

shot in maitland







# s h o t   i n   m a i t l a n d

photographs by Michel Brouet  
words by Barry Maitland

from an idea by Joseph Eisenberg

in conjunction with Maitland City of the Arts funded by Arts NSW

## Introduction

Maitland and its surrounds offer a rich history, varied landscapes, diverse activities, layered built environments and a wealth of people with different experiences. The area invites artistic responses and documentation. It invites a variety of images, words, perspectives and visits. This publication provides a taste of the mysteries and aesthetic appeal of two unique artistic responses to the locality and, in so doing, invites you, in turn, to create your own experiences of Maitland and its surrounds using the publication as a trigger.

The publication emerged from my reflections and ideas about different ways to experience, view, interpret, and represent the locality. I settled in particular on photography and words, and I settled on a particular photographer, Michel Brouet, and a particular writer, Barry Maitland.

Photographs are familiar. They capture with immediacy life at a particular moment, buildings in a particular light, and open spaces with their textures and shadows. Yet photography as an art form offers more than documentation. There is artistic licence, the individual response, and the capturing of the unusual. There is mystery as familiar images are changed by the artist's use of light, perspective and composition. The mystery is perhaps heightened when the medium is black and white photography with its emphasis on light, shadow, shape and contrast particularly when it is in the hands of a photographer like Michel Brouet. Brouet is an inquisitive photographer who finds his images by walking the streets during day and night to absorb the feeling and look of a place and its people. He sees and captures his visual responses to a building, a landscape, people at work and the stories which they tell. The diversity of his responses emerges from his immersion in the world he is photographing and from his experience working in a variety of formats including portraiture, book illustration and employing both art and commercial photography.

Words offer a different way to evoke a place and its stories. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, prose, history, literature all in their different ways explore the mood and experiences of people and events in a particular place.

Words invite us to engage with narratives, emotions and feelings. They create a shade and a depth which remain with the reader for quite some time. Word pictures in the hands of a creative writer take us through landscapes, across streets and into unknown conversations. In asking Barry Maitland to

craft the words for this publication, I was asking a writer skilled in the narratives and mysteries of crime fiction. He is also a writer who, as an ex-architect, retired academic and resident of Maitland brings an intimate knowledge of the Maitland locality to the tale he delicately weaves in segments. The story is a work of fiction with invented characters and events, and yet the words and sense of place bring to life particular views of and spaces in Maitland.

*Shot in Maitland* is a title suited to work by a photographer and by a fiction crime writer. It is the result of a collaboration between Brouet and Maitland who use their individual lenses to portray their impressions of daily life in the City of Maitland. Brouet focuses with the lens of a camera while Maitland inspects with the lens of a magnifying glass. Continuing to embrace their individual and idiosyncratic styles and processes these two protagonists have joined forces and formed unique artistic responses to the Maitland locality. They offer views which invite interrogation, reactions and visits. Brouet and Maitland have perhaps given a new life and alter ego to the locality. They challenge residents and visitors alike to experience the familiar - and unfamiliar - pleasures, delights, nuances, mysteries and stories of the city and its surrounds.

There are many people to thank for making *Shot in Maitland* reach its audience. They know who they are and they can be proud of their assistance as otherwise I would not be able to write this introduction. However, I must single out and thank Arts NSW for its critical financial support, and the NSW State Government for declaring Maitland City of the Arts 2005 – 2007.

To Michel Brouet and Barry Maitland, thank you in abundance for making it all so easy and a rewarding experience. Congratulations on creating *Shot in Maitland*.

Look, read, enjoy and experience because for those of us on the side of the making of *Shot in Maitland* it has been a pleasure and we all want you to share and rejoice in our delight.

Joseph Eisenberg OAM  
Cultural Director  
Maitland City Council

## I

Terry jammed his hat on his head and opened the kitchen door to the cold dawn. Beyond the paddock rails the sweep of country to the north was hidden beneath a blanket of mist, so that you could imagine that the farm was set on a headland overlooking a white ocean. He heard the sound of a pony's whinny in the still air, and knew immediately that something was wrong.

As he approached the front paddock he saw the horses clustered by the gate, stirring fretfully. Then a figure on the ground beyond them. He recognised the tartan rug of his favourite, Jillaroo, and broke into a run.

She was lying on her side, so still he thought she was dead, but when he dropped to his knees beside her she shifted her head a little so as to stare up at him.

'Jeez, Jilly,' he breathed. 'What's happened to you?' He tried to lift her, but she was a dead weight. He stared at her eyes, pulled her lip back to check her gums. There was blood in her mouth and he thought she must have been poisoned. Cradling her head in his lap, he pulled his phone out of the back pocket of his shorts and rang the vet.

She'd been fine the night before, when he'd put her through her paces under the lights. She was a cutter, the best he'd ever trained, as sharp as a heeler with the cattle, cutting out the one he indicated, then blocking its attempts to rejoin the herd, guiding it, turning it, working it until it became passive and obedient, and doing all this without another signal from him, sitting on her back. Her ancestors were American Quarter horses and local thoroughbreds that had ridden into Damascus with the Light Horse in the Great War.

Don, the vet, couldn't figure it out at first, but the morning light grew brighter, and he spotted the smudge of dark in the dirt beneath the horse's belly. Together they turned her over, and saw the coat black with dirt-caked blood.

Terry swore. 'What could've done that? It's like... she's been stabbed.' They unfastened the rug, worn so that she'd keep her fine summer coat during the winter for the shows, and Don wiped the wound, a tiny hole. 'No mate, not stabbed. Someone's taken a pot-shot at her. We'd better call the cops.' He saw a glimmer of wet in Terry's eye. The cold winter air perhaps.



‘You’re fond of this one, Terry.’

‘Yeah, reckon I am.’

Later, after Don had done what he could for her, and the police car had come and gone, Terry left her bedded her down in the barn and stalked around the paddock, head down, shoulders bowed, looking for some sign. The copper had searched for a shell casing along the fence but found nothing. Terry continued along the road verge, almost to the bend in the road, and there he found the wallet, quite new, in the ditch. It was empty, turned inside out, with no clue as to whose it was. A few metres further on he found a wad of letters, tied together with rubber bands.



*Cottage c.1845*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



*Courtyard cafe*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



*Morpeth panoply*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



## II

He stood with another visitor at the office window, waiting for Jenny to finish her phone conversation. She gave him a smile and covered the mouthpiece.

‘Won’t be a minute, Mr Bunyan.’

Through the glass screen he could see his mother sitting in the lounge with some of the other residents. It was the afternoon for the dog-lady, of course, and they were making a fuss of the collie, Dougie, stroking with old arthritic hands his long nose and thick coat.

Mum looked pretty good, he thought, head tilted up in her confident, bossy way, eyes bright and inquisitive.

He turned back to the office window and noticed a form on the table by the woman’s elbow, with his mother’s name written across the top. There was a list of numbered items beneath, and then the hand-written letters ‘SIB’.

He wondered what that might mean. Special Instructions for Breakfast? Short Intake of Breath? He glanced back at his mother and saw her smiling at someone beside her, and for a moment he was taken back across the years. She was smiling at the driver of the school bus, asking him to keep an eye on her boy on his first day at the big school, and he wanted only to stay with her. And now she wanted only to stay with him, but that was impossible too.

Sharply Intelligent Bridge player? Sweet Inner Beauty? Seat In Bus? At least she seemed to be a bit more reconciled to staying here now. With each visit she was becoming more settled. Jenny put the phone down, glanced over her shoulder as another carer came into the office beside her.

‘You wanted to tell me something about my mother?’ he asked.

‘Yes, I’m afraid we have a problem.’

She was choosing her words carefully, and he had a sudden awful thought that it might be medical. Signs of Internal Bleeding? Senile Infarctive Bradycardia?

She was circling the letters on the form with the tip of her ballpoint.

‘What does that mean?’ he asked. ‘Some kind of syndrome?’

‘Sexually inappropriate behaviour,’ she replied, avoiding his eye. ‘She’s taken a fancy to George.’



She led him to the lounge, and the little tableau he'd seen before suddenly took on a different meaning. A very elderly man was stroking the dog, as was a young girl seated at his side, the granddaughter perhaps. But on his other side, Walter's mother was stroking the old man, and leering at him in the most alarming way.

Sexually Inappropriate Behaviour! Dear God Almighty!

'George is blind, Walter,' Jenny murmured. 'Perhaps if you spoke to her?' He went towards her, and she dragged her eyes away from the old man and looked up. For a moment she didn't recognise him, and he said, 'Hello Mum,' and bent and kissed her cheek.

'Oh... er, Walter, hello. Have you met George?'

'I don't believe I have.'

She turned back to George and squeezed his hand. 'This is my son Walter, darling.'

'Who's that?'

'Walter, my son.'

'G'day.' The old man raised his other hand tentatively into the air, and Walter gave it a brief shake. For a moment they were connected by hands, the three of them. Walter rapidly let go.

'Nice to meet you, George.'

'We're engaged,' Walter's mother said.

He was thankful that the granddaughter had wandered off with the dog-lady.

'Is that so?'

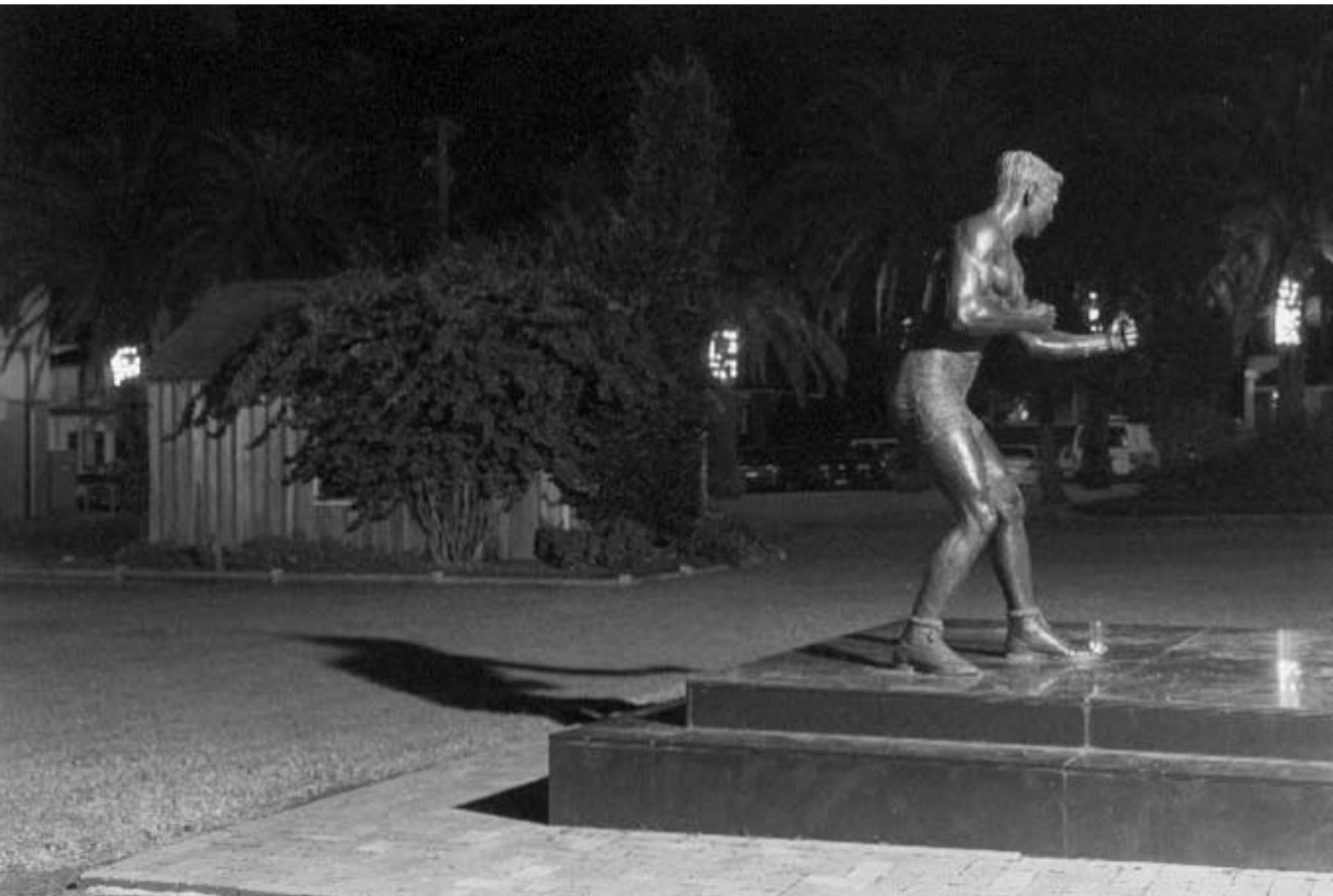
'Yes.' She gave an absurdly girlish giggle. 'But we're not rushing into things.'

On his way out Walter caught a brief glimpse of Jenny.

'See you tomorrow, then,' she said.

He stepped out into the sunlight, preoccupied by the dreadful image of his mother's lecherous smile, hardly noticing the world around him.

In fact it was the following day before he noticed the smashed rear window in his car, and the briefcase he'd left on the back seat gone.



*Face painting*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



*Maitland city bowlers*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



*Peeping house*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2005



### III

Jenny chose to sit on the bench overlooking the park. Neutral ground. She didn't want to get into his car, nor did she want him getting into hers – confined, intimate spaces, spaces in which too much had happened already. She was early, impatient for it to be over.

His car swung into the car park and he got out, walked over to her car, then saw her on the bench. Her heart fluttered, and she told herself to be strong.

'Jenny, hi.'

He was in his dark office suit, a familiar tie, the one she'd given him. It was embarrassing now, how he wore it all the time, like a trophy, or a reproach.

'I haven't got long,' she lied, fiddling with her ring.

He sat and put out his hand, squeezing hers, and she stopped breathing for a moment.

'We agreed,' she said firmly.

'I know. It's just, when I see you...'

'I'm not going to change my mind. I'm not leaving him... them. It's impossible. It's a closed chapter. Something that happened. We agreed.'

'I know.' He withdrew his hand, so sadly that her heart ached and she almost weakened.

'I just want my letters back.'

He gave a sigh. It was clear he didn't have them with him after all, and she felt a jangle of panic. Was he going to be difficult, now, at the end? It was important to her to clear up all the traces, like scrubbing the cooker after a particularly messy meal.

'Yes.'

'Well? Where are they? You agreed.'

'I'm sorry. I... meant to, but I haven't got them here. Next time.'

She began to say that there wasn't supposed to be a next time, but the look on his face stopped her.

'Oh dear.' He was staring at a dog racing towards them up the grassy slope, chased by its owner. They recognised the dog of course, and the woman. For a moment the two people on the bench were frozen, watching them approach, like fate.



She didn't recognise them at first. It was only when she got close – the dog nuzzling them, tail swishing, oblivious to her cries – that she realised who they were. 'Oh Jenny,' she said, 'and Mr Bunyan. Hello.' Then they saw her register the guilt on their faces, and watched her cheeks flush in response. Saying their names out loud must have sounded like an indictment. 'Dougie must have recognised you,' she gabbled. 'He's been terrible today, won't do a thing I tell him.' She called the dog again, but he ignored her. She hesitated, then stepped forward, avoiding their eyes. It was excruciating, her actually having to reach between their rigid thighs to grab Dougie's collar and haul him away.

'It's my lunch,' Jenny said, rather faintly. 'He's after my sandwich.'

The woman forced a laugh and rushed away, back down the hill.

As she ran, the dog-lady thought that the dreadful thing, the really appalling thing, was that in fifteen minutes she was due at the vet's to get Dougie's annual shots. She'd insisted on seeing Don, she always did, he was the only one she really trusted. But how could she face him now? How could she look him in the eye, poor man?



*Frank, Chocolate the cow and wheelbarrow, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006*



*Maitland town hall*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



*Roll of honour*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2005



## IV

After leaving the park, Walter drove to the police station to report the theft of his briefcase. It had contained an electronic diary, some court papers, his wallet with credit cards, cash and drivers licence. And a bundle of letters – private correspondence, he explained. The policeman at the desk didn't seem very hopeful.

From there he went to the bank to cancel his credit cards. The Customer Service Manager apologised for the delay, due to her assistant having to leave suddenly.

'Flu?' he asked absently.

'No, her goat got out of the paddock.' She tapped his account number into the computer. 'Took off down the street.' She scrolled down the list. 'Second time this month. Here we are.'

She turned the screen for him to look. He'd expected big electronic items, cameras and laptops, and was surprised by the modesty of the three entries – The Family Butcher, Sport Shoe Barn and Kiddie Kumfort. It was hard to square them with the violence done to his car.

The three butchers were sharing a joke with their lady customer. Butchers always seemed to be cheerful, Walter reflected, always ready with a wink and a laugh. One of them turned to him. 'G'day mate, what'll it be?'

He explained, and the three men went into a huddle, checking the amount with a large ledger they kept on a shelf behind the slicing machine. Finally one of them pronounced, 'Two pieces best Scotch fillet, three kilos of chipolatas, four lamb chops and a free-range chicken. I remember them, a girl and a bloke. They wanted cash too, but we don't do that. She did the ordering and he paid with the card. Early twenties? Dark? Why, something wrong?'

'It was my card.'

'Fair dinkum!' Having been cast as villains, the description of the pair became more colourful. 'Yeah, he was a mean-looking bloke, shifty, straggly beard, needed a haircut. She looked nervous now I come to think of it.'

Walter thanked them and turned to go, and the butcher called after him, 'Pregnant, I reckon she was.'

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At the Sport Shoe Barn they had bought two pairs of white Nike trainers, sizes two and ten, and a hundred dollars cash. The woman had gone alone into Kiddie Kumfort, where she'd bought an assortment of clothes for a two-year-old girl. She hadn't asked for cash there.

He returned to the police station to tell them what he'd discovered, then went to get the car window fixed. It had taken all afternoon and he felt utterly despondent. His mother had left an incoherent message on his phone in which he made out the words 'nuptials' and 'bridesmaids'. To cheer himself up he decided to go to the barbers. There was something very calming about the place, its steady rhythms, its rituals. When he was in the chair he remembered the butcher's comment about the male thief needing a haircut, and told the story to the barber.

'I did have a customer this morning,' the man replied. 'Long greasy hair, scruffy beard. He wanted it all off, all shaved, the lot. I remember the shoes, brand new, sparkling white. Everything else about him was grubby.'



*School days*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



*Maitland: river and sky*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2005



*Mensland*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



V

Mildly hung-over, Walter viewed the papers piled up on his table with dismay. His desk diary told him that his first appointment was due in ten minutes, and he found the file and began to quickly scan.

The girl was shown in, a predictably sad lump, seventeen years old. The sag of the shoulders, the tangle of dark hair, rang a small bell in the back of his mind. But he didn't recognise the face, half hidden behind a large dressing covering her nose.

'Sit down, Kelly, please,' he waved to the seat, then stiffened as a pair of sparkling white trainers shuffled into view. 'Er... em... You've been in hospital, yes?'

She nodded mutely, head down, sunk in private misery.

'Are you feeling better today?'

A shrug.

'Well enough to appear before the court? Sorry, what did you say?'

'S'pose so.'

'You've been through this process before, I believe? Yes, well, I understand you would like me to represent you, as your Legal Aid solicitor, is that right?'

Slight nod.

'I'll get you to sign some forms in a moment, and given the seriousness of the charge we can look into getting you a barrister, but the bail hearing is scheduled for this afternoon, if you're fit enough. Given your condition we may ask for an adjournment...'

'I have to get bail. Celine needs me.' The voice was a nasal whine through the dressing.

'Celine is your daughter? Oh yes, she was found in the abandoned car, wasn't she? How old is she, Kelly?'

'Two.'

'And who's looking after her just now?'

'Me Mum, but she can't manage.'

'We'll look into that. But the charges are very serious, Kelly: armed robbery with a dangerous weapon, possession of an unlicensed firearm... Bail may not be possible, I'm afraid. Now, I've read



the record of the police interview, and while it is to your credit that you appear to have been cooperative, some of the things you said are rather confused. Suppose you tell me again what happened.'

The girl hunched her shoulders, silent, and he thought she wasn't going to respond, but then suddenly it all came out in a rush.

'Darryl got me to drive him to his friend's house and when he saw the lights on he made me go with him to the door and the man opened it and Darryl hit him with the gun and made me hold it and said to shoot him if he moved on the floor while he looked for the bag and when he found it we ran out and the neighbours came out because of the noise and Darryl got in the car and drove off with Celine and left me and someone pushed me over and broke my nose.'

She paused for breath, then blinked her eyes in confusion and her mouth dropped open. As she slid to the floor, Walter realised where he'd seen her before, in the home, holding the old man's right hand while Walter's mother stroked his left.



*Waiting for take-off*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



*Indian root pills*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



*Jewish cemetery*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



## VI

Terry's wife led the vet to the door of the barn. 'He was up all night with her, Don. I want to let him sleep. He's been driving himself ragged these last couple of days.'

They went into the gloom of the barn, and Don knew from the smell that things weren't good.

'He's been taking this hard, hasn't he? I'm surprised. He's been on the land all his life.'

'This is personal, Don. He loves this pony. She's the perfect horse, that's what he told me. I was almost jealous, the way he said it.' She smiled sadly.

Don knelt down by Jillaroo. Her breathing was laboured, the dressing stained. He removed it.

'It's not right, is it, Don?'

'No. To be honest, I'd like to put an end to this now.'

'You'd have to speak to Terry, but I don't think he'll agree. Not yet.'

'Well, I'll do what I can now, call him later.'

He got to work while she watched, then gathered up his stuff and got to his feet. 'She'll be more comfortable for a while.' He felt tired, helpless.

At the door she said, 'And how are things at home?'

'Better, yes, better lately. I think things are working out.'

'I'm glad.' She rested a hand on his arm. 'We've been worried, for both of you.'

'Thanks.'

'Oh look...' she reached for a carrier bag hanging on a hook. 'Terry found some things in the ditch, down along the road. I don't know if it's got anything to do with what happened to Jilly. He was going to take them in to show the police.'

'I know the sergeant,' Don said. 'I'll drop them in on my way back, if you like.'

'Thanks, Don. It's one less thing for him to fret about.'

He drove back to town and parked outside the police station. Inside he asked for his friend. The sergeant came to the desk.

'G'day Don. How're ya goin?'

'Good, good. Look, you know the horse they shot out at Terry's farm? Well Terry found some stuff in a ditch by the road. Wanted you to look at it.'



‘Sure.’ The sergeant took the bag and tipped it out. When he saw the wallet he reached for some latex gloves from the box below the counter and opened it carefully. ‘Not a thing inside,’ he muttered. ‘But we’ll give it to our scientific boys. Terry’s handled it, I suppose?’

‘Suppose so.’

‘What’s this?’ The sergeant picked up the packet of letters.

‘No idea.’

The man unfastened the elastic bands and opened the top letter.

‘No name, no address, no date... oh geez! Have a look at this, Don!’

He handed the letter to the vet, who read the first words, Darling, I’ve never in my life felt like this before. He felt dizzy. Not with the words but with the handwriting, and the faint smell of her perfume from the notepaper, her lure.

The sergeant was turning the second page over, ‘Naw, no signature, just the initial – Your love forever, J. Not a lot of help there, Don. I suppose we’ll just have to go through them all.’ He gave a snort of amusement. ‘Maybe we can post them on our website, see if anyone recognises them.’

‘No...’ Don felt short of breath, his heart pumping, and in a clinical moment he itemised his symptoms of barely controlled panic.

‘What’s that, mate?’

‘I’ve changed my mind.’ He scooped up the letters and snatched them off the counter. ‘I don’t think it’s right for us to read these. I don’t want to hand them in after all.’

The sergeant frowned. ‘But if they’re evidence, Don...’

‘Obviously they’re not. How’s Fluffy?’

It was a source of some embarrassment to the sergeant that his wife had called their schnauzer Fluffy. ‘Well...’ He watched Don disappear with the letters through the door.

He drove up to the IGA supermarket next to the butchers. The sun was shining, but the day was out of kilter, like a surrealist movie. Two girls who surely should have been at school were standing under the awning flirting with one of the butchers, and an elderly man was emerging from the supermarket with his groceries piled in an ancient wheelbarrow, which he trundled off down the street.

Don went inside and bought a bottle of paraffin and a box of matches.



*Netball sur l'herbe*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



*Family*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



*A class of their own*, gelatin silver photograph, 42 x 63 cm 2006



## VII

Walter felt he had finally pieced the story together. Two days before, Kelly had borrowed her auntie's car to take Celine to see her grandpa at the home. Along the way she had seen her boyfriend, Darryl, waiting at a bus stop, and had offered him a lift. When they reached the home, he had waited outside in the car while Kelly and her daughter visited the old man, and he'd then asked her to take him out past the showground, to a house in the fields beyond the old Jewish cemetery. Darryl went in, and it was dark when he returned, carrying a long bag. He said he was hungry, and Kelly took him and Celine to McDonald's for a burger, paid for with money her grandfather had given her.

Darryl then demanded to be driven out into the country, she couldn't say exactly where. They stopped and he opened the bag and took out a long gun, a rifle. He played with it, working the bolt, clicking the trigger. It made Kelly nervous to watch him, with Celine in the back, and she told him to stop and put it away. Instead he put a bullet in the gun and said he needed to try it. They argued, and he got out of the car and walked away down the road. He was away about ten minutes, then when he came back he told her to drive to the house of a friend of his. That's where the disastrous robbery had taken place. When the police arrived, Kelly was lying on the ground with a broken nose, surrounded by a group of irate neighbours, one of whom had taken possession of the gun she'd been holding. Inside the house, Darryl's 'friend' was found, unconscious from the beating he'd received.

Walter offered the sobbing girl a box of tissues. 'That's not all, is it, Kelly?'

'What do you mean?'

'Didn't you go shopping that afternoon, to the butchers, and the shoe shop?'

She looked coy. 'Oh yes. Darryl paid.'

'How was that? Where did he get the money?'

'Umm... I don't know. He said he'd buy me stuff if I wanted, and I said there were things I needed. Like clothes for Celine.'

'Did he have a briefcase?'

'What?'

'A leather bag?'



'Not when I picked him up, no...' She stopped and looked confused.

'But later?'

'I... I don't know.'

'Did it have a wallet inside it, and letters?'

She looked alarmed. 'I'm not a thief. Honest.'

'What happened to them, the letters, Kelly? Where are they?'

She was staring at him in alarm, and he suddenly realised that he had grabbed hold of her wrists, tight.

He relaxed his grip, trying to control his breathing. 'Where, Kelly? Where?'

'I... I don't know. I didn't see any letters. You can't make me say I did...'

He realised she was telling the truth.

'I just did what Darryl told me. Honest.'

He sighed. 'Why? Why did you do what he told you?'

She bowed her head and he barely heard the words. 'Cos I love him, don't I?'



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