

A life in our times**: Vale Alexander “Sandy” Robertson (1933-2015)

Rory Robertson, Rockhampton, Australia, Saturday 9 May, 2015

Good evening. My job tonight is to talk about the life and times of our Dad, Alexander “Sandy” Robertson. Thanks very much for coming along. I’ll be thrilled if I get such an excellent crowd at my funeral! I consider your attendance to be a mark of respect for Sandy, and also for our Mum, Elaine Lucas, who has remained alive and well since separating from Dad in 1989.

Dad was born on 2 October 1933 and died peacefully at Clifton Nursing Home, near Toowoomba in Queensland, on 26 April 2015, aged 81. That’s a pretty good innings, especially given the extent to which he battered his body with tobacco and alcohol. He outlived many/most of his contemporaries.

Dad’s death is no tragedy, as his body had completely run out of steam. As many of you know, he left nothing in the tank. Indeed, it’s probably not a stretch to guess that he drank more alcohol and smoked more cigarettes than maybe 99.99% of all humans in the history of the world!

Along the way, Dad invented high-range drink driving. Recall the “Rethink your third drink” road-safety campaign in the 1990s. When Dad began road-testing that campaign in the 1970s, it was ‘Rethink your 20th drink’, because it was a struggle to keep to that limit when you kicked off at 10am at the pub in Condamine or Baralaba and you tended to stay until after dark, before driving home.

Of course, Dad’s main legacy is three good kids. It is a matter of fact that the best thing that most of us will end up doing over our lifetimes is growing up one or more new humans. Dad’s other two children – Fiona and Alisdair - are here tonight, as are his five grandchildren and a sixth on the way.



17-year-old Alexander Robertson joined the Scots Guards in 1951

Now, Dad was an atheist – as am I - so there is no religious aspect to tonight's commemoration. Dad sensed that Kerry Packer was right about "The Other Side": "There's nothing f..king there!"

In any case, this evening is an informal gathering to send off our Dad. I'm going to talk for maybe 15 minutes, so please top-up your drinks at the bar as needed along the way.

After me, Patrick Patterson - who first met Dad in Scotland as a young man - is going to say a few words, followed by Nic Tzoutzias from Baralaba, the elder of the two Nic Tzoutziases here tonight.

Alisdair will complete what passes as the formalities, then we'll invite anyone who wants to recount a story about Sandy - good or bad - to step up to the plate.

I want to mention at the outset that if you think I'm too tough tonight on Sandy, my Dad, you have permission to do a critical analysis of me and my life, when I am gone. Or later tonight if you like!



Sandy and Rory, Grindles Hut, Balcanoona, South Australia, c.1968

To get the ball rolling, let me say the best thing about having a Dad who barely saved a cent in his life is that there was no unseemly rush to his bedside near the end to secure a grand inheritance via his will. The closest we came to that was after the two boxes of Dad's final belongings at the nursing home arrived in Sydney a week ago. My 8-year-old, Lucas, was focused: "What's in the boxes?" And "Why does it say 'Christmas' on the side?" (It was just a box from the nursing-home storeroom.)

In the wash up, Lucas scored an old \$3 Kmart wall clock and a BIG magnifying glass for reading, and starting fires. Later on, Lucas asked if Grandpa had a wallet. I said, "Yes, he had a nice leather wallet. Why do you ask?" Cutting to the chase, Lucas guessed there might be *money* in it. Indeed. There was about \$340, I recall. So you're already half way through drinking our inheritance tonight!

Of course, Alisdair and I are still waiting for that out-of-the-blue phone call that reveals Dad's "secret life", featuring a 1000-acre thoroughbred horse stud in the Gold Coast hinterland, where he also was training top-shelf greyhounds on the side. [Alas, the call never came!]

Actually, it's a real pity that, after yearning for a cattle property of his own for decades and not doing anything about it, by the time we got some boots on the ground up on Cape York Peninsula <http://www.strathburn.com/>, Dad was too weak to travel up there to enjoy it.

Growing up a Scot in the Borders, and a dual winner of Peebles' Beltane Bell

Dad grew up in the Scottish Borders, in and around Peebles, about 20 miles south of Edinburgh. In our young lives, we heard a great deal about Peebles, "The Borders" and Scotland. Dad loved Scotland with a passion his whole life, although it dulled a bit later on, after he actually spent a few weeks back there in the summer of 1999, during his second trip back in over 40 years.

In Peebles where Dad grew up, one of the big events is the Beltane Festival, featuring the "Beltane Bell". It's a horse race that's been going now for over a century. Entry is restricted to horses owned and trained by the rider. The race involves something like a big loop around the town and golf course, down through the Tweed River and home. Dad and I watched some of it in 1999.

My understanding is that Dad won the Beltane Bell twice in the 1950s. And his brother Andrew later won it five times: 1955, 1956, 1964, 1966 and 1969. On that count, a Robertson won Peebles' big race seven times in two decades through the 1950s and 1960s. Dad's excellent horsemanship also stood him in good stead across the backblocks of Australia. Our Uncle Ivan in Victoria told me the mustering he did with Dad in the northern Flinders Ranges in the late 1960s was the wildest riding he ever did.



Sandy the tourist at Loch Ness, on our trip around Scotland in 1999

Choosing a final destination for Dad's ashes

As I said, I took Dad back to Scotland in June 1999. On the first morning, I played golf at The Old Course at St Andrews. After lunch, I asked Dad where he would like to go next. He replied, "I don't know. I've never been this far north!"

Anyway, we had a surprisingly good time over the next fortnight as we "circumnavigated" Scotland by car. The evening before we were due to fly home, Dad told me not to bring his ashes back to Scotland, cancelling the instructions he'd been giving me for years. He'd changed his mind, he said, because he'd had a much more interesting life in Australia than he could have had in Scotland.

Despite Dad by then having already lived in Australia for over 40 years - and having worked hard on cattle, sheep and/or wheat properties in every mainland state bar Western Australia - that day back in 1999 was the first time I actually considered Dad to be an Australian.

[I sometimes get up people's noses by opining that immigrants are "not really Australian" until they've lived here for at least half their lives, and that getting an Australian passport is not the same as becoming an Australian. In my opinion, migrants' kids often are "Australian" several decades before their parents, as adults' underlying allegiances may take much longer to shift.]

I now have Dad's ashes on the bookshelf above my desk at home in Sydney. Alisdair and I will talk about exactly where we'll spread them. Perhaps up on Strathburn in FNQ – how Scottish a name is "Strathburn"? Or next to the Clyde River four hours south of Sydney?

Escaping to The Scots Guards, and early steps in a life of wandering

Sandy's father Davey, our Scottish grandfather, was a contract fencer around Peebles. We never met him. He died in February 1964, right after Fiona was born. (Dad's brother Andrew died in 1970.)

Grandfather Davey and his brothers (Dad's uncles) I think had soldier-settler blocks near Peebles. Pat Patterson - on next - may be able to correct then expand the Peebles leg of my stories.

When Alisdair and I were kids, we were fascinated when Dad reminisced about catching rabbits with ferrets, and poaching salmon and deer, as a boy back in Peebles in the 1940s. Dad also loved reading as a boy, which always struck me as odd given that he'd apparently hated school. In fact, Dad enjoyed a lifelong love of reading until his eyes went bad in his final decade.

As a youngster, Dad didn't like school. He told us that in grade 8 or so a teacher locked him in a cupboard. The story went that he kicked the door open, walked out of school and never went back. I assume he was 13 or 14. Those who knew Dad well probably reckon that all sounds about right!

Dad told me he joined the Scots Guards at 17 because he wanted to escape being a dogsbody on his uncles' farms. Right or wrong, my recollection of that conversation is that he said he disliked being left to do much of the hard-slog after his cousins headed off to school and university.

While in the Scots Guards, Dad joined the No.1 Guards Independent Parachute Company, which is a form of commando unit that embraces jumping out of aeroplanes. Sandy's proudest boast our whole lives was that he spent time in the **No.1 Guards Independent Parachute**

Company: <http://www.paradata.org.uk/people/alexander-robertson>

From what I could gather, Dad was in the British Army for about three years, during which time he earned some renown as a boxer ("One-punch Alec"). He then joined the Edinburgh Police, just up the road from Peebles.

After a few years as a policeman, it was off to Australia chasing a woman and then adventure. On the passenger log of "New Australia", the ship that deposited him in Melbourne in 1957, Dad's occupation is listed as "**Police Constable**" (see attachment, p. 16).



Sandy and sons, Plumbago Station, South Australia, c.1969

Migrated to Australia chasing a woman, as you do

Dad arrived in Australia in 1957, chasing a woman. The young-man-Robertson curse being what it is, she apparently had no interest when he arrived. He probably should have called ahead, to check the temperature before he left! (I think the young woman Dad followed was a Kathy/Cathy.)

As I mentioned, Dad arrived in Melbourne on a ship called "New Australia", on a ship full of "10-pound Poms". For those who met him here in Australia, it was, for decades, a trap for young players not to step *way back* before daring to call him a Pom, 10-pound or otherwise!

From what I gathered from Dad, he spent his first year or so in Australia in Melbourne and Sydney, including hanging around Coogee and Randwick playing rugby. At 6'2" and 100+ kilograms, he was a big, raw-boned breakaway. At one point, Dad tried to join the Victorian Police but they insisted he must do his training again. Naturally, he said "Jam it" and headed up into the Northern Territory (via South Australia?) in the late 1950s.

The Northern Territory of Australia in the 1950s and 1960s, and Elaine Lucas

The Northern Territory back then was close to "The Last Frontier" of the western world. (That's now Cape York.) Many times in our young lives, Dad talked about his big adventures and wild times up in "The Territory", and the blokes he met in those days, including Ted Egan, Dave Mills, Dick Cadzow and brothers Ernie and Charlie Perkins. Back there, back then, Dad had the time of his life.



Rory, Fiona and Alisdair, “Dundee”, Condamine, Queensland, c.1974

In The Territory, Dad’s drinking, smoking, gambling and fighting were not a problem, because such “lifestyle choices”, back there, back then, were basically par for the course! It’s a pity Dad wasn’t a steady, sober fellow determined to chip away over time to get ahead, as I’ve read that pretty well all you needed to secure a cattle-station lease in the NT back in the late 1950s was a decent pair of boots and a broad-brimmed hat.

Anyway, Dad met Mum - Elaine Lucas - in Katherine, a frontier town 300km south-east of Darwin, in April 1961. Mum had just come back from spending two years in the UK and Europe. She and her nursing-school mates got “qualified” in Bendigo before inventing what now is known as a “gap year”; They double-dosed on it the first time around, with the 1960 Rome Olympics a big highlight.

Then they came home, vowing to do it all again in a couple of years. Mum headed up to the Northern Territory because the NT back then had – because of its remoteness - the best wage rates for nurses in Australia. The plan was to fast-track saving to fund that next trip to Europe.

"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood": Elaine detoured by impressive Alexander Robertson

Instead of shipping out on another trip to Europe in the 1960s, it turned out that Mum met and married Dad, securing for herself a quarter-century odyssey across country Australia!

Mum met Dad in 1961 at what must have been close to the peak of his lifetime powers. Back then, nearing 30, Alexander Robertson was a big, impressive-looking man. Before he started to lose the plot via excessive grog, he was tall, dark, handsome and strong; he was smart, articulate and well-read; he sang and he danced. Something like the complete package. (And check out those hands.)

What could go wrong? Well, unfortunately, much of Dad's good stuff was offset - dominated - by a shit temperament. The great tragedy of Dad is that he once had more and better raw material in so many ways than almost anyone. He could have been anything but, in the final analysis, wasn't.

Looking back, I think that from about his early 40s Dad became increasingly frustrated. I think he increasingly realised he'd missed the boat, and didn't rush or struggle to catch up. Whatever the real story, it is a matter of fact that hit the turps hard, time and time again, not bothering about the consequences. For decades, he ploughed on with no obvious plan to get ahead, no plan to improve his situation. I don't recall any "hopeful new beginnings" along the way.



Alec Robertson at age 29 in December 1962 with Mum, an impressive couple



Dad & Mum (Elaine Lucas) on their wedding day at Rochester, Victoria, December 1962

Alisdair reckons that Dad was a far younger man, maybe a decade younger, than us three kids today, when he stopped trying to better himself, when he lost the plot. The pity is that despite more natural talents than the vast majority of men, by his 40s Sandy seemed to mostly stop giving a shit.

While the lack of a formal education was a factor in Dad's lifetime of missed opportunities, that lack of education itself partly resulted from his poor temperament. Dad perhaps could have finished high-school and maybe even ploughed through university later on, if he had been determined to do so.

I don't know if that is unrealistic or not. In any case, again, you all have permission to be severely critical of my life and personal failings when I am gone - even beforehand, if you already have a strong view and can't wait until then!

To his credit, Dad encouraged us kids strongly in the right direction, towards getting as much education as we could get, learning from the major mistake he'd made in his young life.

Australia-wide odyssey

After marrying in December 1962, things moved quickly for Mum and Dad. Soon they had three kids under four (1964, 1966 and 1967), all born in Alice Springs, near the geographic centre of Australia.

From there, the next move was obvious: Dad dragged Mum and us three young kids across the country, spanning maybe 15 rural properties in a dozen or so years, as you do, moving from remote Northern Territory to remote South Australia, to Victoria, to NSW and, finally, to Queensland.

From school age, I remember clearly Stockinbingal near Cootamundra in NSW (1972), followed by a property called “Durella” near Morven in south-west Queensland (1973), then properties at Auburn River (via Chinchilla), Condamine (1974), followed by a series of places in central Queensland, near Theodore (1976), Moura, Baralaba and Woorabinda (1978).

Several of that final group of properties Dad managed – including “Cocklebinda” near Baralaba and Woorabinda - were owned by Kevin Driscoll, a major Queensland homebuilder who diversified with great success into pubs in mining towns, and cattle stations. [Us three kids - Alisdair, Fiona and I - are grateful that Kevin’s son Mark - who we all met way back then at Cocklebinda – took the time to come along to Dad’s funeral/commemoration/wake.]

Back in the day, Cocklebinda was 40,000 acres of bush. For Alisdair and me as kids looking for adventures, it was the best-property-ever. (Now, that’s Strathburn.) As a family, we spent more time in and near Baralaba than anywhere else, because Mum insisted that once us kids hit high school we were not moving away again, to yet another new school.

So we didn’t. I think we lived in five other houses in the Baralaba area after leaving Cocklebinda, or at least four houses and a caravan, including the (now) Historic Railway Cottage, before it was fixed up for tourism purposes!

Elaine Lucas - our Mum - was the hero of the Robertson family in “the bad old days”

In many ways, for many people, Dad was a very difficult man to be around for any length of time. Some might say Sandy was “a prick of a man”. That’s tougher for me to say as his son but the truth is that if I were not his son, I would have gone out of my way to have had little to do with Big Sandy. But blood is thicker than water and I visited Dad over 120 times in southern Queensland over the three decades after I went to university in Townsville in 1983, and then to Sydney for work in 1988.

Regardless, the truth remains that back in the 1970s and 1980s - when it mattered most for Mum and us kids - Dad drank (and drank) and fought and smoked and gambled, and sometimes was violent when drunk and angry, at home as elsewhere. There was plenty of ugly stuff that was pretty traumatic for us as kids. And especially for Mum – Elaine Lucas - who was Dad’s wife for 25 years.

Mum worked hard to bring up her kids well, in adverse circumstances. And she worked hard being a Nursing Sister, widely respected in many communities (including the Katherine district, Woorabinda and Baralaba), somehow managing to keep her family’s head above water, no matter how hard Sandy’s reckless ways worked in the other direction. That is, in terms of providing examples of how to live, by the 1970s us kids could see that Mum and Dad were like chalk and cheese.

I have chosen to be up-front tonight about the way things were back then out of respect for Mum. I want anyone looking back at our lives to know that Mum withstood over two decades of often extreme emotional and physical stress on the way to doing “whatever it took” to grow up her kids until they could survive out in the big wide world. Of course, Mum wasn’t the first “long suffering wife” and she won’t be the last. But for us kids, Mum is the greatest unsung Australian champion.

For sure, Dad wasn’t a great father. But he was the only one we had. So I hope that along the way tonight I’m also explaining the better side of Dad, because there was a good amount of that as well.



Final family photo: Alisdair's 21st Birthday, Baralaba, Queensland, October 1988

Without Elaine Lucas - our Mum - the Robertson family of the 1960s, 1970s and 1980s would have been a disaster. Mum kept the show on the road, despite drama after drunken drama, crisis after crisis. Of course, that's what they say about life – "It's just one f..king thing after another!"

It's ironic that Sandy Robertson is so well-remembered in so many towns across Australia, when Mum - Elaine Robertson back then – made a much larger, less-noticed, contribution to every community we lived. To be fair, us three kids have turned out all right in part because both parents – in different ways - kept us on the straight and narrow, pointing us in the right direction.

You kids need to get an education

Perhaps the most-important thing I remember from the bad old days was Dad and Mum's respect for education. Despite his decision to abruptly end his formal schooling at about grade 8, Dad was huge on the value of education. The best advice I got from Dad was that which he repeated most often: "Get an education, son. Get a good education and you can do whatever you want".

That's not quite true but it is a great guiding principle. Education is the main thing that can shift kids up, out of poverty. The fact that two years at boarding school funded by Canberra's remote-area scholarships - and then getting to university out of the blue - was so good for me is the reason why I am big on supporting Yalari, a group that in 2015 funds excellent boarding-school educations for nearly 200 Indigenous kids: <http://www.strathburn.com/yalari.php>

Other advice from Dad included "Don't take Drugs", and that I should "join the Masons", asap. Dad wasn't a Freemason but he sensed their outsized influence in Scotland during his time in the police force. In the early 1980s, I didn't really know who or what Masons were and had no desire to join, so, as with "Drugs" (except alcohol), I gave them the big swerve. Of course, it turns out the Freemasons are much like members of your local Rotary Club, except with special secret-squirrel handshakes and tighter networks.

Upside for boys

For us boys – for Alisdair and me as kids - the upside of having a bad-tempered alcoholic father who managed cattle, sheep and/or wheat properties is that we lived on heaps of rural properties. And each offered excellent opportunities for us to explore new parts of country Australia.

A couple of things I'll always remember from way back. Alisdair and I were maybe eight and 10 years old, when Dad retrieved his Sportco semi-automatic 22 rifle from a trunk full of mothballs, after years in storage. We tied a CSR syrup tin to the fence about 40 yards from the smaller house on Chris-Mark Downs (via Theodore). Dad emptied the 12-shot mag at the tin and a heap of dust flew up. We assumed he missed every time but when we raced over, the tin, to our amazement, was shredded. Dad was an extremely good shot, although by the time he was 40 he had little interest in shooting stuff. But he took the time to teach his sons how to shoot, and to do so safely.

A bit later (c.1977), Dad signed us up for Under-12 rugby league. In our second season, I think, we erected some full-size goal-posts at Cocklebinda. Dad one day asked for the ball, placing it upright on the ground after making a divot with the heel of his workboot. He took three steps back, then slotted it over from maybe 30 yards. He left it at that: a 100% success rate – one from one - via the only place-kick I ever saw him attempt. That kick impressed me so much, I've never forgotten. Again, Dad had some serious talents, if only he had channelled it.

Years later, Alisdair reckoned that our Dad was better than many other dads because at least he taught us how to ride a horse, how to use a slingshot and how to shoot. [Plus how to deal with stress!] And he took us fishing. Even today Alisdair rates highly the fact that by age nine, he'd fished in the Auburn, Condamine and Dawson rivers, as well as in Greens Lake, near Rochester, Victoria.

And I'll always embrace my earliest memories of that big white horse at Balcanoona – seemingly a lifetime ago - and of cutting ears off the feral goats that Dad had trapped and shot on waterholes on Arkaroola, during a sizeable feral-eradication campaign in the late 1960s, in the process of converting a vast sheep station in the remote Gammon Ranges in northern South Australia into one of Australia's first big wildlife reserves: <http://www.arkaroola.com.au/>

How sexist was Sandy?

I was talking with someone the other day while they were deciding whether or not to come along tonight. One issue was the idea that Sandy was sexist, in that he thought boys are better than girls. I don't have a strong view on whether Dad believed fully in the equality of the sexes. If he didn't, he wouldn't have been Robinson Crusoe amongst blokes born in 1933.

I said I was more inclined to think badly of Dad simply because in the bad old days he routinely came home pissed, sometimes so drunk and angry that he would put a chair through the wall or give Mum a black eye. That was unacceptable and unforgivable, and there were times when living in the caravan park at Baralaba that I knew exactly where the axe was, if he got stuck into Mum again. Happily, it never came to that. We all got through the bad old days with not many killed.

For all his faults, Sandy spoke admiringly of people who impressed him, be they male or female. Not that he was impressed by many of either! (Golda Meir was one exception.) Most importantly, from the innumerable conversations we had, from all the questions he asked in their years of absence, I know Dad cared as much about his daughter and her kids as he cared about his sons.

Moreover, he was pleased - in fact, he was thrilled - when he discovered decades later that his sister Elsie had a daughter - Mary - secretly in the 1960s. On two separate trips from Scotland in the 2010s, Mary Wilson met and visited her Uncle Alec in the nursing home at Clifton.

Dad was really proud that Mary was an officer in the British Army, before her recent retirement. And even though he was a lifelong Scottish nationalist, Dad was chuffed to be given a photo of Mary alone with Prince William and Prince Harry – *English* Royalty - on either arm! (overleaf)



Sandy's niece Mary Wilson, with Princes Harry and William

As the decades rolled by, I found myself becoming more understanding of our Dad. In particular, I came to understand why he chose to seek conversation and companionship at the local pub after a daylight-to-dark workweek that might involve seeing no-one but his wife and kids. Of course, harder to understand – beyond genuine alcohol addiction – is why Dad often spent *all* weekend in the pub.

Obviously I will never forget or forgive the harmful nonsense Dad went on with when we were kids but, over the years, I've seen for myself how hard it is sometimes to manage well the stresses of modern life. Anyway, to be easier on him, I prefer to think Dad simply was born a century too late.

Peaking early was Sandy's biggest tragedy

The obvious conclusion to be drawn after considering Sandy's life from start to finish is that he peaked way too early. Like many people, Dad along the way seemed to get frustrated with how his life was going. By the early 1970s, by his 40s, he found himself with a wife, three growing kids and plenty of things not going as well as he figured they should.

He explained to me once that he struggled after his father Davey died. Mum reckons he struggled more with being responsible for his new family, a family that expanded soon after Davey died in February 1964. Who knows? In any case, I've been haunted for decades by Dad saying, many times, "The happiest times in my life were back when you kids were young" (way back in his 30s).

As I mentioned, Dad's biggest problem was his shit temperament. He didn't do grace under pressure. Many of us here struggle with that but, by the late 1970s, Sandy mostly didn't even try. I spoke about this with his cousin Margaret in Scotland in 1999. She was a lovely woman, a warm charming woman with a twinkle in her eyes. I asked her, "You grew up here in Peebles at the same time as Alec. What happened to him? What was he like back then when you guys were young?"

She explained that being angry, often, was just the way young Sandy rolled. Even back when Dad was 10 years old, she said, he was often angry, often keen to fight with others. More's the pity.



Dad's parents Davie and Mary, probably in the early 1960s



Dad with sister Elsie and our Uncle Bob Drummond in 1999



The Big Fella: Sandy in a one-off rugby league match, Baralaba c.1979 (aged ~45+)

Dad's childhood *no so bad*?

One of the most shocking photos I ever saw showed Dad's parents - Davey and Mary - driving a Land Rover and towing a caravan *on holiday* in Scotland, probably in the late 1950s. That was shocking to me because I remember how miserable it was, regularly, around two decades later, when our family car - I have in mind a crappy used Valiant Ranger - wouldn't start. So holiday cancelled! (Of the many advances in technology over recent decades, one of the most profound - alongside indoor toilets! - is that even cheap used cars now start *first time*, pretty well every time.)

The shock to me from seeing that Land Rover and caravan was the sudden realisation that us kids in op-shop clothes probably were poorer during our childhoods than Dad was in his, that somehow Sandy had taken his family's circumstances backwards, despite strong trends towards growth and prosperity in post-war Australia. [I don't know if that and the rest below is fair/realistic or not.]

I always assumed Dad's growing-up during the Depression and WW2 in southern Scotland was really tough. And no doubt it was. But he had stability at home and school, spending his whole childhood in Peebles, surrounded by extended family. I recall yearning for that sort of stability.

After talking with Dad in his old age about his love of reading and adventure, I developed a vision of him snug and warm in his bed in Peebles in the 1940s, reading "The Last of the Mohicans" as he pondered whether to emigrate to adventure in Canada or to Australia. Anyway, at a similar age, Alisdair and I slept on mattresses as beds on the open veranda at the Railway Cottage in Baralaba, often in sub-zero winter nights. I always thought it was bloody cold in Baralaba in winter, and it was, but I figured – while thinking happy thoughts listening to Sydney rugby league on the radio - it was much colder Down South. Yet when I consulted the www.bom.gov.au website recently, it turned out that there's a 7 degrees Celsius average minimum for Baralaba in July, colder than 8C for Sydney!

Happily, I don't recall those bad old days as all bad. In fact, I think our tough childhoods made the stresses and strains we confront as adults much less challenging. After (I think) eight schools and decades of dealing with Dad when angry, most everything else in life has seemed relatively easy!

Winding up with a story, and a toast to Alexander "Sandy" Robertson

I'll finish with a story that Dad used to tell regularly, one for which Alisdair added a new punchline.

Just as Dad used to brag about being a boxer of note in the Scots Guards and Edinburgh Police, he used to brag that during the 1950s and 1960s he'd won fist-fights in pretty well every pub in the vast outback region spanned by Broome in the west, Mt Isa in the east, and Adelaide and Darwin to the south and north: <http://au.totaltravel.yahoo.com/destinations/maps/australia/>

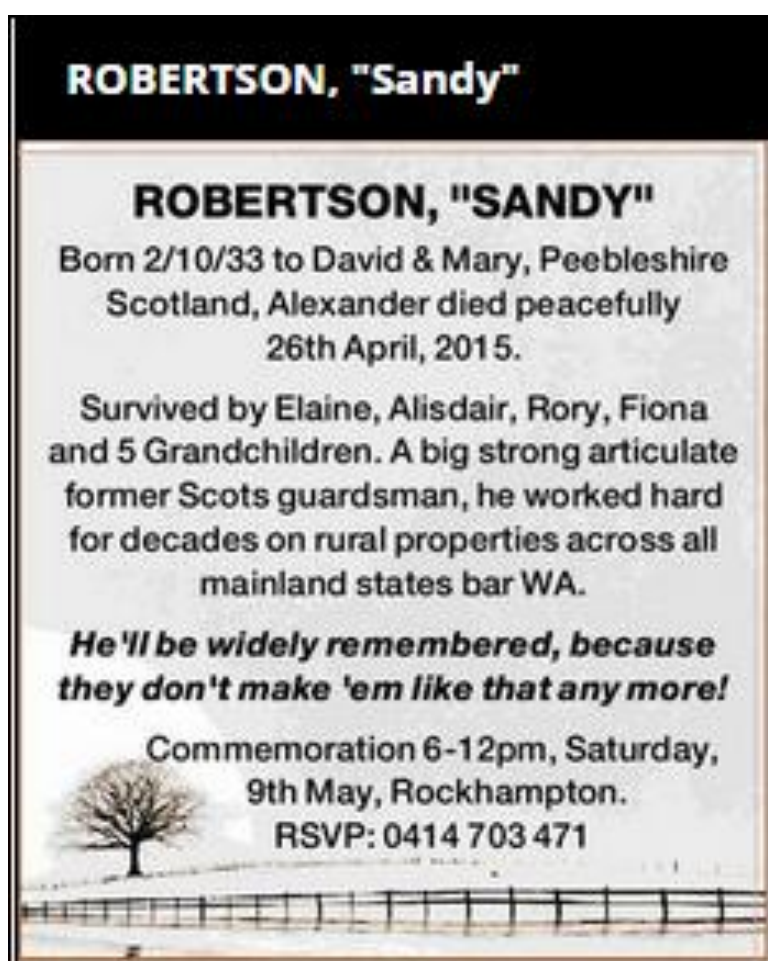
Alisdair once recounted that boast to Mum and she responded, smiling, that she'd bailed a bloke out of jail *the very next day* in many of those towns! But not until the next morning, after he'd sobered.

Sandy packed a great deal into his 81 years. So, a toast to Alexander "Sandy" Robertson: "They don't make 'em like that anymore. To Sandy Robertson, born over 100 years too late".

Alexander Robertson will not be forgotten quickly. Dad's legacy is three great kids and five grandkids, one carrying his name. Fiona's three kids all are doing well, at present all studying university courses. Importantly, Sandy's sixth grandchild is on the way, set to arrive late this year, set to make Alisdair and Shonae first-time parents.

The happiest ending tonight is that tomorrow is Mothers' Day, and we'll all be joining Elaine for breakfast. That Mum is alive and well and has been able to enjoy her children as adults, as well as her grandkids growing into adulthood, means that there is at least some justice in the world.

*****This piece is an edited and expanded version of the eulogy Rory Robertson delivered at the Commemoration for Sandy Robertson at the Travelodge Hotel in Rockhampton, 9 May 2015***
Comments, corrections, etc all welcome via strathburnstation@gmail.com +61 414 703 471



Queensland Country Life and The Land, May 2015

PASSENGER A. ROBERTSON 1957.

Passenger Lists leaving UK 1890-1960 Transcription

First name(s) ALEXANDER ||
Last name ROBERTSON ||
Gender Male
Birth year 1933
Birth day 2
Birth month 10
Marital status S
Occupation POLICE CONSTABLE ||
Departure year 1957 ||
Departure day 15
Departure month 5
Departure port SOUTHAMPTON ||
Destination port MELBOURNE ||
Destination MELBOURNE
State Victoria
Country AUSTRALIA
Destination country AUSTRALIA
Ship name NEW AUSTRALIA
City SOUTHAMPTON
Ship destination port AUSTRALIA
Ship destination country AUSTRALIA
Number of passengers 0
Record set Passenger Lists leaving UK 1890-1960
Category Travel & migration
Subcategory Passenger lists
Collections from Australasia, Great Britain, Ireland, United States

Transcriptions © brightsolid online publishing ltd

People with same last name on this voyage

State	First name(s)	Last name	Title
Victoria	DAVID H S	ROBERTSON	-
Victoria	VERA	ROBERTSON	-
Victoria	ANN V	ROBERTSON	-
Victoria	DAVID J	ROBERTSON	-
Victoria	LEONARD C	ROBERTSON	-
Victoria	CATHERINE	ROBERTSON	-
Victoria	IAN G	ROBERTSON	-
Victoria	LINDA	ROBERTSON	-



Sandy with three of his grandchildren on his 77th birthday, in 2010



Sandy with Dougie Cockburn in 1999



Sandy, with nephew David Robertson, sister-in-law Chrissie & our uncle Willie Bogle in 1999



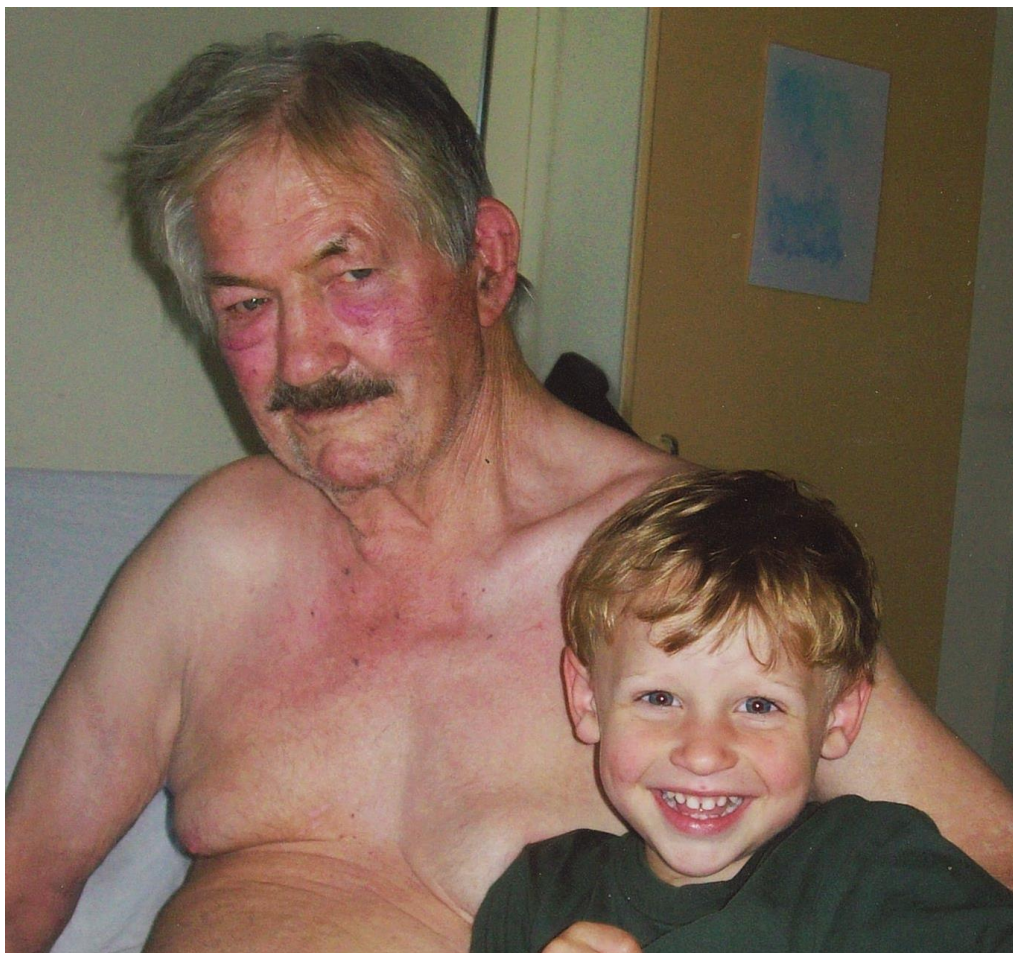
Sandy with his cousin Harvey Robertson in 1999



Pipers fire-up "Amazing Grace" at Peebles' Beltane Festival, 1999



"Fording the Tweed", 1999

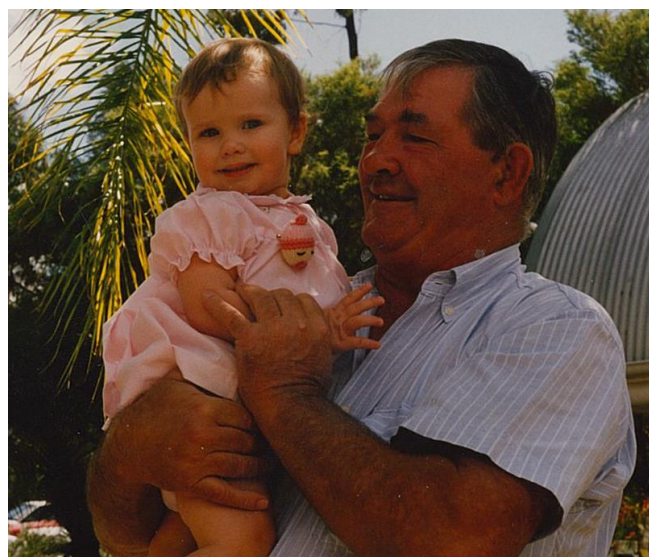


Sandy and two of his grandsons





Alisdair, Rory & Sandy, and three of his grandchildren over the years



Death Certificate misses lifetime of tobacco and alcohol, claims Dementia!

Queensland DEATH CERTIFICATE

REGISTRATION NUMBER
2015/ 55043

DECEASED	
Name and surname	<i>Alexander Robertson</i>
Occupation	<i>Cattle Station Manager</i>
Sex, Age and Marital Status at time of death	<i>Male 81 years Married</i>
Date of Death	<i>26 April 2015</i>
Place of Death	<i>Clifton Nursing Home, Clifton</i>
Where born and, if not born in Australia, period of residence in Australia	<i>Peebleshire, Scotland, United Kingdom 59 years</i>
PARENTS	
Name and surname of father	<i>David Robertson</i>
Occupation	<i>Farmer</i>
Name and maiden surname of mother	<i>Mary Dunlay</i>
Occupation	<i>Home duties</i>
MARRIAGE(S)	
Where, at what age and to whom deceased was married.	<i>Rochester, Victoria, 29 years, Elaine Elizabeth Lucas</i>
CHILDREN	
Names and ages	<i>Fiona Mary 51 years Rory David 49 years Alisdair Ivo 47 years</i>
MEDICAL	
Cause of death	<i>1(a) Urosepsis (b) Hydronephrosis (c) Obstructed right kidney 2. Dementia</i>
Duration of last illness	<i>1(a) months (b) months (c) months 2. years</i>
Medical attendant by whom certified	<i>A. Choo</i>
BURIAL or CREMATION	
When and where buried or cremated	<i>29 April 2015 Nudgee Cemetery and Crematorium</i>
By whom certified	<i>I. Greenall</i>
Name and religion of minister	
INFORMANT	
Name, description or relationship, and residence	<i>I. Greenall, No Relation, Unit 2, 12 Dulacca Street, Acacia Ridge</i>
REGISTRAR	
Name, date and place of registration	<i>D. John, 8 May 2015, Brisbane</i>
NOTES (if any)	

CAUTION: Whoever shall unlawfully alter any Certified Copy of an entry in any Register of Births, Marriages, or Deaths, whether by erasure, obliteration, removal, addition or otherwise is guilty of a CRIME, and liable to the punishment by law provided in that behalf. (See Sections 486 and 488 of the "Criminal Code".)



I, David John, Registrar-General, certify that the above is a true copy of particulars recorded in a Register kept in the General Registry at Brisbane

Dated: 8 May 2015

Registrar-General

N.B. Not Valid Unless Bearing the Authorised Seal and Signature of the Registrar-General

DRAFT: Postscript on Death, Dementia, Diet and Diabetes

As I said, Dad was a huge smoker - a rough guess is ~60 per day for ~50 years - and an alcoholic for decades. For the 40+ years that I watched, Dad's health was savaged by accumulating damage from tobacco and alcohol abuse. By his 50s, he struggled with his beer-belly and wouldn't walk 50 yards if he could drive. At about 60, he had a stroke. At 74, he had gangrene via smoking cut from his foot. At 75, he moved to Clifton and I downsized his car to a scooter. In his final years, he barely walked at all; naturally Dad's legs withered as time passed and his quality of life withered with them.

Dad was extremely lucky that the Queensland and Australian governments were so generous as to fully fund the final six years of his life in a comfortable room with a shared ensuite at Clifton Nursing Home, 25 minutes from the 200-acre farm near Toowoomba where he'd lived the previous decade.

So too, Sandy was fortunate that the nurses, doctors, food providers, cleaners, managers and other helpers I met over the years were generally cheery, competent and devoted to assisting their nursing-home residents to live comfortably in their declining years. I'm grateful to everyone involved - and especially to the Queensland and Australian governments - for the care provided to Dad, who was not an easy man to manage, as he ran out of steam through his latter 70s then died aged 81.

Separately, in an effort to improve public health, it's worth discussing what I regard as a serious error on Dad's official death certificate. The certificate (previous page) states that the primary cause of death involved problems flowing from an "Obstructed right kidney". And no doubt that's correct. My concern is the secondary cause of death, stated as "**2. Dementia**". That's a mistake, in my opinion, because it is unreasonable to claim dementia was a cause of Dad's death.

Unfortunately, doctors appear to be using "Dementia" as a "catch all" for a range of maladies. With no box to tick to blame "Old Age", "Simply ran out of steam" or (say) "The ravages of decades of tobacco and alcohol abuse", I suspect that thousands of death certificates each year feature a dodgy "Dementia" story. I suspect that public policy is being fed serious misinformation.

In my opinion, the **official "Causes of Death" figures** from the Australian Bureau of Statistics (ABS) are **unreliable and misleading** because the information is drawn from death certificates, both valid ones highlighting dementia and those with dementia as doctors' preferred catch-all.

Are the following ABS claims close to being true? Headline: "**Dementia and Alzheimer's disease now Australia's second leading cause of death**". ("cause"?). And "There were **11,000 deaths** from Dementia and Alzheimer's in 2013", up 5% from 2012 and over 30% over the past five years: [http://www.abs.gov.au/ausstats/abs@.nsf/Lookup/by%20Subject/3303.0~2013~Media%20Release~Changes%20in%20Australia's%20leading%20causes%20of%20death%20\(Media%20Release\)~10041](http://www.abs.gov.au/ausstats/abs@.nsf/Lookup/by%20Subject/3303.0~2013~Media%20Release~Changes%20in%20Australia's%20leading%20causes%20of%20death%20(Media%20Release)~10041)

For starters, **people typically do not die "of dementia", but "with dementia"**. Unfortunately, by promoting unreliable data as factual, the ABS makes good public policy on dementia more difficult to formulate. On this critical issue, I had a brief discussion with Australian Statistician, Mr. David Kalisch, at an ABE event: http://www.abe.org.au/portals/0/kalisch-150909-prnt_160815060858.pdf

Again, dementia had little or nothing to do with Sandy's death. "Dementia" got a mention because Dad's brain wasn't working well near the end. Yes, no kidding. **But I strongly doubt Dad's obvious brain dysfunction reflected dementia, or was an accident.** First, recall that Sandy was a rather large man, and difficult to control when angry. No doubt his **prescribed medications** (see overleaf) were in part to help Dad and in part to help his carers "manage" Dad, gauged to dull his senses and thus limit his excessive anger. Unlike me, Dad's carers didn't have the option of just clearing out.

My guess is that "**Venlafaxine**", "**Risperidone**", "**Mirtazapine**" and/or "**Diazepam**" acted in concert to scramble Dad's mind, thus calming his "anxiety" and reducing his ability to make a fuss. So too, I guess that Dad's "cocktail" dosage was increased early in 2015; I say that because he began not to call me. From then on, I rarely could get him on the phone despite it sitting next to his bed.

How do doctors decide "Dementia" versus desired effect of cocktail of drugs?

CLIFTON PHARMACY
69 KING STREET
CLIFTON QLD 4361
PH: 07 4697 3399
ABN 43407570175

Statement ID 20343
Statement Date 31-Mar-15
Page 1 of 1

Statement for : MR ALEXANDER ROBERTSON
CLIFTON NURSING HOME
NORMAN ST 4361

Account Number : 583

Date	Invoice	Item	Qty	Price	Charge
28-Feb-15		Previous Statement #20116			\$153.30
05-Mar-15	255848	RX487350(4 KAPANOL SR-CAP 20MG 28 28)	1	6.10	\$6.10
10-Mar-15	256201	RX487853(1 VENLAFAXINE SR-CAP 150MG 28)	1	6.10	\$6.10
16-Mar-15	256630	PAYMENT RECEIVED			-\$153.30
16-Mar-15	256712	RX488298(1 KAPANOL SR-CAP 10MG 28 28)	1	6.10	
		RX488299(2 OMEPRAZOLE CAP 20MG 30 30)	1	6.10	
		RX488301(1 ASPIRIN TAB 100MG 112)	1	6.10	\$18.30
24-Mar-15	257310	RX488726(.25 VENLAFAXINE SR-CAP 37.5MG 28)	1	6.10	
		RX488727(1 RISPERIDONE TAB 0.5MG, 60 60)	1	6.10	
		RX488732(1 AMOXICILLIN CAP 500MG 20)	1	6.10	
		RX488733(1 MIRTAPAZINE TAB 15MG 30)	1	6.10	
		RX488734(.28 VENLAFAXINE SR-CAP 75MG 28)	1	6.10	\$30.50
24-Mar-15	257316	RX489167(1 ENDONE TAB 5MG 20)	1	6.10	\$6.10
25-Mar-15	257494	RX489240(1 DIAZEPAM TAB 2MG 50)	1	6.10	\$6.10
31-Mar-15	258006	RX490102(1 MACROGOL 3350+NACL+KCL+HCO	1	6.10	
		RX490103(1 SITAGLIPTIN/METFORMIN HCL TAB	1	6.10	\$12.20

paid

Total Amount Owing \$85.40
Current Total Includes GST of \$0.00

Clifton Pharmacy BSB 083 155 ACC 87405 9855 Include Name and Pharmacy Acc no as reference.

Details : Period 3 \$0.00 Period 2 \$0.00 Period 1 \$0.00 Current \$85.40

REMITTANCE ADVICE

To : CLIFTON PHARMACY
69 KING STREET
CLIFTON QLD 4361

Period Ending : 31-03-15

Account Number : 583
MR ALEXANDER ROBERTSON
CLIFTON NURSING HOME
NORMAN ST 4361

Amount Owing : \$85.40

Alexander Robertson: Final chemist's account

CLIFTON PHARMACY
69 KING STREET
CLIFTON QLD 4361
PH: 07 4697 3399
ABN 43407570175

Statement ID 20570
Statement Date 30-Apr-15
Page 1 of 1

Statement for : MR ALEXANDER ROBERTSON
CLIFTON NURSING HOME
NORMAN ST 4361

Account Number : 583

Date	Invoice	Item	Qty	Price	Charge
31-Mar-15		Previous Statement #20343			\$85.40
01-Apr-15	258065	* STREPSILS LOZ HONEY/LEM 36	1	11.95	\$11.95
07-Apr-15	258401	RX490443(4 KAPANOL SR-CAP 20MG 28 28)	1	6.10	\$6.10
10-Apr-15	258712	Credit Account \$85.40: eft payment 7/04/15		-85.40 CR	-\$85.40
14-Apr-15	258977	RX491398(1 MORPHINE SULFATE AMP 10MG/M	1	6.10	\$6.10
14-Apr-15	259006	RX491494(1 MORPHINE SULFATE (HOSPIRA) AI	1	6.10	\$6.10
17-Apr-15	259348	RX491494(2 MORPHINE SULFATE (HOSPIRA) AI	1	6.10	
		RX491613(1 MIDAZOLAM AMP 5MG/1ML 10)	1	26.95	
		RX491768(1 KAPANOL SR-CAP 10MG 28 28)	1	6.10	
		RX491799(2 MORPHINE SULFATE AMP 10MG/M	1	6.10	\$45.25
20-Apr-15	259493	RX492009(2 MORPHINE SULFATE AMP 10MG/M	1	6.10	\$6.10
23-Apr-15	259853	RX492496(1 PARACETAMOL TAB 500MG 100 10X	1	6.10	
		RX492497(1 TEMAZE TAB 10MG 25)	1	6.10	\$12.20
28-Apr-15	260248	RX492845(2 MORPHINE SULFATE (HOSPIRA) AI	1	6.10	\$6.10
28-Apr-15	260259	RX492844(1 MICROLAX ENEMA 5ML 4 1)	1	8.95	\$8.95

From 24/4/15 Charged 28/4/15

paid

Total Amount Owing \$108.85
Current Total Includes GST of \$1.09

Clifton Pharmacy BSB 083 155 ACC 87405 9855 Include Name and Pharmacy Acc no as reference.

Details : Period 3 \$0.00 Period 2 \$0.00 Period 1 \$85.40 Current \$23.45

REMITTANCE ADVICE

To : CLIFTON PHARMACY
69 KING STREET
CLIFTON QLD 4361

Period Ending : 30-04-15

Account Number : 583

MR ALEXANDER ROBERTSON
CLIFTON NURSING HOME
NORMAN ST 4361

Amount Owing : \$108.85

After a lifetime eating heaps of meat and fat (beef, mutton, pork, chicken & offal), eggs, sugar and beer, Dad hated low-meat, low-fat nursing-home food

*** NURSING HOME MENU - 2015 *** ①

Name: _____		NURSING HOME WEEK3 THURSDAY		Diet: _____	
BREAKFAST Meal <input type="checkbox"/> Small <input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Large Cereals <input type="checkbox"/> Sultana Bran <input type="checkbox"/> All Bran <input type="checkbox"/> Cornflakes <input type="checkbox"/> Weet-Bix <input type="checkbox"/> Rolled Oats <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal <input type="checkbox"/> Hot Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milk Bread <input type="checkbox"/> White <input type="checkbox"/> Wholemeal <input type="checkbox"/> Toasted Spreads <input type="checkbox"/> Margarine <input type="checkbox"/> Butter <input type="checkbox"/> Marmalade <input type="checkbox"/> Plum Jam <input type="checkbox"/> Strawberry <input type="checkbox"/> Apricot Jam <input type="checkbox"/> Vegemite <input type="checkbox"/> Honey Fruit <input type="checkbox"/> Compote of fruit <input type="checkbox"/> Prunes Hot Breakfast <input type="checkbox"/> Spaghetti Hot Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal Cold Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Juice <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Cordial <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <u>Morning tea served with Cake or Biscuit</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Hot Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Lemonade <input type="checkbox"/> Juice		LUNCH Meal <input type="checkbox"/> Small <input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Large Main Meal <input type="checkbox"/> Beef Sausages & Gravy <input type="checkbox"/> Mashed Potato <input type="checkbox"/> Mashed Pumpkin <input type="checkbox"/> Zucchini Cauliflower <input type="checkbox"/> Plain Sandwiches Dessert <input type="checkbox"/> Bread & Butter Custard <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit <input type="checkbox"/> Ice-cream <input type="checkbox"/> Custard Hot Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal Cold Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Juice <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Cordial <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <u>Afternoon tea with Cake or Biscuit</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Hot Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Lemonade <input type="checkbox"/> Juice		TEA Meal <input type="checkbox"/> Small <input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Large Soup <input type="checkbox"/> Minestrone Meal <input type="checkbox"/> Meatballs & Gravy <input type="checkbox"/> & Mix Vegetables <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Meat <input type="checkbox"/> Salad Bread <input type="checkbox"/> White <input type="checkbox"/> Wholemeal Spreads <input type="checkbox"/> Margarine <input type="checkbox"/> Butter <input type="checkbox"/> Marmalade <input type="checkbox"/> Plum Jam <input type="checkbox"/> Vegemite <input type="checkbox"/> Apricot Jam <input type="checkbox"/> Strawberry <input type="checkbox"/> Honey Hot Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal Cold Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Juice <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Cordial <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Fresh Fruit <u>Supper with Cake or Biscuit</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Hot Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Lemonade <input type="checkbox"/> Juice	

*** NURSING HOME MENU - 2015 *** ②

Name: _____		NURSING HOME WEEK2 THURSDAY		Diet: _____	
BREAKFAST Meal <input type="checkbox"/> Small <input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Large Cereals <input type="checkbox"/> Sultana Bran <input type="checkbox"/> All Bran <input type="checkbox"/> Cornflakes <input type="checkbox"/> Weet-Bix <input type="checkbox"/> Rolled Oats <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal <input type="checkbox"/> Hot Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milk Bread <input type="checkbox"/> White <input type="checkbox"/> Wholemeal <input type="checkbox"/> Toasted Spreads <input type="checkbox"/> Margarine <input type="checkbox"/> Butter <input type="checkbox"/> Marmalade <input type="checkbox"/> Plum Jam <input type="checkbox"/> Strawberry <input type="checkbox"/> Apricot Jam <input type="checkbox"/> Vegemite <input type="checkbox"/> Honey Fruit <input type="checkbox"/> Compote of fruit <input type="checkbox"/> Prunes Hot Breakfast <input type="checkbox"/> Spaghetti Scrambled Egg Hot Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal Cold Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Juice <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Cordial <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <u>Morning tea served with Cake or Biscuit</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Hot Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Lemonade <input type="checkbox"/> Juice		LUNCH Meal <input type="checkbox"/> Small <input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Large Main Meal <input type="checkbox"/> Roast Pork & Gravy <input type="checkbox"/> Mashed Potato <input type="checkbox"/> Mashed Pumpkin <input type="checkbox"/> Peas <input type="checkbox"/> Plain Sandwiches Dessert <input type="checkbox"/> Caramel self sauce pudding <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit <input type="checkbox"/> Ice-cream <input type="checkbox"/> Custard Hot Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal Cold Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Juice <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Cordial <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <u>Afternoon tea with Cake or Biscuit</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Hot Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Lemonade <input type="checkbox"/> Juice		TEA Meal <input type="checkbox"/> Small <input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Large Soup <input type="checkbox"/> Pea & Ham Meal <input type="checkbox"/> Chicken Fricassee <input type="checkbox"/> & Mixed Vegetables <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Meat <input type="checkbox"/> Salad Bread <input type="checkbox"/> White <input type="checkbox"/> Wholemeal Spreads <input type="checkbox"/> Margarine <input type="checkbox"/> Butter <input type="checkbox"/> Marmalade <input type="checkbox"/> Plum Jam <input type="checkbox"/> Vegemite <input type="checkbox"/> Apricot Jam <input type="checkbox"/> Strawberry <input type="checkbox"/> Honey Hot Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal Cold Drinks <input type="checkbox"/> Juice <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Cordial <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Fresh Fruit <u>Supper with Cake or Biscuit</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Tea <input type="checkbox"/> Coffee <input type="checkbox"/> Hot Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Sugar <input type="checkbox"/> Equal <input type="checkbox"/> Cold Milo <input type="checkbox"/> Milk <input type="checkbox"/> Lemonade <input type="checkbox"/> Juice	

I don't know enough to be critical of that sizeable dose of "mind altering drugs" near the end, except to say that **no clinical trials would ever have assessed the exact effects of three or four of those highlighted drugs used simultaneously**. Certainly, the particular cocktail scrambled Dad's mind. I guess that was the point! **Readers, wouldn't any patient on such an impressive cocktail of drugs soon *not* know what day it is, thus exhibiting profoundly clear signs of "dementia"?**

I have great sympathy for the doctors, nurses and carers having to manage an often-angry old man, who felt that no amount of public spending - right now! – to prolong his life would be excessive. I'm just arguing that it's a bit unreasonable to load-up a cranky patient with mind-altering drugs to scramble his mind, to make him easier to manage, and then choose to stamp "Dementia" on his death certificate. (Please correct me if I'm wrong, or get in touch if you have any comment at all.)

A. Incompetent dietary advice fuelling obesity, diabetes & heart disease (so too dementia?)

Dad also was taking "**Sitagliptin/Metaformin**" - <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sitagliptin> - probably to treat **type 2 diabetes (T2D)**. Again, Sandy at 81 was physically frail, after half a century of cigarette and alcohol abuse. I don't know if he had T2D before he arrived in Clifton in late 2008, but living on an unhealthy **high-sugar, high-carbohydrate, low-meat, low-fat nursing-home diet** would have fuelled anyone's diabetes, if it didn't cause it in the first place (see **sample menus previous page**).

The **good news** is that diets very **low in carbohydrate and high in fat (LCHF)** have been curing obesity and T2D for over 100 years:

http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/Dietary_treatment_of_diabetes.pdf ;

[http://www.nutritionjnl.com/article/S0899-9007\(14\)00332-3/abstract](http://www.nutritionjnl.com/article/S0899-9007(14)00332-3/abstract) ;

37:00 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FcLoaVNQ3rc>

The **bad news** is that Dad was fed the opposite diet - one high in carbs and low in fat - because Canberra's **Australian Dietary Guidelines (ADGs)** promote a diet of **45-65% carbohydrates**, in large part because for half a century the saturated fat in meat and dairy has been falsely and recklessly assumed to cause **cardiovascular disease (CVD = heart disease and stroke)**: p.16 https://www.nhmrc.gov.au/files/nhmrc/publications/attachments/n55_australian_dietary_guidelines_130530.pdf

I despair that the incompetence dominating nutrition "science" and official dietary advice continues to harms millions, by force-feeding high-carb, low-fat diets to the overweight and/or diabetic. It's a scandal that public entities including nursing homes, hospitals, schools and the military generally are forced by the ADGs to provide high-carb diets to their captive diners, even those who are obese and/or diabetic. Captive passengers on aeroplanes also suffer high-carb fare.

To be convinced that incompetence runs amok at the highest levels of Australian nutrition "science" and diet advice, one need only consider the many harmful false claims made and defended, with straight faces, by highly influential public-health "experts":

1. **Only fat makes you fat:** Dr Rosemary Stanton - Australia's most-trusted dietitian - promotes as fact in *The Low-fat Way* <http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/rosemystanton.pdf> the claim that **"the only thing that adds to body fat is the fat we eat"**, and that it takes "more than 30 slices of bread" at one sitting before the body starts to convert carbohydrates to fat. That clownish only-fat-makes-you-fat false claim was always **readily contradicted** by any randomised-controlled trial (RCT) that has human subjects add dietary fat while removing dietary carbohydrate. But neither Rosemary nor her expert friends bothered to check! In the real world, it is a **standard, robust and repeatable result** that shifting people from low-fat to high-fat diets - that is, shifting them from high-sugar, high-carb diets, to low-sugar, low-carb diets <http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/obesitysummit.pdf> - tends to reduce obesity, T2D and CVD. **The widely promoted claim that fat makes you fat is not just wrong but the reverse of the truth! What a travesty.** What a disaster for public health. Oops! Not that Rosemary concedes for a moment she got wrong for decades the main thing that matters for obesity, T2D and CVD. Our Mums should not hold their breath waiting for her apology.

2. **The Australian Paradox:** Two highly influential obesity and diabetes “experts” at the University of Sydney’s Charles Perkins Centre - **Professor Jennie Brand-Miller and Dr Alan Barclay** (with combined pop-sci Low-GI diet-book sales of over 4 million) - claim that there is “**an inverse relationship**” between refined-sugar consumption (per person) and obesity in Australia over the 1980 and 2010 timeframe. Sound like complete nonsense? Indeed. In 2014, research-integrity investigator **Professor Robert Clark AO** advised the **Low-GI promoters to re-write their shonky sugar study. They didn’t. Instead, in 2015, Professor Brand-Miller chose to use her faulty “finding” - based on clownish confusion between up and down, as well as an ABS series discontinued as unreliable and then falsified as a flat line - to help local industry sell more sugar and sugary drinks! In my opinion, this has become a clear-cut example of basic scientific fraud.**
<http://www.abc.net.au/radionational/programs/backgroundbriefing/independent-review-finds-issues-with-controversial-sugar-paper/5618490> ; (scroll to JBM reference at bottom)
<http://www.srasanz.org/news/do-carbohydrates-cause-weight-gain/> ;
<http://australianbeverages.org/for-consumers/soft-drink-tax-answer/>
3. **There is “absolute consensus” that added sugar does not cause diabetes:**
<http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/diabetes.pdf> Yes, two of the Charles Perkins Centre authors of this obviously false claim operate a business stamping sugar as a Low-GI healthfood! <http://www.foodpolitics.com/2016/03/sugar-in-australia-its-better-for-you/> ;
<http://www.gisymbol.com/category/products/sweeteners/> Meanwhile, back in the real world, the people Charlie Perkins cared most about are dying early via modern doses of sugar and sugary drinks. Don’t take my word for it, that’s exactly what Indigenous Affairs Minister Nigel Scullion is saying: "I think particularly in remote communities and very remote communities sugar is just killing the population" <http://www.abc.net.au/news/2016-02-12/scullion-says-sugar-is-killing-remote-communities/7162974>
4. **Diabetes Australia advises that people with T2D have no special dietary needs:** “Meals that are recommended for people with diabetes are **the same as for those without diabetes**” <https://www.diabetesaustralia.com.au/eating-well> Again, that’s clownish and harmful because it completely ignores more than 100 years of science. That is, LCHF diets minimising the intake of sugar and carbohydrates have been best-practice for fixing T2D for over 100 years: http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/Dietary_treatment_of_diabetes.pdf What is going on?
5. **An extension of that incompetence or worse is found in Canberra’s long-awaited Australian National Diabetes Strategy 2016-2020:**
[http://www.health.gov.au/internet/main/publishing.nsf/Content/3AF935DA210DA043CA257EFB000D0C03/\\$File/Australian%20National%20Diabetes%20Strategy%202016-2020.pdf](http://www.health.gov.au/internet/main/publishing.nsf/Content/3AF935DA210DA043CA257EFB000D0C03/$File/Australian%20National%20Diabetes%20Strategy%202016-2020.pdf) In that 23-page document, there is **not one mention of the word “carbohydrate”**, even though T2D (~85% of all diabetes) is a simple matter involving the body’s inability to properly metabolise carbohydrates. Why have the highly influential authors of Canberra’s *Strategy 2016-2020* - including **Low-GI Professor Stephen Colagiuri** <http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/diabetes.pdf> - chosen to suppress the core fact that excess carbohydrates are the main cause of T2D? Why have they suppressed the fact that removing excess carbohydrate has been curing T2D for over 100 years? http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/Dietary_treatment_of_diabetes.pdf Do Australia’s diabetes experts today really know less than their US counterparts 100 years ago? Or are our highly ineffective authors hopelessly conflicted, focussed on the risk that their cushy careers as diabetes experts and drug-company reps will collapse once the public is told of the simple and effective dietary cure for T2D that does not involve added sugar or pharmaceutical drugs: 37:00 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FcLoaVNQ3rc>
6. **The Dietitians Association of Australia (DAA) has banned the use of LCHF diets for the prevention and cure of T2D:** Jennifer Elliott - the dietitian who was fired in the process of the DAA’s harmful LCHF ban being introduced - appears to have made an enemy of the DAA’s Low-GI kingpin Dr Alan Barclay, when she correctly if clumsily argued that his

Australian Paradox “finding” is contradicted by his own datasets:

<http://www.zoeharcombe.com/2015/10/jennifer-elliott-vs-dietitians-association-of-australia/> ; (comments) <http://scepticalnutritionist.com.au/?p=514> Again, the *Australian Paradox* “finding” relies on **ABS data discontinued as unreliable**, a **falsified flat line** and impressively **clownish confusion** about up-versus-down in already published charts!

For the record, the Charles Perkins’ Centre’s *Australian Paradox* fraud is documented here:

<http://www.smh.com.au/business/pesky-economist-wont-let-big-sugar-lie-20120725-22pru.html>
<http://www.abc.net.au/radionational/programs/backgroundbriefing/2014-02-09/5239418>
<http://davidgillespie.org/why-wont-sydney-university-retract-the-australian-paradox-paper/>
<http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/22Slideshowaustraliangoestoparadoxcanberrafinal.pdf>
<http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/GraphicEvidence.pdf>
<http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/RR-response-to-inquiry-report.pdf>

The Charles Perkins Centre’s *Australian Paradox* crew also promote a giant scam on everyday people by **claiming that high-carbohydrate Low-GI diets are better for the obese and/or diabetic than LCHF Low-GI diets, despite hard RCT evidence showing the opposite:** (chart) <http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/obesitysummit.pdf> ; <http://daa.asn.au/for-the-media/hot-topics-in-nutrition/low-carbohydrate-high-fat-diets-for-diabetes/>

Part of the scam is based on the false claim that there is a **“Minimum carbohydrate requirement needed to stop our brains from imploding:** pp. 14-15 <http://diabetesnsw.com.au/wp-content/uploads/2015/07/Low-Carb-Diets-and-diabetes-Alan-Barclay.pdf> Again, such falsehoods seem important to help sell low-GI sugar (100% carbohydrate) and sugary low-GI junk - including **Milo and “Special K”** - as healthfoods: <http://www.gisymbol.com/category/products/beverages/>

Regardless, it is a matter of hard scientific fact that **the minimum dietary carbohydrate requirement for adult humans is zero**. That’s been widely known since Dr Vilhjalmur Stefansson’s famous one-year meat-only diet experiment was carefully documented in the late 1920s: <http://www.jbc.org/content/87/3/651.full.pdf> ; 00:45 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x9-OkTOq-n0>

B. More on influential incompetence institutionalised as official diet and medical advice

Unfortunately, as highlighted above, influential incompetence or worse has dominated modern nutrition “science” and dietary advice for over half a century. The disaster began in the US with Dr Ancel Keys and the American Heart Association deciding in 1961 to promote the (readily accepted but-still-false) suggestion that saturated fat and/or cholesterol in fatty meat, eggs and dairy cause early death via CVD: <http://circ.ahajournals.org/content/23/1/133.full.pdf>

The reckless false claim that saturated fat in animal-based wholefoods causes CVD was imported in 1978 by Stewart Truswell, the University of Sydney’s new nutrition professor, then shoved down Australians’ throats - without proper scientific review - via **our first national dietary guidelines in 1979** <http://apjcn.nhri.org.tw/server/apjcn/procnutsoc/1990-1999/1995/1995%20p1-10.pdf>

The misguided demonisation of fatty meat, eggs and dairy has been a disaster here and elsewhere, as such healthy traditional wholefoods had dominated meal-times for centuries across the western world. In their place, influential experts **promoted as “heart healthy” a range of processed carbohydrates**, including breakfast cereals, bread, pasta, and other products made from refined grains and/or sugar. Unsurprisingly, the western world quickly started to get fat and sick.

As an aside, it is notable that **many of the “experts” who mistakenly advised us to cut the fat off our meat also see themselves as champions of “environmental sustainability”**. They tell us to throw away rather than eat the saturated (solid) fat found on our meat, and to substitute towards vegetable oils – aka “seed oils” (via rapeseed/canola, sunflower, soybean, etc - that are grown as monocultures after land is cleared of native plants and animals. They also tell us to eat plenty of fish, despite our oceans rapidly emptying of wild fish. Hopelessly wrong on the nature of

healthy human diets, many influential “experts” also have little understanding of what is required for genuine environmental sustainability.

While nutrition “experts” including Dr Rosemary Stanton got what makes us fat and sick - only dietary fat makes us fat! - completely wrong with confidence for decades, she refuses to concede anything. Instead, she rubbishes those, including science journalists Gary Taubes and Nina Teicholz, who have exposed the nutrition profession’s half-century of extraordinary incompetence and harmful diet advice: <http://www.nytimes.com/2002/07/07/magazine/what-if-it-s-all-been-a-big-fat-lie.html?pagewanted=all> ; <http://www.amazon.com/Good-Calories-Bad-Controversial-Science/dp/1400033462> ; <http://www.amazon.com.au/The-Big-Fat-Surprise-Healthy-ebook/dp/B00A25FDUA>

Happily, not all nutritionists and dietitians are still disingenuously pretending everything is fine. Slowly but surely, the harmful incompetence is being acknowledged and corrected. In 2015, the **US Academy of Nutrition and Dietetics – representing some 70,000 US dietitians** - began advising that the US dietary guidelines **should remove "dietary cholesterol** from the nutrients of concern list and recommending it similarly **drop saturated fat** from nutrients of concern, given lack of evidence connecting it with cardiovascular disease" <http://www.eatrightpro.org/resource/news-center/on-the-pulse-of-public-policy/from-the-hill/academy-submits-2015-dga-recommendations>

Those ~70,000 US dietitians also conceded that **replacing fat with carbs - what “experts” have advised for decades - causes CVD!** "Equation 3 demonstrates that carbohydrate intake conveys a greater amount of cardiovascular disease risk than does saturated fat. Combined with the evidence from multiple studies that have estimated the impact of saturated fat to be near zero, it is likely that the impact of carbohydrate on cardiovascular disease risk is positive" <http://www.eatrightpro.org/resource/news-center/on-the-pulse-of-public-policy/regulatory-comments/dgac-scientific-report>

Associated with the falsehoods surrounding saturated fat, cholesterol and CVD are **statins**, the biggest-selling pharmaceutical drugs in the history of the world. Unfortunately, statins bring with them - for millions of users - **adverse side effects**. Despite sizeable costs to taxpayers and patients, the best evidence is that **the multi-year usage of statins tends to prolong patients’ lives by only 3-4 days on average:** <http://bmjopen.bmj.com/content/5/9/e007118.full>

Most recently, the US Congress has decided to conduct an investigation into the integrity of the science on which official dietary advice is based:

<https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/wonk/wp/2015/12/18/congress-we-need-to-review-the-dietary-guidelines-for-americans/> Canberra would do well to follow suit, as its ADGs remain hopelessly wrong on meat, saturated fat *in* meat and dairy, and the claimed desirability of 45-65% carbohydrates in the diets of people overweight and/or diabetic.

Unfortunately, harmful yet influential dietary misinformation continues to come thick and fast. In late 2015, the **World Health Organization claimed that meat, like smoking, causes cancer**. Unsurprisingly, high-profile concerns regarding meat and cancer turn out to be a joke.

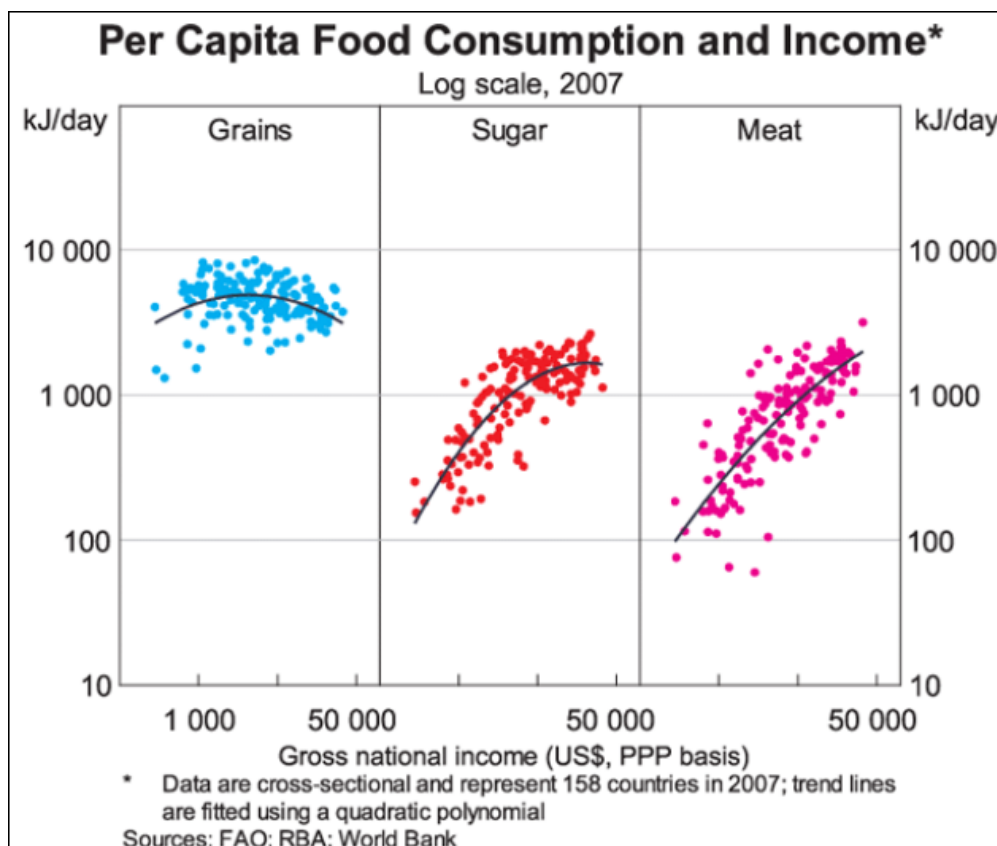
Here are the **hazard ratios**:

- **Meat and cancer ~1.2** <http://www.dcscience.net/2013/04/13/another-update-red-meat-doesnt-kill-you-but-the-spin-is-fascinating/>
- **Smoking and cancer ~20** <http://garytaubes.com/2012/03/science-pseudoscience-nutritional-epidemiology-and-meat/>

Austin Bradford Hill - the scientist who pioneered the systematic investigation of “causality” - reckoned **hazard ratios below 2 are feeble** <http://www.edwardtufte.com/tufte/hill> In this case, the increased risk of cancer from smoking (~2000%) is something like **100 times greater** than the increased risk of cancer from eating red meat (~20%)!

As an aside, note that despite massive doses both cigarettes and red meat, my Dad Sandy Robertson didn’t die of cancer! Importantly, most studies claiming some (feeble) “association”

(hazard ratio <2) between meat and cancer tend not to have **abstracted convincingly - if at all - from the strong correlation – in both individual and national-average diets - between meat and sugar** (see RBA chart below, and 26:00 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xDaYa0AB8TQ>).



<http://www.australianparadox.com/part-2>

In my opinion, this latest WHO/WCRF demonisation of meat as carcinogenic is a disaster for public health. Influential people with no sense of the **relative importance** of various facts are demonising a food that for many is central to fixing global obesity, T2D and/or CVD.

That is, the **biggest public-health issue in the western world is “metabolic syndrome”, also known as “insulin-resistance”**. Those terms describe the cluster of related risks for early death via obesity, T2D and/or CVD, affecting maybe **one-third of all adults**: pp. 2 and 8-9
<http://www.biomedcentral.com/content/pdf/1741-7015-9-48.pdf>

Critically, the simple and effective cure for metabolic syndrome is a LCHF diet. For most people a sustainable - read “tasty and doable” - LCHF diet involves fatty meats, dairy, eggs and green leafy vegetables. Of course, healthy LCHF diets also can be constructed for vegetarians, but much care is required to get it right. In any case, it is reckless to demonise meat as carcinogenic on the basis of impressively weak evidence, when much more clearly it is extremely helpful in LCHF diets that are the best available fix for obesity, T2D and CVD.

Again, **rigorous, reliable and repeatable scientific evidence** - from a growing series of RCTs - confirms that no-sugar, no-flour, high-meat LCHF diets are an impressive, effective fix for obesity, T2D and CVD: <http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/obesitysummit.pdf> ;
<https://theconversation.com/sugar-isnt-just-empty-fattening-calories-its-making-us-sick-49788>

Dr Peter Brukner - the Australian cricket team’s doctor – has collated a range of excellent and easily accessible information on LCHF diets, including a list of red and green foods:
<http://www.peterbrukner.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/All-you-need-to-know-about-LCHF1.pdf>

C. Preventing dementia & Alyzmer's (T3D): "What's good for the heart is good for the brain"

Given that modern doses of added sugar and other refined carbohydrates are bad for our teeth, our girth, our blood pressure, our "blood work", our heart, our liver, our kidneys and our sight (see pages 13-15 in *obesitysummit* link above), it's not much of a stretch to think that, similarly, excessive carbohydrate consumption - via the excessive insulin secretion it promotes - is bad for our brains.

As noted above, "metabolic syndrome" - aka "insulin resistance" - is the main risk factor for early death via T2D and CVD. Dementia is considered by some to be **Type 3 diabetes (T3D)**. **My guess is that the increasingly widespread observation that high-sugar, high-carb diets are bad for the brain - and so promote dementia - will become mainstream within a decade.** Here is science journalist **Gary Taubes**: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xRp0sJugkBk>

Again, the **good news** is that LCHF diets cure/normalise all aspects of metabolic syndrome: <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/19082851> The **bad news** is that **Alzheimer's Australia** is oblivious to - or just ignores - this research, instead parroting high-carb, anti-fat advice from the obviously flawed and harmful *Australian Dietary Guidelines* (ADGs): https://fightdementia.org.au/sites/default/files/helpsheets/Helpsheet-CaringForSomeone13-Nutrition_english.pdf

If Gary Taubes and the growing nucleus of LCHF scientists and doctors across the world are right, then **the standard high-carb, low-fat advice in those ADGs is worse than useless for the growing proportion of Australians who are fat, sick and/or elderly**. For those keen on a better, longer life, here's good information from several doctors who have fixed their own diabetes, so boosting their longevity:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QjQDFVE5exI> ;
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TR8rc_AF6XU ;
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zjUdtK6ukqY>

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rory robertson

economist and former-fattie

<https://twitter.com/OzParadoxdotcom>

A life in our times: Vale Alexander "Sandy" Robertson (1933-2015) + Postscript on Death, Dementia, Diet and Diabetes: <http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/AlecRobertson-born2oct33.pdf>

Are you getting fat and sick? Want to stop trends in your family and friends towards obesity, type 2 diabetes, heart disease and various cancers? Well, it's time to stop eating and drinking sugar: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xDaYa0AB8TQ&feature=youtu.be> ; <http://www.peterbrukner.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/All-you-need-to-know-about-LCHF1.pdf>

Game-changer! 26 doctors treating fat and sick present strong evidence for why low-carbohydrate, high-fat (LCHF) diets MUST become standard treatment for obesity and type 2 diabetes (aka metabolic syndrome): <http://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S0899900714003323>

On the *Australian Paradox* scandal at the University of Sydney's new \$500m Charles Perkins Centre: <http://www.abc.net.au/radionational/programs/backgroundbriefing/independent-review-finds-issues-with-controversial-sugar-paper/5618490> ; <http://www.australianparadox.com/pdf/RR-response-to-inquiry-report.pdf> ; <http://www.smh.com.au/national/university-sets-up-500m-centre-for-obesity-research-20130724-2qjq8.html>

Comments, criticisms, etc all welcome at strathburnstation@gmail.com +61 414 703 471

www.strathburn.com

Strathburn Cattle Station is a proud partner of YALARI,

Australia's leading provider of quality boarding-school educations for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander teenagers. Check it out at <http://www.strathburn.com/yalari.php>

One last thing: Please try to stop your oldies getting robbed by fraudsters

IWG WINNER'S NOTIFICATION:

IWG1180815L02
3771276
Mr Alexander Robertson
Norman Street 22
4361 CLIFTON
AUSTRALIA

Your designated selection number: 3771276

MEMO - MEMO - MEMO - MEMO - MEMO - MEMO

From: the Board of Directors of IWG
To: the Prize Allocation Department

Dear colleague,

Please inform Mr Robertson that he, should claim his, prize now. It is ready to be dispatched to him.

Thank you,

Michael Smith

IMPORTANT NOTIFICATION

Results of the game of the month

Prize	Number
1st prize : Mrs Johnsson	0106538
2nd prize : Mr Robertson	3771276
3rd prize : Mr Welsch	8145322

IWG1180815L02

Qualification for the game of the year

Prize	Number
US\$ 50,000.00	0106538
US\$ 40,000.00	3771276
US\$ 30,000.00	8145322

Dear Mr Robertson,

We hereby confirm that you, **Mr Robertson**, have won the **second prize** in the **game of the month**! It's really true and certainly not a joke!

Just take a look at the list of winners above and you will immediately see what is at stake. So send in your Personal Participation Form today!

If you do not participate, it means that you also forfeit your prize and we will award it to someone else. To prevent that from happening, we have specified a response period. If you respond within 14 days, nothing can go wrong, which is why it is so important that you respond quickly. After all, we are talking about the second prize, Mr Robertson! If we do not receive your fully completed Personal Participation Form within this response period, we will assume you are not interested and that you would rather miss out on this unique chance. Incidentally, it might be useful to know that this also confirms your participation in the game of the year with a prize of **US\$ 40,000.00**.

We are waiting for your response, Mr Robertson!

Matthew Jenkins
Prize Allocation Department IWG

Respond within 14 days!

P.S. This letter is not just a letter, but confirmation that you have won!

An extract from the winners' summary for the GAME OF THE MONTH

Mr Thumfart	4th prize	Mr Lela	31st prize
Mrs Madzulli	16th prize	Mrs Johnsson	1st prize
Mrs Perez-Rodriguez	10th prize	Mr Robertson	2nd prize
Mrs Kucera	12th prize	Mrs Wing-Kwok	9th prize
Mr Welsch	3rd prize	Ms Dacunya	19th prize

Personal Participation Form: return within 14 days!



Participation in the GAME OF THE YEAR

THE FOLLOWING IS IMPORTANT:

This offer is valid for 14 days! After that date, entry is immediately closed and the sum of US\$ 40,000.00 can no longer be paid out. You also have the chance to win gigantic cash prizes with the Euromillions.

Recently, there was a winner who won 145 million dollars! It could also happen to you! Which is why we hope that we will soon be able to congratulate you, too, on the cash prizes you have won. Experience has shown that the chance of winning is very high, we can tell you!

IWG1180815L02
3771276
Mr Alexander Robertson
Norman Street 22
4361 CLIFTON
AUSTRALIA

Don't forget to cut out the adjacent stamp to confirm your participation.

CUT THIS OUT!

AFFIX THIS STAMP TO
YOUR PERSONAL
PARTICIPATION FORM

Participation confirmation for the
GAME OF THE YEAR

2nd prize

US\$ 40,000.00

