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Please be gentle to this issue, it is not what I had hoped to be able to produce at this time, but life has been difficult of late. For example, I had to abandon plans to go to Canberra for Conflux, needing to be at home (and not achieving much!). Consequently this issue is made up of odds and ends, meeting notes that are piling up unpublished. Hopefully for TBS&E #46 there might be mailing comments, together with some Futurian and Infinitas meeting coverage, the SF&F content which I believe to be my major reason for publishing.

Biggish news is that I have finally bought a digital camera, hopefully there will be some evidence of this in TBS&E #46.

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Garry's Notes from the Canterbury and District Historical Society meeting of Tuesday June 28, 2011

Speaker; Judy Finlason, Topic; The Amazing Wolli Creek Valley

Arrived at the hall shortly before 7 pm, with mother in tow, hall closed and dark, light rain and the set up people turned up while we were waiting.

Present were 19, 7 blokes

Meeting started with general business at ~7.30, main topic of discussion, the President's recent travelling, 9,000 km by road through Central Australia. Minutes from the previous meeting were read and confirmed, Journals received (and available for loan) were listed. A highlight of last month was that the Society was called on to speak to the 8 year olds of a local Islamic primary, other 'business' included inquires about 'the house where I used to live'. Treasurer's report delivered.

Judy refers to the Wolli Valley as the Amazing Wolli Valley, as despite over 200 years of changing agricultural, industrial and residential use it is still can give an impression of what Sydney looked like pre 1788.

Judy's interest in the Valley is very close, just out her front door in fact as she lives in

one of the six Jackson Place sandstone houses. She has also written about these houses.

The land of the Wollie Valley was formerly occupied by the Bidjigal people, of whom not much is known, beyond it being the reputed home of 'Pemulwy' who resisted the settlers. He was killed, and his preserved head presented to Sir Joseph Banks (Bankstown). Turrella is thought to mean 'a place of reeds' and Wollie is thought to mean 'a camping place'.

The quest to preserve the Wollie Valley and to protect it from egregious developments has required the generation of a large amount of data, essential information in the fight to prove that the valley is worth saving. Watershed mapping shows that a great deal of urban runoff passes through the valley, yet it is still a green corridor of something resembling pristine inner city bushland. A very wide range of landscape and Sydney Sandstone type vegetation is visible through the valley, Heath, wet and dry forest and marshlands. All between Sandstone escarpments and wound with bush trails. There are a number of rock shelters, which would have provided impermanent habitation and there is a cave at Arncliffe which still features hand and foot stencils. Early 1800 land use included farming, but the soil was poor, this was replaced by Timber getting, which resulted in the Arncliffe area being cleared. An early name for the area referred to the Cabbage tree palms which used to dominate the area, these were wiped out, over exploited for food (Cabbage tree 'hearts') and for making hats. Incidentally, the bushland restorers have reported some signs that some Cabbage tree palms have sprouted, from overlooked survivors, or from in-ground seed.

A significant local family was the Parkes,

leading to the area being referred to as 'Parkesville'. Their family's sporting prowess was to be found in bare knuckle boxing, resulting in the name 'Earlwood' being used by Real Estate Agents as a status raising gimmick. Through the valley subsistence Agriculture was the next trend, until the early 1900s when large scale Pig and Chicken farming predominated.

Incidentally, much of the area was owned by the rather wealthy Mr Carruthers, the NSW Premier of the time. He was the son of a Convict, a fact not acknowledged at the time, but a symptom of the degree of social emancipation and upward mobility that was possible at the time, Convict to Premier in a single generation?

Another curiosity was that Mr Jackson was able to build the six Jackson Place cottages during 1916 on Mr Carruthers' land.

Preparing and mounting displays about the Wollie Valley frequently has the effect of the organisers being approached with additional information, pieces of the puzzle about life in the Wollie Valley. For example it emerged that a Valley resident was the important colonial photographer / recluse known as 'German Joe', who farmed in the vicinity of the current RSL club. A photo of his featuring his daughter and a locally picked Waratah. Another offering from the public was of a family's re-location from a Wollie Valley farm to Blackheath one, over a week, by horseback! Included were photos showing a Windmill and Pond (possibly by 'German Joe'). Before the arrival of Rail (1940s) Market Gardening was practiced. Periodic flooding resulted in a dam across the Cook's river being built, but this failed to address the areas problems. During the 1880s / 1890s two diametrically opposed views of the locality

existed. The area hosted artists who painted it's Arcadian beauty, picnickers and nude bathers, but at the same time papers were full of complaints over the stink coming from the pig farms just up the creek, and train travellers reportedly closed the valley facing windows of carriages to avoid the smell coming across the water.

Why did the Valley survive?

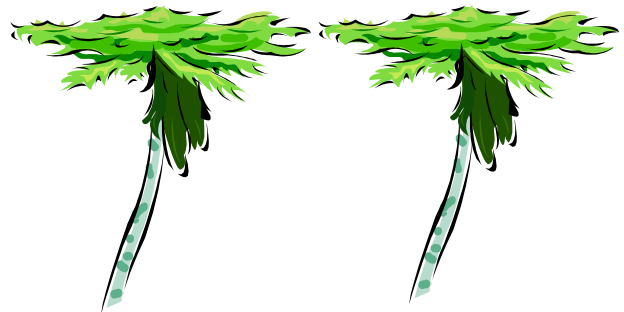
Mostly due to reasons of isolation, it had flooding and poor soils, meaning that there was usually better land elsewhere and the fact that it had no school prevented / delayed residential settlement. Consequently, the arrival of the Tram, to Undercliffe Bridge opened up the area,

Saving the Valley 1967 to 2011?

Neglect and a road reservation since 1948 (which became the M5 reservation) had preserved the valley as a place where generations of local children could run wild in the bushland, however in 1967 there were plans to quarry Nanny Goat Hill as a source of fill for Sydney Airport runways. This led to local resistance to organise and even appear on Television! In 1979 all such road reservations, usually through valleys were converted to expressway reservations. David Kirby's Review led to a community based discussion of the unique value of the valley as urban bushland, and eventually for the M5 to go underground, creating the Unfiltered Stacks (M5 tunnels emissions) issue.

Finally though, just before the last election, the Regional Park hand over / gazettal occurred, preserving the valley, Tempe to Bexley North. With the legal status of the valley established, the need for political activism has moved on to bush regeneration and the organisation of enjoyable activities in the valley such as Bushwalks, Kayaking and bird watching.

The Fauna of the valley is always in transition, 15,000 fruit bats have reduced down to ~700 possibly due to the local re-establishment of the Powerful Owl. The addition of a fish ladder to the weir at Turrella has also allowed fish species to return to the valley. Organised activities within the regional Park now include using it for the instruction of school groups. Combining the Cooks River and the Wolli Valley into a single walk, residents may enjoy the two valley trail, a 14 km waterside and bushland path from Campsie to Tempe then Tempe to Bexley North. © August 2011, Garry P Dalrymple



The September 25, 2011 Meeting of the Canterbury and District Historical Society, Belmore Senior Citizens Centre, Fourth Tuesday of the Month.

Topic; No invited / advertised guest speaker, but the Society's President gave a talk on his recent WW1 Battlefield / Commonwealth Graves site tour of Northern France.

Who Was there – 13 people attended, rather down on the usual attendance figures as no guest speaker was advertised for the evening

This meeting commenced with the usual informal discussions between members, the 'folly of youth' (i.e. the actions of their children and grand children) and a re-visiting / updating on the health of members present and absent, being legitimately 'Society News' to the membership of this group which is after all designed to be a society committed to keeping and passing on memories. The Formal meeting commenced with the usual description of correspondence in and journals received etc. The Treasurer's report reveals that the society's cash assets approach \$500 per member (33 years worth of subscriptions per current member?), no significant change since last meeting. Some committee members have attended / conducted courses on the Society's behalf. Participation in the recent Ashfield fair resulted in a pleasing cash surplus. There was speculation on the identity of the caterers at the Belmore RSL club, and the consequent quality of food on offer, field research suggests that no change has taken place, or at least no change for the worse. Canterbury Council has recently inspected Beulah Vista and some necessary repair and maintenance work has been suggested. The proposal to re-develop the environs of Campsie's Anglo Place Clock Tower into an 'Eat Street' with outdoor seating was discussed, discussion centered on the issue of respect for the Clock Tower's identity as a War Memorial. Hopefully consideration of this fact can be included in the 'community dialogue' before the final decisions are made.

The Society has a new Patron, due to the resignation / replacement of the Mayor, the Mayor of Canterbury is pro-forma the Patron of the society. As the Mayor had to resign due to ill health (a heart condition) there was some informal discussion as to

whether congratulations to the new Mayor should include an inquiry as to their health, so as to avoid the expense of overly frequent letterhead change over etc.

The President / Secretary related how an enquiry from the UK resulted in a very satisfactory stream of correspondence. A man in the UK was attempting to document his father's progress from being a POW in Taiwan. The Society had been able to provide detail about that part of his repatriation that took place at the Herne Bay / Riverwood Military Hospital.

I was given leave to describe my mother's reactions to the National Anthem less graduation ceremony at St George Girls. There was general agreement that the Society could and should provide local schools with detail of the exact Band, Tribe or Nation of Aboriginal people to be mentioned in 'Welcome to Land' benedictions, and also to advise schools of the original Colonial Land grant that refers to their school grounds.

A tour of some WW1 Battlefields of Northern France and Belgium

Why the personal interest? – I grew up with an ANZAC grandfather and in the house we had two books, a Book of the War in 1917 and the Anzac book of 1916, which I understand is quite valuable these days.

My Grandfather signed on for the first campaign of WW1, the expedition to (then) German New Guinea, and as this service was for a finite period he was discharged in 1915, and had difficulties re-enlisting due to having caught Malaria. He did manage to re-enlist in 1918, but the war ended before he could be sent overseas.

Having organised a holiday to France, a week or so in Paris, an add-on tour of Northern France and Belgium seemed worth doing.

Enormity - In seeking to plan a tour of the WW1 Battle fields and War Cemeteries of Northern France and Belgium it is daunting to see scattered on a map how many Cemeteries there are, 1406 of them, of which 277 are known to contain Australians. Where to go and what to see?

The first Cemetery we visited Adelaide was in use until 1918, when it was left behind as the Front Line advanced. It was then in use until 1932, for Australian remains discovered during the postwar clear up. This Cemetery is the source of Australia's Unknown Soldier. We visited this Cemetery to photograph three headstones, those belonging to three graduates of Canterbury Boys High School.

The Village of Villiers Bretonneux

Stayed at a farmhouse B and B, with excellent out across the fields views. VB features worth visiting include a Cafe (with WW1 Memorabilia) and the School which features a War Museum as it's top floor. We then went to see VB War Memorial, which commemorates 10,982 Australian War dead, with the names of Australian War dead without a known grave recorded on the walls, and WW2 bullet pockmarks. This site features both a tower (excellent views of the former battlefield) and a Sword of Sacrifice / Cross of Remembrance. By walking up the hill away from the site my photograph caught the two in line, the sword / cross appearing to be attached to the tower. While doing this there was a Earth moving moment, as two Fighter aircraft, one on either side of the tower flew past at treetop level.

At Albert - The Cathedral, all restored post 1918 (at German expense) featured the leaning Virgin on top, whose fall was supposed to signify the end of the war, it eventually fell, but the war continued.

Pozziers - The Cemetery occupies the site of a Windmill, a local prominence, the

possession thereof being hotly contested during the war. The site was gifted to Australia and is where **Albert Jacka** won the Military Cross, to go with his Gallipoli Victoria Cross.

The Somme Memorial – Is an Anglo French Cemetery, with 600 Anglo and 600 French Graves facing each other parade ground style representing the 1,000,000 war dead of the vicinity. Only 64 of the 600 graves have names

Hill 60 Tunnelling Corp Memorial – Australian and other miners dug deep under German lines to set off an enormous amount of explosives, vapourising the German defenders above, opening their front line etc. Now just water filled features amid the farmland.

The 5th Australian Division memorial, to commemorate 5,000 Australian casualties at Polygon Wood.

Mennin Gate – The stones that marked the original war time 'gate' are held in the Australian War Museum. Attended a Last post ceremony, the local fire brigade provides the buglers and has done so each night for nearly 70 years. The gate houses tablets inscribed with the names of 54,000 war dead with no known grave who died during the Ypres Salient campaign, including 676 Australians. Went back the day after and by coincidence encountered a touring Australian Youth Choir, their singing ringing through the marble halls of the gate was undeniably ethereal

Fromelles - Cobber Memorial statue (erected 1988) To commemorate the events of 1916, when so many wounded were left in no-man's land, and the call of '*Cobber don't leave me behind*', frequently was heard.

VC Corner – a small site, no actual VCs earned in the vicinity, it marks the place of

a wartime crossroads, where perhaps to linger was to seek a VC opportunity?

Tynecop at Passchendale – features 11,900 graves. The Cross is built over the remains of a German Blockhouse complex that had been captured by the AIF
Lasting Impression – The Enormity of it all, field on field of graves and in so many cases, the names of those with no known grave.

Garry's Comment on these notes – Deeply affecting, these notes are only a partial record of what was described on the night. The Streets of Campsie and Earlwood were laid out after WW1 and many bear the names of WW1 Battles. Someone should do a 'Walk through WW1' tour of Earlwood's streets, declaiming the history of the names of the streets, particularly as the WW1 Centenary approaches? (c) **Garry Dalrymple Oct 2011**



ORIGINAL FICTION

OHMS (Owl Handed Most Secret)

With the fading of the light and the insistent window tapping, Jason could see the silhouette of an Owl on the window ledge, so he got up from his desk and walked to the window, cursing under his breath Harry Potter and the other Wizards.

Under an unblinking supercilious stare he twisting the Window's old fashioned catch and strained to wrench the heavy wooden window frame so the Owl could come in. The Owl then swooped off through the broad office corridors, soundlessly and at tea trolley height towards the Minister's Office.

The only sound to mark its passing, was a slight rattle of past Ministers' portraits settling back against the wall.

Any message sent by Owl was urgent and a quick reply expected, so Jason pulled on his coat sat down with his back to the radiator and resigned himself to the inevitable, have to wait with the window open to Canberra's late afternoon chill, until the Owl and It's message were ready to leave. By now the Owl was no doubt roosting somewhere warm and comfortable, beside a Ministerial fireplace, scoffing down departmental mice and sweetmeats, waiting for a reply to be drafted and security spells encoded.

Sitting in his office, rugged up against the cool breeze from the open window, Jason was warmed only by a sense of injustice.

'But I have an IT degree!' he would have said if only he had any sort of audience.

Jason hated Rupert Murdoch and his crew of 'News of the World' phone tapping 'buggers' more than anyone will ever know, as these days, no one was listening in any more.

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ISBN 978-1-84408-047-2

The Bookseller of Kabul,

by **Asne Seirstad** (Norway), Family Life in Post Taliban Afghanistan, 276 pages, (c) 2002, 20 mm - Read September 16 to 18, 2011

The Author, a Norwegian Journalist whose career seems to be cover world trouble spots, 'embeds' herself into a Kabul Family, living with them (as an Honourary Man) soaks up a lot of material and then presents it here as a series of adventures / stories of members of the Bookseller's family and connections. How true is it? How representative of the experiences of 'everyday' Afghans as the Bookseller is a far more cosmopolitan figure than the average Afghani 'Man in the Street' and you do expect that he is going to be more Liberal, but as the book unwinds, you learn that contact with the 'West' and enjoyment of its products does not necessarily a liberal progressive make. The Father of his household is still ruled by a sense of what is right and traditional, as passed down from his own father, leaving little space for equity and practical women's rights.

Conclusion – A bit disappointing and

disillusioning. I wasn't expecting a happy ending, but the book depicts a family living under crushing external and self imposed limitations all in the name of 'Virtue' and respect. The Women suffer most, but even the men are prisoners of the prevailing mindset. If you are looking for a message, the only one I could read was that Despotism via religiosity still rules in Afghanistan and probably always will. Education and dignity for Women might be more important than 'strong' leadership.

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ISBN 0-14-019017-1

Dead Witch Walking, by **E. A.**

Wallis Harrison (US), Paranormal Romance/Urban Fantasy / Crime etc. 338 pages, (c) 2899, 14 mm – Read September 11 to 15, 2011

This book is episode 1 of the career of a Private investigator who is a Witch, has a patrician Vampire and a pixie as business partners, and she picks up a Librarian Boyfriend. A bit more Buffy than anything written by **Annie Rice**, as the task of this story is to establish characters and describe the Main Character's survival under threat of death from her ex employer. Seems to be written with a movie in mind as there are (supernatural) pyrotechnics each chapter etc. also, poor editing? At times, during passages of conversation between characters, I wasn't always who was saying what to whom.

These constant nearly lethal interruptions sort of excuse a fairly lame 'investigation', to get the proof that a prominent and wealthy public figure is a dirty no good dealer in technological pharmaceuticals (and supernatural 'drugs'). in this world

the manufacture and dealing in Insulin is as criminal as is dealing in the magic based 'Brimstone'. It's a credibility straining but necessary mcguffin to make the 'World' of the story work. The story is set in an alternate Earth, where 'Science' is on the nose and the supernatural works. A nasty virus was produced by the usual mad Scientists, it got loose via some GM Tomatoes reducing the world's 'Mundane' population to the degree that the Vampires, Were folk, and other previously hidden supernatural folk were no longer able to hide among 'mundane' humanity.

Incidentally, in this book, Tomato Sauce has the same image problem as AIDS tainted blood and a rusty razor blade! The Main character has been working for the supernatural folk's equivalent of the FBI, (which is corrupt as Hell!) but she wants out, in spite of the fact that really bad things happen to those who resign from the company.

The book ends with the establishment of the Main Characters 'Scooby Gang' whose loyalties and abilities have been tested by adversity, the Death Threat has been lifted but the main enemy has merely been neutralised rather than destroyed. In the final pages we learn that someone (or something else) was also gunning for her during the first adventure, and several other loose ends are mentioned that presumably are set ups for the adventures to take place in later books.

Conclusion – This is a book I bought during the BMF at Katoomba and read it out of a sense of duty to explore something of the current state of 'Paranormal Romance and Urban Fantasy'. This book is the first in a series by a new rising star of the genre. After finishing it I'm appreciative of the insights as to where Paranormal Romance/Urban Fantasy is

these days, but I'm not 'charmed' into wanting to read more of the books in this series or the genre. The Vampire bit didn't bite, and as a crime story I've read better stuff with more detailed and engaging 'worlds' than this one (**Peter Corris?**). I would say though that this 'Adult' story is fairly sex free, so it might do as a YA book for those seeking a bit more adult 'action' without too much sexual imagery? © Sept. 2011, Garry P Dalrymple

ISBN 0-14-019017-1

Sophie, Electress of Hanover,

by **Maria Kroll** (UK), Pre-Georgian Biography of Monarchical History and Politics, 319 pages, © 1973, 24 mm - Read Sept 08 to 19, 2011

Any discussion of the pros and cons of Australia's current identity as a Commonwealth under a Constitutional Monarchy Vs 'The Republic' (details usually left unstated) eventually comes to mentioning the seemingly quaint qualification that to be the King or Queen of England (and hence of Australia) requires the candidate to be a non-Catholic descendant of 'Sophie, Electress of Hanover', a seemingly obscure granddaughter of the beheaded King Charles, the First of England, the Anglican Church's only saint! This book is a Biography of her life and times and consequently provides an understanding of the Historical background to the period from the Stuarts, the English Civil War and eventually the Hanoverian succession, which placed Sophie's son on the throne of England following the death of Queen Anne.

Conclusion – As the Biography of a

woman of the time, it is full of personal detail about the lives of Sophie and her extended family, which by the 1600s included most European Royals, from Emperors to Ruritanian land less 'Princes' and domain less Dukes. As a history of the times, the detail is in there, but requires a fair bit of reading to unearth.

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ISBN 0-552-13325-6

Strata, by **Terry Pratchett** (UK),

Science Fiction (not a Disc World Fantasy), 192 pages, (c) 1981, 14 mm - Read Aug 29 to Sept. 05, 2011.

It is hard to know what to make of this book, a Terry Pratchett book that disappoints. The cover art primes you to expect some sort of a Disc World Fantasy / humourous adventure.

However it reads like an uneven mash between HHGTTG and a alien abduction story with a few incongruous sketches of Discworld humour thrown in. The main character's reason to be involved in the adventure is that drawing on her experiences as a senior world builder, she authored a book documenting all that is known about and on the possible motives of the preceding 'generation' of World builders who bequeathed the universe to humanity.

An entire galactic economy has been created based on long life technology, new Worlds are being created / terra-formed with the use of an alien technology, one of the few artefacts left behind by vanished ancient 'Spindle' aliens. What could possibly upset the turning of this Universe? Why all it takes is for rumours to spread that someone has discovered a whole abandoned World full of ancient 'Spindle'

alien technology. Thus are the values disturbed and a quest initiated, to find the man and find the World!

Then follows the formation of a crew of miss matched and unlikely characters, a space trip and then an adventure journey across an obviously artificial and created version of Earth in search of whoever is behind this world. The story resolves that the disc world is the work of the original World builders, as is the whole of the known universe, from Galaxies down to micro fossils AND all done about 70,000 years before the book's present by these enigmatic creators, only tricked up to seem 14 Billion years old and the product of successive waves of World building aliens etc. All rather straining the imagination rather nourishing it? Towards the end of this book I rather expected the revelation that the whole exercise was in fact an in computer simulation?

Conclusion – In part this book feels like **Terry Pratchett's** response to **Douglass Addams** 'The Hitch Hiker's Guide To the Galaxy' series, with Slarti Barfarst and the Megratheans having to put up with on other dimensional intrusion of Disc World type Giants, Dwarves and Goblins etc. playing the role of Aliens. It is hard to know what to make of this book, as it is a Terry Pratchett book that disappoints, the first that I have ever encountered. It reads like an uneven mash between HHGTTG, an alien abduction story and a few sketches of Discworld humour. © **September 2011, Garry P Dalrymple**

ISBN 0-449-90496-2

Children of Ringworld, by

Larry Niven (US), Science Fiction, a sequel to Ringworld etc., 198 pages, (c)

19, 14 mm - Read August 1 to 10, 2011

An oddly disappointing book from an Author you have come to expect so much of, when he took the time off from bringing down the Soviet Union. In a preface it explains how the Author came to write this book, a sequel, loose ends tying up story to continue the Ringworld story. How he did this was partly to lurk on a fan website about his writing and listen to the fans debating what should happen to X, what explains why Y did what he/she did at the end of Ringworld. Primed by what the fans seemed to be asking for, Larry then went to work writing a story that addressed many of these issues – a neat trick, but some how unsatisfying. The story is a bit like a Rubik's cube, in that characters 'here' have to be moved to 'there' and various questions answered and new ones proposed. Essentially, the Ringworld is now at the centre of an intergalactic war over the secrets of the Ringworld engineers. Antimatter weapons are the threat of the moment, as these have the ability to trump the 'scrith' from which the Ringworld is made, and potentially to exterminate all life across the thousands of 'worlds / habitats' marked out on the Ring World surface. There is opportunity for some character development, exposition of 'Protector' back story et al. The book ends with a Triumvirate of Protectors at the controls of the Ringworld's Defence and Repair control centre.

Conclusion – Why don't I like this book?

I guess one reason could be that in being written to answer the questions of 'way in too deep' Ringworld fans, the story telling suffers? Or possible that it answers questions that would not occur to me to ask? It ends with a set up for a sequel, forces massing for a Galactic War / pursuit (as in David Brin's Uplift series?), so with a

freer hand, having disposed of 'business outstanding', the next Ringworld book might redeem the faults of this one?

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ISBN 978-1-90653-718-0

The Luftwaffe, a Study in Air

Power 1933-1945, by **E.R**

Hooton, WW2 History, 302

pages, Hard Cover, 29mm, Read July 17 to 29, 2011. To be Published in TBS&E No. 45/6

This book is in effect a 'Biography' of the Luftwaffe, the German Air Force, from its emergence from a clandestine post WW 1 existence to the end of WW2. As early as 1919 steps were taken to try to preserve the experiences and skills of German Airmen, in spite of the surrender mandated abolition of the German Air Force. Exceptions and loopholes were fastidiously explored, flying Policemen, Crop Dusting, Coastal Search and Rescue, and of course, the Reich Gliding clubs! Everything was pretty much out in the open during the Spanish Civil War (Bombing of Guernica etc.), where peaceful 'Lufthansa' staff rotated into aggressive Fighter and Bomber pilots.

In reading through this book you discover that the Luftwaffe had many advantages over the Air forces of the Allied Powers, they learned the lessons of WW1, they had the freedom to design a new Air Force, they got to practice their skills during the Spanish civil war and their side usually got to choose the dates and places most initial WW2 attacks. The Luftwaffe was formed at a time when there was a view that bombing from the air could quickly 'win' a war without a Western Front type battle of land forces. This point of view was also

held on the allied side, particularly by 'Bomber Harris' and his supporters, and yet the Luftwaffe never really developed the fleets of four engine 'Heavy' Bombers that the Anglo-Americans did.

They had brave young men, access to new and innovative technology, and yet it seems they could have done much better. The missing element was 'Management'. Germany was ruled by the political machinations of the upper levels of Hitler's Nazi Party. Consequently 'Management Objectives', in equipment and tactics were subject to change at the whim of a deeply flawed set of characters, The Luftwaffe Generals had a difficult logistical job of moving elements of their command across the face of Europe, from East to West as the objective of the hour changed.

A Rather Dull but important aspect of this book is to observe the efforts of the 'other' heroes of the Air War in WW2, the people working in the Factories. At the outbreak of WW2, Germany with about 2,000 aircraft of all sorts faced the nations of Europe with a combined total of about 2,000 aircraft. In the Final months of 1945 Aircraft production on the allied side exceeded these figures each month, thus, the Luftwaffe was pushed out of the air as much by enemy production as fuel and trained air crew shortages. A minor Curiosity was the appearance of splendidly British sounding 'Douglas Pitcairn', a career Luftwaffe officer, active in the Condor Legion (Spain) and the defence of Eastern European Oilfields. I looked him up, and he turned out to be a Prussian from a proud Scottish Protestant family that left Perth Shire Scotland in 1830, with that name and his high rank, he must have had an interesting sort of war?

Conclusion - this book covers in very

great detail the difficulties the Luftwaffe faced as an instrument of attack and of defence. Possibly at the heart of their difficulties was the fact that they learned too well the lessons of the WW1 battle front and perfected techniques that were out of date in a era when 1,000 bomber raids could be mounted across the whole of Europe. If you are a role player, a student of management of a WW2 buff I think this book has a great deal to offer, including, ultimately a lesson on the futility of War.

PS – An Internet assisted coincidence?

One afternoon I went looking for 'Dalrymple Stuff', places and things etc. after going through a lot of the fairly obvious ones I ended up looking for Dalrymple Graves/Graveyards and I landed on a memorial page to a Major John Pitcairn, British Marine officer and apparently the last voice for caution and reconciliation on a the day the American Revolution started on Lexington Green. His son or brother was the Midshipman Pitcairn of **Pitcairn Island**, and his wife was **Elizabeth Dalrymple**, thus there is a very thin and slightly improbable family link with **Luftwaffe Oberst / General Douglas Pitcairn?**

We think this mazing!

© **Garry P Dalrymple Aug 2011**

ISBN 978-0-9805782-5-6

Souls Along the Meridian,

by **Bill Congreve** (Aust), A Collection of 13 (well Why Not?) of his best horror / Speculative Fiction stories, 200 pages (c) 2010, 15 mm and Read from July 05 to 99, 2011, Published in TBS&E No. 45?

One of the few privileges of organising Sydney Freecons (since 2000) is that you

meet a lot of Writers and it can't help but re-define your ideas on the balance of 'professionalism' you discover between the 'Amateur' Speculative Fiction Writers / Editors / Small Press Publishers and their 'Professional' or Mainstream Publishing counterparts. You can't help but wonder how / why some Speculative Fiction Writers get the breaks and others do not. I consider Bill's work to be 'Way off the scale', so what you have got here are some very good stories, like as not Horror Stories which are not what I usually read, but be prepared for some truly horrifying images, thoughts and scenes.

The desertion of Corporal Perkins © 2002 – This story is set in a world where popular entertainment has embraced multi-camera coverage of gladiatorial conflict. Spectators take sides and pot shots, as a rupture of the border of the gladiatorial zone is used as a pretext for an Army takeover?

Collector – This story is set after 'The War' and during a global winter, a book collector searching far south of inhabited areas encounters a memory saving photo album collector, who has to make a choice, save the man or the memories?

Sit on my grave and tell me that you love me
© 1994 - This story is about the possession of a woman by the insistent spirit of a deceased lover, a lover who demands blood.

In search of Clean air © 1993 – This story is about Death, of people, and of the spirit of a machine?

Mind the Gap © 1994 – This story is about the 'literary' adventures of a disembodied ghost, who even so, can't escape a critic?

Ghia likes food © 2011 – This story

features an abduction, bondage and mutilation – A shaggy Dog story that must be fed?

Souls along the Meridian © 1996 – This story is a very long and complex story, a set up for a human Sacrifice at a Celestial important time and location. Very involved, very messy.

Me and Me © 2004 – This story is about Mother Love, & Vampirism, qualities that survive death?

Time and Tapestry © 2009 – This story is post apocalyptic, or rather the apocalypse can wait until a tapestry is complete

Waves © 2004 – In this story, a figure left over from the creation sits still looking out over a long vanished inland sea whose waves have been replaced by waves of sand. An impatient and inquisitive child falls to his death.

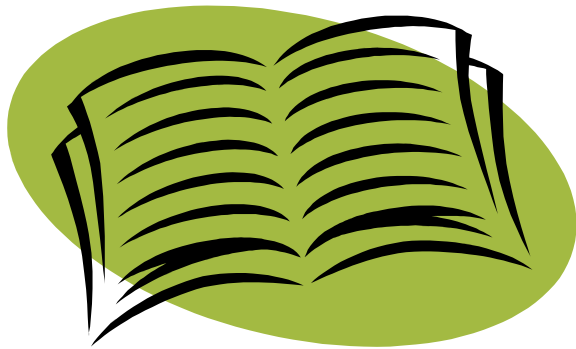
Legacy © 2003 – Modern medical practice gives us the additional horror of a gradual death of the identity through Alzheimer's and other forms of Dementia, where the 'spirit' and attachment for a parent dies before their body dies? This story, in part, explores issues raised by the passing of the Writer's own Father.

The Shooter at Heartrock Waterhole © 2004 – This story involves a young man running away from the reality of his father's death, a water sprite with healing quantities, and the extermination of non-native vermin. Resurrection or Resolution is on offer at the hands of an elemental spirit who may be an alien?

The Traps of Tumut © 2010 – This story involves, Clowns, Buttons, Small press publishing, Fair Grounds and death wishes, also a young woman dealing with her Mother's Death. Based in part on true

events?

Conclusion – I suspect that Bill Congreve is too modest to put this out as a 'Best of ...' Collection, as better may still be to be written and this collection comprises of only a 'best of some of his horror stories'. Well worth buying just for an overview of what he has been writing about recently. Bill writes well, but I'd avoid meeting up with any of his imaginary friends. © **Aug 2011, G Dalrymple**



Garry's Notes from the Sydney City Skywatchers meeting of August 2, 2011, at Sydney Observatory

Tonight's Topic, Calendars by Geoff Wytte

Who was there; 26 people including some children

News - Arrived late, missed out.

Members Observations and Projects

(end of) Harry Roberts – Deep Sky observing of parts of the Orion (Moonless night, from darkish suburbia) Also what you can see these days from recently posted to the web moon photo imagery, footprints and Moon Rover tracks to and from the Apollo Moon landing sites

Also, a possible 'dome' springs into sight, a TLP, or a trick of the (angle of) the Light? The area is in the vicinity of Crater Sheepshanks, a region of Craters named after a Brother and Sister pair, He was a Scientist, She provided several thousand pounds of funding for Science in her will, worth 'Millions' in today's money. Comparison was made with Atlases and photographic Lunar imagery, to resolve that the 'Dome' could be an overlay of ejecta rays from several Craters that are out of the immediate field of view, i.e. resulting in an overlapping bank of material with an elevation of only a few metres higher at best, or more likely, a juxtaposition of lighter / brighter material or more strongly reflective crystalline material so as to provide the brightness contrasts indicative of a Dome / Crater when illuminated from the right angle.

The Talk

Calendars, or at least attempts to record the variations of the rise / set positions of the Moon and Sun are among the first records left by early man. Such as some illustrations at Lascaux ~ 17,000 years ago. Orientation towards rise / set positions of

the Moon and Sun are common in ancient monuments.

The Calendar as we know it, from Sumeria, of ~365 days etc is 6,000 years old, but different basis calendars are in use, i.e. a 12 month Lunar Calendar (Hebrew or Islamic) is 354 days long and by the Sun ~364 days.

Certainty over planting times was an initial concern of Agricultural people, but the correct observance of Holidays and taxes became a concern of the rulers of more urbanised people.

For example, in 4236 BCE the Egyptians switched over to a 365 day Solar year and ignored the extra $\frac{1}{4}$ day until 30 BC, when Egyptian record keeping and the Roman Empire's needs resulted in a fix. By 52 CE the Roman Calendar of March to March (Spring to Spring) years, had the Equinoxes two months beyond where they actually occurred. Two months had been added as early as 700 BC (January and February) resulting in October, the Eighth month being the tenth month of the year. A fix in 45 BCE, which included leap day and August having 31 days (at the expense of February, because Augustus wanted a bigger month than his Great Uncle Julius Caesars 'July') resulted in a civil year that was only 11 minutes out of true to the Motion of Heaven and Earth. Over 1627 years this did build up, resulting in an 11 day gap, which was enough to shift Easter dates onto the next Lunar 'month' and into May instead of March / April. During the reign of Constantine, Roman Emperor over a unified Empire, he wasted a unified calendar, so that for purposes of political expediency, Holiday and Tax days were the same throughout the empire, hence the council of Nicea in 321 AD, which created (among other things) a seven day week, with Sunday as the first day of the week, Holy day and unifying day off for Christians

and Sol Invictus worshipping pagans alike. The Hebrews kept their Lunar based calendar for Passover calculation etc.

The Mayans had a rather different way of telling the date, as can be seen on the Aztec Callendar stone, two interlocking systems, that gave unique dates over very long stretches of time, their calendar 'zeroes' then starts again in December 2012

Notes from the July 25, 2011 Sydney Space Frontier Society meeting, at Sydney Observatory

Guest Speaker; **Dr Ali Heydar Gortogan** (Pronounced 'Gerk Tergan')

Topic: Design considerations and Development of an Australian Planetary Rover

Present were: 21 people (15 M, 6 F), including three SCS members (Elizabeth Budek, Elizabeth Cocking and myself)

News and Reactions

-Val Rogers arrived by Taxi, very pale and frail compared to the last occasion I had seen her. During the 1980s she used to run the Sydney Space Association with her father.

-Kerry Dougherty, Powerhouse Museum Space Curator, is resting up at home after leg surgery to correct her long standing difficulties. Health / recovery permitting she will be doing a series of talks, a cycle of Apollo era missions during August.

-Several Science Week events of a Space theme will take place at the Powerhouse Museum over August, Free entry after Museum entry etc. although most of Science Week is focussed at the UTS and the ABC complex.

-We are now living in the 'Post Space Shuttle era' due to the safe return of Atlantis, highlights of the mission to be shown after the guest speaker's talk. Something about the 'Dawn' mission, currently in orbit about Vesta, one of the largest / first discovered Asteroids.

-And there was a bloke selling his Bushwalking around NSW books at half recommended retail price, several were sold to the audience!

Discussion of the topic: **Design considerations and Development of an Australian Planetary Rover**

Firstly, the speaker was moved to share with us that his affinity with Astronomy is a direct result of his surname, which was chosen by his grandfather and may be translated from Turkish as 'Sky Friend' and clearly implying that all peoples under the same sky should be friendly.

There are two 'Space programs' the Australian Government funded 'Pathways to Space', a string of initiatives, which is what we have instead of an Australian 'NASA' and the Robotics Mission to Mars roving robots.

The Powerhouse Museum currently hosts a simulated 'Mars Yard' for a robot rover to explore. **Pathways to Space** is a Federal Government funded initiative and it involves the **University of NSW Astrobiology Institute**, the **Powerhouse Museum**, **CISCO** (computer company) and the **Robotics team at Sydney University**, where Dr **Ali Heydar Gortogan** works.

In Victoria there is the **VSSEC** which uses a similar set up for Space education. This initiative is aimed at 10 and 12 year old senior Primary school children, and seeks to motivate them to be pro-Space or pro-

Science before they reach high school and make their HSC subject choices. The Sydney University Robotics group was involved in the design of their resident Martian Rover.

Ancient Chinese proverb that fits in with the principal of learning with a smile.

***Teach me and I shall Forget
Show me and I may Remember
Involve me and I shall Understand
(and I shall progress to Deep Learning?)***

The point of Learning with a smile is that if you make a task enjoyable enough (smiles all round) then you are reaching and involving the people involved, whether they be Primary school students, Engineering undergraduates, Phd level students, or even the Cabinet Ministers, who are so important to engage if you have hopes for continuing funding)

Approached as an Engineering Problem, all difficulties can be reduced down to 'What must we do?' and 'How do we produce a measurable success?'

The '**SMART**' approach made up of
Specific
Measurable
Achievable
Relevant
Timely / Time Critical

Engineering design Process

What's the Problem,
A bunch of Solutions,
Make and test a Model,
Modify and Improve
Finally, Communicate findings.

CONOPS - A project to develop a mobile Mars Robot, with vision for depth perception so as to be able to identify and avoid obstacles. The problem is to

program the instructions necessary to path through the obstacles on the surface. Animation can be used to see if the programming works.

Part of the problem is to try to simulate what the robot should be seeing as it moves along this path in order to close in on the rock and photograph it in several wavelengths in order to find out what it is made of. So, a Flow Diagram of this plan is made up before building a device. I.e. the idea is to teach how to learn about things. So Multiple units, allowing multiple groups to be involved in the exercise.

Learn by play - So off the shelf robots are better than spending the time to come up with entirely original ones, except for when attempting 'Real Mars' applications, such as the need to have the robot's power source, a sheet of solar cells being relatively level at all times irrespective of the orientation of the wheels and body of the robot as it encounters obstacles, as level at all times Solar cells are needed to keep the robot under control. A mechanical solution to this was produced, a form of wheel / body suspension that avoids the additional complexity of having to have inclination detectors and actuators to keep adjusting the plane of the solar cells.

This was an example of what you can teach / learn by varying an existing design. Another was the use of commonplace Laser pointers (and Trigonometry) to estimate the distance to the ground or obstacles. In the end, they ended up with two different models, a complex one for more advanced students and a relatively simpler one for learners.

Wheels and Motors? - How many is enough? For a six wheel model, with vision you are already up for fourteen motors,

necessary to orient wheels and to drive them. This does in effect give you an all sides 'four wheel drive' capacity and eliminates the possibility of being stuck by driving into a situation you can't reverse out of.

Design Optimisation

Folding panels? No, anything folded needs to be mechanically unfolded, less folding means less weight and complexity to carry vs minimal extra power supply.

Steering? - Turning a six wheeler is different from a four wheeler, needs some programming to each of 12 engines for a simple turn right command. However, there is mathematics to cover this, setting pivot points and then rotating the robot in an arc as if fixed to this pivot point by string. This effect works even if the pivot point is under the body of the robot.

A video of a robot in motion was shown to illustrate **Validation Vs Verification**.

Verification is the model constructed and programmed as required. Validation is the exercise of running it for four hours, following precisely the same track.

In conclusion, the project involving simulated Martian Robots has been a happy smiling success at encouraging student learning via hands on experiences and mission planning.

Questions and Answers

Q Were **gyroscopic controls** considered for keeping solar cells flat?

A Yes, but rejected as too much extra mass complexity and energy would be required to actuate this. The entirely mechanical differential solves all these problems with greater mass / energy economy.

Q The neck holding the upper vision assembly would cast a shadow over the solar cells?

A Yes they do, but the predictable movement of the shadow from this neck allows it to be used as a diagnostic of actual solar cell performance. At other times, the robot can be rotated so that no neck shadow falls on the solar cells.

Q Has this work produced any 'better' ideas than those developed by NASA and likely to contribute to future NASA operations?

A Not directly, only as a skills consciousness raiser to make more people familiar with future NASA operations. Australian work does tend to involve decentralizes command and control, which has the potential for developing robot space craft that still work even though their main command and control centre is out of action.

Q What happened after a dust storm?

A it was found that the power of the cells came back to greater than 100% of previous values, as Mars Dust particles (fine as smoke?) had scoured and polished the cell arrays

My Comments and conclusions – As you can see below, I've given this meeting a lot of thought and analysis for an event that isn't a 'SF Discussion meeting group'. I've been listing this meeting, suggesting that space interested people attend, but this is the first time I've attended a meeting since the rather memorable occasion when I ejected from a meeting and threatened with a beating by a Karate Black belt for correcting the Astronomical error of one of their guest speakers. What is this meeting, or what was this meeting? I believe that it formed from the informal merge of the Sydney Space Association and the Sydney Chapter of the US National Space Association, nee Southern Cross L-5 Society etc of the mid 1980s. If you

like, this is the remnant of the several local groups that started off during the 'Space Shuttle Era' Space interest groups that started up in the afterglow of the Voyager Flyby missions.

Question time revealed a number of US accents in the audience (four or five out of 21?), it stood out, but it is hardly surprising or disturbing at a meeting with a rationale of being an Australian Chapter of a US Society.

Why did I go? Part of the reason why I attended on this night was to see exactly what current meetings were like, were they still an Activist / Space Advocacy group, a Space policy / issues interest group (like L5 Australia), a Space based 'Trainspotters' club or perhaps even a group that could / should be (to mutual advantage, reduction in overheads) the 'Space Interest Section' of the Sydney City Skywatchers. In 1979 I attended the second 'L5 meeting' in Sydney, at Sydney Observatory, that went on to give rise to the NSSA as it currently exists, so in a sense 30 years later I thought it might be interesting to see how my investment in time panned out.

My conclusion on this point is that it's currently more of a passive audience / social group with an interest in 'Space' than a group that can greatly contribute to greater Australian involvement in Space Research or Space Development. This makes me believe that there could be a role for an L5 Australia like organisation, a Space interest group interested in being politically active to identify the advantages of Australian Participation in 'Space', as well as a focus on discussing Space ventures likely to exist 25 to 50 years future ward. I just didn't see this sort of interest at the meeting.

My understanding of the post 1986 history of the NSSA is that it has been continually 'gazumped' on the Space interest field by later arriving and more task specific Space Interest groups, i.e. it failed to set itself up as a truly National Australian Space Association capable of containing Planetary Society and Mars Society members as interest sections within an overall structure. If the NSSA has any younger members (Average age of attendees would have to be 'Apollo Generation') then perhaps they participate through Student Interest group Chapters at some Sydney Universities? As I arrived early for this meeting I saw the audience trickle in, slowly at first, supporting the idea that this could be better run as an interest section of the SCS, but as more people turned up, increasing the turnout to a respectable 21, and only three including myself being SCS members this rather dismissed this idea. The members of this meeting might be members of the other Sydney Astronomy clubs, but I doubt if they would be telescope familiar active members.

I think I will attempt to attend future meetings of this group, as their list of guest speakers is heading more towards 'Space-ish General Science' than strictly 'Manned Space Flight / Space', i.e. eminently suitable as a source for Freecon Science guest speakers. As for 'Moving and Shaking' towards the two L5 Australia ideals, I think this group is far too comfortable with the way they are to be much use in starting / reviving an L5 Australia like group, which would be better off as a 'movement' with members in range of clubs, associations, societies and political parties rather than re-creating a standalone and therefore rival association for scarce new members?

NB Statement of Interest – During 1979 / 1980 out of my first few pay packets I paid about three weeks wages (\$US 500 ~ \$A 600?) to become a 'Life Member' of the US L-5 Society. This Society later merged with the US National Space Society. Investments that I made at a similar time have returned more than a tenfold increase in value over time. I also bought my 100 mm telescope but this hasn't remotely kept its value. Shortly after this merger I was advised that they would no longer be honouring their side of the commitment to my 'Life Membership'. If I'd had a refund at that point to invest I'd probably be 'a new car' wealthier than I am today? In consideration of this, my Last Will and Testament will include a sizeable donation to the Australian Museum Society (TAMS) which continues to honour the Life Membership I took out with them at much the same time, and there will be an instruction to pass on to the National Space Association news of this donation in the form of a letter and the consolation of 'my best wishes' as a prematurely terminated life member. Who knows, it might even end up as a Ripley's 'Believe it or Not', as evidence of bitter and twisted behaviour.



Friday June 17 – took the train into town for the Friday night Futurian meeting. Noticed that the fluorescent lights where I was sitting were flickering, Migraine inducing so I relocated to the other end of the carriage. There a well dressed

Spanish bloke playing an acoustic guitar, from Bankstown to Central. Not entirely conducive to completing my Sudoku puzzle, but much less irritating than idiotic mobile phone ringtone, I leaned across to tell him this – big mistake! Out it all came, the Guy was a self programmed talk back radio listener (a ditto head for US readers), climate change denial, Obama conspiracies and anti-Julia Gillard to the max!. Everything he needs to know Brian Wiltshire told him so and confirmed by internet 'research'. Claimed to have six TV set in the house but never watches any of them.

Our Community values?

Banana Watch July – At the Compass Centre Fruit market, that I walk through to go to work most days they are still about \$12 per kilo for deep green or 'hard life' little bananas. They did briefly go up to \$14. Better quality ones at the big supermarkets are stuck on \$14/\$16 a kilo. Who on earth is buying any Bananas at these prices?

Tuesday July 20 – On the way to work I noticed that the **El Andalous (Morrocan) Pizza café / restaurant** is closed, locked up and being re-fitted 'under new management' as is another similar halal (of course) fast food restaurant their 'Hawaiian Pizza' is beef and pineapple, similarly their meat based Pizzas were all a paradigm challenging Beef, Chicken or Lamb. Of necessity they made much of offering Vegetarian Pizzas. Clearly this business model needs to be reviewed, the subset of vegetarians by choice and halal consumers by necessity must be fairly limited? Eating places come and go, three weeks to rip out the old fittings three weeks to put in the new ones, six months later the lease isn't renewed, starting the cycle again.

-Down the road from where I catch the bus someone has put out a Table tennis table, of the fold up and wheel-away variety. Rather interested, as that could be a lot of large sheet plywood for the taking. Closer inspection reveals that it is made of chip board and the weight of it (steel and by now wet chip board) terminates my interest in it. The Table remains, after a week, and might be accreting more junk as the week progresses.

Thursday July 21 – On the way to Franklins for some after work / before going home shopping I'm accosted by a short broad Pacific Islander woman who states that she needs money and then asks me not for money, but for directions to a money ending shop. I do the best I can, there are some around the place, but why did she ask me, do I radiate sympathy or a sense of familiarity with pawn shops and other fringe financial institutions.

Friday July 22 – Leave work at the usual time, strolling the platform in search of the elusive 'Non-Smokers area' I walk by a Burka clad woman – Whose feet and ankles are not only naked, but visible for all passersby to see. Outrageous! Shocking and Blasphemous!

Sunday July 24 - I was well enough and it was dry enough to go out to Reverse Garbage at Marrickville. I currently have a hunger for wood, I had planned to go to Marrickville, then on to Canterbury Station in search of 'Off-cuts' (2 foot or 60 cm lengths) and possibly a trip to Aldis. Best bits of Wood I saw were Free, some 2 by 12 cm pine planks, only they were 4 metres long, far too big to carry home on the bus. Bought five screw-in Ikea coat hanger rails which will in time be Bookshelf handles to aid bookshelf rotation. Oddest thing though was a well nourished twentyish girl with dark hair in a pony tail who got on a few stops after me. She seemed

improbably attractive and she sat in the seat ahead of mine, so consequently I had a very clear view of her neck and hair. She had red marks around the nape of her neck, which I thought might have been flea bites ('Do you happen to have a cat in the house?') but closer attention to her hair showed that she had nits! That is to say, fine white egg casings showing up against her black hair. This is first time I have ever noticed a person with head lice, adult or child! Felt rather pleased that I had cut my hair just before this encounter!

Admit it, after reading this last item you were about to scratch weren't you? Bet you can't read it again without feeling the same urge.

Wednesday July 27 – I attended a meeting at **Sapphos Second hand Bookshop**, Glebe from about 7 to 9.30 pm. I looked in at the Rationalists Hall (office door open, lights were on, but no sounds of life from the hall etc.) then I went to the bus stop where I found that I'd just missed the 9.45 ish 412 and 423, so the next bus was a 423 and it was due for 10.06.

It arrived at ~10.15 and I arrived home at some point between 10.45 and 11 pm. On entering Eulabah Avenue I noticed that it was a clear dry night and that the street was relatively deserted (had the home church people already gone home?). No 3's car was in the driveway behind the (open?) gate, one van was outside no.2, the other was in front of no 3, but respectfully clear of Mum's morning line of sight. I saw no signs of broken glass or anything out of the ordinary concerning the vans. No little black cars either etc.

Thursday July 28 – I wake up to see a white tradies van parked in the neighbour's driveway, about two metres from my bed room window. On return from her morning walk Mother informs me that John the

neighbour spoke to her to ask if we noticed anything at about 1 am last night, as one of his vans was broken into and robbed of \$500 worth of stuff, presumably work tools. Not sure if this figure of '\$500' is an insurance claim figure or a diminished tell the neighbours amount so they won't think you a bigger fool' figure.

Had we heard anything? Indeed we did. I was up at 1.33 am woken by some noise or other, at some point before this I was woken up by noises that suggested to me that I had forgotten to put the dogs to bed and that one was out and thumping on the back door to be let in, but I dismissed this as they had both been locked up before I got home at ~10.50 pm. At some point in the night Mother was awakened by what she thought was me going out the front door for some reason.

If I'd been asked I would have told him that yes we hear all sorts of noises at all sorts of hours from his house and trucks, so why would we think it odd that someone was doing something to one of his vans at 1 am in the morning.

Perhaps now he will accede to the wisdom that you don't park your vans on the street, on the other side of a security gate, if you expect to find them intact in the morning.

Monday August 1 – Manage to make it to the Observatory once more, twice in a week. Meeting notes recorded elsewhere.

On the way to the Observatory I encountered three homeless men (watching Television?), was accosted for change / a cigarette / a light. I estimate 3 to 5 bedrolls spotted among the undergrowth of Cabbage Tree Palm (spikey) or the 'indoor' *Monstera Deliciosa*, which grows in the less sunny areas. Signs of rather more activity than last time I

looked, more bare sandy ground caused by foot traffic etc. Later that night on the TV news I saw a City of Sydney spokesman states 'Homeless numbers up 35% on last year'.

Friday August 5 – A day off work, for an 11 Will Writing and Power of Attorney ceremony, then off to Bunnings for some Hardware shopping? Nup! Insurmountable problems with a printer, so adjourned until 4.30 pm. Eventually done, copies to follow, I now become Master of my Mother's 'Bounty' hopefully for the best. The Will neatens up a few minor points about Mother's effects and resolves an asset split regime between myself and Ruth and Janene. Same day, the New York Stock market falls out of bed!

Saturday August 6 – The Shiite suburb of Rockdale. Although it's only as far away as Burwood, which I pass through fortnightly, a single bus ride, I only visit Rockdale about once a year. The main street is the Pacific highway and the shopping centre is more than a bit odd, three op shops and six pawn shops (borrow money against your household effects. And every third shop seems to be selling Furniture? Huge Whitegoods emporia off in the distance, is this concentration permitted by low retail rents, or do the (High turnover?) High Rise blocks of flats nearby require this supply? Walking from Rockdale Station to Bunnings (over a Kilometre) I noticed that the quality of Discards got better the closer to Bunnings and the source of new items. I.e why pick up imperfect but usable furniture when 'new' is available just around the corner.

Arrived at Bunnings, dauntingly large, welcomed by the music, all muted, but Countdown Generation recognisable hits went to 'Wood' and listed what I needed

and costed it – an estimate of \$400 for new wood to do what I want. Stops me in my tracks, must check out wood on hand, re-design and make the project fit the wood available etc.

(UK)

Visited the three Rockdale Opportunity (Anglican, St Vincent's and Smith Family (who have only one or two shelves of books compared to the other's 10 to 20 metre wall of books, buy (as new) bib and brace overalls (\$14.90) size 127 ST & 10books for \$4, Being;

'The Life of the Worlds to come', by **Kage Baker** SF (US?) (recently deceased?)

'Reach For the Sky' (**Douglas Bader** WW2 Biography) by **Paul Brickhill**

'Matthew Flinder's Cat' by **Bryce Courtney** (Aust) Biography 18th C explorer

'Breakaway' by **Phillp Cummings** (UK) YA SF

'The Tyrant's Nephew', by **Sophie Masson** (Aust) TA Fantasy

'Strata', by **Terry Pratchett** (UK) Disc World Fantasy humour

'Science Fiction' (*several Essays on or about SF*) Edited by **Mark Rose**

'The Bookseller of Kabul' by **Asne Seierstad** (Europe?) The Life of an Afghan family in Kabul

'Galileo's Daughter', by **Dava Sobel** Biography and Science?

'The Getty Collection Photos of the 1940s', edited by XXXXXX captioned in English, French and German, Photo journalism.

Good shopping?

Sunday August 14 - Another Weekend and the search for reasonably priced wood continues! This time to Canterbury Station. I had memories of 'Canterbury Timber, backing on to the railway station. \$48 Bus/Train Weekly ticket then a train (one stop) and I discovered not one but two

Timber yards at Canterbury. The Mitre 10 (Big Hardware Store) has one and the other is less ornate. I get the impression that these less presentable suppliers do mostly 'trade' rather than DIY as at Bunnings. My conclusion; I guess

Father left me a \$1,000 worth of wood?

While watching a Finish Basenjjs clip, I noticed that their back yard fencing consisted of not 90 mm palings, but 100 metres or so of half metre wide pine boards! Worth \$50 to \$100 a lineal metre here, but over there evidently 'grows on trees' cheap.

911 dreaming* - September 11, 2001 was before I started recording my thoughts for ANZAPA, so I might as well take the opportunity of the tenth anniversary to dwell on my experience of the events, and what I was thinking at the time. Back then I was still doing Saturday Markets, selling Astronomy posters and science things (while wearing a Star Trek Uniform. I also did a bit of swimming and hanging out at the University of NSW pool and sauna, nothing sordid, I guess I was spending time avoiding being at home. So I would quite often get home at ten PM ish, eat something and just vegetate in front of the TV until midnight, mostly watching the relayed US morning TV programs, vicariously participating in the banter between **Bryant Gumbel**, **Katy Kouric** and the guy who used to be the original **Ronald McDonald** who was the show's weatherman. On this occasion I was watching something else, when the program was interrupted by words via running under screen text and footage of events unfolding, delayed by the satellite by a second or two of the news that a plane had hit a building in New York. Being aware of the WW2 incident of a Bomber crashing into the Empire State building (killed 7 or 22 people?) I wasn't particularly

concerned, imagining the death toll from this incident to be equally minor, far less than say a freight 747 and a passenger 747 colliding on the runway.

I didn't understand that it was a fully loaded passenger plane, even after it was announced as being a terrorist incident, and I didn't comprehend what they were doing with passenger planes, blind-sided by my lack of understanding of the terrorist mindset. I had in my mind that if you wanted to 'Strike a blow against the USA' the thing to do would be to find a quiet rural airstrip, acquire a few heavy air freight planes, load them with oil/fertilizer, file false flight plans and take out some symbols such as Mount Rushmore / The Statue of Liberty / Brooklyn Bridge or an Aircraft Carrier ect. I failed to understand that the horror of the situation was the major 'message' of the terrorists, that No-one is safe anywhere, and the practicalities, the difficulty of finding people who are prepared to knowingly kill themselves. Of the hijackers, only one person on each plane really had to know that the intention was homicide / suicide, the other three just had to be gee'ed up to take part in a Hijack. If they had taken the Freight plane option there would be less terror, and more pilots / longer lead times would have been required.

The Images started to come in, the several views of the aircraft striking the tower, the befuddlement of the US President who looked as though he couldn't understand the what and the from whom of the incident in spite of being presumably the best informed person on the Planet about the events. First they were interruptions to programming and then very soon, as US skies cleared of civilian aircraft, coverage of the event took over programming, for a week or so. The pictures coming in at

first added to the spellbinding sense of horror, planes entering buildings, then the towers falling etc. but shortly the images started to repeat and repeat, nothing much new being offered, just the desensitizing repeat of the same images ad infinitum on the TV, on all channels. Newspapers were slower and more cautious in their treatment of the event, covered by the papers with wrap around supplements like to footy grand final eve editions, but repeated for a fortnight. 'Other News', starting only at around page ten in most editions.

The collective reaction on fannish lists was of concern for our travellers, some staying on in America after that year's Worldcon, some even caught in the air at the time of the strike on the twin towers, others feared to be in New York at the time, and others trapped until the no fly restrictions were lifted. A thing about this was that this was a first time when we could directly hear from absent friends about their personal experiences, weeks ahead of their being with us again, and through the internet etc rather than through the massive volume of public media coverage which was attempting to document any local person's 'Our link with the tragedy'. Then followed individual concerns about the wellbeing of well known to Australians New York fans and finally, some concern about the New York Based publishing industry, concerns that were archly rebutted by the observation that the SF publishing Industry in New York isn't usually accommodated at the high rent end of town, or a least it was principally located at a lower rent area than that which had been devastated when the towers fell.

The lesson I absorbed from the rollout of after the event information that followed

over about six months was that the events were predicted, were predictable based on the earlier truck bombing of the towers and that it took wilful neglect in high places to ignore this good advice.

That war was declared on **Saddam Hussain's** Iraq, rather than Saudi Arabia, the country of origin of most of the hijackers can be seen as a continuation of this pre 911 policy rather than a trauma induced aberration.

At the moment it weighs on my mind that ten Australians died at 911, while the number killed in Afghanistan, continuing this war, approaches 30.

*I was half asleep as the images rolled in, adding a softening and detached air to the experience, that felt unreal, but the images just kept coming in, hour after hour that night.

Garry P Dalrymple © September 2011

Banana Watch September – Yes I relented this month, buying a hand of small ones for my Mum, @ \$8 a kilo, about 7 for \$7. Since then quality has been variable again, wretchedly small ones and 'beaten up' ones on offer, exceedingly green ones on offer at Franklins for \$12/\$13 a kilo. At the Compass Centre's walk through Fruit market for a while there was binary pricing, i.e. really sad looking one for \$5/\$6 a kilo and less sad (but still small) ones going for \$8/\$9 a kilo. This week I bought Two bananas, for about \$5. On the news this week were some Queensland Dairy farmers, complaining that they had been through the same storms as the Banana Growers, are paying \$15 a kilo for Bananas in supermarkets but the supermarkets are paying them 1990 prices (\$0.53 a litre at the farm gate) for their milk!

Out and about - The annual Sydney Uni Book Fest! Saturday and Sunday Sept 17&18, 2011

In recent years I have tried to use the line up outside of University book fairs to promote Sydney SF Activities. The Opportunity is that waiting for these book fairs to open their doors there is usually an 'around the block' line up of people who are all eager to buy books. Of these some must (and are!) SF&F readers and if they are not, then there is a probability that they are from book loving families that might have SF&F reading friends and relatives.

This year they were advertising 65,000 books on offer. Ahead of this occasion (before I left work for the September Sydney Futurian Discussion meeting, I made up copies of four of the five Green Basenjis guides, SF&F discussion meetings, Single Author book Groups, Paranormal Romance & Urban Fantasy and Australian Crime writing. On Saturday morning, to put on a more welcoming face I even shaved off 2 cm worth of facial hair. Reaction to what I was offering was a bit muted, possibly offering the four bookmarks overwhelmed their Saturday morning thinking processes, so I ended up taking most of them home.

What I have learned from the day

1-They don't keep the books left over from the book fest until the next year, what they have left at the end of the fair (Last day \$10 a box, day before \$5 a box), so those familiar favourites that you see each book fair are the result of different people dropping off copies of the same books or perhaps some people re-cycling the same book?

2-By Sunday morning all the SF&F books were either on the table or in a few boxes

clearly visible underneath the table, On Saturday they had started out with about the same number of books on the table and in the boxes underneath the table i.e. half the books SF&F books sold on Saturday. On the other hand the 'Fiction' section had the table still covered in books and twice as many on the floor in boxes stacked two high, suggesting that a much smaller percentage had been sold on Saturday.

3-Much less people showing up for the first day opening (Saturday) compared to previous years due to a fear of a hot day/Sydney marathon / Kindle generation etc?. Hardly anyone was waiting at the doors waiting on the Sunday morning and several of these were Saturday's people coming back for a second look, so objectively it's not worth the bus fare in to do the second day's start, just the first one.

4-With the Library only open (briefly) at 1 pm, the University is pretty dead on a Sunday morning. This allowed me to notice that literally bus loads of people were arriving for a morning light and photo opportunity, of the baronial splendour of the Hogwarts style architecture and the views from the lawn looking back to the City Skyline. With time on my hands and no crowds of intending book buyers visible, I helped out a few of them so they could have group pictures of each other rather than those ones where there's always one guy missing, the guy holding the camera. I would have thought that the University promotions people could have had someone on hand to do this. Wedding parties seem to keep to Victoria Park, its bridge and the views up the main entrance.

On Saturday I had a look at Glebe Market where I used to sell stuff and found it much improved by a covered basketball court area. Still not much stuff at the market for blokes, mainly clothing and skinny girl

accessories.

I decided against going into town to leaflet bomb the **Galaxy, Bookshop, Kinokuniya** or the SMSA Library, or do some shopping. Instead I looked in at the **Humanists Hall**, with a view to asking about room hire rates. The door was wide open, but it was a case of – Sorry! - it was closed for a private meeting. The group in question had the use of the hall because they hire an office there. So I went off in search of a 423 bus home, bought Mum a vegetarian burger and a small apple pie on the walk back from the bus stop.

On Sunday, after 11 am I buzzed off to Marrickville, Reverse Garbage and Sunday Market. I bought six books (\$10) on Saturday and four books (\$5) on Sunday and five pairs of shoe laces at Marrickville. I arrived at Marrickville at the same time as a gusty change arrived, my reaction 'Oh Dear, this wind is going to send Mother Off' (and I was Right!).

Arrived home at about 1pm, something to eat, had a rest 2 pm to 5 pm until the children next door started making noises. Some boiling water gardening i.e. treat weeds to a drink of boiling water from the jug, the original 'chemical free' and Basenjjs safe herbicide.

These are the books I bought on this weekend, for \$15;

'The Portable Kipling', Edited by **Irving Howe (UK)**, 29 stories, 60 Poems & Essays, ©1982, 685 pages (\$3)

'30th Anniversary DAW' Edited by **Elizabeth R Wollheim** and **Sheila Gilbert**, an Anthology of 19 ea Stories, © 2002, 539 pages (\$3)

'Teranesia' by **Greg Egan (Aust)** ©1995, 293 pages (\$2) (all the rest were \$1 each)

'Science Fiction through the Ages', 16 stories, Edited by **I.O. Evans** © 1966, 155 pages

'The New Tomorrows' 15 ea stories Edited by **Norman Spinrad (US)**, ©1999, 999 pages

'Search for the Tasmanian Tiger', (Non-Fiction) by **Q Beresford & Garry Bailey (Both Aust)**, © 1981, 54 pages

And Four Ace Double Headers
'Alice's World' by **Sam L. Lundwall** ©1971, 122 pages – *Plus* - 'No Time for Heroes' by **Sam L. Lundwall** ©1971, 131 pages

'Envoy to the Dog Star' by **Fred Shaw** ©1967, 127 pages – *Plus* - 'Shock Wave' by **Walt and Leigh Richmond**, ©1967, 127 pages

'Beyond the Vanishing point' by **Ray Cummings** ©1958, 95 pages – *Plus* - 'The Secret of Zi' by **Ken Bulmer** © 1958, 161 pages

'Overlords of Space' by **J. E. Kelleam** © 1956, 146 pages – *Plus* - 'The Man who Mastered Time' by **Ray Cummings** ©1929, 172 pages



Friday Sept. 23, 2012 – Janene's Graduation day, St George Girls High School - Another summer day spent at St George Girls High School basking in the

reflected glory of my Niece's achievements. The Night before I stiffened up the courage to finally buy a 'cheap' digital camera, with every confidence that the same item will be 'half price' before Christmas? Anyway, it was a bright and warm enough day. Our graduation day presents (both my idea) were a copy of **Douglas Addams'** 'The Meaning of Liff' (page 37 features the Dalrymple reference) and more usefully, a 1.2 litre stainless steel thermos flask, which Janene can use during her study break, or even through her years at University, i.e. brought from home Tea/Coffee or cold drinks rather than three or four a day at Uni prices? Mother and I were picked up by Ruth and Janene at 11 am and were in place by 11.20, hall empty, well ahead of the rush to fill it before the advertised Mid day start, by a largely 'ethnic' parent body, an ethnicity that is entirely representative of those parents who choose to invest in their daughter's education without the means or desire of 'going private'.

Was able to see (from the outside) some improvements to the school, a Hockey playing Field and the Gymnasium, improvements made while Janene was at the school, the later a product of the Federal Government's 'Wasteful' school buildings project, which seems to have delivered quite a lot of quality school buildings. The Girls, or rather young women now, were frequently half a head or more taller than their parents. I was surprised at the number of tall girls, grown up from the little ones of five years ago. The girls were a lot more relaxed than the parents, after six years they were among their friends at their school, and the school staff were even more 'seen it all before' blasé about it all. My 'European' tallness gave me a clear view advantage over the rows of parents ahead and behind. The Dalrymples, the Deaseys and Janene's Godmother filling a complete row of seats!

This year, there was no sign of the school orchestra. The program started with the school captain's address, a short form welcome to land and a briefer version than usual of the year 12's year of scholastic, sporting and social community and cultural achievements. At this point my Mother and the Deasey's became a bit agitated, as the program specified 'National Anthem' as the lead item of the day's proceedings. No words in the program booklet, No Band, no Singing of the anthem, not even a dignified standing while a recording was played!

Ms C Knott (Principal) chose to start her address with the much longer form of the welcome to land, made reference to it being the season of Wisteria and Jacaranda flowering and hence the time to graduate another year's students out into the world. Memories of the girl's entry in 2006, and speculation on a future that is to be shaped by the characteristics exhibited by this year's graduating class, Compassion, through participation in Fundraising, Amnesty International work and Social Justice camps, an interest in raising Social Equality and bringing an end to Child Mortality and abuse.

Reference was made to the girls own talents, as displayed through their application to Science, Art, Music, Design, so what innovations might we expect from you in the future? Then were listed another string of 'Georgian' qualities, such as Critical thinking, independence of viewpoint, blindness to 'gender limitations', all leading to new ideas and Ethical behaviour – all good things. She closed with a reference to **George Bernard Shaw**, his response to a question as to the meaning / purpose of his life, to which he replied along the lines that it is to do things and share his knowledge / talents until his last breath.

If I may be arch here, and editorialise mid

account, it seemed to me that the Principal was fixated on contributions made by pre-1788 and post 2006 Australians to the exclusion of any reasonable emphasis on 'Citizenship' Issues. The only tokens towards 'Nation Building' was that there were tatty National and NSW State flags pinned up on the wall out of sight to most, and I feel that an opportunity was lost to stress that this is a Secular, Public Australian School that was open to girls of all ethnic or religious origins, whose purpose is to turn out rounded Australian citizens, rather than just create privileged and talented 'Georgians' out of the fortunately talented. Maybe they do this most weeks, but there was not much to be seen this on day.

Ms Whitehead, the year 12 mistress – Was clearly more in touch with the girls, having been their Mentor, Tutor and 'School hours Mother' since their entry to the school six years ago. She was speaking to the girls in particular, rather than addressing the school assembly, she felt confident enough to de-construct the usual 'The World is Your Oyster' advice, fewer than one in ten thousand naturally bears a pearl, born of irritation caused by grit rather than through hard work or other merit. She went on to list a large number of incidents and individuals, the girls who had 'distinguished' themselves over the past few years. She teared up a bit, and I'm sure that some of the girls teared up a bit as well. She was definitely a hit with the girls, and she left them with a road trip analogy for their future lives, based on school excursions past? The message being, no matter how far or how fast you go you will always have in the rear view mirror a clear and constant reassurance of the experiences you shared while you were at St George, and a thank you for letting her drive you this far.

Amy Li – Expounded on the fact that they entered this school six years ago knowing only one 'fact' and qualification about the other girls, that they had achieved entry through the selective schools test. Since then they had got to know each other and they had each developed a number of talents, skills and qualifications, all Progress and Growth over six years. Your list of favourite teachers have that status to you because they nurtured you in various ways, helping, like your parents to form the pieces of the unique and individual puzzle that is you. And that you should thank your Parents as well as the school, as they played some part in your successes to date and in the future.

Apparently, after the awards had been handed out, Mother approached the Principal to remonstrate over the absence of the National anthem, as had been advertised in the program. She was fobbed off by Ms C Knott with something like 'Oh it was just an oversight', a reaction that didn't settle mother's sense of complaint, especially as Ms Knott had been banging on about how much of a 'leadership' school St George was. I believe she also approached the (male) Deputy Principal, during the finger food and milling around reception, and received an even more abrupt response. On a daily basis I'm aware of some Principal's 'not having time for this' attitude to being questioned, but lighten up guys, the difference between an adequate Principal and a Great Principal usually comes down to people skills, precisely how you deal with people or questions that you feel are 'beneath you'. A more gracious response, an expression of regret, sympathy or even a hint of apology to an 85 year old Grandmother of a graduating daughter. And if you do not think that

common courtesy like this doesn't matter after the event, then consider the feelings of other Grandmothers, with other grand daughters who have at their disposal the means to enable a choice between sending a grandchild to St George or to Danebank. How do think they would react at hearing about this sort of thing? student would not have ruined your day, but it certainly did ruin her day, the day of the graduation of her only granddaughter.

We left through the hall, while we were out on the lawn the hall had been completely emptied of seating and the sense of congratulation, ready to be filled with next month's exam tables and a sense of 'ready or not' angst of the coming end of year exams which will be the final contact with the school for many girls, unless they manage to become 'St. George Girls Mothers' at some point in the future.

After this we went across to visit Janene's other Grandmother, at her nursing home, for an explanation of Janene's awards and a photo opportunity. Janene's progress being of great interest to several of the Nursing Home's staff, they were pleased to vicariously enjoy her achievements at St George, as they stated that work shifts meant that they were not usually able to attend their own children's School award days / nights (which is a bit sad when you think about it).

Conclusion – Is this my last visit to / account of life at St George Girls High School? Possibly, or possibly not. Janene and her cohort are now off on a study break until October when her Higher School Certificate exams take place. If she does extremely well (best in the school at ... best x% in the State etc.) then she will get a 'year 13' call-back invitation at the end of 2012 to receive recognition for her January 2012 HSC results. This would be

after she has spent most of the year at Uni? By her current assessment marks, this would seem likely.

How did I find all this? – rather moving, Crayons to Perfume and all that. I don't recall as much commitment and involvement in my own graduation year, possibly because I felt through high school that I was just one of the dumb plods who there to make up the numbers. I'm continually surprised to encounter fellow ex KNHS students who then and now regard me as having been someone who was memorable.

Miscellaneous observations

What is the sound of one hand clapping? The clever answer would be to change your mobile phone's ringtone to 'applause' and thus be able to clap with one hand. This way you could keep your phone on even during the speeches without giving offence?

Woo Girls? – Yes there were 'Woo Girls' at St George Girls, as a few explosive 'Woos' emitted as some girls received their awards and certificates. These 'Woos', clearly meant something heartfelt and rebellious to the girls who made them?

When the Girls as a body stood up, they blocked the view of their parents behind them, being generally taller.

General Comment – the 'Choreography' of the handing out the awards could as ever be better done, assembling group awards as a group on steps leading up to the stage, with the awarding party moving along the row of girls etc. would allow for better parental photography than being announced, sprinting up the steps, crossing the stage, grabbing the award then going back down the stairs, with camera flashes going off in your eyes?

We seem to have survived the coldest that this concluded 'frost free' Winter is prepared to throw at us this year, no sign of Frost this year, without any major illness / attitude issues on the Basenjjs Front.

Physically, Amber is much better sculpted than she has been in recent years, although I do notice that for both A and R they are beginning to get thin necked, evidence of the start of the aging / withering down process that marks the second half of a Basenjjs life. Amber I have to remind myself is becoming an old dog, and even Rusty (who I do not expect to age as well) is approaching middle age.

Some character differences – Amber is a shredder, the hessian sacks in her sleeping cage look as though someone has cut them to pieces with scissors! The Wool fabric dog beds she turns and rakes with her claws. On the other hand, Rusty will chew out a divot of any food stained cloth and if he is bored he will pick up any cloth thing that is loose with his teeth and try to shake it to bits! By preference, Amber will try to sleep in the doorway to Mother's bedroom when Mother has an afternoon rest, Rusty would sleep on the carpet beside her bed, if he has not been physically blocked by Amber. If it is sunny, both will desert Mother for the lino on the back room.

Rusty likes sleeping on my bed (and me!) when I'm in it, but my bed is much less attractive when I'm somewhere else. If I'm not at home, and if Mother is ignoring A and R, then Rusty might try to get up on my bed. I.e. it is nearness to the person that is the prime consideration, something like the classes of relics of Christian saints, rather than purely comfort.

Amber doesn't do beds at all, Rusty likes to jump up and do a sniff census of the contents of all beds first thing in the morning, i.e. if you are not up in time you might score a face to face meeting. Apart from this episode of morning 'bed surfing' Rusty doesn't much bother to try to sleep on Mother's bed, with or without her being on it. Also – putting out the garbage one night, both Wheely bins, I discovered that Rusty was with me in the dark, and nothing restraining him from going further, without hesitation he preceded me back indoors, so he is not a 'bolter' as Amber has been.

A and R's conduct on the day of the great Will signing? I rigged a gate between the Dining room and the Sun room. My thinking being that it would be better to allow them to see what was going on rather than attempt to exclude them from the house and have to put up with their protests. So, A&R could see who and what was happening and they chose not to be vocal.

Mid August – Mother at times forgets to feed A and R during the day, sitting in the back room for 8 hours of Spider solitaire playing each day. Consequently I get quite a reception when I get home, from A and R. They eat, then I try to get something for me to eat, while orbited by two still hungry dogs. Another consequence of mother's inattention is an increase in destruction, cushion covers chewed etc., motivated by Hunger or just attention seeking behaviour.

Amazing Scenes! At work and at a loose end I googled 'Swimming Basenjjs', and lo and behold some Czech Basenjjs owners have put up video of Basenjjs swimming and even chasing a stick by swimming after it! Further on there was footage of a Finnish Basenjjs playing chase

with a half grown Pit Bull dog, the Basenjis far to agile to be caught.

September – With Mother increasingly forgetting to refresh the dog's food bowl during the day, I'm getting a very warm greeting when I get home. Rusty has been a bit more destructive of late, 'playing' with furniture and fittings if he is ignored all day and into the evening. Amber is doing the 'Woof' more frequently, for much the same reason. Some of Rusty's recent behaviour shows a bit more of his psychological differences to Amber. If I retire to bed, to read a book or listen to the radio, he would rather be on the bed with me than outside looking in. I use the detachable side of a child's cot as a barrier to keep Rusty out of my room during the day. I permit him up on my bed because if he is sitting on the bed (or me) then he usually settles down quite soon and isn't destructive. I went to watch TV one night, from resting with Rusty on my bed. He followed me out, but he disappeared for a while. I discovered that he had taken the oversized T Shirt I habitually wear as night attire and he had dragged it out to the hallway and used it as a mat (out of my territory and into no mans/dogs space).

I.e. it's not my bed that he covets, it's closeness to his preferred person that he craves, at the time I was sitting in a lounge chair Amber stops at the door looking in, seldom does she want to come into my room, respecting 'my' territory. Thus Rusty is 'my' dog and Amber is Mother's dog, Rusty being heaps more demonstrative.

NB the picture below is of Amber as a puppy.



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