

# BWD

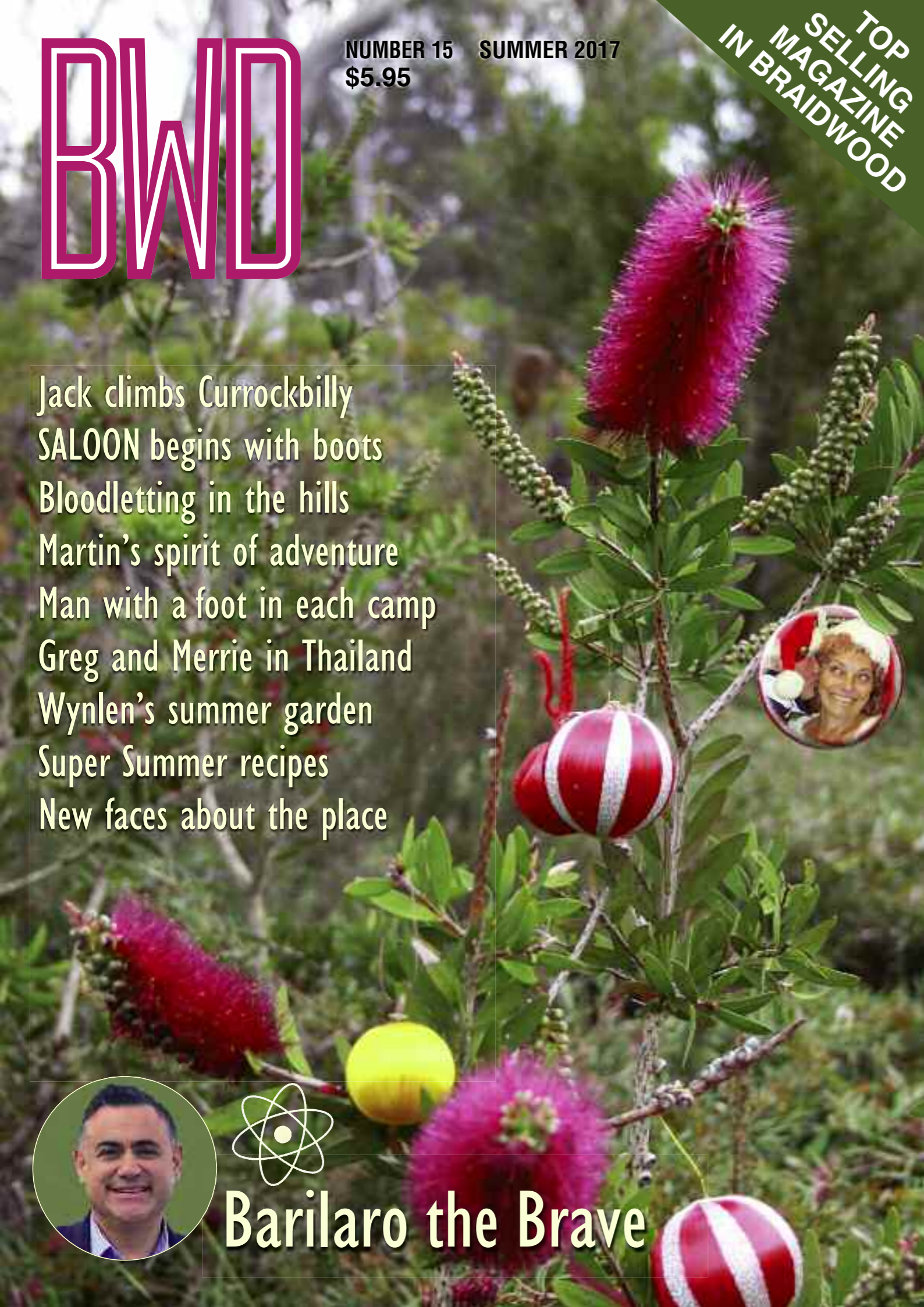
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TOP  
SELLING  
MAGAZINE  
IN BRAIDWOOD

Jack climbs Currockbilly  
SALOON begins with boots  
Bloodletting in the hills  
Martin's spirit of adventure  
Man with a foot in each camp  
Greg and Merrie in Thailand  
Wynlen's summer garden  
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## Barilaro the Brave



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**H**ow many shopping days 'til Christmas? Not enough if you leave it all to the last minute I guess. This issue is packed to the gills with suggestions for keeping your hard-earned dollars here in town.

On the local political front the honeymoon with QPRC has, for some, come to an abrupt end. Someone blew in the ear of a councillor to have the possibility of a skate park removed from the proposed plan for Ryrie Park.

The problem here is that if council is going to hold community meetings to ask for suggestions and then include them in a consultant's report, it is not a good look to change bits on-the-fly with a surprise meeting motion.

Our community is now becoming divided by passionate support for, or opposition to ... what? We haven't been allowed to get an actual proposal put out there for discussion.

If both sides dig in, one opposed to a skate facility of any type in Ryrie Park and the other refusing to consider any other location, there may never be a skate park in Braidwood. We need to have the freedom to discuss all possibilities without retreat to the trenches or calling for a council-dropped nuke. Speaking of which, I'm grateful to John Barilaro for spending time with me in the making of the story I've called 'Barilaro the Brave'. Regular readers of my *Time & Energy* column will understand when you read what he says that I think John is crazy-brave on some issues but sensibly-brave on others.

In fact it reminds me of the always-pertinent 'Yes Minister' episode where Sir Humphrey says, "That's a very courageous decision Prime Minister". Jim Hacker replies, "Thank you Humphrey". Then the blood drains from his face as he gets the nuance. "In what way is it 'courageous'?" he squeaks.

It's a fairly dense issue this one, designed to get you through a summer of reading about locals, once-were locals, and even people from far away places. But I still need more stories.

Artplan Graphics and BWD have come back to town after a few years in the bush at Mongarlowe and now share space with William Verdon Jewellers at 43 Wallace Street, the 'Paris end of town'. Feel free to drop by.

Until next year cheerio — I hope we all find what we're looking for.

Paul

Publisher & editor: Paul Cockram  
Advertising sales: Lyn Cram  
Contributing editor: Margaret Tuckwell  
Proofreading: Bente Jensen

BWD is published by Artplan Graphics  
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email: paul@artplan.com.au

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LEFT: JACK HIGH ABOVE CHARLEYS FOREST, ABOVE: THE SUMMIT IN SIGHT.

JACK'S SON MURRAY.

## A climb up Mt Currockbilly, 3396 feet high

Braidwood town has many social centres, varied and historic. Friendly gossip flows with agitated rhythm, drowned by boisterous noise of traffic bound for eastern Batemans Bay. Jilly Lane of hardened clay climbs to mountain tall. Monumental eucalypts whisper muted music; others shout a squall. Screeching white gangs of cockatoos show an upright crest of sulphur yellow to scare galahs and starlings many; then do dive into a nesting hollow. Frigid frost from yonder Southern Pole does drop his whitened frozen fog into our sunken valley cold. Mt Currockbilly looms high and lofty, does peep its distant rocky crest, then hides its face behind the brittle-minded eucalypts where magpies' throats do chat a-warbling, in half a dozen notes. Two climbers trudge with walking stick, crashing through the stunted brush and bracken brown. Trees of ancient wisdom smart, do throw their anchors wide, to splash and sink to gain a drip on mountain's rock-like soil, and then dig deep to hide. A robin with a breast of red (Petroica multicolour), does sit upon a swaying slender twig. Blue wrens do make a dancing run, with almost upright tails, twitching sideways, with nervous twiddles, to attract attention, and perhaps a mate. A solo kangaroo with blackened legs out-stretched sits upon its tail, with body warmed by rising sun. It licks its spit onto a sharpened claw of leg, then reaches for one lowered sar and gently rubs the healing balm, to stop the burning itch. And so begins the dreaded climb into a zigzag battle line, on boulders sharp and slippery. A sudden grasp of sapling strong with claw-like left-hand fingers. Gains a footing hold till balance mends the situation. We now assume the crawling gait of Aussie short-legged quadrupeds, to call a halt on 2nd ridge sublime. Another ridge, another hour, another view of distant summit yonder. Then we meet a bush 'portcullis'; a stand of closely-clumped young eucalypts, which bars our way.

Human siege-machine withdraws and pounds a weakened wall of bushes. At last, a shout from top of summit, means man has breached the rampart strong and planted foot where few have been. Distant farms and dams show tiny dots of cattle moving slowly, coloured black in distant haze, landscape seen in chrome oxide green, and Naples Yellow Light. Downward we must go. So with altered foot work and use of knees producing six-inch steps of stride. One's mind does change to thoughts of nobler value, but painful muscle cramps do strike, and leave you crippled without a prior warning. 'Don't move' I shout to warn my son of coiled-up snake of species copperhead a foot from where he stood. No sound about, until a freezing breeze with soothing touch does rustle leaves to end the lonely realm of eerie silence. Clouds now descend without a sound; and Mr Weatherking, renowned since Genesis began, does wake from slumber long and deep to strike his clouds to turn on taps and soak the parched land. Thus we leave this seething sea of blinding light and find a leafy path of level kind. The leaves do sparkle like distant stars at night; And hues and tones respond, From palette wide in hand, from faded green and brown, to brilliant colours from Mother Nature's box of oily paints. The close of day, which only two remember. T'is rare to live these timeless moments, and dream the mountain image distant, beside the homely heater.

**Jack Featherstone, October 2017**

I thank the Webb family of Braidwood District for wise advice on climbing mountains.





**When Annette Smith was growing up in Sydney, in the 1950s and 60s, Christmas was the most magical time of the year. She fondly remembers the year her parents gave her a special copy of 'The Night Before Christmas' and that book has been read by her, and then her children and grandchildren, every year since that day. In fact it was the inspiration for Annette to one day realise her dream to open a special Christmas shop in dedication to her parents.**

This year Annette and her partner, Anthony, moved to Araluen and then purchased a shop in Braidwood. Over the months, with much hard work, this shop, situated next to Nersons, has been turned into a Christmas wonderland. 'A

Very Braidwood Christmas' is opening its doors on 9th December, to reveal a magical place where you can step back in time and recall the magic of Christmas that you felt as a child.

Come in and meet Annette, Anthony and Santa's helpers, and be amazed by all the wonderful items in store. Annette has ensured that there are gifts and decorations to suit everyone's budget, from only \$1 to \$1,000. The guys will love the fun art eskys and planters, made by Aaron Jackson, which will become family heirlooms.

For children from babies upwards, there are Christmas themed jigsaw puzzles, blocks, nesting dolls, snow domes, and 3D Puzzles. There is a great range of Teddy Bears and Dolls, for children as well as adults, and musical elves. For

the Entertainer, Christmas linen, plum pudding basins, corkscrews, platters, table runners, napkins and aprons. Upstairs there is a selection of Christmas trees to suit all tastes, as well as tree skirts. For decorating your home, you can choose from products by 42nd Street including door hangers, wreaths, stockings, Angels, berry sprays, candle holders and more. Christmas quilts, ducks, bags and buckets, they're all here at the Very Braidwood Christmas Shop.

You can post a letter to Santa here and be sure of a reply. Whilst you're shopping the young ones will enjoy riding on the rocking horse. Upstairs, Annette has created a room of 'Collectables' from makers such as 'Whitehill' and 'Jim Shore', as well as the Gibson 'Adoring Angels'.

Gift wrapping is available for a gold coin donation for charity. If you don't have a chimney for Santa, there are Christmas Keys specially for Santa to leave some presents. The Very Braidwood Christmas Shop will open on Saturday 9th December and will be open 7 days a week, from 9.30am to 5.30pm. So for a welcome that comes from the heart, call in and meet Annette, Anthony and the helpers and share in their Christmas dream.



ON A RECENT OVERSEAS TRIP JOHN BARILARO VISITED THE HINKLEY NUCLEAR POWER STATION IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

## Barilaro the brave

Paul Cockram sat down with the Member for Monaro and put some energy questions to him

**Why are you flirting with nuclear energy? It seems like you'll just get a hiding to nothing because nobody supports it. Not the community, not the gas industry, not the oil industry, not the coal industry, and not the renewable industry. So it's just you.**

JB: Well I don't really care what the coal guys, the gas guys, or even the renewable guys say, because they always back the horse called self-interest. Why shouldn't we talk nuclear? I mean, if you look all over the world there are nations investing in nuclear. Look at Canada. When I think of Canada, I think of green and environmentally friendly. They're a progressive nation with a very progressive prime minister and government, and yet nuclear is at the heart of their energy mix. Why? Because they actually have debunked the myths around nuclear energy offers. But at the same time you're talking about zero emissions. We're talking about reliable energy, zero emissions. And we as a nation are a stable continent, so we

don't have some of the issues that we saw in Fukushima.

We've got the uranium, thirty-eight percent of the world's stock. We already export uranium, we already bring back waste and we already have a nuclear reactor, for nuclear medicine, out at Lucas Heights.

Why wouldn't we at least have a conversation about, 'is nuclear a part of the mix, if you can debunk the myths?' To do that, though, you've got to look at the new technology.

---

**I'm not talking about building a nuclear power station like the one Homer Simpson runs.**

---

It's not that any more. If you look at the Generation IV technology, we're talking about small modular reactors, built in a factory, delivered to a site in the back of a truck or in a container, in module sizes of 50 megawatts. Even if we approved a nuclear site

today it would be 10 years before we even built one. The technology will change so much. It won't have to be water cooled, it can be air cooled. It can actually be cooled by sand.

**BWD: Where have you seen one of these?**

JB: Well, I haven't seen one of these. They're in the final thrust. America will be the first to build the first one of those. It's probably eighteen months away before we'll see the first one.

**BWD: Is that like saying you haven't seen a teleport machine?**

No, no, no. But the technology is there, they're around. There are seven different prototypes and the beauty for Australia is that we get the opportunity, over this next decade, to have a greenfield site and take the best technology that meets our needs.

It was explained to me by the energy agency of the UK. They look at Australia and say, "You've got the best position. You're a greenfield site, no nuclear but you've got the opportunity to look across the world, pick the one that meets your needs. If you don't want it on the beachfront, you don't want to use water cooling — there's a design for you." All I'm saying is have the conversation. I'm not saying build one — just have the conversation.

**BWD: But you'd like to build one.**

JB: Of course I'd love to see it. Because I actually believe that the technology is there. Our mobile phones, think about what they looked like 20 or 30 years ago. Do you remember [the concerns about] microwave ovens? Everyone thought, "oh radiation, don't go near them." Look at us today.

**BWD: Do you believe in anthropogenic global warming? Do you believe that burning coal is contributing to a change in the weather?**

JB: Absolutely. We know that coal, we know that the industrialisation of the world has an impact on the climate and on weather. I think everyone accepts that. Where I think the disagreement comes in this debate is, how do you function as a society by making decisions around how you manage that impact. That's where I think the friction is.

If you talk about electricity prices today, I think people are saying, "Do we want energy renewables? Do we want to go back to coal? Do we want to have a look at other energy options?" I think everything's driven by the hip pocket, isn't it, at the end of the day?



### A Very Braidwood Christmas ...

- ❖ Santa's magic cave
- ❖ Meet Santa's helpers
- ❖ Gifts, decorations & wreaths
- ❖ Christmas Collectables from Whitehill, Jim Shore, Gibson
- ❖ Christmas trees for all tastes
- ❖ Christmas linen & homewares
- ❖ Unique decorator items, Quilts
- ❖ Teddy Bears, Dolls & Angels
- ❖ Fun art Eskies & Planters by Aaron Jackson
- ❖ Gift wrapping
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**BWD:** So would you be prepared to see everything stand on just an economic basis? We'll put global warming to one side because some people would say that you should favour renewables because they do the least damage to the environment. But even putting that to one side, if the new generation of coal fired power stations can't produce electricity as cheaply as solar panels, you wouldn't support them?

**JB:** Well the market wouldn't support it. See, this is the whole point. So if you want a market approach, that's what the government is talking about in their new NEG. The National Energy Guarantee is all about a level playing field, so they're removing subsidies. The thing that they are still wanting is affordability. There's still a measure around carbon, around emissions, and of course it's got to be about security. So affordability, an emission component and then security, as in making sure that the lights don't go out. I actually think what that does is set up a pretty fair playing field, and then the market will dictate where the investment should be. If it doesn't stack up to have a HELE power station, a high energy, low emission,

coal power station, but it does still stack up to see more investment in solar and more investment in wind, well the market will do that.

**BWD:** Okay, let's move onto something else. Why are you taking such a brave stand on Australia's deplorable control of our gas industry?

**JB:** Because we're getting ripped off, it's the greatest con of all time. That's why I've taken a stand on it, because we are getting conned. We went from being a domestic gas market to an export market in 2014 when the three Gladstone plants were built. The CEO of BHP said in 2014 that there is enough gas coming out of Bass Strait for the east coast indefinitely; that was his line. At that time we were paying \$3 or \$4 a gigajoule.

Then the export market came on and we went from a deregulated price, (an Australian domestic price, disconnected from global prices), to following the international price. That linked us to the Asian oil/gas price which was then \$110 a barrel and at that price it meant that we had to pay \$6 or \$7 a gigajoule. In hindsight that sounds okay, but at the time, if you think

about it, it was nearly a 100% increase. And we just copped that. Nowadays, out of the 1900 petajoules of gas coming out of Bass Strait, 1300 petajoules is for the export market, leaving only 600 petajoules for the domestic market and it's not sufficient to meet our domestic needs.

There are companies here that can't even get a quote on their gas supply, let alone pay the price. We've got as high as \$17 – \$19 a gigajoule — from \$6. Now there's a bit of pressure off, we're down to maybe \$14 or \$15 a gigajoule, but that's still twice as much as we should pay. So it's a con.

So there's no doubt we need a gas regulation policy. We talk about royal commissions in certain industries, the banks at the moment, the super funds and all that — but this is the sector that needs a look at.

**BWD:** This could be Richard Di Natale talking. You see that's why I'm confused because it was when the name changed from Country Party to National Party that there was a shift towards quite overt support of the resource sector.

**JB:** Yeah.

**BWD:** And this has what it's led to.

*They've just been able to do what they like. And generally speaking your side of politics supports the freedom of companies to fiddle around in the market to any extent that they like. What you're suggesting is that there's a market failure.*

**JB:** Absolutely

**BWD:** And that we ought to actually introduce government control which normally comes from the other side of politics. I think it's great that you say it and I support you wholeheartedly, but how do you suppose your side of politics will deal with it?

**JB:** It's going to be difficult. Firstly, the Liberal/National side of politics often talk about the free market. I'm okay with the free market approach, but there is no such thing as a free market when you look at what happens across the world. If you look at agriculture, we say it's a free market, but everywhere you go across the world there's protection, there are subsidies and tariffs that actually impact on that market. Australia has none of that for our farmers and yet we can still compete.

That's why we've become efficient farmers. We're probably the best farmers in the world. We're the best because we've had to be so efficient to survive and to innovate because we've never had subsidies and tariffs used around that industry.

So therefore, in real terms, you can actually do it without any subsidy or tariff or intervention by government, but there are certain sectors where I think you are right. I absolutely believe that the free market doesn't work when it comes to utilities in many cases and I struggle with it.

This is the problem I have as the leader of the National Party. We're a bit of a protectionist party.

**We've always been protectionist and we've battled the Liberal guys and their ideology.**

The jobs that come out of mining are important for our local regional communities, so we're conflicted here.

The jobs that are coming out of agriculture are important to our regional and local communities and of course our tradition and our grass roots has always been the farmers. So for me it's finding a balance. We need a strong resource sector, we need a balanced



coexistence with agriculture, horse studs, vineyards and everything else around it.

**BWD:** When you speak of finding a balance, there are no fly-in, fly-out farmers. The farming sector is there for generation upon generation and they need the water, and they need the soil.

**JB:** Absolutely.

**BWD:** The miners come in, undercut the land, do whatever they do, take whichever bit they want, do whatever they like to the water and then they're gone and you never see them again.

**JB:** That's the battle we have each and every day. I have members in my own party that are completely pro mining, that it's the most important sector in their community. Then there are others who are totally against it. And that's the hardest thing in the Nats. But for me, our resources are important for the nation and that's why we have to find a balance. But I don't want to be ripped off either — and we're getting ripped off right now. When it comes to gas, no one has said to me, and I've met with a whole heap, that I'm actually wrong in what I'm saying.

**BWD:** One of the best things that you ever did was to keep the poles and wires in public ownership, at least in our part of the world. Braidwood might be able to develop a community utility structure similar to the way that Goulburn is going.

*We have the advantage that if we can get the figures to work we could put in a pumped hydro scheme and run the water down from say, Majors Creek to Araluen. Would you support that?*

**JB:** Absolutely, you can do it anywhere. The idea of pumped storage isn't new. When you go back to the Snowy Hydro days it was designed about 25 or 30 years ago, they had the idea of pumped storage. We've had pumped storage right across the state on small scale, hydro scale, small scale hydro across the state and the nation. This is not new technology.

**BWD:** So with the Braidwood power company, or whatever it might be called, we've got a few people together, and we've had some preliminary discussions with people from the bank. We're just doing a bit of modelling. We're looking at the feasibility study that CE4G, Community Energy for Goulburn have produced that so we don't have to reinvent the wheel.

**JB:** Why would you?

**BWD:** But if we get to the stage where we can see a way in which the community of Braidwood and environs could invest in their own future by cooperatively owning a power station, would you be prepared to assist in ways government can help, specifically access to the poles and wires.

**JB:** Yeah, and I think that's coming of its own accord in relation to access to the transmissions. Because we're going down the path you're already seeing, which is what they call peer to peer. Peer to peer energy networks which is small networks using the existing infrastructure. You will be shortly able to generate energy from the solar panels on your roof, you put it in your Tesla battery or some other brand, and for what you don't use you'll be able to sell to your neighbour, or sell down the road to the school or whatever. That's where we'll get to, so the framework and the regulation around the transmission will have to change to deal with that, and there'll be a cost associate but you can do it.

So if you say you want a community based approach or a Braidwood power company approach, absolutely we should be looking at that. I'd be happy to work with you guys. It's exciting, that's where we're heading to.

That concept's a good concept, I'd like to hear more about it. ■



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## The Sandalwood story

**W**hen friends Fiona Mutton and Bec Sherriff got scheming in the pub back in 2013 neither could have imagined that in a few years time they would be sharing their eye for eclectic style with two beautiful stores in Braidwood and Bungendore.

The two share a passion for South-East Asia and have long-standing connections in the region. Fiona has a wealth of experience in retail, and though it was entirely new to Bec she was up for the challenge. Together they scoured Bali for textiles, homewares and treasures and secured a shopfront on Braidwood's bustling main street. Sandalwood launched in February 2014 and was met with such enthusiasm that Bec and Fiona had to head back overseas just two weeks later to frantically restock. Business has been non-stop ever since, and Braidwood locals and visitors alike fall in love with the colour and texture of the ever-changing array of unique goods that Sandalwood presents.

The shopping trips have now extended into India, and this year the two will explore further afield in Thailand and Cambodia. By drawing from a wide range of suppliers across a number of countries, and combining new wares with old, Sandalwood stylings are joyfully diverse, full of personality and individuality. The range on offer includes textiles and soft furnishings, furniture, fixtures, kitchen and servingware, clothing and accessories, toys, jewellery and trinkets. Many items are one-offs — never to be repeated.

The shopping trips are far from glamorous and not for the faint-hearted, but Bec and Fiona don't take shortcuts — committed to seeing the origin of their stock and ensuring ethical sourcing and production. They forgo the usual picks of large-scale stockists, instead working with small family operations, art cooperatives and venturing off the beaten track, working with locals to find reclaimed items and stunning antiques.



That means every piece in store is hand selected, and each item tells a story. Bec and Fiona take pride in knowing the history and significance of the shop's reclaimed and restored wares, and in having personally met the artists, craftspeople and families who produce the new product, maintaining ongoing partnerships. Sandalwood is able to give back to the regions in which it works by donating to charities that benefit the community.

Through their hard work, Bec and Fiona are creating 'a life less ordinary' for not only their customers but also for themselves, while supporting the livelihoods of artists, families and communities abroad — a rare shopping experience in today's world.



PASIPHAË NURSING THE BABY MINOTAUR (DETAIL) SOUTH ITALIAN RED FIGURE KYLIX C. 340 BC, BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE DE FRANCE, PARIS

## That's an odd baby!

The story of the Minotaur of Crete by Billy Kennedy who has a PhD in Classics and a mother in Braidwood

**T**o find the beginning of the Minotaur's story we must go back to his grandfather, the mythical king Minos of Crete. Minotaur (Μινώταυρος) actually means the bull (ταύρος) of Minos (Μίνως). Minos was of distinguished lineage, being a son of Zeus (king of the gods) and Europa (who gave Europe its name), and he was married to Pasiphaë who was herself a daughter of Helios, the sun god. Together they had a number of children including two famous daughters, Ariadne and Phaedra, and a son, Androgeus, all of whom feature in this story. Minos was known as a just judge and

the first man to establish laws in Crete, and possibly in the history of humanity. When Minos acceded to power, however, his rule was disputed. In order to prove that his power was divinely ordained he claimed that the gods would grant him anything he wished for and then called upon Poseidon, lord of the oceans, to send him a bull, as a sign, from the depths of the sea. He promised to sacrifice this bull in thanks.

Poseidon did then send a magnificent bull out of the sea thus confirming the divine origins of Minos's royal power. The bull was so splendid, however, that Minos could not bring himself to

kill it. Thinking he could fool Poseidon he sacrificed another bull from his herd instead and put the divine bull in among his cows.

This was an unfortunate decision.

Attempting to fool the gods has consequences, and in order to exact vengeance on the faithless Minos, Poseidon caused his wife, Pasiphaë, to conceive an unnatural lust for the bull from the sea. She was overcome with sexual desire for this bull and jealousy too. She despised the cows in the herd that the bull seemed to favour and especially hated their big, pretty, brown eyes. Not a few cows she separated from the herd and put under yokes to pull ploughs, revelling in their discomfit. Some she even killed in sacrifice and gloated as she held aloft their entrails.

It so happened that at that time one of the greatest inventors of the ancient world, Daedalus, was living in the court of king Minos. Pasiphaë enlisted him as an accomplice to disguise her as a cow so that she could consummate her love for the bull. Obliging, Daedalus constructed a wooden cow on wheels and stitched a real cow hide to the outside. Crouching inside this Pasiphaë went into the field and achieved congress with the bull. The progeny of this union was of course the famous Minotaur, a creature with a man's body but the head and tail of a bull.

Naturally, Minos was rather put out when he discovered his wife's adultery and her monstrous offspring. Not realising at this stage Daedalus' complicity he ordered him to construct a vast maze, the Labyrinth, to contain the Minotaur. (Later Minos did discover Daedalus' involvement in the affair and imprisoned him too — in a high tower. But Daedalus built wings for his son Icarus and himself and flew away.)

A little later Minos' son Androgeus sailed to Athens to compete in their version of the Olympic games, the Panathenaea. Androgeus was an athletic young man with an enviable physique and won many victories — so many, in fact, that King Aegeus of Athens feared he may gain enough support to displace him as king. Aegeus therefore asked Androgeus to prove his bravery by going and defeating the Marathonian bull. This bull was apparently the very bull that Pasiphaë had union with to create the Minotaur. But for one of Heracles's (i.e. Hercules's) labours he was ordered to fetch this bull from Crete, and having done so he freed it onto the plains of Marathon. There the

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great beast was running amok. Androgeus accepted Aegeus's request, went and found the bull, and was promptly gored to death. In vengeance, his father king Minos sailed against Athens with a great fleet, subdued the city, and demanded a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens every nine years. These he sent into the Labyrinth to be devoured by the Minotaur.

When the third group of fourteen young Athenians were being selected as tribute, Theseus, the son of King Aegeus, volunteered to be one of the seven youths. When he arrived at Crete he was spied by Ariadne, daughter of King Minos, who instantly fell in love with him. She therefore sought advice from the inventor Daedalus on how to save him. Ariadne went to Theseus before he was inserted into the Labyrinth and gave him a ball of thread to unwind as he entered. By following this he would be able to find his way back out again. (In Middle English a 'clue' was a ball of thread and from the role of the thread in this story we get the modern meaning of the word, i.e. evidence that helps solve or reveal something).

Theseus found his way into the heart of the Labyrinth and managed to overpower the lonely, crazed Minotaur. He then followed his thread back out and sailed away with Ariadne — not before putting holes in the hulls of Minos's ships to prevent pursuit. For unclear reasons Theseus abandoned Ariadne on the island of Dia.



THESEUS FIGHTING THE MINOTAUR (DETAIL) ATTIC RED FIGURE STAMNOS, ATTRIBUTED TO THE KLEOPHRADES PAINTER, C. 490 BC, BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

She was not alone for long though before the god Dionysus passed by, took a shine to her, and married her!

Theseus' own journey home ended in tragedy. He had promised his father, King Aegeus, that he would set a white sail (rather than black) if he had survived the Minotaur and was therefore safely aboard the ship. Presumably in his excitement at returning home he forgot to set the white sail and Aegeus in grief threw himself from the cliffs to his death. Hence the Aegean Sea bears his name to this day. In a final twist to the story, Theseus ended up marrying Ariadne's sister, Phaedra. This union also had a tragic ending. But that is another story ... ■



**B**arbara is delighted to be back, in her newly renovated shop.

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jewellery, scarves and bags in stock, as well as gifts with an Australian theme — which are ideal for sending to friends overseas.

All your favourite decorations, cards and Christmas goodies can be found in Barbara's Country Workbox, so call in and say hello.



PART OF THE OPENING AFTERNOON BIG MOB.

## It began with boots ...

Yolande Norris kicks the story along

**M**otorcycle boots, cowboy boots, work boots too — dusty and well worn — kicking out from long skirts and floral dresses. Saloon is for playfulness, not status. A wink and a challenge to weary notions of what a girl should wear. Coz around these parts, we're watering the garden and feeding the chooks, chopping the firewood and chasing the dog before rushing to make school drop-off. Rebellious but practical, beautiful but workable; looking fabulous no matter what, to bring magic to the mundane.

If the Saloons of old were for prospectors, trappers, and cowboys, then Saloon is for the wise, the wild, the work-hardy. Inspired by the women who were, they make for the women who are.

For the muses and the matriarchs, the artists and entrepreneurs, the divas and daydreamers ...

Saloon Design House is a collaboration between renowned dressmaker Dena Pezzano and style visionary Jane Magnus. Their venture celebrates what they love about life in Braidwood — the fresh air, the freedom, the women of the town's past and present.

Their debut summer range of dresses, skirts and accessories are all made in-house by the duo, using the finest Italian cottons combined with timeless Liberty of London prints and vintage remnants. Though luxe, the pieces are washable and endlessly wearable, being about lifestyle and longevity, rather than the grind of the fashion mill.

Born of a shared love for cowboy boots, and drawing inspiration from counter-culture across the decades, the look of Saloon is femininity with a feminist edge — or 'liberated prairie'. That is, these are clothes made for getting stuff done, and looking fabulous while doing it.

Saloon Design House is at 139 Wallace Street, Braidwood and is open from Thursday to Sunday. ■



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- A variety of hand-made items, including soft toys
- Scarves, bags and purses
- Vintage Japanese items — Kokeshi dolls, wooden stamps, etc.
- Selected homewares: coasters, mugs, glass plates, tea towels, aprons, tins, melamine plates
- Quirky clocks
- Journals and notebooks
- Felted delights
- Greeting cards, including wonderful Christmas cards
- Christmas decorations — baubles & other tree decorations (including some fabulous hand-made items)
- Christmas stockings (made from exquisite Japanese silk fabrics)

#### And then there are the craft supplies ... lots!

Buttons, ribbons, cords, braids, beads, beading supplies, Kumihimo braiding supplies, Japanese paper, shells, silk 'paper', raffia, wool, felt, sundry sewing supplies, threads, purse frames & some purse-making supplies, and more.



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FREE GIFT WRAPPING for items purchased in store.

#### Holiday season additional trading dates:

Mondays: December 11, 18; January 1, 8, 15, 22, 29.  
 Christmas week: 10am–4pm, Thursday–Saturday.  
 Sunday December 24, 10am–2pm.

## A spirit of adventure

Martin Pye adds whisky and rum to our region's fine produce. He explains how it all started

Originally I came down from a farm near Inverell to retire near Canberra where my brothers both lived. I'd been farming for fifteen years up there. After I moved to Canberra, I did a few odd days as a locum chemist, just to keep my hand in. I went back in Inverell to do a locum, and there I met my present wife.

At first, we had a long distance relationship but then we ended up living down here. We both came off the land and we love it. We run a few sheep and cows, but not really in a commercial way — just to keep the grass down.

In Inverell I'd had a mixed farm; sheep, cattle and other farming. It was 1800 acres and so it was pretty busy. But, we went through difficult seasons, you know. There's not much of a living in it. So when I came here I sort of retired. I come from a family of pharmacists and I had a pharmacy in Deakin for a few years. And then when I sold that and retired again, I sort of

sat here and thought, "What will I do for the next 20 years?"

I come from an era when we made a lot of our own medicines. My father and grandfather both had a pharmacy and they made their own sore throat remedy, their boils creams and so on. Using chemistry to make things somehow satisfies something in me too. I used my studies of microbiology, biochemistry, chemistry and physics to get to where I am now.

When the law changed in New Zealand, allowing people to distill alcohol, I imported a little 5 litre still. Because we have some sort of free trade agreement with them, we're allowed to bring them in.

---

My son was interested in rum, so we fiddled around with that — and I got a lot of compliments about the rum.

---

Then a friend in Tasmania suggested that I do a course down there, which I did. That encouraged me to try to make whisky. I thought whisky is a bit more sophisticated — Canberra is a wealthy area — and it hasn't got its own whiskey. That sort of started me on the whiskey journey. So now I do both, whisky and rum.

I'm a member of the distillers' association where we get together to have talks and so forth. It's been a wonderful journey for me and I've made so many friends though it. The industry is at the stage where everyone is helping each other.

Now I'm a licensed distiller. There's quite a comprehensive process to go through to get it. For a start, you can't be a criminal. They want to know what training and what knowledge you have. Where are you going to have it. Security issues, all sorts of things.

Then there is another licence to be able to sell your product — even over the internet. You've got to get a retailer's licence or if you want to sell it wholesale, you get a wholesaler's licence. Then you've got to put a DA in to council. You've got to have fire systems and security and so on — it's a long journey. I haven't got the licences to sell yet. I'm in the process of doing that.

Initially I bought a small Chinese still. Now I also have the 900 litre copper one which is a very serious still. We





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**CHRISTMAS HAM —  
 Pineapple Maple Glaze**

Score Ham and stud with cloves  
 Blend a tin of unsweetened pineapple rings or pieces  
 Add to saucepan with:  
 350g brown sugar  
 150g maple syrup  
 250g malt whisky  
 2 cinnamon sticks  
 8 cardamom pods  
 50g skinned grated ginger  
 Simmer until a sticky goo  
 Remove cinnamon stick and cardamom pods  
 Brush glaze over ham, cover with foil and put in oven  
 at 180°C for 15 minutes  
 Remove foil, brush with glaze and continue basting 4-  
 5 times every 10 mins, until ham is looking sticky and  
 rich.  
 Then enjoy.



JOHN COLTRANE MEETS JULES VERNE AT RIVERBOURNE.

haven't got 3-phase power here so I've had to install a gas-powered steam generator. It heats the still with a jacket right round the bottom. It's very like what the Scots do. It's a gentle even heat. Some of the distillers like a sort of burnt flavour, but I'm not that sort of guy.

It's been expensive. I have probably used up every last bit of our savings. But I've lived a fairly conservative life because when you have children you have to put responsibility first. This is the riskiest thing I've ever done.

I've had some really nice reports — good reports. In fact, the man who I did the first course with, when I took him a sample he said, "Wow! That is a unique spirit". He said, "I'm proud of you". Yeah, so I think it'll be a good spirit. And I'm hoping to release around May next year. By law it has to be in wooden barrels for at least two years — any brown spirit is supposed to be aged for two years. The casks are quite expensive. They're remade American bourbon casks, French and French oak wine casks. We cut them down into smaller casks, so that they age quicker. You've got more wood contact per volume. As time goes on, I'm using bigger and bigger casks, which reduces the cost.

All local distillations are quite expensive compared with the Scots. Because it's very much a hands-on job; just me mashing, fomenting and distilling. A lot of the distilleries in Tasmania are actually buying the wash, which is the malted liquor, direct from breweries — which I reckon is cheating. I make my own. I crack the barley. You've got to have hot water at just the right temperature, so that the enzymes can turn the starches into sugar. And then you cool it, pump it across to my wash-back, put the yeast in and away you go. Rum is pretty much the same, but a lot easier. It's just molasses and water and yeast.

So I'm making single malt whisky and a dark rum. They'll be the products. I also do a peated whisky using a heavy peated barley that comes from the UK. A lot of locals are smoking with their own peat. But this doesn't have that real phenolic, medicinal taste that heavy peated whisky does. And I also do just a straight malted whisky.

Yeah, but I'm just loving it. I come up here in the morning and go, "Ah. This is wonderful". I've never been so happy doing it. I just love doing it. ■

**Sense in the sun**

Bente Hart with summer tips

Summer is here and it is time to enjoy the light and warmth. But a sad Australian statistic is that more than 2000 Australians die from skin cancer each year, mainly because they did not protect their skin from the sun or did not do it correctly. The correct usage and application of sunscreen is important.

So when using sunscreen it is important to keep the following points in mind:

- No sunscreen provides full protection so never rely on sunscreen alone for sun protection. It is recommended to combine sunscreen with sun-protective clothing, a broad-brimmed hat that protects the face, head, neck and ears, and sunglasses. Also seek shade.
- Apply sunscreen 20 minutes before you go outside and again every two hours — whether or not the label tells you to do this. Many people forget to reapply during the day and this is one of the reasons they get sunburned — it is not a fault of the product.
- Use a generous amount of sunscreen. The average-sized adult should apply more than half a teaspoonful of sunscreen (about 3ml) to each arm and another half teaspoonful to the face/neck (including ears), and just over one teaspoon (6mL) to each leg, 6ml to the front of the body and 6ml to the back of the body. That is, approximately 35ml of sunscreen for one full body application. To get an idea of the volume needed see the attached photo in which we are showing you a tube of 35mL sunscreen.
- Check and follow the 'use by' date stated on the packaging and store sunscreen below 30°C.
- If you have an allergic reaction to a sunscreen, try another brand or look for a fragrance-free product such as a toddler or sensitive sunscreen. Your pharmacist could also offer advice about choosing another product.
- If you have a smartphone, a great app for summer is the SunSmart app. This app can give you push notifications on when to apply sunscreen during the day — you set the app to the area you are in. The app can also help remind you to re-apply sunscreen and calculate how much sunscreen to apply. ■

A SELECTION OF SUNSCREENS (LEFT) AND SOME INSECT REPELLENTS, EQUALLY IMPORTANT IN SUMMER AND THE SUBJECT OF A FUTURE ARTICLE.



BENTE HART.



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A HERDER, WHO IS KNOWN LOCALLY FOR BLOODLETTING, DEMONSTRATING HIS USE OF ONE OF HIS PIERCING TOOLS.

# Bloodletting

An ongoing medical practice in Mongolia as studied by Braidwood's Dr Natasha Fijn

Mongolia is one of the few places in the world where bloodletting is still readily practiced. Within the herding community, if a family member is injured, or a lame horse requires treatment, then bloodletting is readily applied. The technique is also regularly practised in Mongolia across the practitioner spectrum, ranging from biomedical doctors and veterinarians to knowledgeable herders. Bloodletting involves the piercing or lancing of the skin at key points to encourage blood to flow from the body.

Generally, one's immediate impression of bloodletting as a medical practice is that it is an antiquated, outdated technique, ultimately discarded by modern medicine. For over two millennia, however, right up until the end of the 18th century, bloodletting was the most common and popular treatment in the European world for a wide variety of ailments. Over the course of a single generation bloodletting was almost completely abandoned. The public readily embraced a new kind of medicine with biomedical breakthroughs successfully countering disease. Bloodletting as a practice was

not limited to traditional medicine in the European medical world, however, occurring across much of Eurasia within Arabic, Ayurvedic, Chinese and Unani medical practices.

Mongolian practitioners aim to get the body into a state of equilibrium in relation to three separate components: wind (*khii*), bile (*shar*) and phlegm (*badgan*). Serous fluid (*shar us*), for instance, affects the functioning of the

skin and joints through bile flowing around the body. Mongolians divide many aspects of the world into the theory of opposites, of hot and cold. There are diseases caused by an excess of heat, or cold. In relation to bloodletting, treatment is used to cool the system when it is too hot via a selection of specific blood vessels. This means that bloodletting is suitable for the treatment of febrile diseases with an elevation in body temperature, such as headaches and fever, joint disorders and cold damage, or zoonotic diseases such as tuberculosis and leprosy.

Mongolian herders employ a pluralistic approach to medicinal treatment, often accompanying bloodletting with

BLOOD IS DRAWN UNTIL IT IS FLOWING WELL AND A BRIGHT RED COLOUR. DIFFERENT POINTS ON THE LEG ARE PIERCED TO TREAT DIFFERENT AILMENTS.



DRAWING BLOOD FROM THE HORSE'S PALATE.

other measures, such as medicinal herbs, moxibustion (the burning of herbs), ritual ceremony (*em dom*) and, if available and affordable, western medicine. Sometimes referred to as 'folk' medicine, most of these forms of treatment stem from ancient nomadic pastoral practices, including a combination of both shamanism and Buddhism.

This year I have been in the field documenting bloodletting as a Mongolian medical practice, particularly the treatment of horses by individual herders. I have been recording the type of bloodletting tools used, the timing of the procedure, the kinds of ailments that require bloodletting, including the key bloodletting points on the bodies of individual horses. Horses are symbolically and materially valuable in Mongolia with fast racehorses particularly prized by herders. Bloodletting is often applied to racehorses, not when they have a serious illness, but when they are weak in spring after a long, harsh winter. The letting of blood is used to assist the horse to gain strength and endurance for the forthcoming racing during the summer festival season (*naadam*).

A significant aspect of Mongolian medicine amongst the herding community is a focus on prevention rather than cure: accordingly it is better to build up the immunity of herd animals through appropriate herding practices, rather than to wait to heal an individual once it is sick. Often when I asked to observe specific individual cases, herders were reluctant to admit that they had any sick individuals, as they pride themselves in preventing the illnesses in the first place.

Part of my video shows the details of a skilled elder discussing how he travels around 'like a monk' to carry out bloodletting on horses for herding families in the district. Dogsom did not demonstrate actual bloodletting, as he only carries out the procedure if a horse really needs it and only on particularly auspicious days according to the Mongolian calendar. Instead he demonstrated the key bloodletting points on an individual horse. Healers come from hereditary medical lineages, so that a bloodletting practitioner has generally learnt the techniques from a parent or elder within the community. As is evident from the video segment, the practical knowledge of elders, who have learnt from their fathers through the means of oral teaching and observation, are not necessarily being passed on to the younger generation of herders in present day Mongolia.

(See: <https://vimeo.com/243621552>)

For Natasha's filmmaking website, see: <https://fijnfilms.squarespace.com>



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No one wants to serve "ordinary" when guests come to visit. For a delicious salad your guests will love, try this easy to prepare Gourmet Truffle Salad.

Salad — (per person)  
1/2 Avocado sliced & lightly brushed with lemon to prevent browning  
1/2 cup shrimps (cooked—non GMG)  
1/2 cup watercress  
1 cup mixed salad greens — we recommend mixed baby leaf lettuce, radicchio, watercress & kale  
Gently mix all ingredients. Garnish with Mongarlowe Gourmet Truffle Coconut.

Avocado Dressing:  
Add to blender: 1 clove garlic, 1 avocado, 1/2 lemon or fresh lime juice, 2 tablespoons of olive oil. Blend until it becomes a smooth paste. Add salt and pepper to taste. This is a suitable consistency with like sour cream or greek yogurt. Serve garnished with extra truffle coconut.

For extra spice add a drop of wasabi paste. For additional flavour reduce 1 tab of olive oil for 1 tab of Mongarlowe Gourmet Truffle Oil or Mongarlowe Gourmet Herb Infused Oil.

Mongarlowe Gourmet is located in the Southern Highlands of NSW, Australia. It is a clean, previously unfarmed, chemical free lowland environment, 135 km from the nearest city and nestled in a valley alongside the pristine Mongarlowe river. We produce an exclusive range of seasonal gourmet products that will satisfy the exacting standards of the most discerning food enthusiasts.

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## A foot in each camp

H. Bennett's story was published in *Barkly News Pictorial*, the forerunner to *BWD*. He passed away recently in Tennant Creek NT but his story still matters.

**J**im Bennett, my white father, was born in 1895. He was sneaking around with my Aboriginal mother and I'm the result. When my mother got big when she was carrying me, she and my Aboriginal step-father cleared out into the desert country, to no man's land and that's how I came to be born west of Bank Banka Station.

She came into Seven Mile which was called Tennant Creek then, we refer to it as the Old Telegraph station today. They knew who my father was, so when my mother was getting big, Jim cleared out in case the policeman got him and put him away for seven years. In the meantime, Jim's mother, my grandmother, was telling my mother that when she gave birth to me, to knock me on the head, kill me you know, because she didn't want her family to be disgraced with her son being a father to a black baby.

My mother had sense enough not to kill me because the Aboriginal people wanted this little coloured baby that was born in the desert country. So she

had sense enough to take me with her to Seven Mile and that's where I grew up.

When my mother and step father brought me back to Seven Mile, they were worried that the troopers and welfare people would come looking for me and that if they found me they would take me away from my family.

---

When the troopers did come looking for me at Seven Mile, my mother would bury me in the sand, which was warm and soft.

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Only my head would be sticking out and they would surround me with shrubs and bushes so I wouldn't be seen. Because my father was white, I looked fairer than the rest of my family, so my mother would cover me

with kangaroo fat and charcoal to make me appear darker, so I wouldn't be recognised. If I started to cry when the troopers came to look for me where my family was, the elders in our family would sit in a circle around where I was buried and start singing and clapping so that my crying would be drowned out and the troopers and welfare wouldn't discover that I was there.

At that time if you were an Aboriginal man and you were caught with a white girl, the Aboriginal man would go to jail for maybe 10 years. But if the white man got caught with a dark one, it was seven years jail for playing around with an Aboriginal woman.

The old Aboriginal nomads came and collected our clan, my mother and my Aboriginal step-father, and we went out bush. I was about 5 or 6 then. It was a whole tribe who'd come from the west to pick us up. In those days the nomads would go around and pick all the other clans like ours and all head out bush together. We roamed

around the desert as a clan for about two or three years, never coming back into the Telegraph line.

The old tribe that we were with decided to go to Newcastle Waters for the annual corroboree. My mother's European name is Priscilla and when we got there the policeman knew who she was and who I was too. The policeman gave my mother a job as a housemaid at the police station and they gave my stepfather a job as a yard man, cutting wood. They did that to try and keep us there because I was mixed.

So the policeman's wife started dressing me in all these European clothes. My mother had to go to work from the camp and every morning I had to go with her and my stepfather, that was the rule. The police were worried that I might run off into the bush. My white grandmother was worried too, because I was growing up fast and she was the one who was putting the police onto my mother hoping to take me away from her.

The policeman who my mother and father were working for had an old ute, one of the first cars that came out. This was in the early 1920s. He used to take me and his Aboriginal tracker to Birdum, which is now called Larrimah, to help him do the mail.

About the third time that I went with the policeman to Birdum, in about 1928 or 29, when I was 10 or 11 years old, I woke up to what was going to happen to me.

When they opened the train door and I looked inside and saw that the train was crammed with nomadic Aboriginal people, all with shackles around their necks and ankles, I knew that was the end of me and that I would never return home again.

They put me on the train and another policeman was waiting there to take me away. They took me to Darwin and of course I was lost then, I didn't know what was going on or what was happening.

I remember the last time I saw my mother was when she was running after the train, wailing and crying out

for me, along with all the other mothers whose children were being taken away. When the mothers would chase the train, they would cut their heads with rocks, bleeding for their children because they knew they would probably never see them again.

People in towns where the trains would leave from knew that there were children being taken away because they could hear the wailing of the mothers.

The coloured girls and boys were already separated when I got to Darwin, they had drafted them all. The girls were sent to the islands, some went to Croker Island or Groote Eylandt and they sent the boys down to Pine Creek. I just happened to get there the day after they had drafted them and from there they took me down to Pine Creek where I joined the rest of the coloured boys.

In about 1930-31 they sent a truck from Alice Springs to meet all the prisoners (children) coming down on the train to Birdum. The old guy that picked us up had a truck, like you pick up cattle with, except this time he was using it to pick up child prisoners.

When we came down to Alice Springs I was just frozen, real cold. I was wearing just one nightshirt and a jacket. We were barefoot with bald heads, it was terrible. In Alice Springs they tried to teach us the European way, I suppose their idea was to make us forget about our people and try to integrate us with the white people.

But they didn't give us that chance because they kept us separate all the time and we weren't allowed to mix up



with the white kids. But we still snuck around with them, we had a lot of white kid friends.

I left school in about 1934 when I was 16. While I was in Alice Springs my family was still roaming around out bush. The nomadic people in those days had to roam around on foot, no vehicle or nothing.

You might wonder if I was scared when I was taken from my family at Newcastle Waters?

Too right I was! Because I was taken away from home, I didn't know what was happening or what was going on. I blocked out all my feelings for my people because I found it easier, I didn't have to grieve then, if I ignored my feelings. Despite this, I had no feeling for white people because they weren't kind to us like my people were. We lived in little shacks at The Bungalow, sometimes there would be up to 20 or 30 of us crammed into these shacks with only a bucket to use for going to the toilet. We were like sardines in a can and in winter we would freeze.

I don't know why the Superintendent or Manager, who managed the half-cast kids at The Bungalow, took such a dislike to me, but the result I got from that is that I'm now deaf.

He flogged the shit out of me all the time and for what, I don't know. I couldn't make out why this bloke was getting into me like that all the time. "Is this the way you learn white fella way?", I thought to myself. I ran away a couple of times from there but I couldn't get a lift back, I didn't know how to get a lift back to Tennant Creek because there was no transport. There was an old lady who used to feed me behind the hill, we also used to sneak off sometimes to hunt for witchety grubs to supplement for our meagre diet.

The boss bloke that looked after the coloured kids had a wife and two white daughters and to us kids, we were all the same. We were all one family more or less, they were our friends, the white kids, colour didn't make any difference because we didn't know any different.

When we were in The Bungalow we would keep our language alive by secretly talking to each other when the white supervisors weren't around. We all spoke Walpiri, Waramungu and other languages to each other. I was the one that was getting the hidings all the time for things like speaking our own language, I got more of a hiding from the Superintendent with a bare hand than a strap.

Anyhow, instead of them sending me



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to hospital to get my ears cleaned out from the hidings, I suffered. Pus would come out and blood would be weeping out of my ears. Anyhow, he didn't last too long because he got caught playing around with the black girls there and he fathered three kids to them, which he shouldn't have done. So they kicked him out.

One day, this white man came looking for me. I had never seen him before, but this man came and asked for a little coloured boy named Harry Bennett. So he was asking everyone, "Where's Harry Bennett?, I want to take him back home to be my house boy". He wanted me to work for him, just like a negro slave for a married couple, just like in those stories you hear about — I was one of them.

Tennant Creek had just started then and this man was a chief steam engineer, there was no diesel or gasoline around in those days. He worked at the mine which now-days is called Peko. So I was a house boy then, looking after his wife, cleaning the house and washing all the clothes, you name it I did it!

But I started thinking that I shouldn't be doing this job. I put up with him till the war broke out and I knew then what I had to do. I began thinking that my white grandmother had got this man to find me and bring me to Tennant Creek. She used to come to Tennant trying to get onto me, she was still angry that I was her grandson and that I was black, she wanted to see what I looked like.

But I never ever went close to her, I kept about a hundred yards away from her all the time. I didn't have a feeling for her or my white father, I had more of a feeling for my Aboriginal step-father because he reared me, looked after and fed me.

When the war broke in 1939, I broke too! I got the first truck from Tennant Creek to Alice Springs and from there to Daly Waters. I got a job there with the army where I travelled around and worked.

In all that time though, I worked for nothing, never got a dollar. So I don't know where all that money went!

My white father recognised me years later and explained to me why he hadn't been with me, he would've liked to have seen me grow up, he said. He knew that he had a little pickaninny around somewhere in this country. He had to clear away, run away in case the policeman locked him up and chained him like a dog. It was after the war, in 1938 when I was 20 years old that I saw him again. He said to me, "Do you know me?" I said "I don't think so" but I knew him alright, I never ever made myself known to him, as to who I was, whether I was his son or not. The fact that he had left my mother wasn't really an issue anymore because she was now married to an Aboriginal man, my stepfather. My dad was 31 when he sired me, he was in his sixties when I met him later on. It was a bit hard, I do think about him now because people that knew him and people that I talked to would say I was just like him. I came back here just before the War when I was travelling round to find my old stepfather, but he had passed away at Renner Springs.

There are only five of us older Aboriginal people who are in bloodline with that old white grandmother of ours. She hated the fact that all her boys had affairs with Aboriginal women, but they defied her.

We are proud of one another you know! We're not like the old grandmother! If she was still alive today she would have turned her back on us, but all the extended family get on well now.

There is no use in continually holding grudges against people, to whom we feel are responsible for what happened to the stolen children. We have to get on with our lives, acknowledge what happened and move on. ■



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ME AND MERRIE AT THE FRONT OF AN ANKALUN ORCHESTRA. (SEE OVER THE PAGE)

# News from up there

A sweat-soaked missive from Greg Sugden as he travels through Thailand with Merrie Hamilton

For the past month [September] we have parked ourselves in Lampang, in the north of Thailand. It is the tail end of the rainy season so every day, and usually several times a day, the sky darkens dramatically and torrential rain like we rarely see in Australia, hammers down for 15-20 minutes.

Then it stops and the sun comes out and 10 minutes later the roads are dry and the humidity which is already sitting at 100% goes up another 100%. Since we are getting around on a motorbike, we have to time our runs.

On a normal day, we rise about 6am, squeeze a fresh lemon juice, walk down our street to a laneway and then along the muddy, fast-flowing Wang River until we get to one of Lampang's few landmarks — the Ratsada Bridge. A feature of the bridge crossing is the dynamic, aerial display of several hundred black and white swallows that zoom over, under and around the bridge. I always stop and watch them for a few minutes. You could reach out and touch them as they flick by.

Immediately on the other side of the bridge is the morning market that teems with food and produce. There is row after row of all manner of fruit and

vegies, some familiar some not, and every part of a chicken and pig — including the gizzards and other innards — are displayed hanging or draped across metal tables without refrigeration. Flies love it in here. There are frogs roasting on skewers, whole fish being barbecued, small eels swimming in plastics bags, large eels gasping in tubs as well as crickets, crabs, molluscs waiting to be boiled alive and caterpillars, beetles and grubs being fried in different sauces.

The Thais eat all the way down the food chain and then some. Plus, there is cooking — dozens of stalls are cooking, frying, broiling and roasting vats of curries and soups and pastes for breakfast being served with noodles or rice in a clear plastic bag secured with a rubber band. A dozen monks occupy all the entrances to the market with individual people kneeling in front of them while the monks chant over them in return for alms. The market is packed and closes around 9am.

We buy familiar boring items like lemons, apples, broccoli, avocados, fresh coconut juice in the obligatory plastic bag. I usually buy a packet of hot, deep fried doughy things and Merrie buys a sort of waffle toasted

while you wait and wrapped in a banana leaf and a plastic bag. As well as the many visual attractions of the market, the prices are rock bottom.

By the time we walk back to our hotel, even at 7.00 in the morning, my singlet and shirt are totally soaked with perspiration. What am I saying? Before I get to the bridge, my singlet and shirt are soaked. I think I've said it before — Thailand is not a country, it's an oven.

On this trip, we developed friendships initiated on previous trips and found some new people as well.

One couple we had met up with many times before was Neal and Mouy. Neal is an Englishman who teaches English at a school outside of Lampang and Mouy who runs a café in town, is his partner and soon-to-be wife.

Mouy has been married twice before



## TRAVEL FEATURE

to men who had abused her and Neal loves her, treats her with respect and is warm-hearted and has a generosity of spirit that he carries easily.

They have been together now for more than three years and Neal has taken on caring for Mouy's two children and grandchild. Neal gives English lessons at a private college in the evening and I sat in on one of them where his students were studying law at uni during the day and wanting to bring their conversational English up to speed at night.

Our last day in Lampang started with our usual trip to the market and then being picked up at our hotel at 10am by Rewutr, Thailand's leading artist potter, and his wife Yao and daughter, Sine. He drives a luxurious big, black van/people-mover with leather seats and blacked out windows. They drove us about 35 kms out of town to a two-storey, teak restaurant on stilts surrounded by forest. This is the fifth time Rewutr has taken us to amazingly unusual eateries and, as usual, he thwarted my attempt to pay the bill. Sine, in her late twenties has good English, her parents have little to none.

After a lengthy brunch of many deli-



THE BAMBOO BRIDGE WE'D BEEN LOOKING FOR.

cious courses, and Sine acting as translator, we hopped back into the van, drove a short distance and pulled off the road where there were many other cars parked. I thought, "Oh no! not another bloody temple" — the Thais have a penchant for showing visitors Buddhist temples.

We climbed up a small hill out of the carpark to a view that had my eyes springing out on stalks. Here was the bamboo bridge across the rice fields that we had heard of, and set out looking for on our motorbike, without finding, several times during our stay.

Unbeknown to Rewutr, he had delivered us our most sought-after location on our last day in Lampang. Walking on the bamboo bridge as it gave beneath you was a strange experience and ultimately it did wind its way to a temple but, hey! We found the bridge that we'd seen only in photos.

It is true that Thailand is known as the land of smiles. On this trip I have realised they have another quality — patience. They are sooo patient. At home, I would consider myself a patient person. if someone cuts in on me or suddenly turns in front of me

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without indicating, I don't even comment. I wasn't always so accommodating but Merrie will testify that generally, I am an even-tempered, patient person. Over here, I have become a cantankerous, deranged psycho in dire need of a course in anger management.

Our bus trip was a good example. We arrived at the Lampang bus station at 10am and bought a ticket for the 11am bus to Phayao. Bus stations are a good people watch so we sat with our luggage and took it in. At 10.50 our bus arrived. Unfortunately, it wasn't the air conditioned, modern coach we were hoping for but an old 1950s rattle-trap with worn out uncomfortable seats, no suspension and no air-con. We boarded, crammed into our seats and waited. The driver had left the motor running so the diesel exhaust was pouring in through the open back door. After ten minutes, the bus had not moved and I had a sore throat from breathing in the fumes. As the temperature inside the bus rose, the babies and toddlers were starting to get restless.

After another ten minutes, Merrie and I were wondering what the hell the hold up was. It was a three-hour trip

and the bus was supposed to arrive in Phayao at 2pm. After being slowly broiled inside our tin can, I was getting rather tetchy as other buses were pulling in on either side of us, disgorging and loading passengers and leaving while our bus just stood there. What made the situation ever so more frustrating was that the other passengers, all Thais, were taking it in their stride and just sitting patiently. No-one looked the slightest bit concerned. After enduring this intolerable situation for a full fifty minutes, with my throat red raw and watery eyes burning from the fumes and in a lather of perspiration, I was ready to crack.

**I was about to jump out onto the platform, grab anyone who could drive a bus and half-throttle them before dragging him or her by the ears into the driver's seat.**

Then suddenly without warning or any rhyme or reason, the driver who had

been sitting there unseen the whole time, started to ease out of the terminal. No-one else even looked interested, let alone, surprised. WTF?

## Phayao

We ended up spending a month in Phayao where we rented a modern apartment through AirBnB for \$21 a night. Phayao is surrounded by mountains and located on a freshwater lake. We arrived in Phayao without knowing a soul and left after bonding with several different groups of people. The meetings happen by accident and the advantage of staying put in one place is that it allows time for a friendship to develop.

One couple who enabled us to have our two most interesting experiences in Phayao was Samran and his wife Arunee — both Thais. While riding out in the suburbs one morning, Merrie noticed a sign pointing down an alley to a museum. It was located in the grounds of a temple and it was closed. It was a beautiful temple but nothing special, just a little temple in the 'burbs. There were a few monks and other bods wandering around and we sat in the shade under a tree. Soon Samran appeared speaking broken



GETTING READY TO LEAD THE PARADE WITH OUR PEACOCKS.

English. He arranged to get the key and opened the museum for us. Expecting to see the usual museum displays of Thai culture, we nearly dropped when he opened the doors. It was jam-packed, floor to ceiling full of Thai retro from the 50s and 60s. Movie posters featuring Thai actors and action scenes as well as dozens of display cabinets with tumblers, cigarette packets, matchboxes, lollies, tins of tea and coffee, moneyboxes, Asianised Coke and Fanta bottles, lots of records, household cleaners, medicines, yo yos and the like. All beautifully displayed in multiples — two rooms full of it. It showed that Thai boys had combed-back, Brylcreamed hairdos and that Thai girls had beehives and danced the twist back then, just like in the West. In the following week Samran took us to his rice farm and his home.

But these were not the two experiences.

Samran invited us to come back to the temple in a few days time at 9am for a special celebration that is staged annually. Without knowing what to expect we arrived at the temple at 9 and saw that a major event involving about 250 people was beginning. Except for about a dozen monks, everyone was dressed in white (inexplicably I had chosen to wear a pure white shirt that morning for the first time). Out the front of the temple a troupe of women dressed in traditional costume were performing a gentle dance.

The sequence of events that followed is too involved to describe in detail here. In brief, against our wish to just sit and watch, Merrie and I were roped by Samran into leading a parade while

we each held a peacock with a fantail made of money. The parade we led consisted of about ten of us up front holding our peacocks while behind us the 250 'parishioners' in white danced with their arms in the air accompanied by clashing cymbals and a loud drum band with discordant wind instruments.

**After the second circuit around the temple things deteriorated when I was relieved of my peacock and forced to dance with my arms in the air for the next lap to the great amusement of everybody.**

Merrie avoided the embarrassment of having to dance by blatantly refusing to let go of her peacock.

After the parade, Samran and Arunee ushered us into the temple full of people including twenty young Thai students sitting together dressed in their school uniforms. One by one, each student was presented with an envelope containing money.

Merrie and I were given the honour of presenting an envelope to a child and then posing for a photo. These were underprivileged children whose parents could not afford the cost of their education and were being sponsored for the upcoming year by the temple. After performing more duties in the official temple we headed across the courtyard to an open-walled temple.

Samran insisted that we sit up the front with all the important people facing ten monks sitting on cushions facing us. Then a whole lot of Buddhist things happened. White strings were fed out around the temple so that we VIPs up the front could hold one. The monks chanted endlessly for what seemed like two hours but was probably only twenty minutes.

Merrie and I were given the duty of kneeling before a monk and presenting him with his new robes for the year. Water was sprayed around by a monk holding a bucket and a brush etc. I speak irreverently but I think I converted to Buddhism that morning — Thai Buddhism anyway.

After a few more duties, we all retired outside to the red plastic tables and chairs set up under the trees for a lunch of many courses. By way of thanks I performed my disappearing handkerchief trick (which I have now perfected) to the amazement and applause of everybody.

The second experience involving Samran followed a couple of weeks later, and again involved us featuring at a special day at a bigger temple with everybody dressed in their finery. This time we were coerced into joining about 50 other players at the front of an Ankalun orchestra. The Ankalun is a handheld musical instrument made of bamboo pipes. When it is shaken violently, it produces a single musical note. The conductor stood out the front on a box and when he made a particular shape with his hand, a player shook their Ankalun — you kept shaking until he made a new shape.

With his hands constantly making



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new shapes, you dare not take your eyes off him lest he make your shape again. Often you played your note for only a second or two. It was surprisingly easy to do and the resulting melody and depth of sound was impressive. Again, we were fed and feted as celebrities.

Let me finish up by telling you about the Loy Krathong festival. It is held at night and is a visually beautiful and emotionally moving festival involving whole families, where a prayer is said before a little boat made of flowers and a lighted candle is placed in the lake and pushed away — thousands of them bobbing around. Another important aspect of the festival is the release of sky lanterns. The cylindrical lanterns are more than a metre high and half metre in diameter and when the air inside is heated, they rise gracefully into the sky in their hundreds from different points all along the lake for hour after hour for two nights in a row.

They take with them either the problems and worries, or the hopes and aspirations, of the people who launch them. The magical effect of seeing hundreds of golden lanterns rising and floating silently in front of a full moon, is difficult to explain.

And finally — our apartment overlooked one of Phayao's best restaurants called So Good. There were two house bands that played there every night and we two groupies watched them play a couple of dozen times.

The first band was a trio who did songs in English from the 'Hang Down Your Head Tom Dooley' era. Even stranger was that no one in the band could speak a word of English. They didn't know what they were singing about the whole time they were on stage and they mispronounced many, if not most, of the words. This rather incongruous performance was offset by the fact that they were excellent musicians with fine voices.

The second band was a very talented and professional six-piece outfit who sang mostly in Thai although towards the end of the evening, did a few songs in English. They did a very good version of Hotel California which Merrie requested several times. They had the guitar solos at the end down pat. Before we left we bought them all a lottery ticket. Oh, and I fell in love with the female lead singer.

Now we're off to Chiang Rai and we're already missing Phayao. We have stayed in Chiang Rai twice before. Sometimes it is a mistake to go back but we'll see. ■



## Something for every body

Cecile Galiazzo

In a world that sometimes appears bleak and the 6 o'clock news bombards us with horror and grief, it can be a relief to focus on the humour and fun in life. Thinking about how we age, and the mental health of our elders, is best seen in the context of how we are when we are young.

Remember what you loved as a child — what was your favourite game, where did your imagination run to? Mine was climbing trees. Continuing to follow our passions and interests as we age is a vital key of ageing well.

Babies and children learn about their world through their ability to connect through the senses, movement, object and imaginative play, and stories. We are born in a state of wonderment, and learning develops through play and creativity at every stage of life.

Creativity and health are not mutually exclusive. Studies into the beneficial effect of the arts, music, dance etc, on the state of mental and physical health are well documented. For example: Painting with Parkinson's, Dancing For Life, Music and Memory. Indeed it is through the act of being creative,

that we 'connect' to ourselves and others. This connection becomes our narrative and story of who we are and reflects the talents and strengths we are born with.

We are all innately creative — and can express ourselves through the creative acts of gardening, cooking, playing, singing, writing, painting, crafting ... and the list goes on. A sense of satisfaction and completion through that which we make and create, brings a sense of wellbeing that impacts on all facets of health — emotional, physical and mental.

Play, learn, laugh, create and connect through all the years — your health will benefit and you'll have fun along the way! ■

Cecile Galiazzo is an artist, yoga teacher and nurse with a lifelong interest in both art making and living well. She can be contacted regarding: arts health education, consultation and engagement; field study art excursions; creative ageing workshops; personal yoga programs and classes; kids art sessions; disability and aged care support choices at [info@artsandwellbeing.com.au](mailto:info@artsandwellbeing.com.au)

It's December. Let's hope we have planted enough Christmas vegetables and are ready for the silly season's most amazing day of sharing our beautifully grown produce and fun times with family and friends. Christmas day and the January holiday generally means delicious salads of lettuce, endive, radicchio, celeriac and cabbage slaws; red onions, spring onions, to name just a few. These you will have planted in mid spring or late winter depending on the vegetable. You might also have some early tomatoes, cucumbers and peppers, planted in early October under cover if you are lucky. So it's time to plant for your

WYNLEN'S  
GARDEN IN

SUMMER 17

autumn harvest. Bush pumpkin and corn seedlings, beans and potatoes can still be planted in late December in anticipation of a warm and mild autumn which will extend our growing season by that critical few weeks. This has been a feature of the last two autumn seasons and is expected to continue however, there is no betting on the weather so don't think too much just plant.

You can keep planting your beetroot seedlings. There is time for them to develop and for you to enjoy juicy beets in your roast meals in March and April. Leave a few entirely to the last minute in late autumn to harvest so they are big enough for pickling. I have a fantastic sophisticated pickling recipe for beetroot — spicy and full of flavour, ready for the next. Keep planting fennel seedlings, lettuce and silver-beet. These will still be producing well into late autumn. You can plant asian greens but they may go to seed in the

January heat before fully maturing so best leave them until later in the season. Don't forget that shade cloth can be very useful at this time year. January is when you need to be planting out some of the slow growing brassica seedlings we want to eat over winter, particularly Brussel sprouts and cauliflower.

Keep feeding your garden beds when you replant your beds, using the formulae provided in the Autumn BWD issue. Manure and compost amendments are top priority with blood and bone for nitrogen and phosphorus. The use of complete sea weed based liquid fertiliser at 4 week intervals will ensure your veggies have top up nutrients to reach full harvest maturity.

Remember, happy vegetables make happy humans. ■



**Wynlen House Village Farm** is sharing the secrets of their 12 year success as market gardeners and micro farmers. Learn from the people who know how to grow and how to teach. These three on-farm workshops will help you become self sufficient or commercially viable growers in cool climate Australia. Courses are created & taught by Helen Lynch and Bronwyn Richards. Helen is a qualified & experienced adult educator, Bronwyn is an experienced small farmer and principal gardener at Wynlen House.



### **Growing Garlic in Cool Climate Australia, Sunday 11th February, 2018**

Garlic is well suited to growing as a backyard or micro commercial crop. Discover selecting and sourcing varieties, soil husbandry and preparation, planting techniques, nurturing your crop, pests and diseases, harvest and drying.

### **All Season Cool Climate Vegetable Growing, Sunday 11th March 2018.**

Focuses on successful organic vegetable production based on high yielding intensive polyculture in areas where overnight winter temperatures are often below zero.

### **Small Farm Animal Husbandry, Sunday, 18th March, 2018.**

Learn to apply organic principles to raising poultry, sheep or pigs so you and your family can raise delicious meat and eggs with a basic understanding of animal welfare, nutrition, animal behaviour, humane handling and basic health care.

All workshops are on a Sunday from 9.30am to 3.30pm and cost \$175 per person GST inclusive. Couples discounts are available.

Call **02 48421127** or visit <https://www.wynlenhouse.com/growing-in-a-cool-climate.html> for on-farm and online workshops.

**L**ove the feel of the great outdoors? Braidwood Outdoors has something to please everyone on your gift list this year.

For the gardener we have an exclusive range of DeWit handcrafted tools, hand-

made in Holland, built to last and will most likely become toolshed heirlooms. There is a beautiful new range of 'Hair on Hide' leather wallets and bags for the ladies, as well as stylish but functional handbags, belts and jewellery.

For the man about the house we have Australian-made gun slings, Akubra hats, belts, torches, binoculars and the always popular Leatherman Multi Tools. We also stock a range of archery and hunting gear and spotlights, as well as camping gear, pocket knives, thermoses and caps.

We have a large range of Wrangler, Thomas Cook and Ariat jeans and shirts for both men and women. And what little girl wouldn't be delighted to receive a pair of pink, embroidered cowboy boots? So come in and let the team help you with your Christmas shopping this year.



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**E**ach end of financial year every hospital auxiliary has to put in audited financial returns to the United Hospital Auxiliaries of NSW Inc, which is our head office.

These figures are coordinated, consolidated and supplied to the Ministry of Health.

As a reward to various auxiliaries, prizes are given in various categories such as, Metropolitan Hospitals, Country Hospitals and Multi Purpose Services. Certificates are also given for auxiliaries that raise over \$500 per member and over \$20,000 per auxiliary and the most money raised per category. For the past seventeen years Braidwood Auxiliary has won a certificate for both those amounts.

In the 2016/2017 financial year the auxiliary raised \$51,011.73 and in so doing won the plaque for the most money raised by a Multi Purpose Service. Little Braidwood with its twenty members beat all the other Multi Purpose Services in NSW, all thanks to the generosity of the residents of Braidwood and the hard working auxiliary members. ■

## Well done team

Frank Judge on our quiet achievers



FRANK AND JILL JUDGE.

## Stories from the road

Erika Mordek drives herself to abstraction

**A**s a commuter between Canberra and Braidwood, I do most of my thinking in the car — me, the road and the big expanse of sky and country, possibly some music — no distractions.

The mind is free to wander, and doing so I craft the most excellent sentences for any potential blog; these are lost as I have no recourse to pen and paper or a voice recorder.

The mind is such an incredible piece of machinery; hence the problem with the free flow of connections is that from one idea an innumerable amount of connections come in quick succession, and before you know it you are on a totally different track. One minute you are thinking about the clouds, and the next you are off on some tangent about Australia's political structure.

What is interesting about the drive is its changing landscape: paddocks sectioned off by tree enclosures, planted at least 10 years ago. Unsurprisingly, sheep and cattle dot the landscape. New homes springing up like mushrooms. Please remember that I haven't driven this road as often as you; I've been away for seven years.

**In my head I can recapitulate my day's work, brain dump as it were, and leave the office behind.**

I have a new job, you see. At least for a little while I will be reference librarian. I will answer tricky copyright questions or tell you how to order pictures. Some answers are straightforward, others circuitous.

Let me tell you about Frank H Johnston. To say that Frank H Johnston was interested in cattle would be an understatement. He wrote monographs on the state of cattle breeding in Australia. He travelled to Argentina, Japan and the United States to research cattle breeding. He was most concerned about dwarfism in Hereford cattle.

What bought him to my mind are his innumerable photos of Australian cattlemen. The National Library of Australia houses some 13000 negatives of his photographs, taken between 1951 and 1961. You could say that anything taken in black and white, anything 'retro' is 'cool', but within his photos he had an eye; he captured a person, a sense of a place, as well as capturing thousands of shots of Hereford beef.

Frank travelled the outback regions of the Northern Territory, South Australia and Queensland to interview and document cattle breeders. His photos capture incredible moments of intimate social interaction between the people working on the stations he visited.

I was asked to find his photo. Imagine sifting through thirteen thousand photos. We have boxes of his papers, published and unpublished manuscripts; folders upon folders of uncatalogued negatives and photographs. Where do I even start? At photo number one. As I waded my way through his well documented photos of cattle, stockmen



ORIGINAL THUMBNAILS OF FRANK'S PHOTOS.

and squatters, I realised I had very little chance of finding an actual image of Frank. After all, who photographs the photographer?

I was just about to give up when I found the photo of Frank and the pig [below].

What a lucky break!

I've been thinking about Frank H. Johnston for days now, not so much because I'm interested in cattle, but because he was a relatively unknown man doing extraordinary things.

The world is full of 'little' people doing big things, for the sheer love of it. They don't do it for the prestige, nor for any financial gain, but simply because they can.

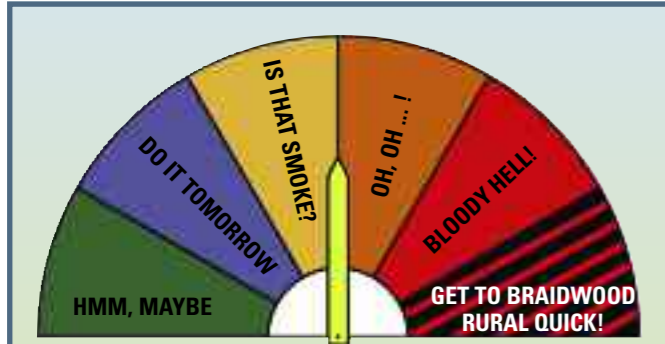
And while institutions and the media fawn and bow and collect artefacts from the 'big', important figures, I put to you that the world is a better place not necessarily because of these 'big' people, but due to the efforts of the quiet achievers.

I hope that you get the chance to discover someone and tell the world about their achievements.

What will I think of next on my commute? ■

FRANK H. JOHNSTON AFTER A PIG SHOOT.





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*Braidwood Country Garden*

Sue Kingsford launches a book

In all my years of passionate rose growing, I've loved roses for just forever — I planted my first rose 78 years ago, believe it or not. My grandmother gave me a little plot of land, and I planted something, and it grew, and it was great.

I've loved roses ever since. But in all the years I was in the Rose Society and into heritage roses, I think I've learned more in the last three years from Dennis. He has completely revolutionised the official, normal rules of rose growing. Anybody who has looked at the Old Parliament House Rose Gardens in the last few years would understand that Dennis has a genius for training people and his methods are just amazing.

He has listened to his plants, whether they're roses or anything else. He's listened to them and learned what the plants want. He's changed all my old worn out methods of rose growing, his pruning methods are marvellous.

We're so thankful that he has put on paper the passion and the forty years of experience, both scientific and practical. The passion shines through with what he's done with Old Parliament House and thank goodness we now have this book.

They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks, but I'm learning something from Dennis every day. I'm so glad that this has been printed and I think everybody in a cold climate should have one of these. It's not just roses. There's fruit trees that need attention, of course. And there are lists of what plants are suitable. I think most gardeners will try anything. If they love it, they want it in their garden, they put it in, and usually it's rather disappointing because it's the wrong climate for it.

Anyway, I urge you all to look at this wonderful book.

Sue Kingsford is President of the NSW Rose Society and co-owner of 'Roses & Friends' wholesale rose suppliers.

Dennis's book *Braidwood Country Garden* is on sale in Braidwood at: The Community Bank, Concepts Café, The Serrated Tussock and the Visitor Information Centre. \$30 rrp.



Crafty or Not was started about two years ago when we noticed that a number of new women attending St Andrews Anglican Parish were not getting to know each other or other church goers. Craft, a chat, and the opportunity to have a cuppa seemed like a good idea. We did not want it to be exclusive so the word went out, eight to ten women turned up and the rest is history.

We have been encouraged to drag out those things that hadn't seen the light of crafty hands for all sorts of reasons, and after some encouragement, have now been happily completed.

Some have attempted new crafts they hadn't tried before, so, with the help of those who are slightly more skilled and who were able to put their teaching skills into practice, other things have been achieved. So in a way we are all teachers and learners alike.

We have even had cooking lessons

**Crafty or Not**

Lynda Avery picks up the thread



and when there is an over abundance of produce it is shared as are recipes that help deal with a glut of some vegetable or fruit.

An activity that has drawn interest has

been the knitting of little jumpers and beanies for babies in Bougainville where there is great poverty. We have contact with a medical team that goes up there every year so in early September we packed up a number of these little garments to go there. Thank you to all who have and still are participating in being able to send that gift away.

A number of our group participated in making a quilt for a couple who lost everything in a house fire. As needs are brought to our attention we are able to decide whether we are able to help or not.

The group started out meeting twice a month but we quickly realised that there was a need to make it a weekly event.

We meet at the Anglican Parish rectory from 10am to noon each Thursday. Everyone is welcome to pop in for morning tea and a chat. ■



**FRAMING FOR CHRISTMAS**

It's time to prepare for the Christmas season and gift giving. There are always particular loved ones for whom it is almost impossible to find the perfect present. Rebekah Hamilton at Round the Bend Art and Framing Studio on Monkitee Street has some suggestions.

Bek and her family moved to Braidwood two and a half years ago from Sydney where she had been framing and producing artwork (a happy combination) for over 20 years. She has been up and running as your local framer for 18 months now, offering a full custom picture framing service.

Bek has framed many a family treasure and believes that the gift of a custom framed item can be one of the most personal and unique ways to celebrate beloved relationships.

Here are some ideas:-

- Children's artwork — straight up or cut into shapes ( a heart) and floated in a box frame.
- Photos photos photos!! Candid and quirky or those old wedding or baby shots that you never got around to framing. Maybe a photo collage.
- Old family heirlooms — jewellery that may never be worn but deserves to be displayed, lace gloves, doilies, hankies, needlework, christening gowns, ballet shoes, medals, documents, a favourite item from childhood.
- Special theatre programs, concert tickets, LP covers, letters.
- Tea Towels, T-Shirts, Trinkets
- Jerseys and collectible bits and pieces
- Significant music sheets, newspapers, posters
- Number plates, drum sticks, plectrums
- Memorabilia from travels — coins, tickets, maps

Round the Bend Art and Framing Studio is open Tues–Thurs 10-5 and many other times by appointment (kids willing).

Bek will be taking orders where possible right up to the 23rd December. Don't hesitate to give her a call to discuss any of your weird and wonderful individually custom framed Christmas gift ideas.

In this case — let Christmas drive you 'round the bend!



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**From the CWA**

A fruit cake is always handy to keep in the cupboard. They keep well, stay fresh and if anyone comes over, it's lovely to put a piece of fruit cake on the table.

All rich fruit cakes need time to 'mature', the secret is to soak the fruit for a minimum of two days, preferably at least a week. Alcohol (port, sherry or brandy) helps the cake to keep fresh. Once the cake is cool, store at room temperature wrapped securely in baking paper and foil.

**White Christmas**

My mother or grandmother did all the cooking at Christmas time but from my teens I was trusted enough to make White Christmas. As my grandmother and mother aged and my cousins' tiny tots came to visit, I replaced the nuts with small bits of glace ginger or dried apricots — no choking then.

Elizabeth Heath

- 1 cup rice bubbles
- 1 cup powdered milk
- 1 cup mixed fruit (comprising of sultanas, raisins, cherries and nuts (chopped almonds))
- 1 cup coconut
- ¾ cup icing sugar
- 170 grams (6oz) melted cophera
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ teaspoon salt

Mix all the ingredients together. Grease dish and press mixture into it. Put in the refrigerator to set. When cold, cut into cubes, store in the fridge.

**Christmas Rocky Road**

- 1 packet of white chocolate melts
  - 1 cup of white marshmallows, chopped
  - 1 cup dessicated coconut
  - 1 cup macadamia nuts, chopped
- Melt chocolate and then add other ingredients. Smooth into a lamington tin and refrigerate.



**Rich Fruit Cake**

- 225g (1 ½ cups) sultanas
- 255g (1 ½ cups) currants
- 255g (1 ½ cups) chopped raisins
- 80g (½ cup) chopped red glace cherries
- 120g (¾ cup) mixed peel
- 110g (⅔ cup) blanched almonds, chopped
- 80ml (⅓ cup) sherry or brandy
- 250 (1 ⅔ cups) plain flour
- 50g (½ cup) self raising flour
- ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon ground cloves
- ½ teaspoon ground ginger
- 250g butter, softened
- 245g (1 ⅓ cups) lightly packed brown sugar
- ½ teaspoon lemon essence or finely grated lemon zest
- ½ teaspoon vanilla essence
- ½ teaspoon almond essence
- 4 large eggs



Mix together all the fruit and nuts and sprinkle with sherry or brandy. Cover and leave for at least 1 hour, preferably overnight. (The longer the better.) Preheat oven to 160C (315F/Gas 2-3). Grease a deep 20cm (8in) round cake tin and line base and sides with two layers of brown paper and then a layer of baking paper. Sift together the flours and spices. Cream butter, sugar and essence. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each egg. Alternately add fruit and flour mixtures. Mix thoroughly — the mixture should be stiff enough to support a wooden spoon. Place mixture into the prepared tin, smooth the surface and bake for about 3 ½ to 4 hours. Allow cake to cool in the tin.

**Light Fruit Cake**

- 450g (3 cups) plain flour
  - 1 teaspoon baking powder
  - 250g butter, softened
  - 220g (1 cup) caster sugar
  - 4 large eggs
  - 1 teaspoon vanilla essence
  - Pinch of salt
  - 370g (2 cups) mixed dried fruit
- Preheat oven to 160C (315F/Gas 2-3). Grease and line a deep 20cm (8in) round cake tin. Sift together flour and baking powder. Combine butter, sugar, eggs, vanilla and salt in a large bowl and beat until creamy. Add mixed fruit and flour mixture and stir to combine. Place mixture in prepared tin and smooth the surface. Bake for 1 ¾ hours or until cooked when tested with a skewer. Allow cake to cool in the tin.

**Boiled Fruit Pudding**

- 255g (1 ½ cups) sultanas, chopped
- 260g (1 ⅔ cups) mixed peel
- 255g (1 ½ cups) raisins, chopped
- 115g (¾ cup) currants
- 100ml (3 ½ fl oz) dark rum
- 250g butter, softened
- 245g (1 ⅓ cups) lightly packed brown sugar
- 5 eggs
- 150g (1 cup) plain flour
- 1 teaspoon mixed spice
- ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
- Pinch of salt
- 120g (2 cups) lightly packed fresh soft white breadcrumbs

Prepare Pudding Cloth — Boil calico cloth for 30 minutes, wring out and rub with flour. A cloth which has been used a number of times is more pliable. Combine all the fruit in a bowl and stir through the rum. In a large bowl, cream the butter and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in prepared fruit and rum. Add sifted dry ingredients together with the breadcrumbs. Mix well. Place prepared cloth inside a large colander. Pour the mixture into the cloth and fasten securely with string, allowing extra string for a handle. Place pudding into a saucepan of



rapidly boiling water and boil steadily for 4 ½ hours. Top up with boiling water as necessary. Remove pudding and hold over the saucepan to allow any water to drain off. Hang the pudding for a few days until the cloth is dry. Then wrap in plastic bag and place in refrigerator. Christmas Eve — remove pudding from fridge. Christmas Day — boil for another hour. Cut string, turn pudding onto plate and let stand for 15 minutes.

**Merry Berry Pudding**

- 2 punnets of Strawberries
  - 3 punnets of Raspberries
  - 1 punnet Blueberries
  - 1 cup caster sugar
  - 1 cup orange juice
  - Zest of orange
  - 1 loaf stale white bread (crusts removed and sliced)
  - 50 ml Cointreau
  - ½ tablespoon of gelatine (optional — if planning to eat within 24 hours)
- Wash and hull the strawberries. Place the sugar, orange juice and zest into a saucepan bring to simmering point. Add the strawberries, blueberries and 2 punnets of raspberries. Stir gently taking care not to crush the berries. (Place gelatine in a bowl and stir in 3 tablespoons of cold water. When firm microwave on high for 10-30 seconds, until it is hot and liquid). Stir the Cointreau (and gelatine if using) into the berry mixture, then turn off the heat. Strain the berries and reserve the liquid. Puree the 3rd punnet of raspberries with a small amount of the berry liquid.

Line a 2litre pudding bowl with plastic wrap. Dip the slices of bread into the raspberry puree, then use the bread to line the pudding bowl. Half fill the bread lined bowl with half of the drained fruit and pour over some of the berry juice.

Cover the top of the fruit with slices of bread, dipped in the raspberry puree. Add the remaining fruit on top and final slices of bread and more liquid. Cover the surface with plastic wrap. Place a piece of cardboard to cover the bowl and weight it down lightly with a medium size can of food. Tip onto a serving platter, dust with icing sugar and serve with dollop of thick cream.

**From Rebecca Soames**

I found a good recipe for welsh toffee 'taffy' that 'Blue Nan', Faith Soames, used to make on Christmas Eve as a child. This was a Welsh tradition following carolling that evening.

**Welsh taffy (toffee)**

- You need a large heavy saucepan and a baking tray greased with butter.
  - 650g soft brown sugar
  - 110g salted butter
  - the juice of half a lemon
  - 75ml water
- Dissolve the sugar in the water, over a low heat. Next, add the lemon and the butter. Boil these together for about 15 minutes or until a small piece dropped into a cup of cold water hardens. Tip from the pan onto the buttered tray and work it back and forth with a palette knife until cool enough to handle. Make into a long sausage shape.

Once taffy is cool, use well buttered hands to pull and roll into golden sausages. Either form these into shapes or cut into bite size pieces. Leave to completely cool and store in an airtight container lined with grease-proof paper for up to one month.

**From Wynlen House**

This is a dish we served at an "appertivo" we held for local eateries to showcase fresh seasonal produce and what spectacular dishes it creates..

**Celeriac and Cabbage Slaw**

Celeriac is a root vegetable that many people don't know about and have never cooked. This is a great shame because it is just a wonderful vegetable with a mild, sweet celery-like flavour. It is often steamed then mashed, or roasted. It can be made into a perfect souffle. In this recipe it is used raw. Wash and peel about 200g of celeriac. Wynlen House Village farm is one of the few celeriac growers in our region so do ask them when it will be on-stall in Braidwood. Wash and finely dice a small cabbage - it doesn't matter what kind although a red cabbage or a sugarloaf would be ideal. Add a few spring onions, parsley is always great, and perhaps a little chilli. Your ratio is about ¼ celeriac to ¾ cabbage. But if you have more celeriac do use it because it will be delicious anyway. Get a good quality egg mayonnaise or make your own. Toss all the ingredients in the mayonnaise until just coated. It is important not to have a mixture sloppy with mayo. Spare the mayo and save the dish should be your motto. We need the vegetables to dominate the flavour and texture of the salad. Put in a pretty bowl and chill for at least 30 minutes. Serve chilled. ■

**Christmas church services around Braidwood**

St Bede's Catholic Church:	St Andrew's Anglican Church:	Uniting Church:
Christmas services: Saturday night 6pm - 23rd December Sunday night 6pm - Christmas Eve	Christmas Eve 24th December: 9 am Sung Eucharist, Braidwood 6pm Family Carols and Christmas Pageant, Braidwood Christmas Day 25th 7.30 am Majors Creek 9.30 am Braidwood	Christmas Eve Service 10 am Sunday 24 December 2017  Araluen Service - Joint Uniting & Anglican Service 7pm Thursday 21 December 2017

## NEW FACES AROUND THE PLACE

by Margaret Tuckwell



Aaron Sweeney

**A**aron was born in Country Cork in Ireland and has always had a passion to ride horses. With his mother and sister keen horsewomen and being born in a country known for horse breeding, training and racing this set him on his way.

In 1999 Aaron joined the 'Racing Academy and Centre for Education (RACE) a training school for horse-racing jockeys located on the lands of the Irish National Stud — a thoroughbred horse breeding facility in Tully County Kildare. The Trainee Jockey Course is a foundation course in race riding and stable work, a residential 42 week program where students typically go on to either jockey apprenticeships or stable work after completing the course. Like many others, Aaron found horse racing very competitive in Ireland and so he looked to further pastures and found himself in Australia.

Aaron began his career in Australia in 2011 as an amateur jockey, three seasons and at the end of 2014 he became a professional jockey with two years to go before he completes his apprenticeship. Aaron has travelled vast areas of Australia particularly Western Australia, Queensland and New South Wales and worked with a number of trainers, he is currently working with Braidwood trainer Aaron Clarke.

"Aaron Sweeney is one of the most promising and up and coming NSW apprentices in Australia. Sweeney has already carved out a great career as a well-respected picnic jockey and has been training with all his might in the saddle to become a fully-fledged jockey starting as an apprentice. His willingness and desire to want to achieve top level status was the most attractive feature to Caviar Bloodstock (quote CaviarBloodstock website 2016)".

Aaron is able to turn his talents to other ventures, not only success with horse racing but also camel riding. Some say

that riding a camel is about as comfortable as riding a bike without a seat! The Boullia Cup (final being 1500m), often referred to as the Melbourne Cup of camel racing, was won by Aaron in 2014, riding Hookem Up. As part of his fitness campaign Aaron plays competition squash, lawn bowls, swimming and boxing. In August this year Aaron competed in a charity boxing match for Multiple Sclerosis as a Super Fly Weight, which he won, this was held in the city of Cork.

Aaron became an Australian citizen this year and like many migrants from Ireland is chasing dreams, his major dream being to work his way to ride in a Melbourne Cup. 'All of my dreams so far have been successful' say Aaron so we wish him well for the future.

When asked does he enjoy living in Braidwood, Aaron's response was 'Braidwood is a town with very friendly people, with families similar to Ireland and Braidwood reminds him of Irish towns. He had heard many stories back home about people migrating to Australia from as far back as the Potato Famine, and more recently with young Irish people looking for work, travel and adventure, it seems the place to go and truly enjoy.

Racing in Ireland

Of the 26 counties in Ireland there are 19 counties registered with 192 jockeys. Ireland boasts 26 major race courses, more per head of population than any other country with more than 350 race meetings and 2,000 races annually. Irish race courses are visited by over 1.3 million people every year. (source goracingireland) ■



ELLEN AT THE BAR WITH HAPPY CUSTOMERS.

Ellen Maura Hennessy

**W**hilst her smile says it all, if you look into Ellen's blue eyes and hear her sweet Irish brogue you feel impelled to listen to her. Ellen has been riding horses she thinks as far back as when she first learnt to walk. Brought up in County Kildare, the centre of the Irish horse industry with more stud farms than any other county, it is no wonder she has become an apprentice jockey.

At age 16 Ellen decided to take a gap year from her education and attended the Racing Academy and Centre for Education (RACE) in her county. To date she considers this the best year of her life, and from there she expanded to

work placements. She has had 10 rides in Ireland with one winner.

A working holiday to Australia (on the bucket list for many Irish youth) she arrived in Melbourne and spent three months there, travelling and working at John Sadler Racing.

Ellen then moved up to Sydney for four months with Chris Waller in the modern stable complex Australian Turf Club, Rosehill Gardens. Whilst she enjoyed life in both cities and the experience she gained at both stables, it was the countryside which she missed. She craved the lifestyle and friendship of country people and sure it is not as green as Ireland, but Braidwood was the place to be.

Ellen works for Aaron Clarke, seven days a week at the

horse track, from 6.30am until noon, in all weathers and then back at 3 to 4pm for feeding. In addition she works five nights a week at the Braidwood Hotel, so there is little time for social life.

Her geniality enables her to meet lots of locals; families whilst serving in the dining room, the younger set in the bar or social and music gatherings at the hotel. When time permits, she enjoys playing competition squash with the Braidwood Squash club; in Ireland she also played Gaelic football, hurling and squash.

Ellen enjoys living in Braidwood, the façade not only reminds her of home, but she finds the locals very friendly, accepting and interesting people — willing to share a story or listen to one.

Ellen has one more month before she can ride in a professional race in Australia. Her current ambition is to be a successful jockey but her long term ambition is to train race horses. Having heard stories from Aaron she too would like to ride a camel.

Ellen being the eldest of four, brothers Jack and Louis then younger sister Lucy, she is looking forward to seeing all the family when she heads back home to Ireland for Christmas.

It's a small world

When I asked Ellen what county she was from, she also revealed that her paternal grandfather lived in Dundrum in Tipperary. This was of interest to me as my grandmother Winifred McGrath (nee Coman) and great aunt Johanna Torpy (nee Coman) came from Clonulty on one side of Dundrum and current Coman relatives live in Gorteenduvane the other side. When I contacted my relatives I discovered that they visit Ellen's grandfather about once a fortnight. ■

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## Christmas safety for your pet

**W**hilst Christmas is generally a much celebrated time in our homes, it can also be one of the most dangerous times for your pet.

Decorations such as tinsel, ribbon, plastic and bows can be easily chewed or swallowed, causing lacerations in their mouths, or obstructions within their intestines, resulting in the need for emergency surgery. All electrical decorations, such as lights, should also be used with caution, especially if you have pets that chew, such as rabbits.

Christmas plants and flowers are also toxic, especially mistletoe, poinsettias, holly, pine needles and all parts of lillium species (leaves, stem, petals, stamens and pollen).

It is also a good idea to avoid sharing your Christmas dinner with your pet as some foods cause toxicities and can be fatal. Left over bones can cause damage to teeth, gums or the intestines if they are swallowed. High-fat meals can cause pancreatitis, a very painful and potentially fatal illness.

Foods such as Christmas pudding, currants, grapes, raisins, plums, peaches, caffeine, onions, garlic, macadamia nuts and lollies can all be toxic, as well as sugar-free sweet products as they contain xylitol.

As the summer heat increases, you should also consider your pet's sun safety. Avoid the sun, which can cause sunburn, as well as heat stroke, which can occur to your pet even if it is sitting quietly in the shade. Ideas to help keep your pet cool include clipping excess hair off to allow cooling, a fresh cool drinking source, areas with shade with a cool breeze and reduced activities during the day to reduce the chance of heat stroke. Some pets may even enjoy a large block of ice that they can lick.

Visitors to your house can also cause your pet stress. The use of pheromones leading up to and during Christmas, such as Feliway® or Adaptil®, can help alleviate or prevent stress and fear — and are also great to use in summer to reduce the fear of thunderstorms in dogs. ■

# HORRSCOPE FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS OF 2017:

To allow for the vagaries of the universe and interpretive inexactitude, it might pay to read everyone else's stars as well.

## SAGITTARIUS

A fear that devout believers will be forced to perform unsavoury services is being spread by pious mischief makers, some wearing funny hats, medieval cloaks and maybe even holding a shepherd's staff. What these recalcitrant evangelists fail to see is that it's more a case of modern enlightened life tolerating them, than the other way around.

## CAPRICORN

A good time to test just how far you can push things. Oh dear, the neighbour's out on the street trying to roll start the car. "Alright, I'll help," you say and then he drops the clutch in first and you splat into the boot. Being in the right gear is not just some Kardashian catch cry.

## AQUARIUS

For those of you wanting to spice up your personal relationships, remember that the grass might look greener on the other side, but they might just have a better lawn mower. Your daydream of true love, wild sex and happiness ever after might become less like 'Sex in The City' and more like 'Walter Mitty'.

## PISCES

Oh my goodness, how many people are now looking forward to seeing the 'Back of Burke'? Actually it seems like the front of Burke was the more dangerous side. It's staggering to think there was such a known noxious weed in the backyard for so long and that management at DDT9 cared more about the cash.

## TAURUS

In days gone by when the Sydney sewage treatment plant went regularly on the fritz, it used to be said that no-one swam at Bondi Beach, they just went through

the motions. Surfing a wave of numerical superiority, our QPRC 'Tim's Team' has passed a few motions of its own recently and then wiped itself with consultants' reports.

## GEMINI

If you find yourself itching to make unnecessary purchases we've got you covered (but not in hair it seems). How about a 'Nano Trimmer™' for that unsightly nose and ear hair? Appliance and smelly-poo makers have already got women needing to be as bald as a baby's bum everywhere except in the immaculately coiffed head area. Now it's men's turn to feel a bit icky if a little cilia or two should dare to protrude from the schnoz or one's aural organs. Boxing day might suffer a cacophony of, "Oh gross! Who left all the nose hairs in the sink?"

## CANCER

This is an excellent time for making changes — or if you've just bought a dud-brand car or maybe had a wild religious epiphany, for changing makers.



## LEO

It used to be, 'what's the sound of one hand clapping?' but now with Facebook it's more, 'what's the response to one person posting?' if no-one comments. Remember though, many more people read than post. If you're getting funny looks in the supermarket queue it's maybe not only for the weird stuff in your trolley, but more that while a post is a late-night indulgence for you, for others it's something to be as thick as.

## VIRGO

The world keeps turning but those skateboard wheels remain stopped. This is a good time for conciliation and understanding of another person's point of view. If we're not careful the skate park will end up at Narbethong because that's where today's diehard proponents will be by the time it's built.

## LIBRA

On television this month you'll be potentially under the influence of multi-national gambling houses spending big. So many new ways to lose your money. Do you realise that you can actually decline to place a bet right up until the moment you chuck your hard-earned dosh away in the futile hope of winning easy moolah? It's called, the 'this Lad's not broke, rack off you money grubbers' option. You don't even need an app for it.

## SCORPIO

'Ring a ring 'o roses, a pocketful of rye, if my life's unbearable I want the right to die.' As one rare sensible pollicie said recently, "this is not a matter of life and death, rather it's a question of death or painful death". Once again pious, bossy people should be ignored.

# The sun is a gift from God

(and coal is the work of the Devil)

How about this for an idea. That the Sun is a gift from God whilst coal might just about have become the work of the devil. Starting with the obvious, look up for God and the sun, look down for coal and the devil.

But of course it's more than that. Religion teaches us that all life originates with God in a spiritual sense and science teaches us that all life on our planet is dependent on the sun.

In a scientific sense, on earth we have two life forces that have worked in harmony for millions of years.

One, photosynthesis is the power from the sun to make living solid matter from a gas and a liquid. That is, by bonding carbon from carbon dioxide out of the air with water — creating hydrocarbons and carbohydrates.

The second force, combustion, is the reverse of photosynthesis. One stores the sunlight's energy and the other releases it. Millions of years of stored energy from the forest floor or the seabed makes a litre of oil or a lump of coal very rich in stored energy.

OK, so the sun is up and the coal is down but what's this to do with religion?

Let's start with the essence of most religions — the part that requires the faithful to live by a code of behaviour or ethic. One main theme of any worthwhile religion is the equality of all people in the eyes of God.

Sunlight also shares this equality. Every morning the sun shines down on us, its intensity regulated only by weather, the seasons and geographical latitude. And that is the fundamental difference between energy from the sun and energy from coal — the inequality of ownership.

Coal, (and oil and gas too of course), provide succour only to those who have a share in the ownership of the resource — or can pay money to those that do. And even though it's a finite resource, it is available in abundance to some people, in economically measured amounts to others, but not at all to millions of the poorest people on the planet.

Ironically and tragically, many of the world's poorest people, who do not have the most basic of services, enough food even, live in places blessed with abundant sunshine. The meek will not be inheriting the earth until this energy usage disparity is addressed.

Any God worth believing in would want as many of His (or Her) flock to live as meaningful lives as possible. The sun shines on us all regardless of ethnic origin, social standing or bank balance. God and the sun have this egalitarianism in common.

Perhaps the devil is not actually in the coal — but it is in the detail. Mining coal is a destructive process. For decades it destroyed the health of underground miners but nowadays it mostly destroys the environment. In all cases, what is left in the wake of a mine is a diminished environment and quite often disastrously so.

The water table, on which our farmers rely, can be seriously and permanently damaged by collapsing long-wall cavities. This damage will be with us long after the resource has been exported, burned and spewed into the air.

Almost all scientific opinion worldwide is urging caution about continuing high levels of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. And there is the real tragedy.

Tomorrow's problem CO<sub>2</sub> is today safely sequestered under our feet.

Leaving as much coal as possible underground and unburnt is by far the cheapest and best way to deal with carbon emissions and safeguard the future.

The old saying goes that if you give people a few fish, they'll eat fish for a few days — but if you teach them how to fish, they'll have fish forever.

It's the same with solar power versus coal power. If you give a village in Asia, India or Africa access to coal-fired electricity, they'll have power so



towards the future by Paul Cockram

long as you supply it and they can pay, and pay, and continue to pay.

This is the devilish vision of the profiteers in the energy sector. Our coal is to be exported as part of a plan to connect millions, perhaps billions, of people to the grid. A wealthy multi-national gang of shareholders at one end of the wire, the power station — and millions of customers at the other end, all receiving a bill each month.

If we provide people with solar arrays, via gifts, grants or loans, they'll have affordable electricity for ever.

Electricity runs pumps and communication equipment like telephones and computers. Think how much richer the world would be if we could get millions of poor people on line. How many writers and poets are out there? These people could then work from home in all kinds of industries just as we in the West can.

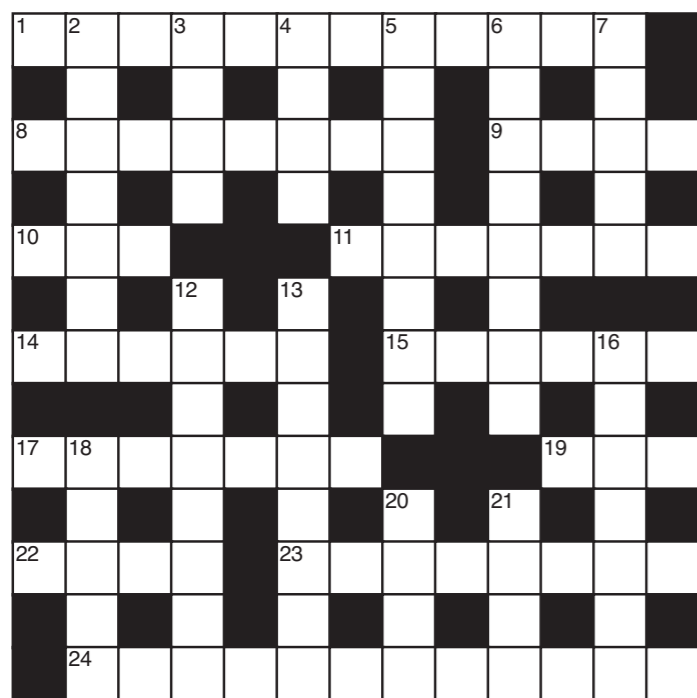
Why shouldn't the children in Africa have access to FaceBook, Google and Wikipedia?

The sun is a great democratic force that does, and always will, shine without prejudice on all of God's creation. Any God worth believing in would want to see us sharing, as equitably as possible, access to energy, food, health and education.

The sun shines on us all. Whether it was provided by God or some mysterious big bang; it makes no difference. It's up to us to decide whether we're going to saddle the planet with hell holes where the coal used to be and continue to suffer huge inequities in energy availability ...

Or look up to the sun, towards God if you like, and help steer humanity towards a sustainable and more equitable heaven on earth. ■

## BRAIDWOOD BAFFLER BWD 15



### ACROSS

- Means of tele-communication (6,6)
- Turns
- Common sense
- To question
- Red-wooded Western Australian trees
- Fruit
- Middle-easterners
- Eastern European country
- Star sign
- Mexican food
- Woodwind instrument
- NT town (5,7)
- Rural (3-5)
- Adelaide-wards
- Pasta
- Crustacean which clings to wood
- What sunk the Titanic?
- Place near here with a big blow hole
- Temporary living place
- New Zealander

### DOWN

- Noncoastal waters (4,3)
- Someone worshiped
- Covetousness
- To do with Spain or Spanish-speaking Latin America

### SOLUTION TO BAFFLER BWD 14



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