

The Barbed Vine



Art and Environment

Cover: "Looks like Rain"-Garry Rogers

We live here, where the wild things are, because we love the environment. This love inspires artistic creation, and motivation to protect and help. From tiny mushroom spores, the trees talk to each other – everything connects, and we are part of it all. The winter months are a great time for weed removal and preparation for the storm season, however this is also a time for fire danger. Earth, Air, Fire, Water and Spirit – in so many cultures, these are the basic elements and understanding how these work in our environment is vital.

We pay respect to the First Peoples of this land, the Jinibara and Garumngar.

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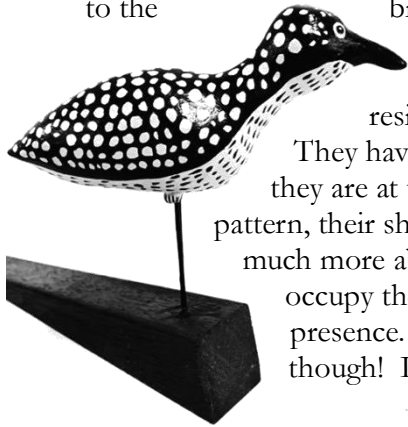
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Birds - Ingrid Burkett

The poet Emily Dickinson once wrote *'hope is the thing with feathers that perches in the soul and sings the tune without the words and never stops at all'*.

I first read those lines as a child, newly arrived in Australia, learning English and getting to know the feel of this land. It stuck with me always, especially as I gravitated to the



birds of this country, their song (not always melodious!) and their habits, their flight paths and their nests – they were a symbol for me not only of hope but of resilience and determination.

They have always formed a part of my art, actually, more strongly they are at the heart of my art. I am captivated by their form, their pattern, their shapes. I am less interested in capturing their realism (there are artists much more able in this regard) so much as tapping into their soul – the way they occupy their worlds, their whimsical movements and personalities, their presence. You'll not recognise too many species in my pieces though! I have always been a three dimensional artist – even

paper though I trained in graphics, I was more attracted to cutting and print making as illustrative methods – and then in more massive forms, giant puppetry, but also sculpture and ceramics. I am an eclectic bird nerd! And I do make other creatures...but always, throughout my life I have returned to birds. Rob and I replaced our TV a long time ago with a bird bath – hours of viewing pleasure have ensued. We are so incredibly lucky to have regular visits from bowerbirds (regents and satins), wompoo pigeons, kingfishers, spotted pardelotes...I could go on – so many muses with wings on the mountain for which I am deeply grateful and which I hope to honour in a very small way through my work.



Featured Artist -Garry Rogers

Garry Rogers is a truly environmental artist who has lived at Mt Glorious for 20 years. His passion for wildlife is evident in his depictions of local flora and fauna in both detailed drawings in graphite and woodwork with fine marquetry inlay. This is also reflected in his commitment to only using recycled timbers.

Wildlife has always been a focus for him. Creeks and forests were the places he gravitated to. It was from England, however, that his constant drawing took a new turn when “*the most expensive book I’ve ever bought*” changed doodling and sketching into a more dedicated art practice. The book is about realistic drawing of dogs and the big discovery was “*It doesn’t matter how long a drawing takes; it will take as long as it takes.*” Mike Sibley *Drawing from Line To life*’.

Now, his drawings take around 40 hours and up to and over 200 hours for the larger more in depth works. And it shows in the quality of the finished art. Composition and design are primary in creating all his pieces. But for all the time spent drawing, there is an equal amount of time spent on observation, combined with years of attention and interaction with the wildlife portrayed. This is coupled with a substantial knowledge of native plants and animals. “*It’s all observation.*”

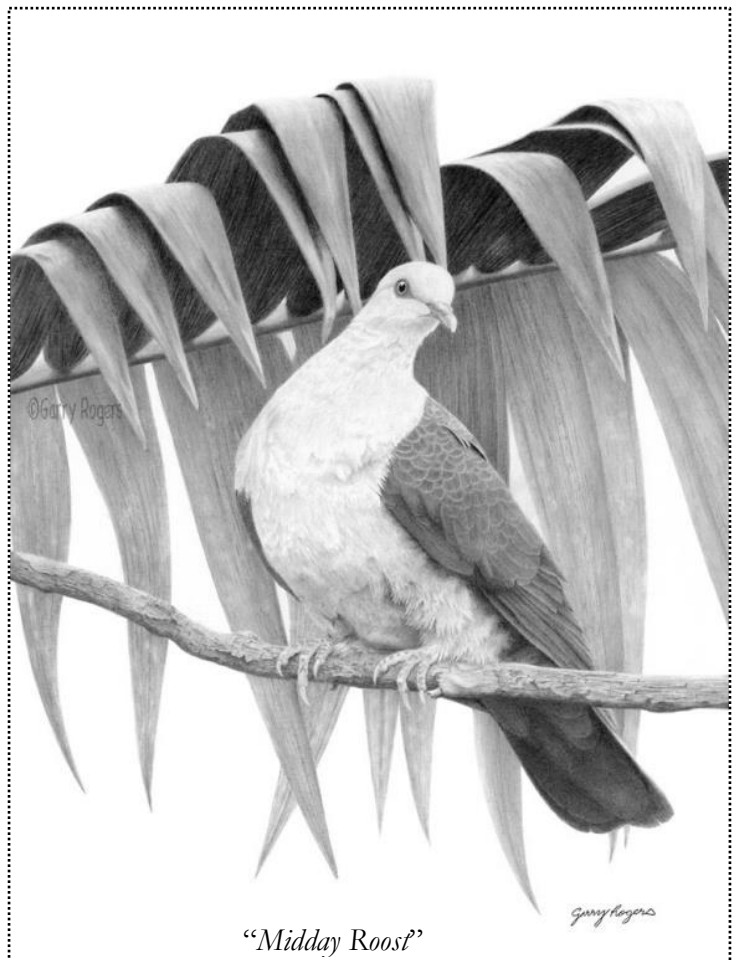


Love of Wildlife.



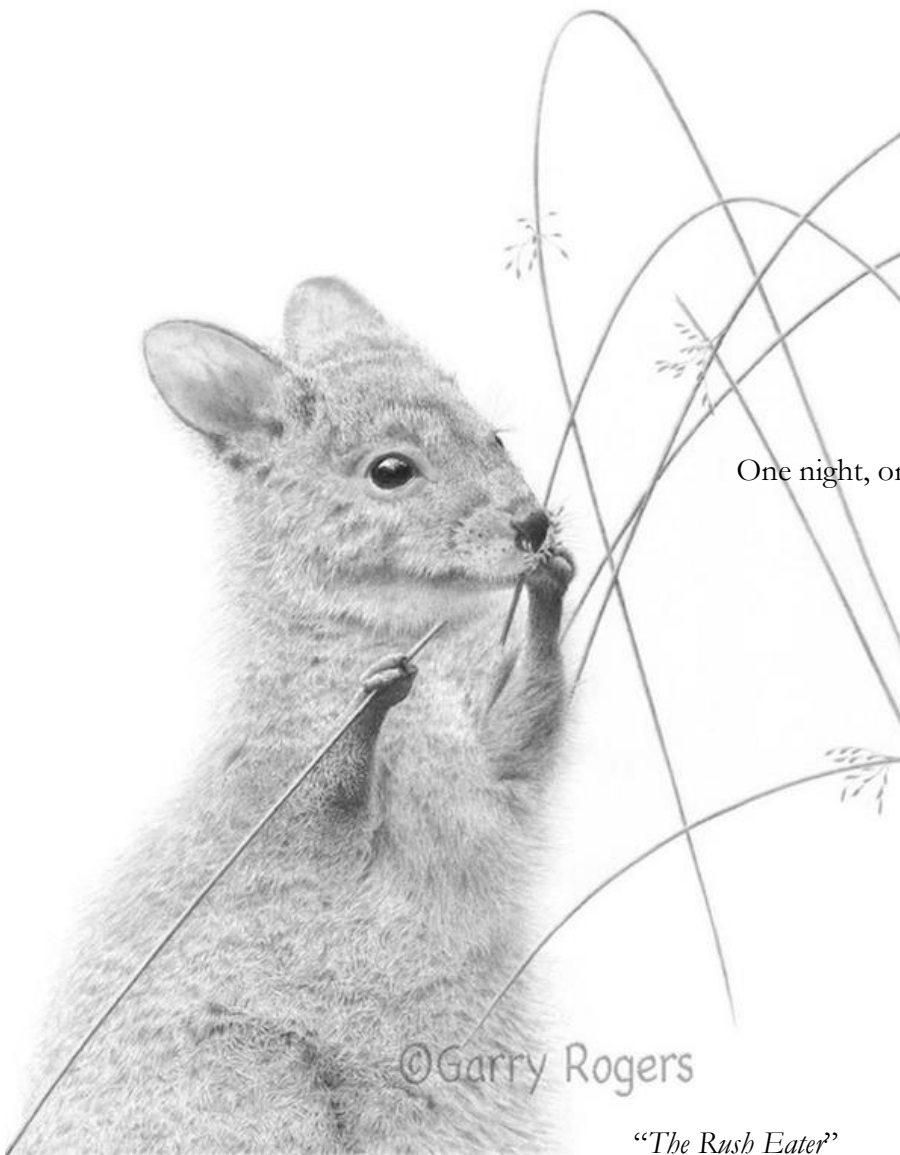
There are so many birds and animals to observe in his well-forested neighbourhood, that he was stumped when asked to pick out favourites. The spectacular paradise rifle bird would certainly stand out for many bird-watchers as a dream sighting but Garry prefers to draw the immature males as they are so driven.

It takes 4-5 years before they get their full plumage, and it’s around November that all the activity takes place. He loves watching their mating dance practice in the forest that surrounds the house and neighbourhood. A female Grey-shrike thrush (known simply as GT) was a genuine favourite for her relationship with Garry and his neighbours. She would wait at the top of the drive and when he called “come on” she would follow him down and sit on his knee, or even on his hand.



“On the Hunt”

“Midday Roost”



“The Rush Eater”

Red-necks and Red-legs!

Loving wildlife is more than just watching! Barbara, Garry’s partner successfully raised four orphaned joeys one at a time, three female red-necked pademelons and one red-legged male, no simple endeavour. “Every night, we’d go out, and watch the coke can-sized hoppers graze, just as they naturally would with their mothers.”

One night, one of the little ones was saved by quick eyes spotting a powerful owl and shining a torch at the hopeful predator. Squeaky, the male, was a real character. (According to Garry, Red-legged pademelons are very intelligent.) Squeaky loved an occasional small carrot treat and would claw at Garry’s leg when the fridge door opened and when a carrot was removed it was as though he could smell it. Squeaky would come and go as he pleased, with the front door left ajar for him at night. After he came inside, Barbara would grab him to towel him dry and clean his feet before he would nosedive into the bed between Garry and Barbara. Then Squeaky would snore!

While Squeaky returned intermittently, all pademelons eventually went out to live wild.

The Wonder of Wood.

“Part of the reason I do what I do is that it’s recycling timber. The very least I can do for the next generation.”

Trees feed our lungs, our hearts and souls. Their natural beauty and defects are integral to Garry’s woodwork, The timber used is all recycled – from broken furniture, offcuts and garden pruning’s. His workshop is a delight to the senses: the colours and patterns, the very smells of all the different woods he uses. Even the names of the woods form a poetry of their own: Tuckaroo, Native Tamarind and Budgeroo, with Hairy Rosewood, Blackwood, Silver Basswood, Orange Tree, Mulberry, Lemon Scented Tea Tree, and southern Silky-oak from pruning’s in his garden.

Garry relies on traditional techniques, many dating back to ancient Egypt. He even makes some of his own tools, which are works of art in themselves. Other works he makes include: keepsake boxes to large chests, stools, tables, desks and mirrors, often featuring beautiful marquetry.



Marquetry: detail from toolbox



Marquetry is a fine and finicky art and to depict wildlife this requires a complex colour palette of woods. For dark colours, he ebonises the wood (such as Tuckaroo) in an iron acetate solution which is simply iron and vinegar. Spalting is another ancient technique for colouring wood and involves the action of bacteria and fungi on fallen trees, essentially it is the first stages of rot. All the white colours in the marquetry work are from the orange tree, while ebonized mulberry provides a simulation of greens, used for frogs, whipbirds etc. Then, he begins the intricate and time-consuming process of finely cutting small slivers of wood to form the inlay.

Whether it's a work on paper or for marquetry, the gestures of his subjects are of primary importance and he pays particular attention to the eyes. *"I try to get that look."* This is one of the most difficult tasks with marquetry, using small brittle slivers of wood for the pupils, which can sometimes take several attempts to get right. Even more difficult is adding the highlights as there is only one chance to make it work. All this happens before hollowing out the substrate of the otherwise completed wooden piece (such as a mirror, box or table) to set the motif in.

Surprising fact: Garry was a professional musician for 18 years, working at pubs and clubs up and down the east coast. Growing up in Gympie, as a teenager he used to take the train to Brisbane every two weeks for a one-hour lesson with his drumming teacher. Now, that same teacher lives up the same street!

Being an Artist: (in his own words)

"In my art practise I turn up at the drawing board and in the workshop just as you would do in any other job. Much of the time you work long hours and sometimes you don't have a lot to show for the time put in. However, if you are passionate about it then turning up for work is a pleasure. My work has won a number of prizes over the years in various exhibitions. But for me the greatest accolade I can receive is when someone loves a work enough to purchase it or they commission a piece."



On being called talented: *"I am not sure about the word talent; I feel that I am more tenacious than talented. I will graciously accept the compliment but the truth is, I believe that if I am talented then we are all talented. The fact is If you persistently put in the work at an activity which you are passionately pursuing and are learning from your mistakes and failures. Yes, you will make lots of those, then for the want of a better word you will be talented indeed."*

"I firmly believe that the ability to draw is something that we all share, and we are all capable of no matter our age or disposition. It is a skill that we can all learn, and to become proficient at it, it doesn't take any kind of magical or mystical "talent". We already possess the gifts that are needed for drawing however I do feel the important thing is a heartfelt desire to do it coupled with a bit of tenacity."

Garry lives by this motto by the 14th century artist Cennino Cennini:

"Do not fail, as you go on, to draw something every day, for no matter how little it is, it will be well worth while, and it will do you a world of good."

Garry Rogers: <https://www.garryrogersfinewoodandpencil.com/> commissions, repairs, and restorations.

Email: garryrogers88@gmail.com

Across the Road – Kim Kenyon



Light in the darkness – Sarah Jane

The most deepest, intimate thoughts consume you in your darkest hours,
Alone!

How you were betrayed, drawing you to a hurt so deep
as if to pull out your heart and cease your last breath.

Yet here you are, though wounded, breathing and strong
You are to keep your light shining.

From only love that light shines, bringing tears to your eyes.
But know that those words from betrayal did not entrap your heart,
They only set up more guards to protect you.

MEPA and our Local Environment

It goes without saying that our local environment is pretty damn fantastic – a rich ecology full of amazing plants, birds, frogs, reptiles, gliders, possums and invertebrates too numerous to mention. And it's worth going to some effort to protect it. As the theme of this issue is 'Art & the Environment' it is worth noting that art has a role in this protection, speaking to people in a way that other forms of communication cannot. MEPA (the Mt Nebo & Mt Glorious Environment Protection Association) tries, in its way, to protect as well – focussing on advocacy on our environment's behalf alongside on-ground action like weed control, community education, threatened species surveys and protection, heritage protection for environmentally significant parts of our community.

With biodiversity protection a key MEPA objective, it is common knowledge that the primary drivers of biodiversity decline are:

- **climate change,**
- **habitat clearing and**
- **habitat degradation.**

Climate change is something we all need to work at. Habitat clearing is not a major threat on the Mountain, with most habitat protected against widespread clearing by national parks and surrounding private landholders. However, like much of eastern Australia's landscapes, our mountain landscapes are facing considerable degrading pressures. Aggressive invasive plants displace native habitat and lack of appropriate fire in our landscapes is leading to a serious decline in local forest health. Bell Miner Associated Dieback (BMAD) is one symptom of this decline – much of our wet sclerophyll forest is now dying from this aggressive dieback with fire a key recognised corrective.

Weed control is obviously an important part of halting habitat degradation and consequent biodiversity decline. It is a huge problem and an endless, often thankless, task (as many of you know from experience on your own properties) but, as with private property, it needs to be done in public areas so we do what we can.

Lobbying for funding for control work in such areas like road reserves (often treated as mere infrastructure with little environmental consideration) means MEPA is able to run a multi-partnership weed control program along 40kms of our local roads – with funds and support from local and state government and their agencies who often brought the weeds in in the first place and spread them through their activities managing infrastructure like roads and power corridors. The program, employing highly skilled contractors (mostly local) and dedicated volunteers, has to-date amounted to about \$1.2M over the last 18 years. It's damn hard work and takes a lot of organising but we think the results have been outstanding. It helps us all protect our private properties too against weed incursion from degraded public areas.

Bell miner or Bellbird

(Manorina melanophrys)

Olive-green with orange eyes, known for its bell-like call.



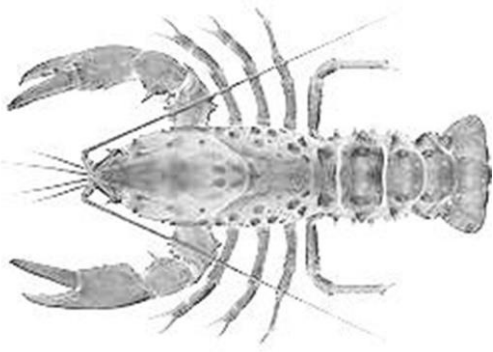
Bell Miner Associated Dieback

These native birds spread and protect insects called psyllids which consume the sap of the eucalypts slowly killing the trees from the top.

PLANT PEST!

Cat's claw creeper is a native of tropical America and is an aggressive climber that was used as an ornamental in older-style Queensland gardens. This vine has the ability to completely smother native vegetation, even growing up over trees, and many bushland areas already have serious infestations of this weed. The vine has a vigorous root and tuber system, which adds to difficulties in controlling the weed.





Critically Endangered!

The Mount Glorious spiny crayfish (Euastacus setosus) are endemic and only live in one creek system that's protected in Maiala. They only survive in running, unpolluted water with temperatures below 20°C. Growing up to 12 centimetres long, this orangey-brown crayfish is distinguished from other freshwater crayfish by the short, soft spines on their abdomen and nippers.

Helping locals with information and advice is another way we try to help. *MEPA News* tries to provide information to promote environmental awareness and protection. Our free “Do Your Block” service, advising locals on dangerous invasives and their control aims to add to the protection of our local biodiversity through helping you protect and improve habitat. And MEPA events to raise community awareness about the important role fire plays in forest health are in train.

We are also aware that we inhabit this forest with some highly vulnerable threatened species that need protection. As locals we are often better placed than government agencies to identify their presence and better situated to advocate on their behalf. They're our neighbours after all. With this in mind, MEPA has gotten the relevant research permits and undertaken biological surveys of threatened species using grant money (that takes a lot of work to get!) and is now in the process of putting together a threatened species listing with the state and federal governments (who often lack the funds necessary to do the time-consuming listings themselves – a serious problem). And we are working with local and state agencies to help protect these threatened species.

Our natural environment suffers from degrading impacts – with often-seemingly insignificant impacts adding up to a “death by a thousand cuts” – and at MEPA we work to defend against these cuts. It's constant, involves a lot of behind-the-scenes advocacy, funding applications, organisation and on-ground work but we feel it simply has to be done. And we thank our community for their support in all this. We can't do it without them.

Dominic Hyde MEPA <https://www.mepainc.org.au/> mepa.enquiries@gmail.com

Spotted Dog - Maggie Scattini (Mt Nebo)

This little dog doesn't have four legs but it has definitely got out and about on the mountain. You can easily recognise it from the pictures – dark green leaves with pink spots and not very tall although it can grow to about a metre sometimes in the semi-shade. It has small tubular purple flowers that are not always obvious. It has relatives in the Acanthaceae family that have also escaped the confines of the garden fence such as Black-eyed Susan which is a vine with orange flowers, and also the dreaded *Dischoriste depressa* which is too notorious even to deserve a common name and is slowly sneaking along the roadside up to the mountain. Going on the opinion of local gardeners, Spotted Dog does not merit the friendly names of Pink Polka Dot or Freckle Face. It spreads by seed and can become a monoculture as a ground cover. It even enjoys growing in the shade unlike most flowering plants with more manageable habits.

If you pull it out and throw it on the ground in wet weather it will happily keep on growing. So, when weeding, get the roots out and put the whole plant in the bin or solarise it under black plastic for a few months - out of scrub-turkey territory. Their big feet love ripping up interesting piles. **It is a good time to weed it out now as the soil is still moist and soft.** Get it out before next year's crop of seeds. There is also a herbicide that kills it.

The botanical name is *Hypoestes phyllostachya*. It comes from Madagascar. There are a few native species but these don't have the pink spots and don't grow here. Good luck with this one.



Upatree Arts

Upatree Arts Cooperative is twenty years old next year. In that time we have created around thirty giant puppets, organised many workshops, tried our hand at downsizing to print-making, jewellery and sewing bees. We are now getting a little long in the tooth for too much cavorting around with giant puppets....but we are still inspired by the magic of spectacular creations that tower above the heads of crowds. We've always been driven by a sense of justice and inspiring more sustainable futures, and in recent years our puppets have been designed to share a message – whether it be giant grandmothers to raise the profile of elders in our society, or spirits of Queensland – earth, water, forest and city to highlight the decisions we need to make to ensure positive futures in our state.

But maybe our most ambitious and perhaps most successful puppet is Beako, the giant Eastern Curlew, who has become a mascot for the protests against the Toondah harbour development in Moreton Bay, threatening one of the last feeding grounds of critically endangered migratory shorebirds like the Eastern Curlew on internationally protected wetlands. The puppet itself is made out of a recycled hang-glider (donated by one of our members), and constructed with a mix of new and recycled elements. It has a wing-span of 7 metres, and from



the tip of its beak to the end of its tail it measures over 6 metres. Beako has appeared at all the Toondah Harbour marches and protests, has become a beloved participant in the welcoming home the shorebirds celebrations on Moreton Bay, and has flown to Bribie Island to say hello to Millie Formby, the ultralight pilot, scientist and childrens book author who is travelling Australia to raise awareness of the rapid decline of shorebirds, and their amazing journeys across the planet.

Beako also makes a momentary appearance in the FlyWays film, directed by local film maker Randall Wood which is being shown at Mt Nebo Hall on the 23rd of June as a fundraiser for the Toondah Alliance. Come along and see this awe-inspiring film...you never know, Beako might even pop in to say hello! Upatree Arts Cooperative Ltd, 2023.



Peace 'N' Choir spreads its wings

As the curlew flies, Mount Nebo is quite a distance from the threatened wetlands of Toondah Harbour, but the cause is close to the heart of past and present members of the mountain's very own Peace 'n' Choir.

On May 14, Mothers' Day, Peace 'n' Choir lent its collective voice to the longstanding protest against commercial development in the RAMSAR protected habitat. Many choir members attended the rally and sang songs, including one with lyrics composed especially for the occasion by choir leader Ann Bermingham.



Supporting efforts to respect and conserve the environment were part of the underlying ethos of the choir when it was founded in 1994, and almost 30 years later, remains one of the values choir members hold dear.

Most residents of Mount Nebo will be familiar with Peace 'n' Choir, having seen the acapella group perform at local functions over the years. As well as weekly rehearsals, occasional performances and the odd protest, Peace 'n' Choir enjoys an esteemed place amongst the network of choirs around south east Queensland. Earlier this year the choir participated in a workshop with four Brisbane-based choirs in Ashgrove.

On May 27, the choir was invited to participate in the Moreton Bay Regional Council Anywhere Festival in collaboration with several other choirs in the council area. Several weeks of learning and preparation culminated in a challenging and rewarding day-long workshop led by Emma Dean, followed by an evening performance at Caboolture. A small group of hardy choir members followed up the next day by singing with other community members at Balaangala community garden at The Gap to commemorate Sorry Day. Peace 'n' Choir has a special relationship with the Stradbroke Island Singers, as the intrepid Ann Bermingham also conducts this choir.



Peace 'n' Choir is about community members who share a love of singing, respect for culture and environment, and celebration of the human spirit.

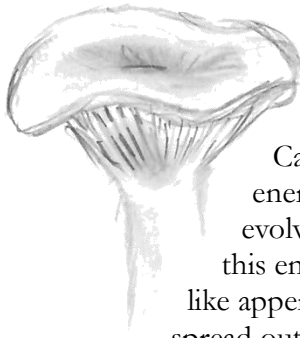
If you would like to join (no auditions!) please come to the Mount Nebo Hall on a Thursday night at 7.30pm, or phone Lyn Needham on 0477 660 121 for enquiries.



Fungus - Maggie Scattini.

I have read that without fungi present day life on earth would probably not exist.

If this is the case then it's the mycorrhizal fungi that are the heroes. These are the ones often looking like mushrooms that pop up in the garden or the bush, frequently after rain. They involve and benefit up to 90% of the plants on earth and since animals, including humans, need oxygen and also the amino acids that plants produce to create protein, they are really important.



Fungi do not have the green chlorophyll that plants need to photosynthesise and create carbohydrates and oxygen.

Carbohydrates are a source of energy. The mycorrhizal fungi evolved with land plants to tap into this energy source. They produce root-like appendages called hyphae which spread out through the soil hunting for nutrients. The most common types in the Australian bush are the ectomycorrhizae which wrap around the roots of their partner plants and transfer these nutrients to that plant. Phosphorus, nitrogen, zinc, sulphur and iron are a few of the main ones that benefit a plant. They also collect and transfer water.

The interesting part of the story is that the plant pays the fungus by transferring carbohydrates in the form of glucose to the fungus. They both need each other. This is a symbiotic relationship in which both participants in the system benefit. Up to 30% of the energy produced by a plant can be passed over to the fungus.

A network of these microscopic hyphae that join together is called mycelium and is actually the main body of the fungus. The mushrooms (once known as toadstools) we see above ground are the fruiting part of the fungus. These take

on many different shapes and sizes from edible mushrooms to those looking like bread to earth stars, corals, jellies, bird's nests, and the smelly Stinkhorns.

Some are very beautiful, some a bit slimy, all intriguing.

The rest of this good story is that the mycelium network can spread for hundreds of metres through

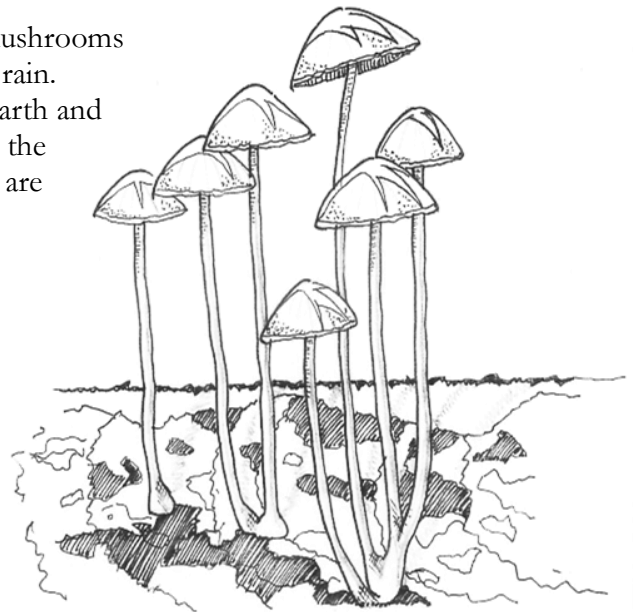
the soil. It's under our feet right now, which is why we see their fruiting bodies popping up in odd, unlikely places like the middle of a track or the centre of the lawn.

The mycelium network joins trees in a forest together so trees can pass nutrients and water and energy to one another

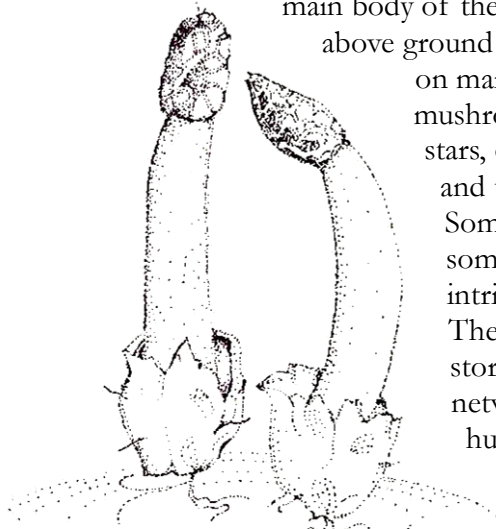
in a mutually friendly, helpful, communal sort of a way.

Nature gets it right.

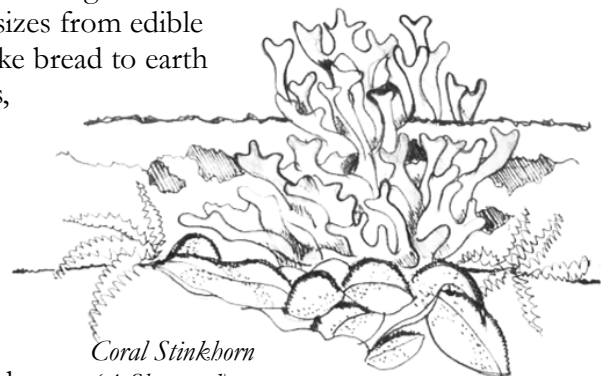
Of course, it's much more complicated than this simple explanation. For example, current research is finding that the mycelium network can produce hormones that send messages to



(Adrian Sheppard)



Stinkhorn (D. O'Brien)



Coral Stinkhorn
(A. Sheppard)

other trees in a community to warn of insect attacks or disease. The network isn't confined to plants of their own species.

All eucalypts need mycorrhizal fungi to survive. The main one associated with eucalypts is a large puff ball sort which is often seen in the bush.

There is much research being done recently into the role fungi play in the earth's ecosystem so there is plenty on the internet about this subject. A good book with illustrations and helpful facts for identification is: *A Field Guide to the Fungi of Australia* by A.M. Young. The author Tony Young gave a talk at Mt Nebo some time ago.

Thank you for reading this.



Rain – Karen Hutt

Rain is liquid joy

Breathing life to a parched land.

Moisture-laden air billows around me
Effulgent with the promise of new life
Dripping blessings on the earth below.

Even the word, whispered...

'.....Rain!.....!'

Is the sigh of a million droplets,
Life-giving tears,
Kissing the ground...

I am immersed, replete, grateful...
I want to dance my thanks to the gods,
Delirious with the heady wonder of it all.



The Storm – Lucy Francis

The wind was so strong it blew the stars from the skies.
Mini-tornadoes made wild raging branches rise in spirals
to attack my eyes.

As though in shame, though more in fear, I hid,
Face buried in corners of soft dripping clusters of leaves.
While the rain, it poured and pelted, heltered and
skeltered,

(A skirmish of raindrops like bullets or paintballs beat a
tattoo on over-drenched skin)

The taps had groaned, the toilet unflushed, water still
needed for dry kettles and sinks.

But the tank was empty.

Corrugated side pressed as an accordion
Played overzealously by a large old gum.

By the soil-grabbing torrent, down it had come,

Nether parts and secrets all splayed out
Rudely, almost obscenely revealed from the ground.

And in its path, the water tank
and also the living room wall.

Huddled together in the furthest room,

Scared cats, humans alike

Sat sleepless through the night.

Torches and phones bled out as batteries died

The house, our house, our very home no longer safe from
the battle outside.

With fierce rain tears, the wolf in the wind howled and
cried

“I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down”

In the dark, we waited for dawn.

After the storm, the roads were blocked for several days; power at Mt Nebo was off for longer. It felt as though we were completely cut off – I remember wondering if Brisbane even still existed or what was happening everywhere else. Generators helped many, but running a fridge and some lights was the limit. At our place, our driveway was completely blocked until a local team came and helped out.. We had no water as our tank had been destroyed. No power, no communication, no water, no way off the mountain and stuck in a house which might collapse – this is why the Mount Nebo Hall operating as an Information Hub is so valuable. A safe place to go, have a warm drink and something to eat, charge devices, get information and connect with others

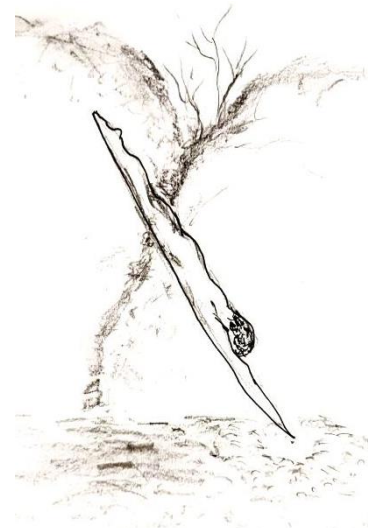
Butte Creek Fly By – Mike Hideo

Sometimes I think back to the river of wind that carries the voice of my pleasure down through the green dry bones of Butte Creek canyon. A valley gouged by time. Bedrock polished by the smooth bellies of salmon over aeons. The loud rush of creek water drowning my senses and wearing out my sins. My jumble of young thoughts, so tense and ziggy during those first few days, slowly begins to ebb and flow out. My thinking eases and my mind straightenes out. A calmness. Peace. Quiet. Just the white noise of creek water that fades in days into the background. The rest of the canyon noises sing true; birds, my heartbeat, footsteps, a falling rock. Loneliness melts away when you are in this kind of an alone.

I learned here that it takes time to escape the horror of drowning concrete and adapt to peace. Up here, letting go, you are free to see the way the sun hits off the rocks while your wet skin dries while lying on the unfolding bedrock. You see deep, deep pools and marvel as you hold a heavy rock and hold your breath as you plunge deepest into the bottom. Looking up, holding the heavy rock that pins me to the creek floor, I can see the sky as a blue stream. This is where I want to be, where my memories flow with the same striations as the stacked bedrock. I want now to feel the way I felt back then, but on demand. I have to stretch my thinking into the past like long, thin fingers that weaken the further back they go. My memory, so heavy that my weak thinking can't lift it up. Can't cradle it and turn it around in my hands. I ache to be strong enough to go back to then.

Eating miner's lettuce from the shadow of the creekline, navigating floating forests and making my way down snake trails. Smelling the fire on my clothes while misunderstanding the blue stories told by older men. Suppering alongside my family. A thin membrane hides these memories and I can't puncture that goo no matter how hard I push. I try to look through this knothole but see only a guazy haze and I am troubled at my loss.

I stand on top of the Big Hole looking down, down, down and seeing the salmon swirl in circles. They don't fear my shadow. I jump and plunge into the clear green waters, scattering them. I wished I knew this was perfection, as I do right now. Mature. Aged with regret. The poison of years in my blood. But those times, those times, echo around inside me. No guidance at all, a lost cause. My dad and his brother panning and sluicing for gold. Me and my brothers playing on an old broken down cable bridge that looked like a tensed up nightmare. Testing fate by bouncing on it and marvelling down at the tumbling creek, raising our heads up to the white line of the flume on the canyon walls. Hiking along the flume and drinking the delicious cold water. I found one of those folding cups and drank down to the soul of my aching soles and then filled my dad's red and grey furry canteen. We walked along the flume and stared down at the bottom of the canyon. Part of me is still there, staring down at Butte Creek and wishing it peace, hoping it won't change but knowing it probably will and has a long time ago.



I see the vague outlines of these deep, peaceful memories and want to pull them in focus for my children. Remember them so it's not ancient history buried by the sediments of my time here and regretfully relived on some future deathbed. But alive and noisy and quiet. If I stayed there, would the memories have stayed? If I recorded it like this back then, the folding cup and the furry canteen, would I get to have it again and again? The more I go back like this, the more I realize what I miss most. Can I resurrect my memory like Lazarus and watch it all again? I can't forgive myself if I forget this. When I die, can I please go back there, just for an hour or two? You can send me to hell right after.

Disaster Management

“We have had a wet few months we can’t burn”

REALLY

“Cyclones don’t come this far down the coast, so they won’t affect the mountain”

ARE YOU SURE?

There is no certainty about what may affect our location. The roads off the mountain can be blocked, power cut off and communication becomes difficult to impossible. It’s happened before!

SO HOW DO THE DISASTER MANAGEMENT TEAMS HELP?

In case of an event, we are able to open an information centre at Mt Nebo and an evacuation centre at Mt Glorious. To provide this support to the community we need volunteers to help with the running of the centres. Too few volunteers means too much of a burden on our small but special team. We are not SES so no need to climb ladders or repair damaged homes. Being able to communicate with your fellow mountain community members and the ability to make a cup of tea is all that is needed.

If you are interested or motivated, you need to register via the Moreton Bay Regional Council website.




<https://www.moretonbay.qld.gov.au/Council/Volunteers/Expression-Of-Interest>

Lyn Needham (Deputy Coordinator Mt Glorious Disaster Management Team.)

SIREN TESTING

1st Wednesday of every month at 7pm

Siren Tones and Appropriate Actions

ALERT	LEAVE IMMEDIATELY	BATTEN DOWN
The Bureau of Meteorology advises fire weather conditions are forecast to be extreme or catastrophic	You are in danger and need to take life-saving action immediately	Seek shelter. Do not attempt to leave the area. Driving now would be extremely dangerous and potentially deadly
		
Siren 1 - up and down wave	Siren 2 - up, up, up	Siren 3 - constant sound
The siren will be sounded as soon as the condition arises and then at 7:00am, 12:00 noon, and 7:00pm until the situation changes.	The siren is sounded every three hours as long as the threat remains or unless the situation worsens.	The siren will be sounded every hour for as long as the threat remains
Action your Bushfire Survival Plan now.	Leave the area immediately, it may soon be too dangerous.	Seek shelter, preferably inside a brick building.
Monitor the weather situation through www.bom.gov.au/qld/warnings/	Consider staying with friends or family.	Close windows and doors.
Call 000 (Triple Zero) in an emergency	Follow your bushfire survival plan.	Move flammable items away from your house.
	Don't return until advised it is safe to do so.	Fill containers with water for drinking and firefighting. Bring pets inside.

As a long-time resident of Mt Nebo (over 40 years) we feel a close connection to the community and understand the various issues we can face due to our unique location. Being a part of the Disaster Management team has helped me to get to know new and different community members after a period of working overseas, and also put to use skills I have learnt. There is free training (some online, some in person) available from MBRC for first aid, communications and other interesting courses, which also help me keep my skills up to date and understand how to help our community be safe during emergencies. Local knowledge is so important during difficult times and can often help speed up responses and make sure busy emergency teams are well informed. We are a friendly bunch and would love more mountain folk on the team - the free training is great! I have found the amount of input reasonable and doesn't take up too much of my time, we are all busy!

Andrea Mitchell

(Deputy Coordinator Mt Nebo Disaster Management Team.)

Disaster Dashboard - <https://disaster.moretonbay.qld.gov.au> information on road closures, weather, fires and power outages.

MoretonAlert is a **free** SMS, email and voice alerting system. It provides severe weather warnings, bushfire warning messages, council prescribed burn notifications, potential flash flooding incidents and planned dam releases within our region.

The Vanity of Men - Steve Kenyon

We were travelling through Sudan, and arrived in the southern town of Juba. Next day it's fairly hot, so I leave the girls browsing in a market, wander down to the Nile and jump into it's cool inviting water just below the bridge. This feels great, but after swimming around a bit, I notice a crowd of locals gathering on the riverbank.

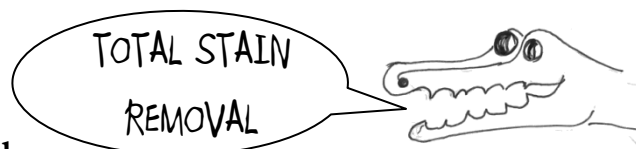
At first this is intriguing, then an answer flashes bright. Ahh ha, these people have never seen anyone do genuine Aussie freestyle. So I have a great time showing off, swimming up and down, over and back, slow and fast, to an ever-increasing crowd. It's all really good for the ego so I frequently glance over to see how many new admirers have arrived, then show off even more. Yet when I swim ashore, expecting to be swamped by an enthusiastic crowd, they just drift away into the trees. Mmm, this seems a puzzle?

But oh dear, the vanity of men.

The true reason for them all watching so avidly comes out that evening, when our hotel owner is grumbling about his new cook.

“What happened to your old cook?”

“Ohh that silly man, he does his washing last week, just below the bridge .. and of course the Nile crocodiles, they eat him!”



To My Love -Jasmin McCormack

So there's this guy. He's tall, dark longish hair, hazel green eyes, muscular, with a beautiful heart and soul. He's kind, caring, quirky and has a brilliant mind and imagination. He loves music, it rounds him out perfectly. What he listens to and what he makes sings to his soul and therefore sings to everyone else's. I don't think there is anyone else in this world that I'd rather be with. When we are together our souls sing the same song. Our hearts dance to the same rhythm. Our bodies move together creating oneness. We can sit for hours without talking, or can talk for hours nonstop. He makes me laugh, and when he laughs, it lights up his whole face and eyes. Making me fall in love even more. Everyday my love for him grows. He fell fast, but I'm still falling. I don't think I'll ever stop, nor do I want to. My life without him would be boring and bleak. When I'm away from him, my home feels very far away. I've never really felt home sick before, but now I know what that feels like. I've always thought of myself like a flower, never to be plucked for my beauty and then to die. I will be wild, difficult to find and impossible to forget. I might be crazy, and weird, but you've shown me that the strange parts of me are beautiful and can be loved. My love, please know that I love you, so very much. You've helped me grow and become a better person for myself and for you. I shall continue to grow with you. I am still learning the ways of love as you are the first one to show me what it's like. When I'm in your arms, I feel safe, loved and at home. My heart, body and soul are yours as much as they are mine. I love you with all that I am and all that I will become. My love, I want to spoil you, encourage you and love you. I want to be there beside you as you're fulfilling your dreams; encouraging you every step of the way. I want to make you laugh when you're having a bad day, and be there for you when you don't feel like laughing. I want to make you fall in love with me every single day. You'll never be too much for me. I love you with all that I am.



Eucalyptus - Karen Hutt

synonymous with Australia
the soft blue-green hues of their elegant leaves
the stage for every landscape

fragile flowers encased in armoured gumnuts
evocative aromas of lemon, aniseed and mint
tactile trunks in silky blues and rough reds!

I love the scribbly gum,
circuitous, winding trails in the smooth, shining
surface
hinting at life-cycles past
and the wonderful interconnectedness of all things

the paper-bark,
her raiment of soft, thick shreds of torn tissue-
paper
hanging loosely, artfully
disguising camouflaged beetle and bug
surprised by my gaze

the crisp, peeling curls and ribbons of the smooth-
barked eucalypts,
shyly revealing the shining new trunk beneath
while high above, hollows in old wood are home to
a lucky few

magnificent, beautiful, diverse, extraordinary
and yet...
how often do we really notice them?



Scribbly gum has distinctive patterns made by the larvae of scribbly gum moths

Pavement Eaters – Mike Hideo

So what're you looking to listen at?
You ain't got no knife sticking at your back.

You want to see leafy trees?
Moonlit nights?
Stars that tease?

Then, hell, don't listen to me.

Coming to you straight and from the top.
Spiting brick dust outta my mouth.

Feeling the heat of the pavement under my feet.
Smelling the offal stink of blackened city streets.

Gutter side whores...

Want to hear more?
You got the guts?

Well, I got buckets and buckets,
Enough for the two of us.

Ill spent slut schemers,
wild city money dreamers,
and drug running life cheaters.

Coming to you live, from on high,
On my knees to the cult of the Pavement Eaters.



A Quiet Road – L.C

“The little white van goes round and round,
Through the bends, and up and down.
The little white van goes round and round
All the way to our home”

Zach’s father stifled a groan: the pain in his back, that awful song that all kids learn. At least he’d come up with some better words for Zach to sing. He pressed his foot as far down as he could but the old white van still struggled up the steep climb with corners as curly as Zach’s crazy hair.

“Can we go past the Fairy Tree?”

Jimmy smiled at his son, just as his eyes caught a movement in the dappled shadows across the asphalt. He started braking when there was the thunder roar of an engine from the blind corner behind them. Sparkling bright purple, the car didn’t slow but crossed over to the other side of the road at another blind corner.

Then it surged on at its race-track pace.

Breathing heavily, Jimmy stopped the van. It wasn’t his life that had flashed before his eyes – it was Zach’s. Another car or bike coming around the bend and . . . his mind stalled.

“Guess we were lucky, buddy.” Trying to keep his voice calm, and forget the fear and anger.

“NOOOOO!”

The little boy wailed, staring out through the windshield. Jimmy followed the horrified round eyes. The wallaby lay on the road, bloodied and still.

“Aaargh! #####! #####! Hoons! Speedsters! Bastards! #####ing Killers!”

Zach didn’t even seem to notice that his father had used the bad words he never spoke in front of him. He just stared as Jimmy went out to the body. There was a small lifeless face in the pouch. Jimmy swore again and used his shirtsleeve to roughly rub away the wetness in his own eyes.

There was no more singing for the rest of the drive.

+++++

He aimed his piece and held it with a steady aim, his body stretched out and hidden behind the log. The mountain roads were his goldmine, easy pickings. And if the locals complained when he caught them speeding to work, well, they also complained about the accidents and the hoons. Plus, he had his reputation as the highest earning traffic cop around. When he saw another car slow down, he assumed someone or a maybe a few had flashed their lights as warning. But this car didn’t just slow but came to a complete stop and the driver got out.

“Officer? Officer?” she called out. “Officer, there’s a motorbike down, but I can’t see the rider.”

“How did you know I was here?”

“What?”

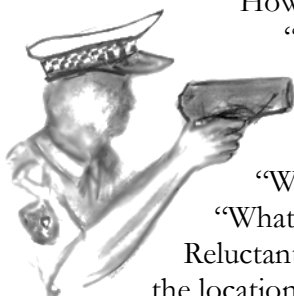
He stared at the woman, who seemed genuinely distressed. But while distracted; he had missed two passing motorbike, definitely speeding.

“Umm, I think I heard it from someone on Facebook.”

“Who?”

“What? I don’t know. Please there’s a bike down.”

Reluctantly, he walked to where he had hidden his own motorbike and asked her the location of the incident.



It wasn’t far before he saw the motorbike on its side. No sign of an accident. No sign of the rider. Further along, he could see two more bikes. All abandoned. He recognised the last as one he had already caught in his radar sights. The other two looked similar to the two bikes he had just missed.

+++++



The phone rang in the police station at 1am on a Saturday night.
 “It’s from Mt Nebo, something about cars. You can take this one, Ryan. It’ll be another callout complaining about hoons. Just calm them down. By the time we get there, they’ll be gone. Nothing we can do.”

Ryan sighed. He was always sent out for the menial tasks, crank calls, everything no-one else wanted to do.

When he arrived, it was nothing like anything he’d expected. In the dark, the headlights revealed a strange sight.. The road was blocked with an eight car pile-up of vehicles: the fast and the furious vehicles, brand new or with modified engines, bright paintwork. Engines still running, giant exhausts still blasting. The sergeant was right in that they were gone. But just the drivers, not their cars.

All stopped, driverless and empty

++++
 ++

The BigRider Motorcycle Club meeting was in deep discussion.

“But we’ve always had an early morning trip to the mountains. It’s tradition.”

The president passed them the news clippings.

“I am not going.”

“Maybe if we did it a bit later?”

“No! this is the way we do it, then have time to get home and do our other weekend stuff.”

“Chicken!”

“Well count me out”

“Brrrk, brrk, brrk. Come on guys.”

“Well go on your own then.”

“Perhaps it is a bit rude roaring through their village at 5am on the weekend?”

++++

It was a quiet morning on the mountain but busy at the café. Tourist trade had dropped off due to the increasing list of missing persons but, like cockatoos, the locals flocked there. There was a small aversion to driving too far, a feeling of support for a suffering local business, but mostly people came to talk about the mixed blessing, strange curse that seemed to afflict all the pests of the road.

“They treated me like I was head of a gang. Just cos I’d made some complaints.”

“Look, everyone’s been interviewed – not just you.”

“They asked me who I knew on the mountain who might want to do this.”

“Well there are those prison guys who escaped. Maybe it’s them”

“The cops think it’s local vigilantes, has to be a group”

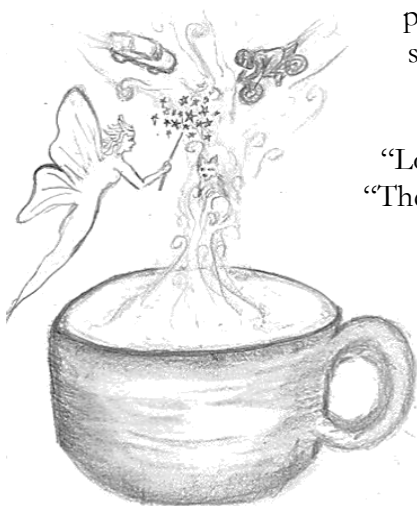
“But what would we do with” (she started to count on her fingers for emphasis)

“so many people?”

“Or bodies.”



Alex Mills



The dark implication of what someone might have done hung heavy.

“Well, who hasn’t thought of how to get rid of them?”

“But it’s good, right?” a small voice from a small face framed by crazy cool curly hair.

Jimmy turned to Zach. He thought back to every time he had railed against people causing problems on the road.

“Everyone’s always so grumpy about the hoonies and the speedos. I didn’t want things to die like . . . like the wallaby.”

Everyone sat still, caught in memories and fears – of bumpers and tyres filled with fur or feathers, wheel marks on pythons, windscreens smashed, and the visceral terrors for friends and family. “Zach, what happened at the Fairy tree?”

“I just wished they’d all disappear.” ++++++

Hoon Hotline: on 13HOON (13 4666). Injured wildlife: 1300 ANIMAL (1300 264 625)

If you find a dead animal on the road, check the pouch and surrounds for any young. Remove the body from the road, for the safety of both drivers and animals who feed on carrion.

If you do find a joey still alive in a mother’s pouch, if you can **take the mother and the joey still in the pouch to your nearest vet**, this will help ensure the joey gets to the RSPCA or a local wildlife carer who can care for them. For all injured wildlife, use a towel to cover them quickly to avoid stress to the bird/animal and prevent injury to yourself. However tempting, don’t keep opening up the container or covering and looking at the injured creature or showing it to others.

Car Kit for Wildlife Rescue

If you do come across an injured young animal, it is helpful to have some items in your car that can assist you in keeping the animal safe on the way to the local vet or wildlife organisation

- Towels (of various sizes to wrap up small animals)
- Pillowcases (could be used as a substitute pouch)
- Box (cardboard box or plastic basket)
- Torch
- Disposable gloves
- First aid kit
- Scissors or pliers
- Pen and paper (to write down the exact location of where the injured animal was found)
- Strong gloves can also help

There is a great roadside rescue kit available from gumbyskangaroosanctuary.com.au/

The Day of the Snake – Darryl O’Brien

I found myself confronted with an urgent request to remove a 2-meter python from its latest safe place under the home of 2 apprehensive women who had lost their confidence to handle the task. I had little, fearless certainty as well but in the face of necessity to help these kind mountain folk, I stepped up to *do* it.

I listened to their advice, this being somewhat tentative; which did not comfort a male trying succeed in such a venture. I had never been asked to do such a thing nor did I possess an intrepid history to accompany it. I paused. Seeing that thought was the obvious prerequisite for an attempt I struggled to recognize in words or images what to do next.

Tales of a gargantuan beast, a girth reflecting huge thighs but also tales of those smaller, swifter, and shiftier ones ready to strike. That arm squeeze is followed instantaneously by a struggle to release the grip around its neck when strength is lost. FEAR!

Anyway, with no inevitability, I approached the critter through the primitive lesson: “Steady is quick” . . . and just did it!

Thirty minutes later we watched in the gladness of a good deed accomplished as the exquisitely, patterned python leisurely slithered off to its new home in the forest. A tiny bird heralded the snake’s presence.



Puzzles

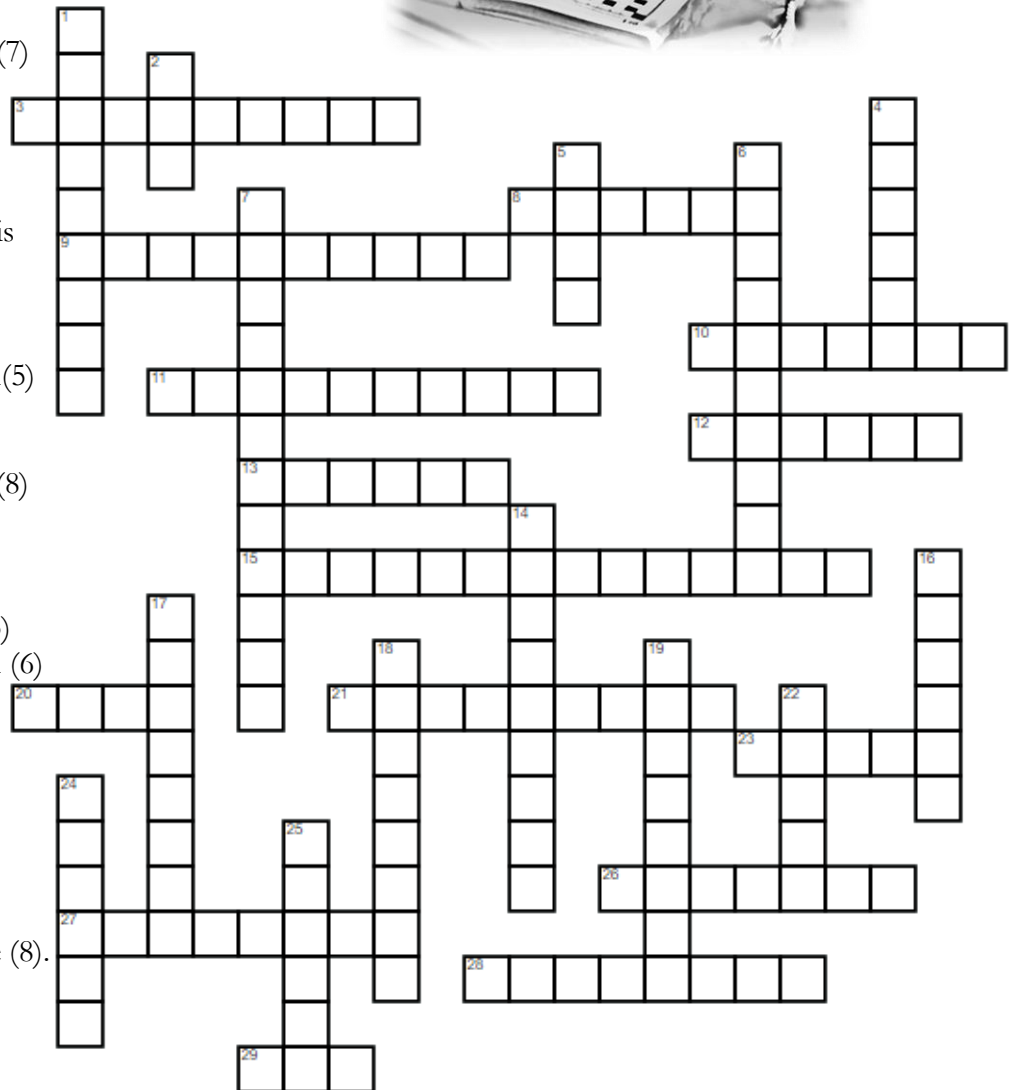
Cryptic Crossword – local clues! Solution at bottom of page

Across

- 3. Blaze recess for safety (4,5)
- 8. Wonder on Mountains, first then scat (6)
- 9. Plant to make you pause (4-1-5)
- 10. Pest Worker in actress Turner (7)
- 11. Night out at baby roo’s knee (4’1, 5)
- 12. Clear it before a storm (6)
- 13. Possibly hesitant animal (6)
- 15. Favourite place by Robert Louis Stevenson! (9,7)
- 20. I father care for plants (4)
- 21. Irishman fruit? (9)
- 23. Soil is funny without hesitation(5)
- 26. Flying pussy (7)
- 27. Inside a man or in a park (8)
- 28. Sounds like a rooster or a pair (8)
- 29. Able to recycle (3)

Down

- 1. Pixie architect of St Paul’s (5,4)
- 2. Road to Samford from Taipei (3)
- 4. Cheer on Kournikova or Paquin (6)
- 5. Inside, take out hurt from Yoghurt at the hall at the hall (4)
- 6. Roast a rabbit hole, I hear (10)
- 7. Rug constrictor (6,5)
- 14. French lips (9)
- 16. With rush he sings.(6)
- 17. A deer’s weapon lives on a tree (8).
- 18. Our Range (8)
- 19. Blast Chopper’s actor here (8)
- 22. An amusing man (5)
- 24. It’s the top (6)
- 25. My, a la carte at this forest I hear (6)



Which of these are real native animals? Answers p23.

- | | | | |
|---------------|----------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| Dunnart | Red-breasted pitella | Land Mullet | Pacific Baza |
| Begong | Bush Thick-Knee | Logrunner | Bettong |
| Maned Goose | Tibbet | Stephen’s Banded Snake | Vicar-bird |
| Phylogale | pobblebonk | Bush groper | Brown peep warbler |
| Chubby gungan | Chingla | Jolley’s Frog | Gugaga |

Crossword Solutions Across: 3.Fire Break 8.Wompoo 9.Wait-a-while 10.Lantana 11.Joey’s Joint 12. Gutter
 13.Possum 15.Treasure Island 20.MEPA 21.Padmelon 23.Humus 26.Carbird 27.Manorina 28.Cockatoo 29.Can
Down: 1. Fairy Wren 2.PEI 4.Goanna 5.Yoga 6.Kookaburra 7.Carpet Python 14.Frogmouth 16.Thrush
 17.Staghorn 18.D’Agular 19.Boombana 22.Fungi 24.Summit 25.Matata

Local Groups and Events

Mount Nebo Resident's Association The MNRA or Rezzo, Mt Nebo Hall.

Email: mancom@mtnebo.org.au **Webpage:** www.mtnebo.org.au

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Weekly	6-8 pm Body Balance Flow	6-8 pm Zumba with Sarah Jane	6.30-7.30 pm Zumba with Mair	7.30-9.30 pm Peace'n'Choir	9-10.30am Yoga	10.30 am Yoga	
Monthly			1 st Wed 7.30 -8.30pm MNRA meeting		1 st Fri 6.30-9.30pm Social Night (Pub Night)	3 rd Sat 4-7pm Music Club.	1 st Sun 4- 5pm Sound Bath with Michele Hobart

MGCA Mount Glorious Community Association - Mt Glorious Hall.

Email: mtgloriouscommunityassociation@outlook.com **web:** mountglorious.org.au

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Weekly	9.30am Yoga	4.30-5.30pm Weight-a- While	9am Pilates		8.30-9.30am Weight-a- While	10.30am Yoga	
Monthly	11-12am Beginners Pilates class			3 rd Thur 6.30pm MGCA meeting	3 rd Fri Table tennis Last Fri Joey's Joint		



Art with Altitude is a community art exhibition, showcasing the very talented artists of Mt Glorious and Mt Nebo. It has been held yearly in the Mt Glorious Community Hall since 2015, with the exception of the period over 2020/21 in which MBRC demolished and rebuilt the hall. The 2022 exhibition featured 23 artists covering a range of media including acrylic, watercolour, pencil drawing, fine woodwork, fibre art, glass work, jewellery, ceramics, sculpture, and photography. It attracted over 1000 visitors, and 285 items of local art totalling \$36,500 were sold over the weekend.

Art with Altitude is held over the third weekend in November (this year the 18th & 19th). The exhibition offers an outlet to both established and emerging artists, and new artists are encouraged to apply.

Accompanying the exhibition are market stalls, food and live music.

Applications Open Soon! <http://www.artwithaltitude.org.au> artwithaltitude@gmail.com

MEPA: Mountain Environmental Protection Association. Website: www.mepainc.org.au

email: mepa.enquiries@gmail.com

Mobile Library: The Moreton Bay Regional Council has a Mobile Library van which visits the mountain every two weeks on a Wednesday at:

- Mt Glorious Hall (10:30 am to 12:00 pm)
- outside Mt Nebo Hall (1:30 to 3:00 pm).

Mountain Music Club – a community platform for expression of all the arts (music, poetry, singing, writing, comedy etc.) It allows community members to present or perform their work in front of an audience. The goals are performance confidence, testing material, jamming and fun! The benefits are friendships, sense of community connections, collaborations and the magic of performance as a participant and as member of the audience. 3rd Saturday of every month, 4-7pm.

Mountain Play Group A place your 0-5 year old can have unstructured play time with others in nature. Come make a connection in natural surrounds and let your child explore their senses. Every Thursday 9am - 11am. For details contact Crystal Crosthwaite on 0478173846 or find us on Facebook @ Glorious Nebo Bush Play Group.

Peace 'N' Choir on 7:30pm every Thursday night (Mt Nebo Hall) and open to people of all skill levels. Contact choir leader Ann Bermingham at annbermingham@outlook.com

Rural Fire Brigade: 1947 Mount Nebo Rd, mtneborfb@gmail.com

Mountain Play Group A place your 0-5 year old can have unstructured play time with others in nature. Come make a connection in natural surrounds and let your child explore their senses. Every Thursday 9am - 11am. For details contact Crystal Crosthwaite on 0478173846 or find us on Facebook @ Glorious Nebo Bush Play Group.



Quiz Answers: Dunnart (carnivorous mouse-sized marsupial, local), Land Mullet (Large skink, local), Pacific Baza (Crested Hawk, local), Bush Thick-knee (bush stone curlew, local) Logrunner (small ground-dwelling bird, local), Bettong (rat-kangaroo, local), Manded Goose (wood duck, local), Stephen's Banded Snake (venomous, local), Pobblebonk (frog, local), Brown peepwarbler (small bird of thornbill family), Cubby Gungan (QLD frog, Gugaga (Garumngar word for kookaburra))

Local Directory

ACCOMODATION

Maiala Park Lodge: a bespoke accommodation venue where you can just be.

Email: hello@maialaparklodge.com.au

www.maialaparklodge.com.au/

Mt Nebo Railway Carriage and Chalet

Phone 07 3289 8129

Email railwaycarriage@bigpond.com

Turkey's Nest Rainforest Cottages Peaceful, private accommodation set in 15 acres of Mt Glorious rainforest. Phone 3289 0004 for bookings www.turkeysnest.com

ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE

Australian Wild Flower Essences & Education

Phone Grace Meredith on 0435 785 385 or Annie on 0414 873 608

Acupuncture & Structural Bodywork phone Annie Meredith on 0414 873 608

BUILDER

Nails and Screws Constructions. Michael Ayling Ph: 0427314864

DRIVEWAYS

Pete Wolsey and Phil Wolsey. Wolsey Asphalt Maintenance Driveways, Car Parks, Speed Bumps/Potholes, Pathways. All aspects of asphalt and road base. Ph: 0475087761

ELECTRICIAN

Kevin Ashworth (Glorious/Nebo electrician)

Ph: 0474690301 kmashworth@gmail.com

FRESH PRODUCE

Manorina Farm. Chemical free, market garden located at Highvale. Order online from manorinafarm.com or visit

990 Mount Glorious Rd, Highvale

Email: russel@manorinafarm.com Ph: 0410 461 895

FIREWOOD

John Nicklin - ute load of hardwood Ph: 3289 0156

HAIR

Vanessa Kennedy Mobile Hairdressing services

Ph: 0450036015

Holistichairdressingservices@gmail.com

J.P. (JUSTICE OF THE PEACE)

Alison Cavanagh Ph: 0431 021 502

Maggi Scattini (J.P.) - Mt Nebo Ph: 3289 8175

LEATHER WORK

Skin and Bone Leather Sam Moonshine.

Ph:0434397606

email: skinandboneleather@outlook.com

MASSAGE

Michele Hobart Mt Nebo Rd, Mt Nebo Remedial massage therapist with full health cover rebates.

Ph: 0407 662 044

Mt Nebo Massage - Peter Thompson

Remedial massage therapist and SLM myotherapist, with full health cover rebates.

Ph: 0427 611 119.

PAINTER

Ryan Hall Painting

0405346459 Ryanhallspainting@gmail.com

Glorious Painting - Servicing the mountain, Samford, and its surrounds, I provide a premium finish with neat and tidy etiquette at an honest price. Internal, and external painting, decks, and plastering repairs. Small jobs welcome Ph: 0458 761 080

simonmh81@gmail.com

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