

From: POV eSubmission Form <ecosystems@parliament.vic.gov.au>
Sent: Monday, 10 August 2020 5:34 PM
To: ecosystems
Subject: New Submission to Inquiry into Ecosystem Decline in Victoria

Categories: Submissions

Inquiry Name: Inquiry into Ecosystem Decline in Victoria

Mrs Olive Archibald

SUBMISSION CONTENT:

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Dear Environment and Planning Committee,
I wish to submit some experiences throughout my long and fortunate life which have influenced my whole being and in particular, my passion for nature and its inhabitants.
My name is Olive Archibald, nee Bodsworth. I live in Glen Iris, Melbourne only a few kilometres from where I grew up and still reside, by Gardiners Creek so well known to so many.
Yes, we are lucky enough to have native birds and animals in a stretch of this creek once designated for a drain. But my experiences go way back. My father was a soldier in the First World War. He came from a religious family and returned an atheist.
His and my mother's dedication to the Peace movement gradually opened my eyes to politics and what it could achieve in the right hands.
When Prime Minister Robert Hawke came to power, my teacher friends and I were propelled into the environmental movement, many of us joining The Tasmanian Wilderness Society, (as it was then called) for the first time. I remember holding my breath over and over again for the fateful decisions to come through in 1983 that the Franklin dam was stopped. Naively, it was so shocking to contemplate the alternative, especially after visiting a friend who placed Peter Dombrovskis' exquisite book of Tasmanian wilderness scenes into my hands.
On a far smaller scale, as a child, I and my family travelled once a year to my aunt and uncle's farm in Warburton where my love of nature well and truly grew.
The tallest of pines, the tiniest flowers popping out of mossy groves where sunlight peeped and green tree snakes looked on from above, made this my patch of paradise.
Occasionally, while exploring, I would come upon the dead body of a wombat which my uncle had scalped for the bounty. It took me years to find the courage to ask him why, but he had no answer.
My aunty had no electricity in those days but did us proud with a cool a cool dairy outbuilding, a Coolgardie safe and wood oven. I still yearn for her scones and bread with homemade blackcurrant jam and clotted cream.
She would walk my brother and I through the forest to admire the ferns by the race, where we drank the purest and coolest of bubbling water.
This world of childhood dreams does not need to end.
The ever present threat of climate change should encourage one and all to redouble our efforts to replace nature

not remove it. How important is it to zealously guard what we have left and to add to it with the wisdom of our indigenous elders, our scientists, our farmers and ourselves?

Yours sincerely,
Olive Archibald.

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File1:

File2:

File3: