



Uncle Duster's Opinion Repository

APPEA Ahoy!

It's that time of year again. Old Duster'll be packing his bags soon, heading off to sunny Queensland for the 2010 APPEA Conference. I get all aquiver pre-APPEA—my nostrils break out in a sweat and my prosthetic thumb even twitches; it's a once-a-year opportunity to catch up with my peers, to regale the younger members of the industry with my feats of daring and dash—from the Upper Amazon to the Bay of Bengal—back in the day, and load up on complementary usb drives and stubby holders.

I'll be knocking back rum and cokes and drowning myself in XXXX at South Bank before you can say 'enhanced miscible flooding'. Last year I managed to polish off a bottle of gin on the flight to Darwin, dropping my bags off at the Novotel front

reception en route to Scallywags and shouting the boys a round of boilermakers within half an hour of landing. It was without regret that I woke up in the shallow end of the Convention Centre wave pool, a soggy half corona dangling from my bottom lip, the following day.

My first APPEA Conference (APEA back then) was back in '79 in Perth. I was swimming in booze from start to finish and had a bloody ripper of a time. The lads and I cleaned out the smorgasboard at the Murray Street Miss Maud, before drinking the Subiaco Hotel dry and kicking down the door at the Mount Lawley bowls club after being refused entry—the day after, on a couple of hours kip, we did it all again.

Those were the days. Things have changed

now, though, and between the obligatory drinking sessions with crusty old oilfield types, old Duster'll probably even find time to take in some of the sights and sounds of the conference. Having had a quick look over the guide, there's a few things that catch the eye; I'm sure there's plenty of gems to be stumbled across and probably something for everybody.

Speaking of catching the eye, last year the standard of cuties on the exhibition floor was first class and I'm expecting nothing less in Brisbane. My suggestions of a wet t-shirt contest have thus far gone ignored, but I haven't given up hope and will continue, on behalf of my oily brethren, to fight the good fight. If, for whatever reason, the wet t-shirt idea is vetted, I reckon skimpiers during happy hour would be another top initiative. ■



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