moment, children," said  
George Hadley. "No, don't change  
the mental combination. Leave the walls as they  
are. Get!"

With the children gone, the two men stood  
studying the lions clustered  
at a distance, eating with great relish whatever it  
was they had caught.

"I wish I knew what it was," said George  
Hadley. "Sometimes I can  
almost see. Do you think if I brought high-  
powered binoculars here and -"

David McClean laughed dryly. "Hardly." He  
turned to study all four  
walls. "How long has this been going on?"

"A little over a month."

"It certainly doesn't feel good."

"I want facts, not feelings."

"My dear George, a psychologist never saw  
a fact in his life. He only  
hears about feelings; vague things. This  
doesn't feel good, I tell you.  
Trust my hunches and my instincts. I have a  
nose for something bad. This is  
very bad. My advice to you is to have the whole  
damn room torn down and your  
children brought to me every day during the next  
year for treatment."

"Is it that bad?"

"I'm afraid so. One of the original uses of  
these nurseries was so that  
we could study the patterns left on the walls by  
the child's mind, study at  
our leisure, and help the child. In this case,  
however, the room has become  
a channel toward-destructive thoughts, instead  
of a release away from them."

"Didn't you sense this before?"

"I sensed only that you had spoiled your  
children more than most. And  
now you're letting them down in some way. What  
way?"

"I wouldn't let them go to New York."

"What else?"

"I've taken a few machines from the house  
and threatened them, a month  
ago, with closing up the nursery unless they did  
their homework. I did close  
it for a few days to show I meant business."

"Ah, ha!"

"Does that mean anything?"

"Everything. Where before they had a

Santa Claus now they have a Scrooge.  
Children prefer Santa's. You've let this room and  
this house replace  
you and your wife in your children's affections.  
This room is their mother  
and father, far more important in their lives than  
their real parents. And  
now you come along and want to shut it off. No  
wonder there's hatred here.  
You can feel it coming out of the sky. Feel that  
sun. George, you'll have to  
change your life. Like too many others, you've  
built it around creature  
comforts. Why, you'd starve tomorrow if  
something went wrong in your  
kitchen. You wouldn't know how to tap an egg.  
Nevertheless, turn everything  
off. Start new. It'll take time. But we'll make good  
children out of bad in  
a year, wait and see."

"But won't the shock be too much for the  
children, shutting the room up  
abruptly, for good?"

"I don't want them going any deeper into this,  
that's all."

The lions were finished with their red feast.

The lions were standing on the edge of the  
clearing watching the two  
men.

"Now I'm feeling persecuted," said McClean.  
"Let's get out of here. I  
never have cared for these damned rooms.  
Make me nervous."

"The lions look real, don't they?" said George  
Hadley. I don't suppose  
there's any way -"

"What?"

"- that they could become real?"

"Not that I know."

"Some flaw in the machinery, a tampering or  
something?"

"No."

They went to the door.

"I don't imagine the room will like being turned  
off," said the father.

"Nothing ever likes to die - even a room."

"I wonder if it hates me for wanting to switch it  
off?"

"Paranoia is thick around here today," said  
David McClean. "You can  
follow it like a spoor. Hello." He bent and picked  
up a bloody scarf. "This  
yours?"

"No." George Hadley's face was rigid. "It

belongs to Lydia."

They went to the fuse box together and threw the switch that killed the nursery.

The two children were in hysterics. They screamed and pranced and threw things. They yelled and sobbed and swore and jumped at the furniture.

"You can't do that to the nursery, you can't!"

"Now, children."

The children flung themselves onto a couch, weeping.

"George," said Lydia Hadley, "turn on the nursery, just for a few moments. You can't be so abrupt."

"No."

"You can't be so cruel..."

"Lydia, it's off, and it stays off. And the whole damn house dies as of here and now. The more I see of the mess we've put ourselves in, the more it sickens me. We've been contemplating our mechanical, electronic navels for too long. My God, how we need a breath of honest air!"

And he marched about the house turning off the voice clocks, the stoves, the heaters, the shoe shiners, the shoe lacers, the body scrubbers and swabbers and massagers, and every other machine he could put his hand to.

The house was full of dead bodies, it seemed. It felt like a mechanical cemetery. So silent. None of the humming hidden energy of machines waiting to function at the tap of a button.

"Don't let them do it!" wailed Peter at the ceiling, as if he was talking to the house, the nursery. "Don't let Father kill everything." He turned to his father. "Oh, I hate you!"

"Insults won't get you anywhere."

"I wish you were dead!"

"We were, for a long while. Now we're going to really start living. Instead of being handled and massaged, we're going to live."

Wendy was still crying and Peter joined her again. "Just a moment, just one moment, just another moment of nursery," they wailed.

"Oh, George," said the wife, "it can't hurt."

"All right - all right, if they'll just shut up. One minute, mind you, and then off forever."

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" sang the children,

smiling with wet faces.

"And then we're going on a vacation. David McClean is coming back in half an hour to help us move out and get to the airport. I'm going to dress.

You turn the nursery on for a minute, Lydia, just a minute, mind you."

And the three of them went babbling off while he let himself be vacuumed upstairs through the air flue and set about dressing himself. A minute later Lydia appeared.

"I'll be glad when we get away," she sighed.

"Did you leave them in the nursery?"

"I wanted to dress too. Oh, that horrid Africa. What can they see in it?"

"Well, in five minutes we'll be on our way to Iowa. Lord, how did we ever get in this house? What prompted us to buy a nightmare?"

"Pride, money, foolishness."

"I think we'd better get downstairs before those kids get engrossed with those damned beasts again."

Just then they heard the children calling, "Daddy, Mommy, come quick - quick!"

They went downstairs in the air flue and ran down the hall. The children were nowhere in sight. "Wendy? Peter!"

They ran into the nursery. The veldt land was empty save for the lions waiting, looking at them. "Peter, Wendy?"

The door slammed.

"Wendy, Peter!"

George Hadley and his wife whirled and ran back to the door.

"Open the door!" cried George Hadley, trying the knob. "Why, they've locked it from the outside! Peter!" He beat at the door. "Open up!"

He heard Peter's voice outside, against the door.

"Don't let them switch off the nursery and the house," he was saying.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hadley beat at the door. "Now, don't be ridiculous, children. It's time to go. Mr. McClean'll be here in a minute and..."

And then they heard the sounds.

The lions on three sides of them, in the



yellow veldt grass, padding through the dry straw, rumbling and roaring in their throats.

The lions.

Mr. Hadley looked at his wife and they turned and looked back at the beasts edging slowly forward crouching, tails stiff.

Mr. and Mrs. Hadley screamed.

And suddenly they realised why those other screams had sounded familiar.

"Well, here I am," said David McClean in the nursery doorway, "Oh, hello." He stared at the two children seated in the centre of the open glade eating a little picnic lunch. Beyond them was the water hole and the yellow veldt land; above was the hot sun. He began to perspire. "Where are your father and mother?"

The children looked up and smiled. "Oh, they'll be here directly."

"Good, we must get going." At a distance Mr. McClean saw the lions fighting and clawing and then quieting down to feed in silence under the shady trees.

He squinted at the lions with his hand tip to his eyes.

Now the lions were done feeding. They moved to the water hole to drink.

A shadow flickered over Mr. McClean's hot face. Many shadows flickered. The vultures were dropping down the blazing sky.

"A cup of tea?" asked Wendy in the silence.

THE END

## Chocolate Lover

If you get melted chocolate all over your hands, you're eating it too slowly.

Chocolate covered raisins, cherries orange slices and strawberries all count as fruit, so eat as many as you want.

Problem: How to get 500gms of chocolate from the store in a hot car.

Solution: Eat it in the parking lot.

Diet tip: Eat a chocolate bar before each meal. It'll take the edge off your appetite and you'll eat less.

A nice box of chocolates provide your total daily intake of calories in one place. Isn't that handy?

If calories are an issue, store your chocolate on the top of the fridge. Calories are afraid of heights and they will jump out of the chocolate to protect themselves.

Q. Why is there no such organisations as Chocolates Anonymous?

A. Because no one wants to quit.

Put "eat chocolate" at the top of your list of things to do today. That way, at least you'll get one thing done

# Food For Thought

## Approaching Each Day

I woke up early today, excited over all I get to do before the clock strikes midnight. My job is to choose what kind of day I am going to have.

**Today** I can complain because the weather is rainy or I can be thankful that the grass is getting watered for free.

**Today** I can feel sad that I don't have more money or I can be glad that my finances encourage me to plan my purchases wisely and guide me away from waste.

**Today** I can grumble about my health or I can rejoice that I am alive

**Today** I can lament over all that parents didn't give me when I was growing up or I can feel grateful that they allowed me to be born.

**Today** I can cry because the roses have thorns or I can celebrate that thorns have roses.

**Today** I can mourn my lack of friends or I can excitedly embark upon a quest to discover new job relationships.

**Today** I can whine because I have to go to work or I can shout for joy because I have a job to go to!

**Today** I can complain because I have to go to school or eagerly open my mind and fill it with knowledge and adventure.

**Today** I can dejectedly murmur because I have housework to do or I can feel grateful for shelter for my mind, body and soul.

**Today** stretches ahead of me, waiting to be shaped, and here I am, the sculptor who gets to do the shaping. What today will be like is up to me. And I shall decide what kind of a day I shall have.

## How will you live this day?

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall

All the kings' horses,

And all the the kings' men

Had scrambled eggs,

For breakfast again

## ***Karbar Station - Accommodation***

Karbar Station is located less than 100m from the highway 40kms north of Cue on the Great Northern Highway and incorporates what was once the Tuckanarra town site, Taincrow Station and Barlowerrie Station. The property was purchased by Hyperion Property in January 2011 and was previously run as a sheep station. Since obtaining Karbar the company has begun converting or replacing the infrastructure in order to run cattle. Being almost directly on the highway has its advantage as a great stop over spot on your way north or south, it is not however, the most picturesque spot and lacks for long term holiday type stays. Karbar Station is a favourite with prospectors and fossickers.

The Homestead and Quarters have been renovated and/or upgraded to allow for a small accommodation venture. The homestead accommodation is shared with the station managers and their family and can sleep up to 7 people, there are two queen rooms and three king single rooms, meals are included in this style of accommodation.

The quarters accommodation is self contained donga style accommodation, the quarters can sleep up to 7 people with one double room, one single room and two twin rooms. Power is not 24hours at the quarters and power hours are from 6-9am and 5-9pm, 24hour power can be provided for a fee. Meals can also be provided at the quarters for an extra charge.

For a price list please contact Karbar Station on:

Ph: (08) 9981 5891

Fax: (08) 9981 5899

Email [karbar-station@bigpond.com](mailto:karbar-station@bigpond.com)



# book review

## *Elianne*

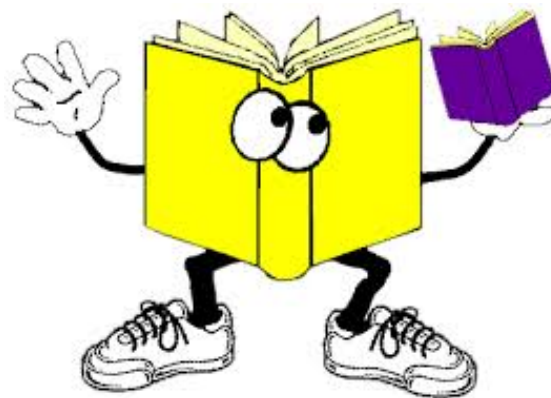
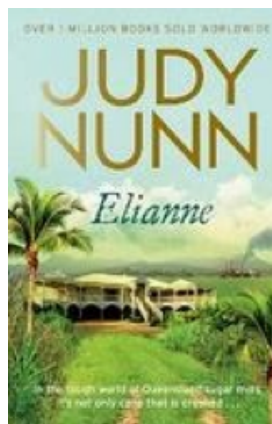
### Judy Nunn's latest novel

The good and bad of Australia's past

In her more recent novels Judy Nunn has written some important "factional" novels about key times and places in Australia's past. This time Judy combines a look at Queensland sugar farming and processing in the late 19th century, with the divisive influence of the Vietnam War and the transformation of Australian society in the 1960's and 1970's into a more tolerant and cosmopolitan society.

"Big Jim" Durham is a "blackbirder" who employs low wage South Sea Islanders ("Kanakas") as indentured workers on his cane plantations near Bundaberg. In 1881 Big Jim goes to New Caledonia and returns to his Queensland sugar mill and plantations near Bundaberg with his beautiful young French wife Elianne Desmarais. To show his "love" for his wife he names the business "Elianne" and builds a substantial house for his expected large family. While Big Jim is a dominating patriarch who rules his business and family with a rod of iron, his marriage to Ellie is seen to be one of apparent unquestioned love and support for Jim over the years of success and great tragedy.

Moving on to the 1960's there have been big changes in the sugar industry with mechanised cane cutting and post-war migrants from Italy holding down key jobs. Despite this Big Jim's grandson, "Stan the Man" models himself on his grandfather, reveres his grandmother Ellie and runs the business in the Big Jim's way. Stan's children, Kate, Neil and Alan, deal with their dominating father and his mercurial temper in different ways as they make their way in a



rapidly changing world. Kate defies Stan and goes to University in Sydney instead of Brisbane, and gets involved with Aboriginal rights issues and the Referendum. At a time when Australia is "All the way with LBJ" Neil gets caught by the conscription ballot and goes to Vietnam. Alan prepares to defy his father in a way that could block him from the family forever.

Everything changes for Kate when she finds Ellie's diaries (written in French for secrecy) days before Stan demolishes the original Elianne homestead because this is cheaper than maintaining the old building. What she discovers could rock the foundations of her family, and especially Stan who might be the most vulnerable of all of them.

I really enjoy Judy Nunn's well researched historical novels. I didn't know much about the blackbirder era (which I first read about in Peter Watts' great Frontier series). Despite living through the Vietnam War era I was not aware that at the same time the Holt government was responsible for the first big step in removing the White Australia policy.

Despite a fairly slow start and a couple of over-the-top dominating characters, Judy Nunn didn't disappoint me and has written another important book about the good and bad of Australia's past.

I am the first to admit that I have enjoyed all the books Ms Nunn has written and this, her latest novel is a story of honour, family honour among hard men in a hard environment. But when honour is lost, so too is love, and without love what becomes of the family ?

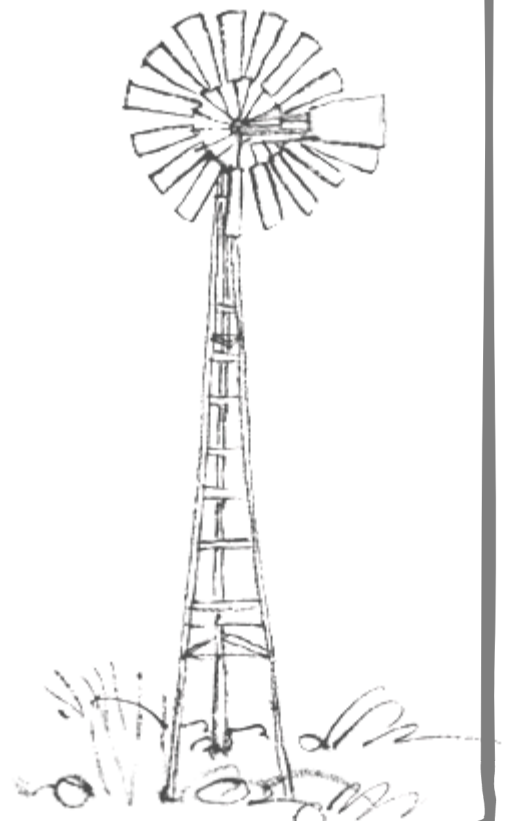
This is a great summer read and a real page turner for the reader.

"Booksellers are the most valuable destination for the lonely, given the numbers of books that were written because authors couldn't find anyone to talk to".....**Alain de Botton**



# Cue Guess Who

This Young Lad was born at Big Bell and has lived most of his life in the Cue district. He has spent most of his life contracting around the area. He has a wife, a son and a daughter. He is an active member of the community, who always generously puts his hand up to help where ever needed.





# MURCHISON TRADERS

## NEWS

As I sit in this lovely 47 degree heat, I find myself thinking about where 2013 has gone!! Luke and I have had a year filled with so many emotions I could never find a piece of paper big enough to list them all. To start off our year we sat in Geraldton in the size of a house awaiting the four weeks until the supposed day of our babies arrival. After six weeks of waiting and 18 hours of shock & horror, our darling daughter Vicki Anne Lucy joined our family. As all parents know, there is no greater feeling in the world than that second you become a parent. Fortunately for Luke and me, we not only have a wonderful immediate family, we also have this amazing community/family in Cue who wanted to be part of our little bundle as much as we did. To bring Vicki home to Cue to all the love that everyone shared with her was what got us through the scariest sleep deprived two months of our lives. The generosity and care from everyone in Cue made us remember why we call Cue home.

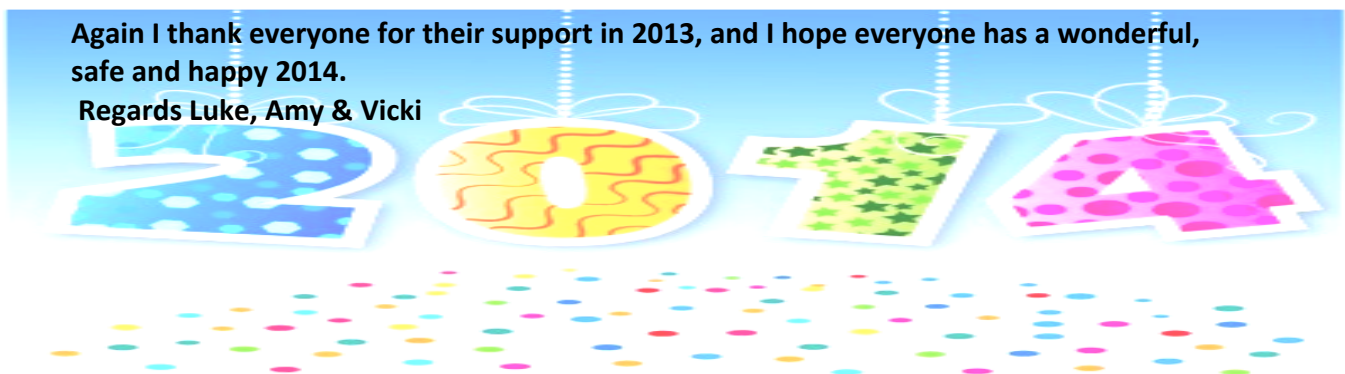
Then 8 months into becoming first time parents, Luke and I decided to take on another huge responsibility in life. This was taking on managing the shop for our parents. A very scary decision was made so much easier by our wonderful community again. Not once have we heard a negative word about this decision, we have only had positive praise and feedback. This huge move definitely wouldn't have been possible without our wonderful staff, Maria and Tamara. They are nonstop hard workers, always with a positive attitude to anything we throw at them. Luke has slowly started painting the shop, with a pretty big pause put on it until we see some cooler weather. Of course starting these "easy" projects would not be so easy if we weren't able to borrow things from our local Bunning's suppliers. To you wonderful people who know who you are thank you for never saying NO.

At Christmas time we ran a Christmas hamper raffle where if a customer spent over \$50 on groceries they got their name in the raffle. On Christmas Eve after our truck finally arrived with our very patient customer's fruit and Veg, we drew the winner. Morris Bevalaqua (I did have to ring our lovely post master to get this spelling right) was the winner. Morris was very much a deserving winner, and the most grateful winner we have ever seen, especially because he didn't even know we were running the raffle.

Luck has not been on Luke and my side since stepping foot in the place. We have had broken fridges, lost freezers of ice creams, never seem to have a delivery truck turn up on time, can't get the stock everyone loves the most & don't always receive our bread order. I apologise profusely for this. Unfortunately something's just are not in our control.

**Again I thank everyone for their support in 2013, and I hope everyone has a wonderful, safe and happy 2014.**

**Regards Luke, Amy & Vicki**





## 8 facts about stain removal

Cleaning up stains is never as simple as just chucking it in the wash and hoping for the best. Stains are a fact of life with kids - whether it's crayons on walls, wine spilled on the carpet or biro blobs on white shirts. Removing stains is a complex science, with everything from home remedies to manufactured products promising to save the day. Kidspot has come to the rescue to help with choices, tools and advice to remove stains from all types of fabrics and surfaces.

### **Stain removal tip #1: Know your clothing**

Is your stained clothing dry clean only, or hand-washable? Certain fabrics can be destroyed by the intended stain treatment. For example, silk and wool will be ruined by chlorine bleach. You'll also want to know what temperature washable items should be washed at, so that you're not using a hot wash on an item that can only be washed in cold water. Dry clean only items should be taken to the dry cleaners as soon as you can, preferably within 24-48 hours of being stained. Provide as much information as you can about the stain, and what steps, if any, you took to remove the stain. Dry cleaners have an impressive arsenal of solvents that cater to the type of fabric and stain to help maximise removal. Giving them all the information you can will help save your garment.

### **Stain removal tip #2: Get to know your stain**

To treat a stain efficiently on washable clothing, it's important to know where your stain falls in the different stain categories. Stains can be placed into five categories **Protein, Tannin, Oil-based, Dye, Combination stains**

### **Stain removal tip #3: Learning about protein-based stains**

These tend to be organic in composition. Egg, blood, mucous, urine, cheese, milk, and baby formula all fall into this category. Protein-based stains such as blood, sweat, and other body fluids, can be set by heat, so NEVER use hot water on them. These need to be initially rinsed out with mild soap, shampoo or dish liquid in cold water. If the stain looks as if it has come out after this initial treatment, throw it in the wash as usual, to finish it off. Protein stains are easiest to remove when fresh by soaking in cold water - you can put the garment in your washer and agitate it in cold water to help break up the stains. If the stains are old, scrape the material off the clothing if it is caked on, and then soak in cold water.

Protein stains that have a strong colour (think beetroot or berries) may need an over-the-counter bleach product to remove the stain.

### **Stain removal tip #4: Learning about tannin stain**

This category includes coffee, tea, beer, wines, tomato juice and washable inks. Treat these by rubbing in a liquid detergent soap, and wash in hot water. Never use bar soap on a tannin stain, as it can set the stain and make it impossible to remove. Dry cleaners use an acidic cleanser to break down a tannin stain, typically mixing distilled water, glycerin and acetic acid to make a tannin remover. They then use steam and a light mechanical action to brush away the stain, hoping not to destroy the fabric or colour.

### **Stain removal tip #5: Learning about oil-based stains**

These are a lot like tannin stains in that they are best removed with a detergent soap and hot water. Oil-based stains include such culprits as butter, mayonnaise, hand and face cream, or greasy cuffs or collars. To remove these type of stains, rub a heavy-duty detergent directly into the stain (you can also use a pre-treatment stain remover) and wash in hot water.

### **Stain removal tip #6: Learning about dye stains**

Welcome to one of the most difficult stains to remove, even when fresh. Blueberries, mustard, inks and strong paints are the usual culprits. They require a mixture of detergent soap and bleach that's safe for the garment to remove them. If you have a coloured fabric, use a colour-safe bleach. Rub in and wash in hot water.

### **Stain removal tip #7: Learning about combination stains**

The usual suspects here include ball point pen, candle wax, lipstick, hairspray, chocolate and tomato sauce, to name a few. These stains require two steps to remove them, since they usually contain an oily part and a dye part. You'll want to rub the stain first with a dry-cleaning solvent, then after use a detergent soap. Wash in hot water, repeat until the stain is removed.

### **Stain removal tip #8: The power of cornflour**

The best thing for removing a fat or oil-based stains is to rub cornflour into the stain, let it sit for at least 20 minutes, and then brush it off with a dry washcloth or soft dry brush. You may need to repeat the treatment several times to fully remove the fat. It works especially well on silk and wool. So well, in fact, that further washing (or dry cleaning) is not needed. You can even speed up the process by placing a paper towel above and below the treated spot, and going over the area with a hot steam iron. This can be repeated several times as well, until the stain is gone.



# 10 must-know handy household hints

Did you know that separating bananas from the bunch makes them last longer? Or that the best way to reheat a pizza (so it retains its crispy base) is to warm it in a fry pan? No? Then read on because these must-know household hints will change your life!

## **Handy hint 1 - bananarama**

Pull bananas apart before displaying them in your fruit bowl. If you leave them connected at the stem, they'll ripen faster and go brown quicker. Who knew?!

## **Handy hint 2 - flexible vacuum**

To suck up hard-to-reach gunk under your fridge, or behind a bookshelf, insert an empty paper towel roll into the end of your vacuum cleaner and bend, or flatten it, to squeeze into these difficult spots.

## **Handy hint 3 - buying capsicum**

We're not sure why, but a capsicum with three bumps on the bottom is sweeter than one with four. Oh, but four bumps makes for a crunchier, firmer capsicum, so you should weigh up crunch vs. sweet when picking out your pepper!

## **Handy hint 4 - fend off weeds**

Instead of tossing your daily rag in the recycling bin, use the newspaper as mulch and deter noxious weeds. Simply wet the sheets and put the layers around your plants and garden beds, covering with soil as you go. The weeds won't be able to get through the wet newspaper layers.

## **Handy hint 5 - so cheesy**

Wrap cheese chunks in aluminium foil and store in the fridge to keep your cheddar fresher for longer and to keep mould out.

## **Handy hint 6 - mozzies be gone!**

If you have the kind of blood that attracts mosquitoes like a moth to a flame, then listen up. To keep the pesky blood suckers at bay, place a fabric softener dryer sheet in your pocket. Mosquitoes are repelled by the scent and you'll smell like summer breeze all night!

## **Handy hint 7 - crispy leftover pizza**

To reheat a pizza so that the base is out-of-the-oven crisp, heat your leftover slices in a fry pan on low-medium heat on the stove until warm and wave goodbye to the days of soggy microwave pizza.

## **Handy hint 8 - reopening envelopes**

If you seal an envelope and realise you've forgotten to include something inside, just place it in the freezer for an hour or two and voila, the envelope will unseal without a trace!

## **Handy hint 9 - the power of garlic**

Add garlic immediately to a recipe if you want a subtle taste and towards the end to blast it with flavour.

## **Handy hint 10 - getting rid of ants**

It may sound cruel, but if you have an ant problem, desperate times call for desperate measures. Put small piles of polenta where you see ants and they'll gobble it up, return 'home' and won't be able to digest it. Your ant problem (and the ants) will soon be dead.

## **Time to put a smile on the dial**

Fred got home from his Sunday round of golf later than normal and very tired. "Bad day at the course" his wife asked. "Everything was going fine" he said, "Then Harry had a heart attack and died on the 10th tee. "Oh, that's awful!" "You're not kidding. For the whole back nine it was hit the ball, drag Harry, hit the ball, drag Harry."

**If it's true that girls are inclined to marry men like their fathers, it is understandable why so many mothers cry so much at weddings**

A six year old and a 4 year old are upstairs in their bedroom. "You know what?" says the 6 year old "I think its about time we started swearing. The 4 year old nods his head in approval. The 6year old continues,"When we go downstairs for breakfast, I'm gonna say something with hell and you say something with a\*s" The 4 year old agrees with enthusiasm,

When the mother walks into the kitchen and asks the 6 year old what he wants for breakfast, he replies , "Aw hell Mum. I guess I will have some Rice Bubbles"

WHACK! He flies out of his chair , tumbles across the kitchen floor, gets up and runs upstairs, crying his eyes out with his mother in hot pursuit, slapping his bottom with every step. His Mum locks him in his room and shouts "You can stay there until I let you out"

She then comes back downstairs , looks at the 4 year old and asks him in a stern voice, "And what do YOU want for breakfast, young man ?"

"I don't know," he blubbers, "but you can bet your a\*s it won't be Rice Bubbles".

## Lawyer vs insurance company

This is (apparently) a true story.

A lawyer purchased a box of very rare and expensive cigars, then insured them against, among other things, fire.

Within a month, having smoked his entire stockpile of these great cigars, the lawyer filed a claim against the insurance company.

In his claim, the lawyer stated the cigars were lost 'in a series of small fires'.

The insurance company refused to pay, citing the obvious reason, that the man had consumed the cigars in the normal fashion. The lawyer sued and won! (Stay with me.)

Delivering the ruling, the judge agreed with the insurance company that the claim was frivolous. The judge stated nevertheless, that the lawyer held a policy from the company, in which it had warranted that the cigars were insurable and also guaranteed that it would insure them against fire, without defining what is considered to be unacceptable 'fire' and was obligated to pay the claim.

Rather than endure a lengthy and costly appeal process, the insurance company accepted the ruling and paid \$15,000 to the lawyer for his loss of the cigars that perished in the 'fires'.

Now, for the best part...

After the lawyer cashed the check, the insurance company had him arrested on 24 counts of arson. With his own insurance claim and testimony from the previous case being used against him, the lawyer was convicted of intentionally burning his insured property and was sentenced to 24 months in jail and a \$24,000 fine.

This true story won First Place in last year's Criminal Lawyers Award contest. Only in America... no wonder the world thinks they're nuts



A man took his parrot to the vet because it had been sick. The vet said, "I have good news and I have bad news. The bad news is, your bird has chirpees. The good news is, it's tweetable."



## **DENTAL FOR MURCHISON –2014**

### **CONTACT NUMBERS**

**MEEKATHARRA**

**9981 0640 / 0427 386 647**

**YALGOO**

**9962 8029**

**MT MAGNET, CUE, SANDSTONE**

**0427 386 647**



## **Cue Nursing Post -2014**

### **OPENING HOURS**

**Monday to Friday**

**8.00am -12.00pm**

**1.00pm- 4.30pm**

**Weekends**

**CLOSED**

**Contact Details**

**Phone: (08) 99630100**

**Fax : (08) 99630150**

Please note that all PATS applications and services for Cue are being processed by Mary Kay at the Meekatharra Hospital.

However you can continue to drop the forms in at the Cue Nursing Post.

Any queries regarding the forms please contact Mary on 99810600.



***AMBULANCE  
POLICE  
FIRE BRIGADE***

PHONE **000**

FOR AFTER HOURS NURSE

PHONE 99630100

**DO NOT**

VISIT THE NURSE AT HOME

REMEMBER RING **99630100**

# January 2014



Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
3	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

*Sunset over 2013. Happy 2014:Golden Crown Mine. Cue. Photo. Tony Lee*