



Bah Humbug!



by Paul Martin, Director, Rainbow & Brown



It's Christmas time again. And I'm just kidding about the 'Bah Humbug' part. I like Christmas. Deck the halls; all that.

While pondering what to write in this column to mark the coming festive season, I browsed back over the stuff I'd written for the front page during the past year, and found that in nearly every newsletter I was complaining about something. Movies, cell phones, loud music, internet passwords and contemporary TV programmes all came in for a pretty nasty serve on this page. What a grumpy old coot. Hence 'Bah Humbug!' seemed to be about what my keen readers (all three of them) would be expecting. I hate to disappoint, especially as just one disgruntled defector would slash my readership by 33%.

Anyway, after I'd flicked through the past year's columns, I looked even further back. I wanted to see if I was always this miserable. And the answer is: pretty much, yes I was. Oh dear.

It wasn't all unrelentingly curmudgeonly, though. I've recorded a few spots of optimism and approval, over the years. Yes I deplored politicians, especially 'She Who Must be Obeyed' Ms Boutros Boutros-Clark. But, against that, I wrote with misty-eyed fondness of my love of cricket.

I also admit that I cruelly mocked country music, and I gleefully disparaged hand-wringing eco-phonies like Al Gore. But I also celebrated the joys of summer at the beach, and I wrote sentimentally of fishing with my late father. I even found a way to speak

warmly and sincerely about trans-Tasman relations, in spite of my originally being from over there among the kangaroos and wombats.

And so now I don't feel quite as hypocritical as I might, in wishing you a happy Christmas. There's still plenty of good things for us to celebrate, and those pesky things that annoy me (and you) are nothing much, when set against the pleasures.

It's in this rare mood of benevolence that I abandoned my plan to subject you to the traditional supplier newsletter, packed with articles crowing about what a fabulous company we are and how our incredible service and sensational products are better than everyone else's. Instead you'll find inside this issue quite a few of our past front-page articles from over the years, some complaining about irritating things, and some waxing lyrical about pleasurable things. A bit of holiday reading, I suppose, and I hope that you might get a chuckle over any of them that you missed the first time around.

Even if you don't, it'll still spare you the usual "We're such a wonderful company, blah blah blah" stuff. Every cloud has a silver lining.

We hope you and your family have a happy and safe Christmas & New Year, and we thank you for your support of our business during 2012. And early next year, I'll get right back to grouchy complaining about everything, and also telling you what a wonderful supplier Rainbow & Brown is to deal with. You can count on it, alas.

IN THIS ISSUE:

- **Decision v Ranger... Which One?**
- **A wee bit of bonus Holiday Reading**
- **Revised Weed File: Willow Weed**
- **FULL PRODUCT RANGE: Details, Sizes & Prices**

Christmas Close-Down Dates

We're closing at Noon on Friday 21st December and reopening at 8:30am on Thursday 3rd January.

Please order anything you'll need over the holidays as early in December as you can. Don't get caught up in the inevitable pre-Christmas freight and courier snarl-ups!

Decision versus Ranger:

Which is the Right Choice?

Two excellent products that overlap quite a bit. That is, they can both be used to control certain weeds, in particular buttercups.

Both are new-generation selective herbicides; they're concentrated soluble granules in minimal packaging - rather than the old inefficient liquids in wasteful big drums; they're low-toxicity, safe and easy to handle - rather than nasty, dangerous and messy to handle. Much better!

So which is best for which situation? How do they compare?

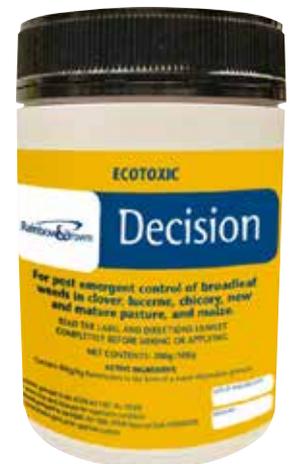
RANGER contains thifensulfuron-methyl.

- No human or animal hazard classifications.
- Spring application is usually best.
- Controls buttercups (all varieties) and docks.
- Pretty good against oxeye daisy and cornbind.
- Use for pasture, wheat, barley & oats.
- Suitable for conservation tillage.
- Plant susceptible crops 14 days after spraying.
- Graze 7 days after spraying.
- Causes short-term check in ryegrass vigor.
- Causes 3-4 month check in clover growth.
- Cost \$15/Ha incl GST.



DECISION contains flumetsulam.

- No human or animal hazard classifications.
- Spring and autumn application both good.
- Controls buttercups, oxeye, cress, mallow, fathen, cleavers & many other common broadleaf weeds.
- Use for pasture (new & established), maize, chicory, lucerne, clover.
- Plant susceptible crops 3 months after spraying.
- Graze 14 days after spraying.
- Grass and clover-friendly - no damage.
- Cost \$16-\$35/Ha depending on target species.



Pasture

If you're after buttercups, the best choice depends on clover. If you have clover that you want to protect, use Decision. If clover damage doesn't matter to you, use Ranger. If you are after docks, use Ranger. For most other broadleaf weeds, use Decision.

Crops

Use Decision in maize, chicory, lucerne & clover. Use Ranger in cereal crops.

• **Ranger 100g pack is \$74.75 incl GST. Treats 5Ha.**

• **Decision 500g pack is \$276.00 incl GST. Treats 7.5Ha-16Ha.**

Granny is our most popular glyphosate herbicide. It's the cheaper, stronger and smarter option.

- More concentrated (80% active)
- Less expensive (save up to 20%)
- Environmentally better (90% less packaging)
- Easy to use (free flowing, dissolves fast)
- Safer to store and handle (no spills, less waste)



So if you haven't tried it yet, you're missing out on some great benefits.

As a comparison, if you'd previously used say 4L/Ha of regular Glyphosate 360 liquid, with Granny you use just 1.8kg to achieve exactly the same amount of active glyphosate per hectare.

Or if you used Glyphosate 360 liquid at 1L/100L water, now you'll use just 450g of Granny to get exactly the same strength and results.

Prices including GST & delivery are:

- **2.25kg jar** **\$51.75** (equals 5L of liquid 360g/L)
- **4.5kg bag** **\$70.15** (equals 10L of liquid 360g/L)
- **9kg (2 x bags)** .. **\$109.75** (equals 20L of liquid 360g/L)

With the 2.25kg and 4.5 kg packs, you get a free measuring scoop (1 level scoop per 5L water). With 9kg or more you get both the free scoop and a free 500g calibrated measuring jug.

For pricing on larger quantities, give us a call on toll-free 0508 299 299

Package Deal – 'The Gorse Enforcer' Now at the lowest price ever!

You get a pack sufficient for aerial spraying of 4Ha at the full 'mature gorse' rate of 500g MSF + 2L SuperWetter per hectare (and you'll still have 2L of SuperWetter left over).

- **2kg of MSF600 herbicide**
- **2 x 5L of SuperWetter organosilicone**
- ... all for just **\$395** incl GST & delivery.



That's a saving of \$40 over the regular price! It makes your chemical cost for spraying mature gorse just \$85/Ha.

No limit per customer, but this offer may have to end soon (depends on materials prices, which can never be trusted). Don't miss out - call Rainbow & Brown now to order your 'Gorse Enforcer' special.

■ **Al and Me.** (August 2009)

It's deep into miserable winter as I write, cold and bleak, so naturally my thoughts turn to summer. To cricket, and to golden beaches and warm sunshine. As in this photograph, taken by me one wonderful summer's day on Australia's east coast.

My late father Al and I loved to fish together, and we especially enjoyed beach fishing. It's the most companionable and reflective of all forms of fishing. There's no noisy boat motor involved, no haste, no unwarranted advice (offered or received), no sense of competition, and very little equipment required.

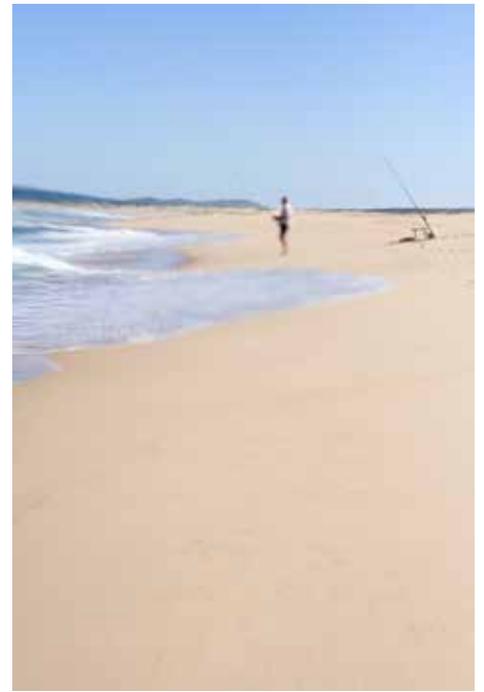
Instead there is simplicity, and a progressive immersion of all the senses into the hypnotic rhythms of the ocean. You gradually attain a kind of deep synchronicity with the beach environment, and your every sense over-achieves in delight. The soothingly maternal sounds of the waves, the ozone-and-iodine rich smells, the strangely *deja vu* primeval feel of the warm sand under your bare feet: beach fishing is nature's most intense sensory high, and yet it's perfectly legal. And free too!

Conversation is measured. It's not at all

unusual for whole minutes to pass between a remark and a reply. Neither party to the conversation thinks this at all odd. There's something relativistic about it: as glacial as the speed of dialogue might appear to an outside observer, to the two participants it often barely allows time for adequate reflection between observations. Thinking is deep indeed.

And there's another strange thing: beach fishing is ideally a two-man pursuit. Yes, you *can* do it alone; especially if there's an otherwise regular companion you can mentally position ten yards down the beach to hold silent conversations with. When you've fished together a while, it's easy enough to think his thoughts as well as your own. But you can't do beach fishing in groups of three or more. It simply doesn't work.

I miss Al. He's been dead more than ten years now. And I haven't gone beach fishing in all that time. I never thought to take his picture while we were beach fishing. This is not my father in the photograph: it's just a guy I saw on the beach. But he looked like Al, from a distance. And when I saw that second rod



waiting by the wee folding stool (our bait stayed fresh in the shade of a canvas stool), I knew that it was a picture of us after all. Al and me.

■ **Brothers in Arms.** (September 2006)

OK, here's my dirty little secret; I'm actually Australian. I came to live in New Zealand back in 1985, although these days I spend time in both countries. But my passport still says "Waltzing Matilda". And it always will.

Now, bear in mind I'm making this admission right after another Tri-Nations and Bledisloe Cup humiliation of the Wallabies at the hands of the AB's. It's not as if this is the cricket season, when I'd probably have something to gloat about. So why am I 'fessing up now? It's because like Richard Prebble, I've Been Thinking.

I've been thinking about the sorry state of the world, and about how New Zealand and Australia fit into it. Wars, terrorism and human misery seem now to touch almost every corner of the world, except ours. They've been close; Bali, Timor, one or two domestic crackpots each, but by and large we are so far reasonably well insulated from the fanatics and lunatics who presently taunt the rest of the western world.

My experience has been a little unusual; thirty-odd years in one country and twenty in the other. So I've had the opportunity to look pretty closely at what makes us very much the same, and what makes us a wee bit different.

The first symbol of what we share is, of course, ANZAC. No matter that every veteran of Anzac Cove, Chunuk Bair and Lone Pine is now gone to join his fallen comrades, we will be connected by that place forever. But the spirits of those Kiwis and Aussies don't march all mixed together, indistinguishable one from the other; they march side-by-side. Their slouch

hats and lemon-squeezers are nearly the same, but not quite. They may look alike to everyone else, but we can tell the difference.

And that's how it is in nearly everything. Indigenous population? Same in principle, but different in detail. European settlers? Started out the same, but NZ had big injections of Yugoslav, Dutch and Indians, while Australia had Italian, Greek and Vietnamese, and so now we're just a little bit different.

Politics? Close again, but still no cigar. Australia is brash, even a little pushy, and keen to play the modern regional power. New Zealand is more insular, more politically-correct, and apparently harbouring a secret longing for it to stay 1965 forever. Want some evidence of this divergence of national political purpose? Little Johnny Howard and Ms Boutros Boutros-Clark: Fosters versus Chardonnay.

What about sport? Surely we're as one on the field? Well, nearly. Netball, cricket; these are much the same in both countries. We're both pretty good at them, and share the honours between us, while we can often beat anyone else in the world. But those are, if not actually second-level sports, at least not in the absolute front rank. The truly defining sport of New Zealand is, of course, rugby. But in Australia, rugby is only a comparatively minor sport (it's the fourth most-popular football code). The defining sport in Australia is Aussie Rules, a game most Kiwis are only vaguely aware of and couldn't care less about. So once again we have a lot of common ground, but at the very heart of our sporting interests we differ.

The people? It's unwise to generalise, but



of course I will do so anyway. I would say that New Zealanders are a little more friendly and welcoming to strangers. It may be something to do with the fact that visitors are often more visible in New Zealand, so Kiwis are more aware of their importance to the country, and so more accommodating of their eccentricities. Australians, on the other hand, can't really see much value in outsiders: can't surf, can't drive, can't understand a bloody thing they say. And here's an interesting manifestation of this difference; Australians are more nationalistic when they're at home, while New Zealanders are more nationalistic when they are abroad. I don't know what that means.

Which brings me to my point. What does any of this stuff mean? Well, like I said, I've been thinking. From my privileged position as a 'resident' of both countries I'd say we are like brothers. Each aware of the other's tiniest weaknesses, and prepared to ruthlessly exploit every opportunity for ascendancy, but when viewed from outside, say from Beirut or Baghdad or Timbuktu, we look exactly the same. Just like brothers do. And long may that continue to be the case.

■ Carbon Dating for Dummies. (April 2008)

This is a photograph I recently took in Australia. It shows two coal trains, one filled with coal, and one on its way to be filled.

Each railcar on these trains holds 90 tonnes of coal, and each train has up to 100 cars (pulled by four locomotives). These are just two of the dozens of such trains that run daily from the Hunter Valley's massive open cut coalmines down to Newcastle, the world's largest coal port.

At anchor off that port are bulk carrier ships, often as many as 80 or more, queuing to be loaded with coal. Remember that giant ship that ran aground on a beach there last year? The *Pasha Bulker*? Carries nearly 60,000 tonnes of coal? Well, multiply that by 80 and you have the daily queue.

Obviously, that's a lot of coal. And quite a lot of CO₂, too.

All of which got me thinking about carbon credits. If I understand the system properly, I am entitled to emit as much CO₂ as I wish, as long as I pay someone else to not emit an amount equivalent to the amount that I emit. I thus become "carbon neutral", and a certified eco-warrior.

One novel way I might do this is to pay

someone to not cut down trees. Not just anyone, of course ... it's got to be someone who has the motive, the opportunity and the means to go a-lumberjacking. So that's someone with poverty, trees and a big axe. A mountain tribe in New Guinea, for example.

Of course, I don't have to actually trek into the New Guinea highlands to woo the would-be woodsmen. I can just pay a carbon offsets trading company to do it for me, while I get on with burning all the coal I can manage.

That's the way Albert Gore does it I understand ... he buys carbon offsets to neutralise his substantial personal emissions. Well, presumably not *all* of his personal emissions, just the carbon ones. The hot air remains lamentably un-offset.

Albert is also a believer in the sound business principle of vertical integration; the company he buys his carbon credits from, Generation Investment Management, is part-owned by ... well, by a Mr A Gore. And he's the Chairman, too! What a remarkable coincidence.

A less charitable commentator than myself might suggest that this appears to mean that Albert is buying his carbon offsets from himself. In fact, several less charitable commentators



have already done so, and one of them has also begun promoting the "Al Gore Diet", in which Albert eats all he can eat while someone, somewhere, agrees to go hungry.

Nobel Peace Prize. Nice work if you can get it.

■ The Second Time Around. (June 2006)

If you're a regular reader, you'll perhaps be sitting back with a cuppa, wondering what nonsense that fool has written about in this issue.

I'm not taking my usual pot-shot at Boutros Boutros-Clark, our future UN Secretary-General. And I'm sure you're sick of me gibbering on about the climate change industry, and all the hand-wringing phonies making a buck out of that. Instead I thought I'd do something different. It's a story in the spirit of the self-absorbed baby boom generation of which I am a member: it's all about me. And I warn you now, it has no point ... unless something occurs to me before I get to the end of this page, there is no punch line.

About 10 years ago I decided to learn to fly a plane. I learned at Ardmore, near Auckland. After a few lessons involving lurching about under the guidance of a deceptively calm instructor, he (the instructor) interrupted a routine session of circuits with a request to taxi over to the hangar after the next landing. I assumed he'd been caught short, but when we got there he jumped out and said, "Go and do a couple more circuits and meet me back here." Then he walked away, without a second glance. I was alone. Actually, solo is the technical term. There seemed no option, so I did as he asked, and was amazed to find that it was all too easy. After a few immaculate circuits I taxied over to the hangar, switched off, and smiled in patronising fashion at a couple of new students on the veranda as I sauntered into the flight office; an intrepid solo pilot!

I could hardly wait for the next lesson, at which the instructor made one disinterested circuit as my passenger before leaving for some more pressing engagement. And there I was, alone, and going round and round the airfield. Land, accelerate, take-off, couple of turns, land, accelerate, take-off, turns; the excitement never stopped! But I had, in my excitement, failed to notice a massive blue-black storm cloud approaching from the direction of the Tasman. When I did see it, it was less than fifteen minutes away. No problem, I concluded; a circuit takes under ten minutes – I'll be on the ground before it gets here.

I did, however, fly a little faster than normal, which carried me further than intended from the airfield on the downwind leg. So when I finally turned back towards the runway, some cheeky bugger arriving from the north took the opportunity to enter the circuit ahead of me. At my higher speed I found myself getting rather too close to him as we both approached the runway, so the tower came up on the radio and sent me around (i.e. do another circuit and try again).

This was not welcome news. The fifteen minutes had now become about seven. I gave the little Cessna full power and rocketed around the circuit as fast and as close as I dared. But when I turned back to the airfield, I could barely see it through the heavy rain and the gloom. And I was way too high and way too fast; not the ideal combination for the situation. Sweat literally sprang from my every pore and



I wondered if I, too, was about to be caught short.

As you may have guessed, I landed. I won't say safely, but I will claim successfully. The rain was intense, and I was very pleased that the hopeless visibility had obscured the unconventional nature of my landing from both instructor and tower.

Afterwards someone from the tower came to our hangar to see me. He apologised for sending me around, saying had he known I was a student he would never have done so. It seems that my years in the military had given me such a familiarity with radio that I had *sounded* terribly competent and experienced. So he'd sent me round, assuming I could handle it. Nothing could have been further from the truth ... I was a sheep in wolf's clothing.

Now, the punch line. I haven't really thought of one, except this: they say that the first step is the hardest, but isn't it odd that some things are actually trickier the second time around?

■ Sorry About the Weather. (August 2004)

Endless rain, disastrous floods, freezing blizzards with snow to sea level, land slips, avalanches, road closures; it's been about as bad as it can get lately.

And I think we are owed an apology.

The Prime Minister (She Who Must Be Obeyed) and her government have regularly felt obliged to formally apologise for things they actually had no control over.

There was the apology to the Samoans for their colonialist exploitation. Then there was the apology for the systematic maltreatment of 19th century Chinese immigrants. And don't forget the apology for the Crown's disgracefully rough handling of gays and lesbians (some of whom will probably have liked it, but that's not the point).

And most recently there's the official apology for appalling past state treatment of Maori, although that apology does have some merit; the current government has many times forced Maori cultural groups to huddle on freezing airport

runways with no more protection than a grass skirt, awaiting the arrival of some foreign Nabob or another. That is indeed abuse, it must be admitted, but it's really no worse than the torture such groups inflict on the poor bugger as soon as he steps off the plane.

One apology that's been inexcusably overlooked, in my view, is to the descendants of the Scottish and Irish so cynically used against their will by the Crown to cheaply establish European settlement of New Zealand.

My own Scottish forebears arrived in the Antipodes in chains (a fact that many readers must have already suspected). So where is our apology? The Prime Minister should not forget that we tens of thousands of disenfranchised Jocks and Micks know where all the polling booths are. And all the bars, of course.

I suspect that there will be no apology either, if the Prime Minister goes ahead with her current plan to force rural landowners to grant free access for what she calls our "increasingly



urban society" to all waterways via rural land. Given the state of the rural environment lately, she'd be doing them a big favour if she encouraged her fellow urban adventurers to experience the great outdoors somewhere closer to home. Her own backyard, for example.

Anyway, let's get back to the weather. It's bloody awful. Relentless, inconvenient, uncomfortable, and in many cases financially and emotionally devastating. So I reckon we are all owed an apology. Just something simple, like "Sorry about the weather".

■ It's Just Not Cricket! (January 2008)

Summer. The best thing about summer is cricket. And the best thing about cricket is Test cricket.

Let me pause to reassure lady readers that they're welcome to continue reading, even though it's about cricket. I know many of the fairer sex look to my columns for grooming advice, recipes, the latest news about Angelica Jolie, and guidance on what to buy your man for his birthday (the answer is power tools; he can never have too many ... in fact, if you really love him, you'll request power tools for your *own* birthday as well!) Anyway ladies, please pop open a cold one and read on with my blessing.

OK, the best thing about Test cricket is its absurdity. Five interminable days' play, yet it still often ends in a draw. Players slide about on lush green grass, so of course the ideal uniform is deemed to be pure white. The ball is deliberately designed to deteriorate during play. So is the playing surface itself; they actually pay expert groundsmen to make it do so!

Players occupy positions on the field apparently named by Monty Python; *short backward square leg*, *silly point*, *deep extra cover*, and the ludicrously inexplicable *gully* (remember, this is on a perfectly flat field). A thin man can nevertheless be wide, while a stout fellow can be fine, and in fact often is.

Should a batsman become unexpectedly lame during play, he can ask someone else to do his running for him ... just imagine if this wildly generous concession was adopted by other sports; say rugby or tennis.

Yes, it's an insane game, but it's all glued

together by certain conventions and traditions, and that's why I love it. It's why any right-thinking bloke loves it. And a few ladies, too, although they are strictly speaking considered to be honorary blokes for the duration of a Test. Want proof? Look at the Sydney Cricket Ground: there's a stand actually called The Ladies Stand ... and it's full of blokes!

Anyway, as I write, there's a controversial Test series in Australia. The touring Indians have come within a whisker of abandoning the tour and going home in high dudgeon. Harsh words have been exchanged and at times it's been lawyers at five paces. By the time you read this it'll be all over, but whatever the outcome it was never really about one bloke calling another a monkey, or another bloke calling someone a bastard. It was about ethical behaviour ... that very glue that is the essence of cricket.

Now, I must make a disclaimer. I am actually a fan of Australian cricket. Two reasons: first, I'm an Australian myself; and second it's a lot easier than being a fan of NZ cricket, which is an excruciating exercise in masochism, with or without Renee Chignall.

The nub of the current issue in Australia is sportsmanship, or the lack of it. Consider the question of "walking". Some players, when they know they're out, simply walk off. Adam Gilchrist is a well-known example. But many players, in fact most players, do not walk; they wait for the umpire's decision. They do this even when they *know* they were out, and justify it by saying that it makes up for all the bad decisions that have gone against them. This



is simply nonsense and ethically disgraceful. Like a shoplifter who gets caught and claims he was just getting even for all the times he's been overcharged in the past. If you're uncertain, by all means wait for the decision, but when you know that you've nicked it, you're out.

In the SCG Test, two Australian batsmen nicked it, knew it, waited anyway, were given not out, and went on to make big scores. And Australia subsequently won the Test. Alas.

So, in my view it's time to abandon this indefensible and unattractive practice of not walking when you know very well that you're out, if for no other reason than the fact that it doesn't stand up too well to the unflattering gaze of the slow-motion replay.

It's a very sad summer when even the cricket is just not cricket!

■ Golden Years. (October 2009)

7:05am at a beach on the east coast of Australia. Late in May, when winter's first chill breath discourages all but the most hardy of bathers. Bathers such as these guys in my photograph, part of a group of about a dozen who meet each morning for a dip in the Pacific.

All wear dark blue Speedo budgie smugglers. That and grey hair, for every one of this band of brothers is aged in his 70's or 80's.

They waded out through the surf, easily slipping beneath any inconvenient incoming wave, and gather together just outside the shore break, their sleek heads broaching and bobbing like a cabal of dignified seals. Then, after what is presumably a daily round of ritual greetings and jibes (a kind of implied roll call), they break off into their sub-tribes according to inclination and capability.

Three or four remain bobbing in place, mostly treading water, occasionally bouncing lightly off the sandy bottom when it lifts up to them; walking on the moon.

A few swim steadily parallel with the beach, tracking along fifty or so metres out in the easy swell, their strokes long and measured from a lifetime's practice. They'll turn around some

distant mark visible only to themselves and swim back at the same unhurried tempo.

Another three swim more quickly to the start of the nearest reasonable surf break and all catch the first good wave, bodysurfing in formation with the ridiculous facility of teenagers. And again, and then again.

Fifteen minutes later, twenty at most, and the whole group has reassembled for another unspoken head count. Then they're wading ashore in twos and threes, backlit by the rising sun and streaming glittering diamonds onto the wet sand, heading into the Surf Club for a shower and breakfast.

Whatever they do after that, it's hard to imagine it could top the way they've just started the day.

I asked one of them how many days a year they elect to skip their daybreak swim and he answered, just slightly indignantly, "None, mate."

There was one particularly special moment on the day I was there, and it's the subject of this photograph. One member, surely aged well into his 80's, had apparently returned from an absence ... perhaps an illness. He was a little



late and most of the group was already out in the cabal-of-seals stage when he arrived on the sand.

But one other bloke was also late, and it was he who enthusiastically signalled to the rest the presence of their returning brother, who waved out to them in his delight to be back. The band all waved and called cheerfully in reply, and I felt pretty bloody good about this new day in May.

■ Why I Hate Country Music. (August 2009)

I'd intended to write about politics in this column. I even have a political press clipping from the NZ Herald before me at this very moment, to provide inspiration. It reports on the predictable shambles surrounding the Green Party's parliamentary list, and the substitution on that list of someone called Russel Norman for something called Nandor Tanczos.

(What is with these reversible names in the Greens? Russel Norman - Norman Russel; Nandor Tanczos - Tandor Nanczos ... even the late Rod Donald was readily reversible in the name department. Is this some kind of secret greenie code, like the Masonic handshake?)

The news article explained that Tandor intended to leave parliament, but wished to stay until his Waste Minimisation Bill was passed. So: He had a plan to minimise waste, *and* he was going to leave parliament to mark its becoming law? The rich symbolic potential of this happy combination seemed just too good to miss! But I chickened out. It was just too much like shooting a sitting bird.

I also had an absolutely brilliant Helen Clark joke for you. Tasteless, crude, deeply offensive in every way ... it was a classic! But I ditched that idea as well. Given the recent poll results, it somehow just seemed too cruel. I'm so sentimental now that I'm getting old.

That left me with nothing. A blank column, and no ideas to fill it. At that very moment, my radio committed an unprovoked act of Country

Music. A woman with a twangy Tennessee accent was whining through her nose about something horrible involving a dog or a divorce. Or it might have been both.

Eventually it ended, and the announcer announced that the song was by a famous *Australian* country singer I'd never heard of called Tammy or Ellie May, and was entitled "Be Yourself (Everybody Else is Taken)". I'm not kidding; that was really the name of the song.

This thrust both politics and worries about my advancing years right out of my mind, and started me reflecting on the many reasons why I hate country music.

First is the fact that every country singer adopts an appalling hillbilly accent. It's bad enough when the offender hails from somewhere improbable like California or Hawaii, but when they're from Wollongong or Te Awamutu, it's bloody intolerable.

Second is the country music repertoire, which consists of one song. Every song, by every 'artist', is exactly the same as every other song. Same three pitiful chords, same lame lyrics. The only difference between a mournful ballad and a real toe-tapper is six beers.

Third is the absolutely awful song titles. We've just considered "Be Yourself (Everybody Else is Taken)". But there's also "I Keep Forgettin' I Forgot About You" and "Her Only Bad Habit is Me" and "How Come Your Dog Don't Bite Nobody But Me?" and "Walk Out



Backwards Slowly, So I'll Think You're Comin' In" and "If The Phone Don't Ring, You'll Know it's Me". And many more just as bad or worse. The great Warren Zevon once wrote a brilliant send-up song called "If You Won't Leave Me, I'll Find Somebody Who Will" and they didn't even know it was a send-up.

So, that's just three reasons why I hate country music. There are many more. Big hats. Big hair. Big belt buckles. But I know when I've had enough: I'll stop at three. And there is one thing you can say in favour of country music singers ... very few of them have reversible names. A small mercy.

WEED FILE:

WILLOW WEED

Revised - Dec 2012



Persicaria maculosa

DESCRIPTION

Willow weed is an annual plant that grows in spring and summer, and dies off in late autumn. It can be either a sprawling plant or an erect plant, depending on the location; in open areas with little competition it will tend to sprawl and spread laterally, while in more competitive surroundings such as a crop, it will initially sprawl but can then develop in a more erect form to a height of about 40cm.

As the name suggests, the leaves are shaped similarly to those of a willow tree, being sword-shaped, up to 15cm long by just 4cm wide, and dark green in colour. There is generally a dark brown/black irregular spot in the centre of the leaf's upper side, and at the base of the leaf is a sheath with a distinct fringe of hairs.

The stems are tinged with red, although not as intensively red as the similar plant, the water pepper.

The flowers of the willow weed appear in mid-summer, and are small and pink in colour, occurring in tightly-packed cylindrical bunches to 4cm in length, occurring at the ends of the stems. The flowers of similar water pepper can usually be distinguished by their distinctly greener colouring, and the fact that water pepper flowers grow in much looser and more open bunches than do the tightly packed cylinders of willow weed.

HABITAT

Willow weed prefers cultivated land, especially where conditions are dampish, and is found throughout New Zealand.

Willow weed is a particularly invasive weed, and affects both crops and pastures. At times it can be a very serious weed in crops as its rapidly sprawling habit can overwhelm and suffocate a young crop especially in the spring.

POISON

In pastures it is rarely eaten by stock, but is suspected of causing stock poisoning illness and death both in NZ and overseas.

MANUAL REMOVAL

An important point to consider when dealing with

willow weed is that although it produces a large number of tiny triangular seeds from which it reproduces, willow weed also readily reproduces from stem fragments, including very small ones. Successful manual removal of the plant therefore requires the careful collection and removal from the site of every part of it.

Willow weed is killed by frosts, but fresh seedlings appear each spring. The seeds will remain viable in the soil for a very long time, and complete eradication may take several seasons to achieve.

HERBICIDE CONTROL

In most situations, because of the rapid and invasive nature of willow weed, it will have to be dealt with via herbicides.

Boom Spraying

In both pasture and crops, boom spraying is the way to go. The plant is best controlled when it is in its younger stages of growth, especially up to the 4-leaf seedling stage. Control beyond that stage becomes less certain. As with virtually all weeds, the best results will also be achieved if it is sprayed while it is actively growing in good conditions.

The most used boom sprayed options are:

- **Decision** at 65g/Ha in 200-300L of water. This will provide suppression only of seedling stage willow weed. This option is both grass and clover friendly in pasture, and is safe for clover seed crops, established lucerne, maize and chicory.
- **MCPA750** at 2-3L/Ha in 200-300L of water. Grass friendly, but some temporary suppression of clovers in pasture is likely.

Spot Treatment

Glyphosate is effective as a spot spray but its use is rarely practical due to the damage to the surrounding crop or pasture plants. Generally boom spraying will be necessary in crop and pasture situations anyway, due to willow weed's invasive nature.



GRANNY 800g/kg GLYPHOSATE AS THE MONOAMMONIUM SALT

ACVM No 7499

Non-selective herbicide for spraying out pasture, and general weed control.

- The stronger, smarter and most economical glyphosate option.
- Water-dispersible granule, easily soluble.
- 4.5kg bag minimizes packaging disposal.
- No residual effect in soil; drill new seed in 2 days.
- Use just 425g/100L water (knapsack 65g/15L) for general spraying; 1.4-2.2kg/Ha for pasture spray-out.
- Add SprayWetter penetrant for best results.

2.25kg ...\$51.75
4.5kg\$70.15
9kg\$109.25

GLYPHOSATE 360 360g/L GLYPHOSATE AS THE ISOPROPYLAMINE SALT

ACVM No P5441

Non-selective herbicide for spraying out pasture, and general weed control.

- Glyphosate is the world's most popular and trusted herbicide.
- Safe to use, fast acting, non-toxic & economical.
- No residual effect in soil; drill new seed in 2 days.
- Withhold stock 2 days to allow penetration through plant.
- Use 1L/100L (hand) or 3-5L/ha (pasture).
- Add SprayWetter penetrant for best results.

5L.....\$55.20
10L.....\$73.60
20L.....\$112.70
200L.....\$983.25

MSF600 Gorse & Brush Spray 600g/kg METSULFURON-METHYL

ACVM No P7027

For control of gorse and other scrub weeds in pasture, waste areas and forestry.

- The low-cost, proven choice for big and small jobs.
- Water-dispersible granule, easily soluble.
- Safe to handle, non-toxic to humans and animals.
- Gorse, blackberry, manuka, scrub, bracken, ragwort & thistles.
- For gorse use 20g/100L (hand), 500g/ha (aerial).
- Add SuperWetter penetrant for best results.

200g\$33.35
500g\$44.85
1kg\$79.35

GRASSMATE 300g/L TRICLOPYR AS THE BUTOXYETHYL ESTER plus 100g/L PICLORAM AS THE AMINE SALT in the form of an emulsifiable concentrate

ACVM No P7417

For control of brushweeds, broadleaf and erect weeds in pasture.

- Kills gorse, broom, blackberry, tutus, sweet briar, matagouri & lupins.
- Also controls broadleaf weeds, including ragwort, thistles, fennel, nettle and inkweed at 2L/Ha.
- Add SuperWetter penetrant year-round.
- 10-12L/ha for brush species, and 250-300ml/100L handgun (gorse rate)

2L.....\$98.90
5L.....\$197.80
10L.....\$356.50
20L.....\$598.00
100L...\$2875.00

MCPA 750 750g/L MCPA AS THE DIMETHYLAMINE SALT

ACVM No P8173

For control of thistles and other broadleaf weeds in pasture and cereals.

- Highly concentrated water soluble solution.
- Controls thistles of all species, especially in younger growth stages.
- Grass-friendly but higher concentrations damage clover.
- Economical at just 1.5-3.0 L/Ha use rates.
- Use late autumn through to summer.
- Works well with Cobber herbicide against resistant thistles.

5L \$75.90
10L \$132.25
20L \$241.50
200L . \$2277.00

COBBER 300g/L CLOPYRALID as the amine salt.

ACVM No P7790

For control of hard-to-kill and multi-crown thistles in pasture plus certain broadleaf and brush weeds.

(Approved Handler certificate required)

- Kills Californian, nodding, winged and variegated thistles incl large rosette and multicrown plants.
- Mix with 2,4-D or MCPA where thistles resistant to those herbicides exist.
- Also useful in cereal, Brassica and maize crops, plus forestry, orchards and shelter belts..
- Use 1-2L/Ha by boom or 100-200ml/100L spot spraying. Also good for wiper application.

2L.....\$149.50
5L.....\$276.00
10L.....\$529.00
20L.....\$977.50

GIBBER 900 900g/kg GIBBERELIC ACID

ACVM No P8002

Growth promoter to boost pasture production in cool weather feed shortage conditions.

- High strength powder applied at just 9g/ha dissolved in water. (9g scoop included).
- Rapid increase of dry matter (DM) production during spring and autumn feed shortfalls; increases of 30-60% can be achieved within just 3 weeks.
- Depending on underlying fertility and pasture quality, this increase can be 250kgDM/Ha extra.
- Cost effective at just \$7/Ha, simple to apply with any spray gear.

45g\$51.75
270g\$241.50

BUCKSHOT 20g/kg PICLORAM GRANULES

ACVM No 7717

For direct spot application dry granule treatment of broadleaf, erect and brush weeds.

- Controls ragwort, nodding thistle, gorse, inkweed, broom, docks, hemlock, sweet brier, woolly nightshade, tutsan, blackberry.
- Convenient and safe; apply by hand, by pogo stick applicator, or by applicator bottle.
- Carry Buckshot on the bike, tractor or ute for opportunistic spot weed control.
- Use 2g per plant or 30-55g/sq.m

5kg\$74.75
10kg\$138.00
20kg\$224.25

DECISION 800g/kg FLUMETSULAM IN A WATER DISPERSIBLE GRANULE

ACVM No P8368

Control broadleaf weeds in new and established pasture, as well as for lucerne, chicory, clover and maize crops.

- Clover-friendly control of annual & perennial buttercups in pasture.
- Good for autumn and spring application.
- Also controls chickweed, cleavers, mallow, oxeye, sorrel, spurrey, stinking mayweed, willow weed and many other weeds.
- 30g-65g/Ha depending on species and growth stage. Annual buttercups 50g/Ha, giant buttercups 65g/Ha.

200g\$115.00
500g\$276.00

RANGER 750g/kg THIFENSULFURON-METHYL GRANULES

ACVM No 7668

For control of docks and buttercups in pasture and cereal crops.

- Selective herbicide for use in pasture, wheat barley and oats.
- Also controls oxeye daisy.
- Excellent added to Glyphosate when spraying out pasture.
- Apply by air or ground boom, and spot spray.
- Scoop and measuring cylinder included.
- Use at 20g/Ha, so 100g pack will treat 5 hectares.

100g\$74.75
1kg\$684.25

TRICLO 600g/L TRICLOPYR AS THE BUTOXYETHYL ESTER

ACVM No P7189

For control of brushweeds, broadleaf and erect weeds in pasture.

- Grass and clover friendly.
- Blackberry, broom, gorse, lupin, tutus, fennel, sweet brier, Old Man's Beard, plus most broadleaf weeds in pasture.
- Apply in warmer months during active growing conditions.
- Add SuperWetter for gorse and all woody species.
- Brush weeds use 10L/ha or up to 300ml/100L by hand.
- Broadleaf weeds in pasture use 2L/ha or 200ml/100L.

2L.....\$95.45
5L.....\$195.50
10L.....\$345.00
20L.....\$569.25

REPLICATE 150g/L PICLORAM and 225g/L CLOPYRALID BOTH AS MONOETHANOLAMINE SALTS

ACVM No P8050

For control of broadleaf weeds in fodder brassica crops and in Radiata pine. (Approved Handler certificate required)

- Controls black nightshade, fathen, redroot (suppression), thornapple, woolly nightshade, fleabane, foxglove, fireweed, tree lucerne, wattles, gorse, broom.
- For brassicas apply at 350ml/Ha, by aerial, ground or CDA spray. Best results when applied to weeds at 2-8 leaf seedling stage.
- For Radiata pine use 2-2.5L Ha by air.

2L.....\$258.75
4L.....\$471.50

SUPERWETTER 100% ORGANOSILICONE WETTER-PENETRANT

Boost spray performance on woody & hard-to-kill species

- Assists penetration, especially into stressed and dusty plants.
- Reduces rain risk period, normally to under an hour.
- Boosts herbicide performance by aiding in translocation.
- Use at 100ml/100L, or 500ml-2L/ha depending on species.

2L.....\$63.25
5L.....\$138.00
20L.....\$454.25

SPRAYWETTER 100% NON-IONIC SURFACTANT WETTER-PENETRANT

Maximises herbicide performance in all situations

- Permits faster & more thorough penetration into plant.
- Reduces rain risk period, normally to under an hour.
- Use when herbicide directions do NOT specify a SuperWetter.
- Use at 100ml/100L, or 500ml-2L/ha depending on species.

5L.....\$72.45
10L.....\$120.75
20L.....\$224.25

THE BACK PAGE

• Rainbow & Brown

Rainbow & Brown Ltd is a privately-owned NZ company. Our factory and office is in Rotorua. We're now in our 12th year of operation, and have been growing strongly every year. We have customers all over New Zealand, including farmers, horticulturalists, spray contractors, nurseries, commercial and private gardeners, and many other businesses. Our products are sold direct, which is why our prices are so attractive ... it is effectively the "wholesale" price, direct from the manufacturer.

• People

The directors of Rainbow & Brown have been involved in the NZ agricultural chemicals business for over 20 years. They're actively involved in the day-to-day running and building of the business. If you phone us, your most likely contact will be Rachael, our office manager (and the real heart of the company!). If you call in to see us, you'll also meet Clinton, the factory manager.

• Ordering

You can order anytime by phone, online at rainbowbrown.co.nz, or by fax, e-mail or by letter. If you call on the freephone number, you may at times get an answering machine. That means we're already on the phone, or doing something else. Or it may be after office hours (see below). Please just leave your name and number, and we'll soon call you back. Or if we've already got all your details, just leave your order (*with your name and phone number*) on the machine.

• Delivery

We send your order within 24 hours. Delivery will usually take between 1 and 4 days. If it hasn't arrived after that time, *call us* immediately so we can track it down for you. Delivery of orders of 60 litres or less will normally be to your door, including rural delivery addresses. However, delivery of larger orders may be to the nearby freight depot or drop-off point we will arrange with you when you place your order.

• Factory & Office Hours

If you want to collect your order from our Rotorua factory, you're welcome. It's at 68A Tallyho Street. Open hours are 8.30 to 4.30, Monday to Friday (9.00 to 4.00 May-July).

• Payment

We send your invoice by mail, the day we send your order, so you'll know when it was shipped. Payment is due on 20th following month, and you can send a cheque or use direct payment to a/c No: 123155-0066374-00. The bank account number is also on both your invoice and your statement. We send statements out in the first week of each month.

• Referral Rewards

Word-of-mouth is the best advertising, so if you recommend us to someone who then becomes a new Rainbow & Brown customer and mentions your name, we'll thank you with a \$10 discount off each different product in your next order. So if you order four different items, you now get a \$40 discount (previously \$10).

SMALL PRINT: The discount doesn't apply to products on special.

• Website

Check out our website for full details and labels of all our products, plus Safety Data Sheets, and a small library of useful reference articles. You can also download from the free Weed Files library. It's at www.rainbowbrown.co.nz

• Approved Handler Certificates (ERMA)

You do NOT need an Approved Handler certificate to purchase any current Rainbow & Brown product except for Cobber and Replicate herbicides. To apply MSF600, GrassMate, MCPA, Ranger or Triclo in a "wide dispersive manner" (i.e. by boom spray), or apply it commercially (i.e. you're a contractor), or over water (i.e. you're a dickhead), you DO need an Approved Handler certificate to apply it, but you DO NOT need a certificate to buy it. You need an Approved Handler certificate to buy Cobber and Replicate herbicides or to apply them in any circumstances.



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