

THE WORLDS FIRST CLAYTONS CORROBOREE :: ! (the corroboree you have when your not having a corroboree)

> We must have had the best ever turn out for our October B.B.Q. meeting. About 40 Adults & 15 children arrived at Blackflat and what a beautiful day it was too.

OCTOBER MEETING REPORT

Disapointment was minimal because of the above conditions but it was a shame that the Werrunjerri Tribe couldn't make it, however a great many Friends arrived and partook of the delightful locat weather and company. The kids were delighted with being able to cook their own damper over the fire, some even came back four or five times for more!!! Not to mention the adults!!!

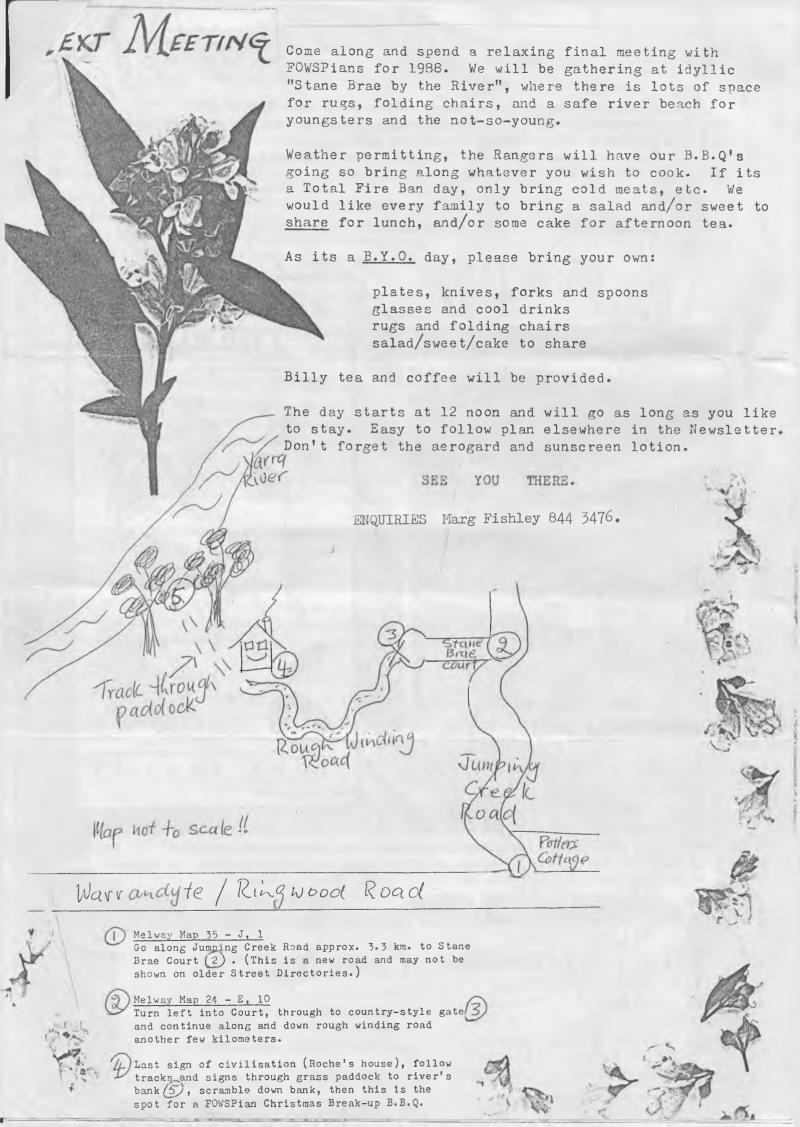
After lunch some of the more energetic decided to walk the natur trail while others walked all the way to Jumping Creek Reserve an back again.

- see papas

Thankyou to Ian Bruce for organising the B.B.Q.'s for us. 17 Koala + pouch yourgest long the tremendous attendance of the meeting shows that to attract large numbers the activity should be as interesting as possible and activities should be as diverse as possible too.

KOALA RELEASE

Butallicat On the 16th. of this month some members of the Friends were fortunate to watch the release of about 20 koalas near the Yarra and to learn some of the habits of this now threatened species. More news of this and our koala counts in our following newsletter.



"DOING A BRADLEY" HITS THE AIRWAVES!

Radio National recently included a feature on this method of bush regeneration in their"Practicalities" Program (Broadcast on Saturdays at at 9 and repeated the following Tuesday at 3)

Who knows how many hundreds(?Thousands?) of listeners were inspired

to do some weeding next time they're in the bush.

Sat. 220ct. and Tues. 25th.

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Did any member happen to tape this Broadcast? Let us know if you heard it.

## THE BUSH

• The Bradley method of bush regeneration •



JOAN BRADLEY

Eileen and Joan Bradley.
COURTESY OF JOHN FAIRFAX AND SONS LTD.

How about this book as a great Christmas Gift. "Australiana Aspect" in Yarra St Warrandyte promises to stock this and several other recommended books. They are most helpful and don,t charge "Tourist Price".

## FOWSPIAN Committee.

IAN BURKE
MARGARET BURKE
MARGARET FISHLEY
DENISE FRICKER
OLIVE WALTERS

GAIL ROCHE VAL POLLEY DOUG SEYMOUR 722 1926 8443086 844 2740

GLEN JAMESON

8442395 ... almost!

is interview was conducted on the run whilst Kim led an intrepid band of helpers (FOWSPIANS) on a seed collecting foray for Park propagation. Born and bred in the beach suburbs of Melbourne, Kim, a young 28y.o. is a LAND PROTECTION OFFICER (the only one of this type in Victoria at this stage) and is currently on secondment acting as PEST, PLANT AND ANIMAL PLANNING OFFICER for the Melbourne region. Based at Melbourne Head-quarters of the Department of Conservation, Forest and Lands, Kim is actively assisting at the Warrandyte State Fark and supplying information to landholders close and adjacent to the Fark in relation to land protection issues. The work basically involves plant and animal E. ROBINSO control by chemical and non-chemical means. PROFILE Kim is also helping the Thursday Group of FOWSFIANS. guiding and leading such activities as \* seed collection and naming seed planting and propogation in trays \* "potting on" seedlings already grown preparation and mixing of appropriate growth mediums location of all the above in sheltered areas or greenhouse etc. As a child and teenager, Kim spent weekends and holidays on a farm in South Giptsland (Strezlecki country) involved in a wide range of activities - shearing animal husbandry (is the word sexist?) vermin and weed control, fencing, painting and trail-bike riding. Amongst her work activities as an adult, Kim, who qualified at Melbourne State College (B.Ed in Environmental Science) worked as a Training Officer on Urban Revegetation on the Merri Creek (3 years) then returned to teaching Environmental Science at Secondary School She was also involved with neighbours of the "ORGAN PIPES" in an effort to control thistles in the area. Vital Statistics: 1. To rule the world Ambitions 2. To make people control their plants and animals. 3. To be re-incarnated as a wedge-tail eagle or dolphin Bushwalking, absailing, shooting rabbits Interests gliding, feeding birds etc "Huntsmen" hiding in tiolet rolls Pet Aversion Favourite Sayings: 1. "Oh Yeah" 2. "I'll pretend I didn't see you do that. Who refuses occasionally sets fire to dried Bad Habits out leaves wrapped in paper cylinders then puts them in her mouth (but Hamas not on days of total fire ban) Bourbon Favourite Beverage: One-eyed Collingwood supporter V.F.L.Team'r (aren't they all?) \* Comment by fellow worker on last two points mentioned

"Obviously got no taste at all!"

## LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY

Congratulations on Digger's Club 10th Birthday, and thanks for the Garden Annual; the beautiful pictures in it never fail to renew my enthusiasm for the casual, easy-care garden which it is my ambition to achieve.

I do agree with your words on page 3 of your recent Garden Annual:
"The nostalgia for plants Australian, whilst it rekindled interest in our own flora,

brought into suburban gardens many plants that were best left in the bush."

I have to tell you that even country I have to tell you that even country gardens now, which ten years ago "seemed largely unaffected by these trends", have taken up the fashion of growing "native" flowers. These so-called natives are mostly cultivated specimens of Western Australian species, and just as unsuited to Eastern States' gardens as any other imports from foreign countries.

One of my dreams is to have what I believe to be an ideal native garden: a large tract of unspoiled bush which could be treasured and tended, improved with winding paths and steps and carefully constructed waterways and pools, with perhaps the addition in selected places of some hardy introduced natives from elsewhere that would not compete with the indigenous plants to their extinction.

With the indigenous plants to their extriction.

William Ricketts has done this in his

Dandenong sculpture garden — if it is still as it
was many years ago when first I visited him.

Yesterday I visited a cousin who has
acquired 38 acres of unspoiled bushland near
Inglewood. Well, it was unspoiled. Having two horses, and hoping to acquire some cattle, they had already constructed sturdy fences and a stockyard, using the timber cut down on the property. The hooves of the horses were already churning the soil into dust or mud. The delicate native grasses were fast being replaced by sowings of rye grass and clover, fertilised by superphosphate, and round the future house area there were experimental crops of corn and oats, as well as vegetables for the table.

Of course one has to live - although they know full well they can't make a living from the few cattle they can rear on less than forty acres. But they are going to make a big difference to that area in the attempt!

I remarked on the beautiful stand of

"Wait-a-while" wattle (Acacia colletioides)

that graced the steep hill - almost a mountain that comprised the back of the 38 acres. "There was more of it before we cleared all that" said Heather, proudly pointing to the

heaps of dried scrub awaiting burning.
"But you won't be clearing it off right up the hill?" I asked.

"Oh yes we will, the cattle can't eat that!" We walked up the hill, along the track made by the tractor, and admired the sundews, with their milk-white flowers as big as fifty cent coins facing up from ground level, and the little blue lady's-finger orchids, cheerful patches of

blue lady's-finger orchids, cheerful patches of them growing in the hard soil.

"Superphosphate will kill all the little native flowers" I warned them.

"Then I'll bring it in in truckloads" said Heather, partly to shock me, I suppose.

They pointed out a family of fire-tailed finches on the dead branch of a tree. "Don't forget" I said "that every time you cut down a tree you destroy a habitat."

"Well, we have to get rid of the timber."

"Well, we have to get rid of the timber round the house in case of bushfires" said

Heather reasonably.
How sad it is that those who love the bush so much that they choose to live there, must destroy it by the very fact of their presence unless, like William Ricketts, they can creep in with reverence for what nature had created, build the minimum of residence, and be content just to enjoy, and perhaps enhance that which is already so beautiful.

## This Anticle Keproduced from the Diggers Club Newslellers Seems a interest / relevant to Warrandyte experience.

My other big dream is to acquire a patch of scrub somewhere that has already been spoiled by someone like Heather (with the best of intentions!) and help it to restore itself. For the bush does come back, given time, and preservation from the teeth and hooves of animals like cattle and rabbits. Never quite the same, of course, but perhaps in some ways even better.

It would be necessary to reduce the competition from the introduced vigorous grasses, rye and couch and clover, and, as this could not be done overnight, it would be permissible to plough up the pasture land, or part of it, and use it temporarily for a nonnative garden of an uninvasive kind. So one

could have the best of both worlds!
Roses and marguerites and lavender and other herbs, and even bulbs around the house, will never get away, and, unattended, over-run the surrounding bushland so that reafforestation is impossible. Some of the most charming places in the country are where old homesteads have been deserted, leaving their gardens to fend for themselves, so that we find precious old roses, self-sown plums, mulberries and quince trees surviving in unexpected places. They do not destroy the bush, but enhance it, conjuring up memories and visions of old gardens long ago

Around our garden of non-native plants, and amongst them, we could introduce the indigenous plants again. Most of them can be obtained from State nurseries set up for reafforestation purposes; or we could gather

seeds and grow our own plants.

On Heather's land, not only the Wait-awhile wattle would grow, but also the Nealie wattle, Acacia rigens, similar but smaller, and the Gold-dust wattle, A. acinacea, a small shrub of the gold fields. The Spreading wattle, A. genistifolia, has graceful, broomlike, fronds to fill the spaces below the eucalypts, brightening the winter months with its pale flowers. The Golden wattle, A. pycnantha, grows and seeds freely around Inglewood, so it would hardly need reintroduction. Other wattles could be introduced, but it would be best to concentrate on those native to the area, and to grow them in groups or clumps and to encourage them to spread naturally

First the wattles: then, behind them, the eucalypts of the district and, finally, the little ground dwellers, the orchids and heaths, which will creep back provided that cultivation is not too stringent and that fertilisers are not used.

I am happy to say that the farmers around St Arnaud, and further afield, have seen the writing on the wall, or, to be more precise, have seen the salting of the pastures, due to removal of the forests.

On a recent flight from Berri in South Australia, to St Arnaud, I was interested to see that, whereas the Mallee lands cleared in times gone past were left without trees at all, the lands more recently cleared have left wide bands of trees along the fences and around the boundaries of the properties.

These so-called "corridors" of vegetation are very important to the birds, especially the smaller hirds who do not really less.

the smaller birds who do not make long flights and are nervous of predators if they have to fly in the open. Along the corridors of natural scrublands they can move to better feeding and watering places, as well as finding shelter and nesting sites.

All around the countryside there are little groups of farmers cooperating to plant areas of trees, sometimes along the three-chain roads and stock routes, sometimes fencing areas of Crown land, and sometimes donating areas of their own pastures, to be fenced off and planted with trees.

Some do it because of the inevitability of pasture deterioration if they do not, but some do it because it is their joy to see the trees

come back.

"I just want to live in a place that is green and pretty, with lots of birds" said the secretary of one of these groups to me "instead of a bare brown land."

The farmers of the past are not be be blamed for the bareness and brownness of the treeless lands to the north. In their day it was considered good farming to leave no tree uncut, and in many cases it was enjoined upon them by the Government as a condition of keeping the land.

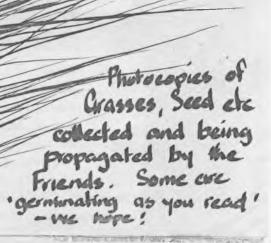
It will be interesting to see if the farmers of this generation can reverse the effects of the over-cultivation of the past. But I am afraid, Clive, that neither you nor I will live to see it completely turned round - it is bound to be

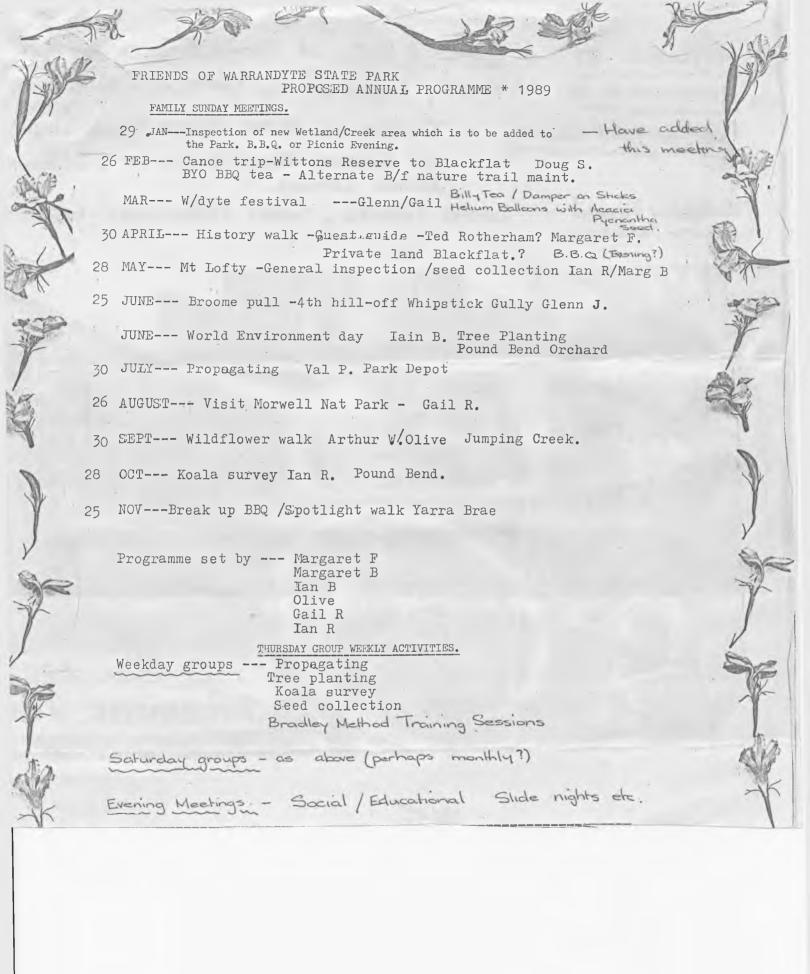
a long and frustating process.

Still, with an imminent "Greenhouse effect", who knows? The rain we are enjoying today (2nd September) should bring along the newly planted trees. And it accounts for the extra-long letter I have written to you — it is no weather to be out working in the garden! no weather to be out working in the garden!

Regards.

Eunice Laidler St Arnaud, September 1988





NOVEMBER 27 A. C.M. B.B.Q at Stare Brae - NOON

DECEMBER 3 MARKET, FOLLOWED by 'GRASSES' WORKSHOP

PROPAGATION CROUP - THURSDAYS 10 AM ROUND BEND DEPOT.

1ST KORLA SURVEY-DEC 1ST (TO BE BRING LUMCH.

Holiday Period - Koala Counts, Seed Collection - WEEKLY

