Stories for my Grandchildren

Joan Staples

My career has been in policy and advocacy for civil society organisations - primarily in the areas of environmentalism, Indigenous affairs, feminism, social justice and international development. In recent decades, I have been researching and writing in academia as a political scientist on the role of civil society in Australia's democracy. I have chosen five short stories from my youth and early adulthood (1950s to mid-1970s) to illustrate some of the motivating themes that have shaped my life.

Moments of Awe - 1950s

From an early age, I valued being alone in nature. I loved the Bing Crosby song, 'Don't Fence me in'. I remember running to the radio every time it was played – wanting to experience *'land, lots of land, the wide open country that I love',* going *'to the ridge where the west commences to gaze at the moon 'til I lose my senses'*, and of course, '*don't fence me in'*.

There was one year when I was aged about 9 that my father decided we would go for early morning swims before school and work. Being woken at sunrise was strange, but exciting. We piled into our new Holden to drive to Shelly Beach ocean pool at Cronulla. I would run from the car through the park in the chill of the morning, throw my towel on the grass and walk out along the side wall of the rock pool, taking care not to slip on the smooth green weed that often covered it.

The best days were when the tide had refreshed the pool overnight, and waves were no longer breaking over the back wall. After walking out, I would stand and gaze into the water at the deep end. The water magnified the grains of sand on the bottom. That clarity of the water, the dance of moving liquid, and the smell of the ocean is still with me.

On days when the tide was still high and waves broke into the pool, it was fun to abandon yourself to the waves. It was physical pleasure mixed with fear. However, it could not match the visual magic of clear, magnifying water.

About the same time, Dad took me, my sister, Margaret, and cousin, Edward, for an overnight hike into Blue Gum Forest in the Blue Mountains west of Sydney. Dad had been a member of the Sydney Rover Ramblers prior to the war. The Ramblers were early walkers, who had primitive equipment. One of their number was Paddy Palin, who later designed and sold hiking equipment. (Years later with Dad looking on, I used my first paycheck at age 15 to buy a sleeping bag and pack from Paddy in his Sydney shop.) Blue Gum Forest at the junction of the Gross River and Govetts Creek had been a favourite spot for Dad and the Rover Ramblers. He wanted to share it with us.

We walked from Perry's Lookdown near Blackheath arriving at our forest campsite in the late afternoon. Our tent was one Dad had used pre-war – no floor or mosquito nets – an A-shape, dependent on finding two sticks or two convenient trees to hold it up. Dinner was cooked on an open fire – no stoves in those days. We kids loved it. I was sent to get water in a billy can from the Grose River. I stood by myself marveling at the beauty and grandeur of

the forest of giant Sydney blue gums (Eucalyptus saligna), lingering because I wanted to stay alone there.

The next morning, we headed towards Govett's Leap, planning to walk from the valley floor, up the track to the top of the cliff. After a day and a night, I was fully tuned into the bush. Before we began the climb, I was walking alone and saw a grotto to my right of rainforest ferns and moss, with water trickling through rocks. I stopped by myself, marveling at the beauty, not wanting to leave. I said to myself, *'God is here. This is special. I must not forget this moment.'*

Dad had let the bush reach me. We walked on up the zig-zag track to the top of Govett's Leap. Three little kids struggling with a climb and a seemingly endless walk. Tired, but exultant when we made the top to be met by Mum.

I thank Dad for two important memories. I no longer refer to God, considering myself an atheist. However, love of the life force in nature has been a passion guiding much of my life.

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My primary schooling was at Caringbah Public School. When I started high school in 1957, NSW had a selective system. At the end of primary schooling, students were sent to schools that had different academic directions. I was sent to one of only half a dozen public, selective academic schools in Sydney. They were all either boys' or girls' schools.

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The MacKinnons and 12 months as a foreign student - 1961-62.

In our last year at St George Girls' High, my fellow final year students voted on career directions for each of us. They voted me most likely to become 'Australia's first female prime minister'. I was shocked and surprised at the time, because politics was not a career path I had considered. It still seems strange looking back that they could already identify that my outlook was geared towards the political world.

Somebody in the American Field Service Office in the US must have identified that outlook, because, when I received an AFS scholarship in 1961, I found myself matched with the family of George and Betty MacKinnon of Minneapolis, Minnesota. George was a former Republican candidate for Governor of Minnesota and they were well-connected within the Republican Party.

AFS was an extraordinary experience for any 15-year-old! My horizons were expanded by being treated as a VIP at school where I was seen as representing my country. I was expected to make speeches to community groups about life in Australia, and I lived for 12 months in a family with different values and perspectives.

One day, helping Betty with some house cleaning, I picked up an ashtray to dust a coffee table and, I realized for the first time that the ashtray was engraved as being from Vice President Richard Nixon with thanks. *'Sure',* said Betty. '*He and Pat are good friends of ours*.' OK, I took that in my stride as you do when you are 15, but it did give me a different perspective to the reactions I got every time I gave the name of my family at AFS events in Minneapolis. George MacKinnon was a public figure. Later George was appointed by

President Nixon to the Fifth Circuit of Appeals in Washington DC. George would sometimes announce, *'Joanne and I are going for a drive'*, and the two of us would set off for the afternoon in his Buick. (He insisted on pronouncing my name, 'Jo-anne'.) He was fond of the Scandinavian settlers to Minnesota and fascinated by their traditional design of barns, which they had brought with them. I valued the time with him and appreciated that he wanted to show me Minnesota through his eyes. Usually, it was a new barn he had found, or occasionally a visit to a distant pig farm to buy special pork 'sausage'. Once he took me to a place where he waved at the scenery telling me there was a nuclear warhead below ground that was aimed at Russia! I got the impression he should not have been telling me this.

Sitting by the fire, he told a story to the family of checking out a young intern being assigned to him at the Justice Department, where he had worked as an investigator into the Teamsters Union. '*I got the 'Bureau' to check out this guy'*, he said. George told a story of a young progressive law student whom he rejected because the FBI advised he was a 'communist'. The young man's behaviour was far from revolutionary. He sounded quite normal to me. My teenage political antennae were sophisticated enough to recognise that George's politics were not the same as mine.

Kitty, my American 'sister' generously shared her bedroom with me and much more. We had a desk down one side of the bedroom. Sitting there, she would throw herself into research projects for school, reveling in the joy that can come from intellectual effort and discovery, marveling out loud at what she was finding. I came home to Australia able to value leaning in a new way.

Our lifetime relationship has seen us on opposite sides of the Pacific, but experiencing similar social changes and personal growth. Our lives are intertwined because of that year shared in our teens. Kitty knows and values my children and grandchildren. We walked together in Nepal, she stood in for me when my daughter needed support in the US and we have visited for key birthdays. To me she is still the Kitty with whom I shared a bedroom, but she is also known as Catharine McKinnon, a radical feminist legal scholar, internationally recognized. I am so proud of all she has achieved. She was a key contributor to the legal recognition of sexual harassment and also of rape in genocide and more recently she was the first Special Gender Adviser to the Prosecutor of the International Criminal Court.

That year with the MacKinnon family came back with clarity the day after Kitty's 70th birthday party in Massachusetts. The MacKinnon children, Kitty, Jim, Leonard, and I enjoyed a relaxing day of hanging out. We ate tasty snacks, threw balls for Bonny, Kitty's dog, walked in the spring sunshine and told stories. It was fifty-five years since Kitty and I shared a bedroom, yet it took only minutes for the four of us to again fall into the same interpersonal dynamic of our childhoods! We could not help ourselves, while smiling at the absurdity of it. There was much love there.

We can learn life-lessons at different periods and the lessons I learned could have been learned later. However, at 15 years of age, we are just stretching our wings to feel what we might become. It is a formative time. Being thrown into a role where I was treated as a representative of my country had the most profound impact. I had to learn how to rise to that occasion and deliver. Kitty gave me the love of intellectual effort. Betty showed me how to be generous with love in the way she included me in her family, even asking for me as she was dying. George and I had a special relationship, that taught me you could love someone even when some of their political views differed wildly from yours. What a legacy of relationships I have had with that family!

Image caption: Joan in MacKinnon's study 1961.

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I came home with an American accent and a much more focused idea of studying Arts-Law, no doubt with the influence of the MacKinnons. In 1963, I began my Arts degree at Sydney University.

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Best Female Speaker – 1963.

In 1963 I received the award of Best Female Speaker at the NSW Young Liberals Annual Conference.

Returning from the US, I had joined the youth branch of my father's political party and was promptly sent by the local branch to represent them at monthly meetings of the Young Liberals' State Council. I was the only woman and I said little. The boys behaved in a way I found mysterious. The Chair was a young John Howard. Phillip Ruddock enjoyed himself stirring, and most were private school boys from north of the harbour. I was from a state school at Kogarah in the south. A small group of us, including Howard, would sometimes meet for a meal beforehand. Howard was on the adult State Council. For the first time at those meals, I encountered the curious 'insider' language of power politics in a political party. I remember arguing with the small group one time that the Country Party, (which became the Nationals) was out of touch with modern thinking. Howard encouraged me to write a letter to the editor about it, surprising me with the energy of his criticism of the Coalition partner.

I may not have said much at State Council meetings, but at the Annual Conference I was in my element. I was an experienced public speaker from my ACF year. I had also chosen public speaking as one of my US high school subjects. At the Annual Conference, I put forward and spoke on two issues: the Liberal Party should introduce a new idea from

Scandinavia of an 'Ombudsman', and drinking hours at pubs should be increased to later than 6 pm. This was radical stuff at the time! My teacher at my US school, Mr. Bellin, would have been proud of me, both for content and delivery.

When prizes were being given out at the end of the day, I was taken aback to find that one of the males was given an award called, Best Speaker. Apparently, I could not aspire to receive that award. Instead, I was awarded the prize of Best Female Speaker.

As I walked forward to accept my prize of a travel clock, my emotions were in turmoil. I remember the benign look Howard gave me as I walked to the stage. *'The Council was doing a good thing in encouraging women, wasn't it?'*, his face said. This was the year Betty Friedan wrote *the Feminine Mystique*, a book of which I was unaware, and it was 7 years before Germaine Grier published *The Female Eunuch.* I was not unintelligent, but it is hard to do feminist analysis by yourself, when the whole ocean in which you swim is sexist. My emotional turmoil was because I knew it was unfair, but I had no framework or clear language to describe the wrong. Part of me wanted to yell,' *What about me! Why can't I be Best Speaker?*' The good girl in me said, '*You might not be good enough to be best speaker'*! It took another seven years, reading Grier and visiting Kitty in the US, before I was able to define the gross sexism that was the cause of the turmoil in my stomach that day.

This experience and my inability to articulate the problem in feminist terms gives me huge respect for people like Kitty, Grier and Friedan who called it out. Young women today may think I was stupid to be unable to clearly articulate the problem. The world I experienced denied the existence of such discrimination. We had clear social roles and that was how it was. I tell this story to show what it was like to experience sexism before there was any public acknowledgement of its existence. Our articulate sisters who taught us how to speak are amazing!

This episode at the Young Liberals' State Conference was the end of my membership of the Liberal Party and any interest in joining a political party. I was not interested in the games the boys played. My nascent feminism did play a part, combined with my increasing radicalisation during the escalation of the Vietnam War. My values were developing in a different direction. If membership of a political party was a path to politics, I was not interested.

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At the end of my second year in Arts when I was due to begin my Law course, I decided that another four years of university was too confining. I wanted to be out in the world. I was also seeing Neil Bennett, a local boy who was studying in the new field of computing as a 'systems analyst'. We married in December 1965 a few weeks after my final exams. I taught for two years in a private girls' school, Meriden at Strathfield, before Alison was born in 1968, and I stopped work. We moved to a small house built by my Dad on 5 acres at Orchard Hills near Penrith and James was born in 1969.

The period leading up to the election of Whitlam in 1972 was exciting politically with the smell of change in the air after 23 years of Coalition government. My generation's expectations of change were being reflected in policies that Whitlam was promoting. I was a young mother with two children reading, listening learning about the exciting intellectual foment of the period, while changing nappies, milking a cow, and trying to keep house on five acres on the outskirts of the city. I joined the Women's Electoral Lobby, when it was formed

in NSW just prior to the 1972 Federal election, and interviewed various candidates. (There is an ABC program on WEL and that election in which I appear, including while interviewing Phillip Ruddock.)

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Margaret Mead and a Kabeiroi Ladies' Night – 1973.

In 1973, I sat next to Margaret Mead, the famous anthropologist, as she challenged an exclusive all-male Sydney University dinner club called the Kabeiroi to admit women.

Neil, my husband, was one of the younger members of the club. Its aim was to bring together men from different disciplines to stimulate an exchange of ideas. From a number of 'ladies' nights' I attended, my youthful impression was of men talking often about wine, and making supposedly witty, impromptu speeches.

In 1973, Margaret Mead accepted an invitation through a third party to speak to the club. She was to be in Sydney briefly following a visit to her long-term Sepik-based project in PNG. In the Sepik, she had been looking at whether temperamental differences between the sexes were culturally or genetically decided – radical work for the time.

I have no idea why I was asked, but the Kabeiroi chose me to meet her at the airport and bring her to the dinner. I arrived in time and there she was, easy to recognise and distinctive with her forked cherrywood stick. Already in her 70s, she had travelled that day, first by canoe, then light plane and then flown from Port Moresby to Sydney.

She was greeted by her friend, an anthropologist working for the NSW housing department. After they both arranged what they would do in the following days, I drove Mead to the University, where I planned to let her freshen up at the Women's Union.

On the way, she asked if I knew of the work of Ivan Illich. She had met him recently at a gathering in Europe. His ideas were now foremost in her thinking, particularly his questioning of the value of institutionalised schooling. I was very familiar with Illich's, *Deschooling Society*, and was relating it to my own children's future schooling. (I still have my paperback copy from that time.)

Mead told me Illich's ideas were making her rethink education in the Sepik villages. Instead of education being a means to move into wider PNG society and beyond, she was beginning to think that western schooling might be devaluing the skills and knowledge of the village. Even before we got to the University, I found myself in discussion with this woman, who was considered a leading thinker of the time. I knew this brief conversation was something special.

At the Women's Union, she took a few minutes to refresh herself, and dismissed any need to rest before heading to the dinner. I was seated next to Mead during the meal. The Kabeiroi members were out to impress this distinguished guest, trying to outdo one another with clever speeches full of academic references. No women spoke. During the evening Mead leaned over to me and asked, 'Are the women members?' I told her they were not, and we shared knowing looks.

Towards the end of the evening, one of the regular speakers, moved that Margaret Mead be made a life member of the Kabeiroi. Much applause. She rose and thanked the

members for the honour, saying she would be pleased to accept the position --- but only if women were admitted as members of the Kabeiroi!

I was stoked, as you can imagine! It was an obvious response from a women leader in support of the sisterhood. However, that sisterhood was very, very new in 1973, and her answer was a huge shock to the men of the club. Nearly 50 years later, I can still remember the looks on their faces.

Margaret Mead treated me, a young mother in her 20s, as an equal in the car discussing Illich. That respect for the exchange of ideas and her lack of pretention were a great example that was not lost on me. And her answer to the membership invitation - what a great display of solidarity!

It was the last Kabeiroi 'ladies' night' I attended. Soon after, Neil and I separated. I understand, the club folded within a few years. Was it also the last 'ladies' night' for the Kabeiroi? Did the issue of women members have anything to do with its demise? That I do not know.

In 1974, I returned to the US to visit the MacKinnons in the midst of the Watergate scandal. Kitty and I met in Albuquerque, New Mexico, staying with friends who had been part of the San Francisco Haight-Ashbury alternative political movement of the late 1960s. George MacKinnon had been appointed to the 5th Circuit Court of Appeals by Nixon. I stayed with George and Betty in Washington, meeting Judge Sirica who was considering whether Nixon should be forced to hand over the clandestine tapes from his office. Others such as John Dean, Nixon's legal counsel, crossed our paths during that visit. When Sirica ruled the tapes must be provided, the appeal case moved to the 5th Circuit. George wrote a dissenting judgement, saying that Nixon should not hand over the tapes. The visit challenged me over my marriage of almost a decade and whether my current life was what I wanted.

I left Neil and, with two children, went to live at historic Glenfield Farm, an alternative community at Casula on the outskirts of Sydney established by Quaker, Jim Leacock. Glenfield was a major turning point in my life, opening up new ways of being in a community. I learned about myself from my housemates and from being introduced to the work of Esalen Institute practitioners such as Fritz Pearls and Alan Watts. Glenfield friends continue to be important to me.

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Camels and Central Australia – 1975?

Racing camels was a passion of a friend, Greg McHugh, who lived at Gulgong, NSW. When he was diagnosed with leukemia, he resolved to race his camels in the Alice Springs Camel Cup. I decided to join him on the adventure, supporting his final goodbye to Central Australia. In 1973, Greg had walked the 1600 kms from Hermansberg to Gulgong with two Aboriginal men, known as Nugget and Jimmy from Hermansberg. They took six months, bringing 5 camels, 16 horses and 30 donkeys.

The return was different. A team of friends drove two of the camels from Gulgong by truck, with all we needed for racing. Greg, Alison, James and I flew to Alice Springs. The

whole team stayed with the Noel Fullerton family, who ran a camel farm on the outskirts of Alice. Race day was a bonanza of colour, clamour and camels. There was strong competition between Greg, Noel Fullerton and Sallay Mahomet. Most races were won by Sallay's young Aboriginal jockeys. Sallay was an 'Afghan' cameleer, who had taught Greg to construct the traditional camel saddles we used. He was a lovely gentle man, who some years later helped Robyn Davidson secure and train her camels. Cup Day had one novelty race, in which a jockey had to ride part way and pick up a woman to ride with him for the remainder of the race. I was that woman for Greg's rider. I waited excitedly as the camels raced towards me, standing with the other women jockeys at the side of the track. Our camel lowered to the ground, I scrambled on and we were away. Hanging on desperately, we thumped to the finish line in front of the pack. We had won!

Greg wanted to see his Hermansberg friends. So, he and I headed out 130 kms. in the truck through wonderful desert country - emus racing us beside the road and magnificent red hills creating a moving panorama. We were greeted by families of Nugget and Jimmy. Sitting on a verandah, Greg caught up with news as we drank tea and ate biscuits with aunties and many children. Our male host then motioned for us to follow him. We came to an empty house with an old donkey saddle in the red dirt to the left of the door. 'That saddle was there when I left here', said Greg. As we entered, I was told it was Albert Namatjira's home – left vacant. Although I was uneasy as to whether it was respectful to be there, I trusted we were in the safe hands of our Hermansberg host, who chose this as a private place to talk. There was a second storey, up narrow stairs. All the walls appeared whitewashed. The rooms were completely empty. We sat on the floor in the upstairs room and the men yarned some more. I simply marveled that I was privileged to be in such a place and tried to imagine the old man and his family living here. I was content just to sit and be enveloped by the house, feeling sadness for the man and his family and how they were treated, and gratitude for the legacy of his art.

Once goodbyes were said and the families waved us off, Greg and I headed back towards town with the sun beginning to set. I wanted to feel this powerful country. I asked Greg to stop so I could climb onto the top of the truck cabin where there was a cage for storage. As Greg drove into the sunset, I stood atop the cabin, the warm wind and desert smells enveloping me, holding the edge of the cage. Passing ghost gums, I recognized them as one of Namatjira's painting sites. The hills were changing colours from reds to purples as the sun sank lower. The ancient power of the country was palpable. I stayed atop the moving truck until colour disappeared from the scene and stars were out - holding on to that moment for as long as possible.

After the Camel Cup, despite his illness, Greg insisted on driving with the team to Melbourne to race at the Melbourne show. Pleas to him to fly were ignored. It was my first visit to the Centre, I was entranced by the environment and decided to stay and explore with the children.

Laurie Liddle and his partner, who had been racing their camels, invited Alison, James and me to visit Angus Downs, the Liddle family property 300 km out of town towards Uluru. They needed to return their camels. The Liddles had an unusual family story. Laurie's Scottish grandfather, Bill Liddle, had taken up the Angus Downs lease in 1929. His wife, Mary, was an Arrernte woman, whom he had met and married in Alice Springs. They had 4 children before he obtained a lease, which was on Anangu land. He named it Angus Downs. He had a cooperative relationship with the Anangu people, relying on them for their local knowledge and their labour. His sons married Aboriginal women. Therefore, Laurie's

relationship with both Indigenous and non-indigenous people was complicated, which is not a unique situation in Central Australia.

In the late afternoon, we arrived at a homestead the same colour as the red earth on which it sat. We traveled by car with Laurie's brother, and a childhood friend of Laurie's, named Tim, who lived on a nearby property. Tim was as blond, as Laurie was dark. I imagined them playing together as kids. The homestead was a low building with dirt-floor verandahs blending into a red landscape of scattered desert scrub. I walked away from the homestead and immediately picked up a fossilised shell. Sunset was magnificent. I found the landscape and he sky overwhelming and huge. In contrast, Alison and James sat down on the soft red dirt, finding it a perfect sandpit for drawing, and sand play.

The evening of our arrival, I was bemused by apologies that there was 'nothing to eat'. The larder seemed quite adequate and we had a simple meal. Overnight, Alison, James and I snuggled together for warmth in a double bed, because it was the central Australian winter – hot sunny days and very cold nights. We were awakened by a loud BANG! I got up and went outside to find the men were butchering a steer they had slaughtered. They hung it in a small concrete room constructed for that purpose. We ate that beast for breakfast, lunch and dinner for the remainder of our stay. 'Nothing to eat' had meant there was no meat! This was the diet on a central Australian cattle station. Freshly butchered meat is hardly edible. Fortunately, it became more palatable each meal as time passed.

Laurie was keen to give us a feed of quandong, the native fruit loved by Indigenous people. He knew of a tree, but it was some distance from the house. Half a dozen of us piled into the back of a truck for a hair-raising ride through the scrub. We dodged low branches, laughing as the truck swerved this way and that. The tree had lots of fruit, but not much that was ripe. We picked what we could in a joyous harvest. It felt like a happy ritual the Liddle boys and Tim knew from their youth. Back at the homestead, I offered to stew up the fruit. It was normally tart, but was particularly so because of being underripe. However, my stewed quandong was a winner. The Liddle boys were effusive in their pleasure at eating quandong for dessert!

When it came time to go, I was assured they could get us back into Alice Springs, although everybody at the station was staying there. Tim drove us to the road from Uluru and we waited beside the bitumen. He had got the timing right. After a short wait, a tourist coach from Uluru thundered into sight. Tim waved it down, spoke to the driver, whom he knew, and arranged for us to hitch a free ride to Alice! We returned - three dusty adventurers, with a busload of curious, suburban tourists.

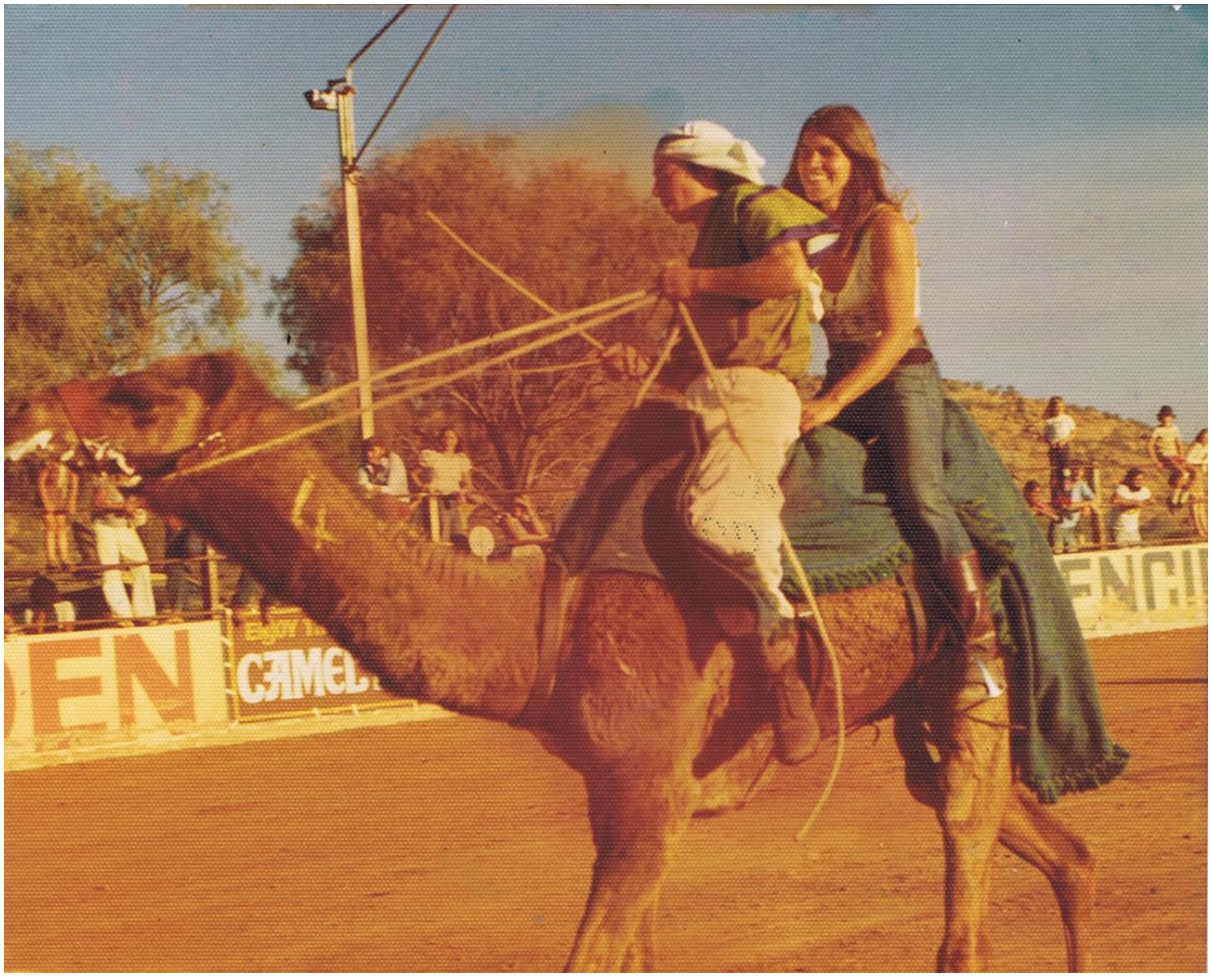

Image Caption: Winning at the Camel Cup, Alice Springs about 1975.

A deep love of the natural world is my spiritual and political motivation. From early morning ocean swims and glimpses of a rainforest grotto, I can recognize intimately knowing the life force in nature from an early age. It led to playing a leading role in the protection of NSW rainforests, representing the Australian Conservation Foundation as their lobbyist in Canberra during the Hawke Government, and continues to this day as I train and mentor younger leaders of the climate and environment movements in Australia.

Racing camels was an unconventional introduction to the Indigenous community, but from that experience, I knew my life would include an in depth Indigenous chapter. Protecting Kakadu and Shelbourne Bay in Cape York were highlights of my lobbying experience with the Hawke Government. However, 10 years during the 1990s working for Indigenous organisations in Cape York and Torres Strait, while having an Indigenous partner, was an Indigenous immersion that opened my eyes and my heart to my Indigenous brothers and sisters.

Second wave feminism was the political movement dominating my early adulthood and it has been a dominant theme of my life. Naïve confusion when I could not be Best Female Speaker for the Young Liberals, morphed into more sophisticated analysis by the time I met Margaret Mead. Kitty MacKinnon's role as a major feminist legal scholar reinforced

my knowledge. I worked alongside some great Australian feminists at the Women's Electoral Lobby in 1970s and also when appointed by the Hawke Government to the National Women's Consultative Council in the late 1980s. The #MeToo movement has revitalized the movement and I rejoice at the vigor of young women pursuing long overdue changes.

Social justice runs through all my early stories as my political understanding developed. Social justice, as much as environmental concerns, saw me involved in the emergence of the Greens as a political party in Tasmania the late 1980s. Running a small NGO set up by Jose Ramos Horta to train human rights activists throughout the Asia Pacific in the early 2000s was humbling. These human rights activists I worked with were brave defenders of freedoms that too many Australian take for granted. That has led me to write and research the important role of civil society in our democracy and to document its erosion by successive Australian governments. Much of my writing is recorded here https://joanstaples.org/.

Family has been important. I am proud of my children, Alison and James Bennett, for the amazing people they have grown into, and for their great parenting of the twins they each produced - Mieke, Lain, Ruby and Ethan. Mum gave me unquestioning love, and expectations of fairness and justice in life. After two and a half years as a German prisoner-of-war, Dad returned home to qualify as an accountant and give me examples of community service, that I took for granted at the time. Thanks especially to Dad for introducing me to nature at the ocean and while bushwalking.