

# APL-SS BULLETIN

Queensland, Australia

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## Welcome to the 4th issue!!

This issue welcomes in the new Webcast program called the Global Law Program. 3 new webcasts are now available and are linked from the last page of the bulletin. This issue also features my review of G20 Operations in Brisbane and provides an overview of my Wills for the Future webpage. New services provided by the publisher are also listed for the benefit of the reader. These services are promoted on my websites Access Point Law and Safe Sailing (com.au). I hope you enjoy this issue.  
Andrew Bird, Publisher

## 1) New WEBCAST program now available

# GLOBAL LAW PROGRAM

**Law review, News articles, Announcements, Interviews, Law comparison.**

This new program was released on 9 March 2015. It is the intent of the publisher to cover at least one APL summary in each program. I believe the Global Law Program will be a great supplement to Access Point Law. After all, most lawyers did not learn about the law at university by reading; they learnt by listening. The public should benefit in the same way.

## 2) APL Monthly Update Log for March 2015

### Introduction

The Free Legal Education summaries found in Access Point Law are updated monthly by the author. The following are the Queensland law change highlights for the month of March 2015.

### Disclaimer

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### 31 March 2015

#AccessPointLaw: New Schedule 3 of the Succession Act 1981 contains the requirements for international wills – ss33YB, 33YE

## NEW ON ACCESS POINT LAW



### Family Law Act 1975

## 1ST COMMONWEALTH LAW SUMMARY

### 3) Article - My review of G20 Operations in Brisbane

Since the Crime and Corruption Commission is conducting a review of the G20 Act, I thought it was appropriate for me to express my own views on the summit:

#### ~ G20 Summit, Brisbane 2014 ~

I would first like to congratulate the organisers of the summit for a job well done!! Even if I provide some comments below in review, these comments in no way take away from the massive accomplishment which was achieved - 'an incident free G20 event'.

Now, to mention a couple of things that annoyed me during the lead up to the event:

-There was a limited announcement of a public drill that affected users of a pontoon; I returned to find my dinghy motor handle damaged with no explanation or apology. Luckily I fixed the handle myself but it is not exactly like 'new'.

-I felt obliged to lodge a petition prior to the summit and this petition was to my total conviction unfairly returned to myself. The petition was returned for being a copy. The petition returned was not a copy although the pen ink I admit was a little dull. But there was some ink used that was not. So the return was not in my opinion justified and it was returned in a timeframe where it missed the Parliamentary sitting prior to the G20. The incident lead me to write a small ebook promoting the benefits of e-petitions - <http://www.safesailing.com.au/portfolio-type/petitions-in-paper-format-and-the-future-of-petitions/>

In making up to some extent these faults, I am proud to announce that I conducted a public book release event on 13 November 2015. The book release had an unfortunate name and time but it had to go on as previously organised and was paid for. The title of the book was 'One Disaster at a Time...'. It went ahead without any government scrutiny or interference. What I like about this is that it demonstrates strong freedom of speech rights in Queensland, Australia.

## 4) Serial story - Round About Norway (1880) by Charles W. Wood - Chapter 4/12

CHAPTER IV - FRYDENLUND FAGERNAES REIEN STEE OILO —  
TUNE SKOGSTAD NYSTUEN MARISTUEN HAEG — HUSUM  
BLAAFLATEN LAERDALSOREN

Norway may certainly be described as a very irregular country. Not in the matter of its morals, which, I believe, are unexceptionable, but in its physical aspect. Long stretches of flat, level roads are almost unknown ; and the great upheavals of Nature, which we call mountains, are well-nigh as diversified in outline at their base as at their summit. The roads undulate ; now in gentle lines, which seem to serve no other purpose than to give the horse an excuse for crawling, and of which he makes the most — now suddenly rising in steep ascents, requiring both fortitude and perseverance to scale.

We parted from Mr. and Miss B. at the foot of Baegna Bridge, after handshakes increased and multiplied on the part of Mr. B., who alighted from his carriage, and danced a species of war-dance in the road, as he capered from one carriage to another showering down upon us the while all kinds of good wishes for our future happiness and prosperity in Norway, and handwaves and kindly glances from his sister. The angle of the road at a length took them from view, and we saw them no more.

We now began the ascent of a winding mountain path, steep and long — the ascent of the Jukamsklev. The road had been cleared out of the mountain in zigzags, and the scenery as we went upwards, was of untold beauty. We obtained grand views of the rushing torrent, and as we mounted high and higher, our gaze seemed carried into precipitous depths. Not far from here is the church of Lom, dating back to the thirteenth century, built of resinous pine wood, in the Byzantine style, and tarred over from time to time until the wood has become hard as iron, and almost imperishable. But we had no time to visit it ; what had still to be done admitted of no delay on the road. The shadows were lengthening, and that peculiar look was creeping over the sky, which announces as surely as a sundial the decline of day.

It was now my turn to receive the burden of leadership ; and though perfectly helpless and innocent, I soon felt myself a miserable culprit. Do what I would, my horse would not go beyond a snail's pace ; he did not even walk, but crawled. In truth it was difficult to wish him to do anything more lively up this tremendous ascent. But hungry and weary — I cannot conclude a harrowing picture by adding footsore — it was no doubt exasperating to A., whose animal, with the perverseness of Norwegian horses, required as much holding in as mine did urging. Yet the affliction had to be endured ; for my own part heroically, for at every turn fresh beauties disclosed themselves, or old ones showed up in a new aspect. Pine-clad hills ; a view more and more extended as we neared the summit ; a rushing torrent below, into which we could look as into a shuddering depth by simply leaning to the left and gazing at the living, leaping foam. To our right, trees clothed the mountain, and the eye wandered up into the depths of tangle and briar, the slanting shadows thrown by the sun, the gloom beyond, into which no sight could penetrate. Ahead of us we saw but a short distance, so abrupt and steep were the windings ; thus the pleasures of hope — that every turn would prove the last — accompanied us on our way.

The summit at last, and a magnificent view of mountain ranges, range upon range, snow-hills in the distance, far as the eye could reach. Below stretched the great valley, plains, and villages ; lakes opening out, on which small islands and trees found their haven, and ducks disported themselves. This Valley of Valdres is one of the grandest and most extended views in Norway, with its vast range, its far-away snow-capped mountains, its repose and solemn solitude. And now the mountain we had just ascended seemed literally to laugh at us, for no sooner had we gained the summit on the one side than we had to commence a descent upon the other. Down we went by the same winding process — zigzag paths, cut and cleared out of the mountain. But if we had ascended

deliberately, we came down at a speed which had in it a mixture of compensation, recklessness and exhilaration, at once delightful and renovating. In the far distance we could just see the snow-mountains of Jotunheim, and passed on as quickly as possible to the next station, Frydenlund. This was ten and a half miles from the last station, Vold, and we had been three hours accomplishing the distance.

Frydenlund seemed, by comparison, a civilised and decent station ; and we found that by waiting half an hour we could be served with a sumptuous repast — also by comparison. A lad belonging to the station, the son of the hostess, spoke just enough English to understand our requests — very humbly preferred on our part, for hunger as well as conscience makes cowards of us all. In a short time we found ourselves in Elysium, though not exactly revelling in nectar and ambrosia ; and certainly not on Olympus, since we were in the valley.

It is an important village, as villages go in Norway, possessing a staff of judicial dignitaries, including the Foged, or chief administrative official ; the Sorenskriver, or local judge ; and the Lensmand, the chief constable already alluded to, who pays periodical visits to the different stations in the district, inspects the day-books, and comes down upon all sorts of offenders with the strong arm of the law. The reader will not be surprised to hear, after this, that the district prison is not very far off. It is a large white building, so gloriously situated, so clean and orderly, that captivity within its walls should be looked upon as happiness rather than punishment.

Our banquet-room was large, and for a station luxurious. Plants flourished in the windows and on the floor : great fuchsias and gorgeous geraniums, whose leaves threw out a subtle and delicious perfume. Excepting the wild flowers of the woods, our eyes had become strangers to floral beauties of any sort, and these threw quite a glory into the room, and turned it into a small paradise. A view fit for paradise, too, was that to be seen from the windows. The village in the plain ; the long valley ; the lakes studded with their small islands and waving trees ; the opposite mountains, stretching away far as the eye could trace, down which ran great waterfalls ; the deep clefts, where sight was lost in the blackness of night. All this we noted with delight, as soon as we had eyes and thoughts for the beautiful. For if, according to the French proverb, “*Ventre affame n’a point d’oreilles*” it is equally true that under similar conditions it is no more possible to appreciate the beauties of nature than to listen to the strains of music or the charms of oratory.

Yet contrary opinions have been held. I remember a lady once saying that she should like to live on crystallised orange-blossoms (we were sitting down to supper, and some of the dainty confection was upon the table). The food was so poetical ; anything less refined destroyed all that was aesthetical in ones nature. A gentleman opposite — whose name was then, and is now, in the first rank of poets — took up her remark, and said very decidedly that he thought a good leg of mutton far more to the purpose, and for his part preferred it. The lady opened her round eyes in horror, and then closed them in faintness, at such a want of the poetical from so unexpected a quarter; and she whispered me that none of her family ever saw her eat ; it was too vulgar, too gross and un-spiritualising ; all that was done in the privacy of her own room.

This same lady, later in the evening, informed me that she thought the most delightful thing in the world must be to fly across the desert on the back of a dromedary — though why she preferred a dromedary to a camel she did not stay to explain. The feeling of unlimited space was so poetical — she was again among the poets — the sensation of fleeing from the vulgar herd of mankind was so soul-soaring in its influence! Here she landed me out of my depth ; understanding collapsed, and only returned in time to see the lady disappearing from sight in a cloud ; but when fully aroused to consciousness, I found the cloud was only of Shetland manufacture. And, though

Shetland may be the end of the earth, we have no reason whatever for supposing that it is the end nearest heaven.

One more station had to be reached that night, and darkness was creeping on apace as we started on our last stage. We ascended the long hill, and gradually rose far above the valley, which lay sleeping below us, with the village, the lakes, and the small islands. Across one of the lakes a boat was darting, sculled by a boy, and so far off it seemed, so tiny, that until glasses were brought to bear, we took it to be a swan sailing majestically away to its home. Everything was growing indistinct, and the far-off snow mountains were now invisible. Beside us the hills rose as far above the road to the right, as the valley was below us on the left. Cataracts ran down the sides and could be heard "making music" — very lovely music it was — when no longer seen, or only to be dimly traced in the gathering gloom ; white, silvery threads, writhing and twisting like things of life, standing out in contrast with the blackness of the trees, the dark surface of the mountains.

At about half-past ten at night, after twelve hours' almost incessant travelling, the post-boy with his peculiar twang — the sing-song tone of the Norwegians — cried out, "Fagernaes!" a sound as welcome as June roses, and pointed to something ahead that could only be faintly seen in the darkness. Sombre pines were about us, wrapped in the silence and mystery of the hour. Out of these we turned through a wide gate into an open space, the house loomed up before us, and in a few moments we were at anchor.

The landlord was at once at the door, and welcomed us hospitably. The building possessed quite the dignity of a small hotel ; rough as regarded the staircase and sleeping-rooms, but not without pretensions, and luxurious in comparison with our late experiences. The landlord, as he conducted us to our bedrooms, informed us in very good English that we had the house to ourselves, with the exception of three Dutchmen. Terrible exception, indeed, though we knew it not then. You think at once, discerning reader, that we were robbed or murdered by these Dutchmen, but you are wrong. They were only off before us the next morning, and during the remainder of that week were ahead of us on the road, taking up horses and carriages, devouring everything before them like an army of locusts, and behaving to every one they met with scant courtesy. In the end, every one voted them a perfect nuisance, and a disgrace to their country.

If any one wishes to know what it is to have a night of sound, refreshing sleep, let him take as a prescription twelve hours' carriage travelling in Norway. The remedy is unfailing.

At the breakfast-table, the next morning, the host informed us that the three Dutchmen had been gone about an hour, and we failed to realise the importance of this apparently commonplace announcement. A pretty and quite refined-looking young woman waited upon us. I have never seen anyone who did this with such extraordinary quietness. She moved about with no more noise than a cat ; until A. declared she gave him an uncanny, creepy feeling, that was positively unpleasant. We were exercised in our minds as to whether she was the landlord's wife or sister, and came at last to the conclusion that she must be the former. But, like many others who come to conclusions, we may have been mistaken.

This house, once the station, is no longer so. The station, Fsigerlundy is a hundred yards farther up the road, and also accommodates travellers : our inn was Fagernaes, a favourite resort in summer, and often full of visitors. Beautifully situated on the borders of the lake, our host informed us that it

furnishes excellent trout-fishing, and wild-duck shooting. The surrounding views for many a long mile are charming, and for this alone a few days or a week might be pleasantly spent here. Small islands enlivened the water, and graceful willows hung pensively over the banks. At Fagernaes, the rough and the wild in Norwegian scenery had given place to the sentimental and the refined.

The whole of that day's journey was a succession of beautiful scenes, varying in character from the sublime and the severe to the quiet and unemotional. Now passing a wayside village or solitary cottage, out of which the dogs sprang barking with a furious noise that made us thankful for their scarcity in Norway. The few villagers — men with short jackets, gay waistcoats, and hats like sugar-cones — stopped their work to gaze after the wayfarers, with less curiosity no doubt than in days gone by. Now we passed through long avenues of trees, that shut out the broad sunlight, and threw slanting shadows athwart our path. Still the road undulated, like the long rollers of an Atlantic sea, and one could almost imagine that here the ocean had once found its home. To our left were the calm waters of the Strande Fjord; but here and there the calmness was turned to a rushing torrent which leaped down many feet in white, seething foam, breaking over huge boulders, and forcing its way through crevices in countless small cataracts, turning mill-wheels, and giving work to men whose lives in these sublime scenes of nature should be inspired with a like grandeur of thought and sentiment. Only we know how long familiarity with beauty takes from its influence ; the eyes seem to be withheld, until an interruption or an absence restores the magic with the return.

Throughout the day grand mountains were about us. Now vast pine forests fringed the summits and stood out like some delicate fretwork of nature against the clear blue background ; and now the clear-cut outlines of barren hills cut the sky sharply in twain. The first station we came to was Reien, against which we shall have a dark record in time and place. Here, we were in the neighbourhood of the Jotunheim, the highest mountains in Norway ; and excursions lasting over a week may be made by those who love the excitement of danger, and are indifferent to fatigue.

Half-way between Reien and Stee we passed, high up on the hill-side, a comfortable-looking hotel, so beautifully situated that the very sight of it left a longing to go back some day and spend a month there, exploring the lovely neighbourhood, seeking out the reindeer, and passing whole days in trout-fishing and wild-duck shooting.

After Stee came Oilo, on the slope of the mountains. The fat, good-natured landlady bustled out and patted our horses, and lamented that we had driven them too fast. This was evidently her weak point, about which she had hallucinations. We had travelled at the rate of about three miles an hour, and the little horses were as fresh as when they started. In less than ten minutes we were off again from Oilo, but not before the good woman had affectionately hugged her cattle, kissed them on both cheeks, and commended them to our tender care.

Much of the road between Oilo and the next station. Tune, was cut out of the solid rock, and bordered the lake, whose deep, dark waters looked cold and repelling. Every now and then a sharp angle in the road confronted us with a solid mass of rock, which, concealing the way, seemed to bar all farther progress save a descent into the water. Occasionally we passed through short tunnels, blasted out of the stone, that suddenly transported us from the heat of the sun to a cold dripping atmosphere, from which we were glad to escape.

After a drive of about six miles through such scenery we reached Tune, a station celebrated all over Norway from the fact of its owner being a Member of Parliament — and by no means an inactive one. We turned off the road up a steep narrow lane, all ruts and stones, and at a distance of some two hundred yards came to the house. Tune, himself, was away, perhaps looking after his parliamentary duties, and the place seemed to be in charge of women folk. The

first sight to greet us was that of the three Dutchmen, who had taken possession of the whole room, chairs, tables, and couches, but who departed five minutes after our entrance, having, during that time, behaved with as much indirect rudeness as could be condensed into the moments. They went off with the only available carriages in the place, exulting aloud at the manner in which they had left those who would follow after to less good fortune than their own.

The serving woman, a good-looking, middle-aged maiden, was wonderfully attentive, pressed all kinds of delicacies upon us, was distressed that we did not make an end of everything, and charged us very moderately at the last. As a return for so much attention and friendly feeling, we offered her on our departure a gratuity which we thought only too small, but which she considered so out of proportion to her due, that in the humblest and most grateful manner she tendered us back a portion thereof. How many would possess this tender conscience in more civilised parts of the world?

Some weeks later on, when we again visited the station, the woman at once recognised us, and greeted us as old friends. A beaming smile lit up her comely face ; she hastened to the day-book, found our names all those weeks back, and pointed to them triumphantly. Then she turned to the Dutchmen's signatures, just above our own, with a face and a gesture expressive of dislike and contempt. The landlord himself was at home on that second occasion ; was very obliging, and pretended to be nothing more than he really was. At home, to his guests at any rate, he was evidently not the Member of Parliament, but simply the master of the station. He spoke English fairly well, and begged us to return later on in the year, and bring a party with us, if possible, to shoot bears, which were a nuisance to the neighbourhood. Capital sport might be had, and he would do his best to make us comfortable. But this is dating forward.

The carriages were out, and we had to put up with a *stolkjaer*, to our sorrow, for the next stage was one of twelve miles. The scenery was now wild and rugged, the road a wonderful piece of engineering skill, patience, and labour, cut out of the solid rock, and skirting the edge of the lake. Again we occasionally passed through a tunnel, and here and there, where small cataracts ran down the mountain-side, a long wooden shed was erected, to cover the road, protect the traveller, and conduct the waterfall into the lake. But the drops filtered through, and these little diversions were so many shower-baths ; refreshing, perhaps, but not agreeable.

In one place, the road took a sharp turn to the left, the waters narrowed into a small channel, on either side rose huge perpendicular mountains of rock, of towering height and frowning aspect, absolutely bare of the slightest verdure. Then, as the road turned, the lake opened out, basin-like, grand hills developed themselves, and threw their shadows upon the dark water. The effect of all this was heightened by the utter solitude of the whole district — travelling mile after mile, hour after hour, in the midst of such scenes, yet never meeting a creature ; the solitude unbroken even by the flight of a bird. Here, indeed, eagles might make their homes, unmolested by man, and wing their flight from peak to peak, as safe as in a desert. The road was so narrow in parts, that the edge was bordered by railings of pine wood, strong and massive.

Soon after this we began to ascend, and at length, crossing a long wooden bridge to our right, found ourselves at Skogstad. Bennett had given us a stage farther on for that day, but it was late ; the three Flying-Dutchmen were ahead with the horses, and the landlord said it would take some time to get others down from the hills. On our part, we were glad of an excuse for cutting short the journey, and remaining there the night. The station is grandly situated in the midst of the gloomy, yet beautiful mountains, the stream ever rushing through the valley.

The civil landlord spoke excellent English, but raised our compassion and keenest sympathies. We presently heard in the house-place below, a shrew laying down the law, and elevating her voice with a harsh sound, that penetrated to the very centre of one's nerves. If ever man was henpecked, it was the unhappy lord and master of that voice — as it seemed to us. Let us hope we were mistaken ; but it is

difficult to disbelieve the evidence of one's senses. Solomon has said, the rod for the child — he is silent about the wife — and we would not for a moment have it supposed that we encourage such an idea, or offer it for general consideration ; but in this instance, had we found the man taming the shrew with the aid of a broomstick, we should not have died of grief, or even blushed for our sex. After all, the line must be drawn somewhere, and human sympathies have their limits.

Our host was tall, meek, and pale-faced ; what force of character he once possessed had evidently long since frightened itself away. Why will men for ever go on making these mistakes — the dove mating with the eagle, the wolf with the lamb, and other incongruities and incompatibilities too numerous to mention? Is it because, as Pope says, "Man never is, but always to be blest?" In such cases, does it not come to something very near the opposite? We afterwards learned that this woman, when the fit took her, would stir neither hand nor foot for the benefit of the visitors.

The next morning nothing better than black bread and bad coffee were forthcoming for breakfast, no doubt because the virago had not recovered her amiability. Nevertheless, we were glad to have stopped the night at Skogstad, and should do it again if ever we passed that way. In situation it is far more beautiful than Nystuen, the next station, and it possesses a new, good-sized, comfortable building, which the enterprising landlord has erected for the accommodation of travellers. Consequently he was worthy of encouragement as well as sympathy.

So we started once more on our journey. The road to Nystuen was steep, continuous, and long. Here the ascent to the Fille-Fjeld commenced. Vegetation became more barren and stunted the higher we climbed, the fir trees, of which we had had so many, giving place to the birch and mountain willow. We were nearly two hours and a half reaching Nystuen, a distance of about ten miles. This station lies between the hills, 3300 feet above the level of the sea ; so exposed to the storms and gales of winter, that the buildings have had to be erected parallel with the sides of the valley, their gables running west and east, whence come the most violent hurricanes ; otherwise they would never stand the fury of the elements.

The outlook from Nystuen is dreary and desolate, but the station is often full in summer. Snow hills were around us, and in the plain a small lake — the Utza Vand — celebrated for its trout, but cold, and dismal-looking. The ice, they told us, had only lately disappeared from the surface. Here we stayed only long enough to give our horses a rest ; for the post-boy, who seemed to have taken a fancy to us, begged to accompany us farther on our way. A little beyond this, we came to the source of the Laera. From this point the stream accompanied us to the end of our journey, swelling at times into a rushing mighty torrent, falling in huge cataracts, with a noise like the sound of many waters, again subsiding into a more tranquil mood, but always swiftly flowing.

From Nystuen we followed the level of the plateau, until a sharp picturesque descent landed us at Maristuen. Here grand excursions can be made to the top of some of the mountains, by those interested in feats of this description. From the height of one of them it has been said a hundred glaciers may be seen. Our next stage, Haeg, brought us 1500 feet nearer the level of the sea. The descent, winding about the mountains, opened up in passes leading to other districts, through picturesque glens covered with wild flowers and ferns. The rushing, noisy Laera was our constant companion. Vegetation grew more luxuriant and more beautiful.

At Haeg we entered the valley of the Laera, one of the most glorious in Norway. Between this station and Husum stands the ancient church of Borgund, a fantastic edifice dating from the twelfth century, surmounted by dragons' heads, the timber black with age. Beside it stood an old belfry containing three bells, never rung for fear the whole concern should come down. A lych gate was at either end of the churchyard. Tar and age have blackened the church, which was bought some time ago by the Antiquarian

Society of Christiania. Both the interior and exterior of the church are curious and interesting. A passage like a small cloister runs round the outside ; the portal is elaborately ornamented with entwined snakes, and the key that opens the great door, with its Runic inscription, is as old and curious as the church itself. Not less quaint is the interior, with its great wooden pillars, and curious old wood-carving. With strange ill-judgment a new church has been erected near the old one; out of harmony with the old building, taking from its dignity and solitary state, and destroying some of the romance of one of the grandest, wildest, and loveliest spots in Norway.

Mountains in great masses fell away, opening up huge clefts and passes. Below the church, in a narrow defile between high rocks, rushed the river Laera, foaming, roaring, seething with wild force ; defying all obstacles in its turbulent path. The old road leading over the steep hills to the right had to be followed ; there had been a landslip on the new road, which, for the present, was impassable. The ravine leading beside the new road is sublime, wild and grand to the last extremity, but it was not to-day that we saw it.

Passing the church, ascending the steep hill, and winding round, we once more descended into the valley, and found ourselves at Husum. We had not changed horses or carriages since leaving Skogstad, six hours ago, and had lost very little time on the road ; yet the horses seemed as fresh at the end as at the beginning of the journey. The post-boy, a little, strong, well-made mountaineer, about twenty years old, full of fire and energy and muscular development, scrambled like a cat up the mountain sides after the wild flowers, laughed and talked incessantly, displayed his small stock of English, and made himself understood somehow — a fair, Saxon-looking man. Dressed in a short blue jacket, knee-breeches, and brigand hat, he harmonised well with the scenery. Towards the end he took up the guide-book, and with a familiarity in which there was nothing offensive — so unconscious was it, so simple and frank was the fellow, so fresh, open, and genuine his ruddy face and clear wide-open blue eyes — he pitched upon the phrases at the end, and reading the Norwegian, with great perseverance caught up the accent of the English translations, which he learnt off by heart as they were repeated to him. At Husum he declared that he must go no farther ; so we settled our money matters, and, according to the universal system in Norway, he returned us a hand-grasp that would have done honour to Hercules himself. I can yet feel the honest fellow's expression of good-fellowship. We made him happy with what, to him, was a good dinner, over and above his "drikke penge," and as we had now to wait, whether we would or no, ordered refreshment for ourselves also.

Husum is perhaps more grandly situated than any other station between Sorum and Laerdal. The stream rushes through the narrow defile with tremendous speed, thundering over its rocky bed, foaming over great boulders, and reducing all obstacles in the course of time. Immediately before the station it has a fall of many feet — an immense volume of frothy, seething water, tumbling into a perfect whirlpool of rage and fury ; hurling itself over at express speed and with terrible strength ; casting around showers of spray, and ascending in white steamy mist. The noise was so tremendous that when close upon it we could not hear each other speak. But to look over from the edge, and watch the power of the inexhaustible torrent, was to lay oneself under the influence of a sublime emotion. The rocks, here contracted into a narrow opening, concentrated the strength and speed of the rushing torrent into tenfold power.

Surrounding us on all sides were the mountains — barren to the very summit, cut and jagged, lined and wrinkled, as if with the burden of the ages. Others clothed with furze and pine trees, with sprinklings of ferns and wild flowers; mountains opposing each other, and trees whispering their secrets, as in centuries past, when the waters were rushing onwards to the sea just as they were to-day; as they will be when our turn has come, and we have given place to a generation of men and women who will know greater secrets than we do, and make grander discoveries.

We started on our way to Blaafلاتen ; the beaming face of our late post-boy coming in as a last impression, as he wished us a “good journey,” and gazed after us half-wistfully down the road, as if he almost repented staying behind. The grandeur of the pass was undiminished, the road being often cut out of the rock and overhanging the rushing torrent, with nothing but the pine fences to protect the traveller. Then all this passed away in a rapid descent that landed us in a broad valley, luxuriant and fertile compared with that we had just passed through.

After Blaafلاتen we entered upon our last stage, and were not sorry to see the end at hand. Twelve or fourteen hours a day was proving almost too much of a good thing ; and yet I think we were less tired now than at the end of the first day’s work. The novel mode of travelling ; the ever-varying scenery ; the fresh, sparkling air ; the rest-ful if somewhat monotonous solitude — all tended to keep up excitement and interest ; whilst a well-earned, sound rest each night, went far to restore the flagging energies of the previous day.

Soon after leaving Blaafلاتen we came by the mountain side upon the first wild rose-bush I had seen for many a long day — a sight to bring a rush of home memories to the mind, and conjure up, as by magic, scenes long gone by. Recollections of early days and hours that are the happiest in life if we only knew it, and come not twice to any man ; memories veiled by the sober realities of after life, until a flower, a scent, a song, a chime, it may be a page in an old book, or a letter, yellow with age, traced by a well-loved hand, suddenly draws aside the curtain with unsparing haste, and brings back the past with an emotion that is at once the keenest pleasure and pain. The remembrance of days when sorrow and regrets are unknown ; when life is not disillusioned, and robbed of that charm — an uncertain future ; when its aspirations and rose-coloured dreams, that fade so soon never to return, are still things of sense and touch ; when the lesson has yet to be learnt that man’s heritage is care, and his best happiness must lie in earnest work.

It took but a moment to stop the carriage and gather some of the blossoms, that were full of the homely scent of the dog-roses in our own country lanes. At once an invisible link stretched across the great space dividing the two nations, and brought them for the moment into tender harmony with each other.

But we have not time to moralise now, as we had not then to linger. The mountains fell away, the valley widened, the stream expanded ; about ten o’clock at night we reached Laerdalsoren, and with it the end of our journey.

Early the next morning we were to take a boat with three strong rowers, and cross a portion of the Sogne Fjord to Aardal, on our road to the Vettifos.

Charles W. Wood 1880

## 5) Chapter 4/12 Supplement - Research links, etc.

### *Research links*

[Wikipedia - Lom Stave Church](#)

[Visit Norway - Valdres](#)

[iTouchMap - Frydenlund](#)

[Wikipedia - Fagernes](#)

[iTouchMap - Stee](#)

[iTouchMap - Skogstad](#)

[Wikipedia - Nystuen](#)

[Wikipedia - Filefjell](#)

[Visit Norway - Maristuen Fjellferie](#)

[iTouchMap - Haeg](#)

[Wikipedia - Borgund Stave Church](#)

[iTouchMap - Husum](#)

[Visit Norway - Laerdal by the Sognefjord](#)

[iTouchMap - Laerdalsoren](#)

[Merriam-Webster Dictionary - Briar](#)

[Wikipedia - Jötunheimr \(Jotunheim\)](#)

[Oxford Dictionary - Elysium](#)

[Wikipedia - Mount Olympus](#)

[Dictionnaire - Ventre affamé n'a pas d'oreilles](#)

[Wikipedia - Public Speaking \(Oratory\)](#)

[Wikipedia - Dromedary](#)

[Visit Scotland - Shetland](#)

[The Free Dictionary - Apace](#)

[Dictionary.com - Scull](#)

[The Free Dictionary - Athwart](#)

[The Free Dictionary - Twain](#)

[Merriam-Webster Dictionary - Vendure](#)

[The Free Dictionary - Henpecked](#)

[Wikipedia - Solomon](#)

[The Free Dictionary - Blest](#)

[Wikipedia - Virago](#)

[The Free Dictionary - Amiability](#)

[Merriam-Webster Dictionary - Luxuriant](#)

[Wikipedia - Lychgate](#)

[Wikipedia - Runic inscriptions](#)

[Shutterstock - Brigand hat](#)

[Wikipedia - Hercules](#)

[Wikipedia - Gratuities \(drikke penge\)](#)

[Sognefjord, Norway](#)

[Wikipedia - Ardal](#)

[Wikipedia - Vettisfossen](#)

[Visit Norway - Tourist Information Centre for Valdres](#)

[Visit Norway - Hiking Laerdal - Historic Route](#)

[Visit Norway - The Sognefjord area](#)

### *Instagram hashtags*

[#lom](#) | [#lomnorway](#) | [#valdres](#) | [#jotunheim](#) | [#frydenlund](#) | [#fagernes](#) |  
[#strandefjorden](#) | [#skogstad](#) | [#nystuen](#) | [#filefjell](#) | [#maristuen](#) |  
[#borgund](#) | [#borgundstavechurch](#) | [#lychgate](#) | [#lærdal](#)

## 6) Wills for the Future - new IDEAS page

A new page called 'Wills for the Future' was recently published on my Safe Sailing(.com.au) website - <http://www.safesailing.com.au/wills-for-the-future/>. This webpage chronicles my ideas for the government.

**Queensland** 1. Enhanced e-Petition System (similar to UK) 2. Removal of State Duty law (GST is in effect) 3. Removal of Civil Defamation Law (Criminal Defamation Law is sufficient) 4. Government Review of Case Law for Implementation into Statute Law 5. Removal of plastic bags from supermarkets (like SA, Tasmania, ACT, NT) 6. Tighten gambling advertising so relevant information must be delivered in serious tone 7. Executed wills should be able to be registered with the Public Trustee 8. Consider assisting PEN organization to be started in Queensland 9. Legal deposit obligations could extend to eBooks published by Queensland author in foreign/other jurisdiction 10. Consider for entertainment: Public display of ships entering into Port (like Ireland) 11. Consider mandating/subsidizing back-up electric engine systems for ships (for Marine Safety) 12. In Brisbane, assist Royal Australian Navy Writers Association to build navy memorial statue in prominent public space at South Bank (so that park entrance looks complete)

**Australia** 1. Join the European Union/Implement Bilateral Mobility Agreements/Republic Referendum 2. Other States and Commonwealth, Implement Queensland system of law-making 3. Centrelink system where unemployed profile is promoted – find an employee search 4. Health stands in cities where people can check their physical fitness, blood pressure (similar to Denmark) 5. Subsidize free distribution of St John's Ambulance First Aid App for Residents and Tourists 6. Written contract requirement for employment relationship (similar to New Zealand) 7. Government Agency to assess and save Websites intended to be Decommissioned by Citizens 8. Consider Free Higher Education for Citizens (similar to Germany) 9. Consider full Transition to Digital Radio (phase out of traditional Radio) 10. Consider Government Agency to promote Australian patents (standard & innovation) to improve commercial success in Australian and Overseas Markets



## 7) New Promoted Services

**Access Point Law** Basic Legal Education Service (\$50) - Send in your research topic/question; Service is provision of education links to your email address; Basic Name Search (\$60) - Send in the Entity Name to be searched; Service is provision of search results to your email address; Basic Property Search (\$100) - Send in the Property Address to be searched; Service is provision of search results to your email address; Home Visit Report Service (\$125) - Useful if you believe your will-making capabilities are likely to be challenged; Adults only service; Service is provision of completed Home Visit Report; Referrals Advertising Service (\$50) - add your firm logo and advertising to selected Act summaries; add your firm to our referrals database; Field Picture Service (\$100) - Useful if you would like to obtain an external photograph of a property (land/real estate) for commercial or legal reasons; Service is provision of 1 photograph to your email address; No picture will include people or vehicles.

**Safe Sailing(.com.au)** - News Collection Service (\$20) - Meet at Coffee Shop in Brisbane Central or agreed location to provide news stories for possible inclusion into the APL-SS Bulletin/Global Law Program; Freelance Writer/Publisher Service (Min \$1,000) - Complete writing and publishing service.

## 8) Advertising | Contact the Publisher

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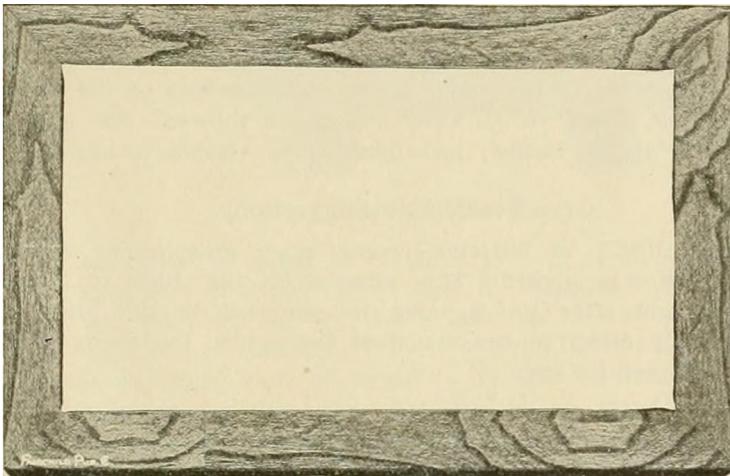


Image from Flickr Commons

### CONTRIBUTION-ADVERTISING

If you would like to contribute or advertise in the APL-SS Bulletin, please direct your enquiries to [andrew@safesailing.com.au](mailto:andrew@safesailing.com.au)

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*Published and requested for printing by:*

Safe Sailing ABN 85 103 203 656

6 Office Lane, Glamorgan Vale Qld 4306

Printed 2015