



^^ ^^ Ian Reid, the son of the founder of Lone Pine (*photo by David Stephensen*)

Quiet Day at Lone Pine, 1971

At Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary in Brisbane, the original koala sanctuary of Australia, they trained young koalas to ride on the backs of German shepherds. The dog carried a koala down to meet the visitors arriving by boat. I don't know if this still happens, because I haven't been there for a long time.

The dog trainer and koala handler when I worked there as a photographer was Ian Reid, the son of the founder of Lone Pine. He was a great guy who taught me a lot about life.

When visitors came to the enclosure, we would bring a koala for them to look at closely. If they wanted a photo with a koala, we would teach them how to hold it, arrange the koala on them and it was my job to take the photo. I worked there on the regular photographer's day off, on Tuesdays.

When things were quiet, we would play with the dogs. The older one was Penny. She was starting to fade out with heartworm, sadly (they have improved medication since, I guess), but a great dog. The young one was Strongheart III. He was very energetic and a lot of fun.

When the all-white South African Springbok rugby team came to Australia, still during the apartheid days, many people, including me, did not agree with their visit. One showed up at Lone Pine. The current owners (Canadian brothers whose names I have forgotten) instructed that he should have VIP treatment (free photos). I refused to do this, so I got the sack. I was getting a bit sick of going there anyway. I did miss Ian and the dogs though.

Books have been written about the Springboks' visit to Brisbane in 1971. There were many protests. Our premier, the odious Joh Bjelke Petersen, declared a state of emergency so that he could commandeer security resources for the football match to go on. I photographed a demonstration in the city, during which police dressed as rednecks attacked demonstrators. I took many photos. Eventually a police officer (who identified himself to me as Constable Barlow from Barcaldine) took me aside said 'Give me your film or I'll arrest you'. I refused, so they fabricated an obscene language charge and arrested me.

While I was in the watchhouse they destroyed my film. In those days you could jump bail for minor things so they kept my \$10 and I went home and tried to get rid of the smell of the watchhouse. There was no point appearing in court because the police would perjure themselves, the magistrate would believe them and I would have a record. Ian Reid, ever pragmatic, told me I was stupid to be arrested and wished he could have advised me.

David Stephensen

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