

BWD

NUMBER 11
SUMMER 2016

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IN BRAIDWOOD



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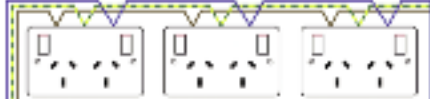
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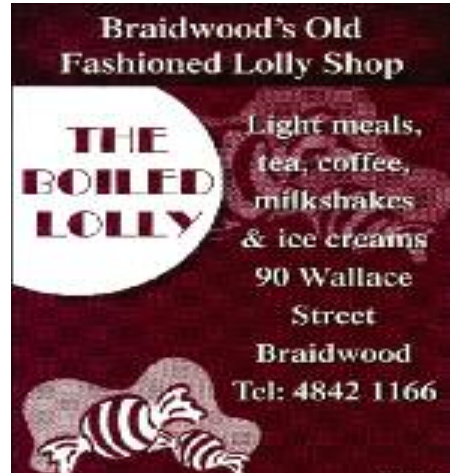
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STAYING ORGANISED ENOUGH TO MONITOR CAPITALISM

Here we go again. This issue had to come out before Christmas to be able to promote the benefits of keeping our commerce local. The response from advertisers has been most gratifying and it goes to show that having the right person in a job makes all the difference.

Lyn Cram (pictured at left on the catwalk at Muttons) has left no call unanswered in her quest to provide local businesses with a new way to promote their services and wares. I hope you support BWD's advertisers so that they can then in turn support the magazine.

Even with the ascendancy of social media, or perhaps because of it, I think local publications have a bright future. The Braidwood Ratepayers and Locals Facebook page, for example, provides an excellent vehicle for blow-by-blow accounts of local issues.

But it, and other social media sites, leave little in their wake after the heat of the moment. In fact, I was toying with the idea of running a column in BWD titled, "Did they really say that?". Of course it's an ethical nightmare figuring out who has the right to publish Facebook posts.

Do people say (write) stuff on social media with such abandon because it's so temporary? What should be kept? In amongst the off-the-cuff rebuffs, rejoinders and recriminations there are many pearls of wisdom.

While I was a councillor I spent many a night glued to Facebook and lurching between outrage, shame and shiraz. I don't miss that part of the job at all.

I'll keep thinking about how we might keep track of the best suggestions that come from the community. If anyone has a good idea for 'preserving the deserving' let me know. You could 'PM' me as they say in cyberspace jargon.

International events remind me of friends who have on their bathroom wall the cute nuclear-age teddy saying, "I want to grow up, not blow up".

So, while we may despair globally, acting locally is still the best path to the future.

Paul

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Advertising sales: Lyn Cram

BWD is published by Artplan Graphics
64 Budawang Road, Mongarlowe NSW 2622

Telephone: 0417 459 775

email: paul@artplan.com.au

Printed by: Trendsetting, Fyshwick ACT



KASIA IS CAPTIVATED BY DADDY'S FANTASTIC HOME-BUILT 3D PRINTER WHILE OSKAR IS MORE CONCERNED THAT HE'LL BE SATISFIED WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Solar and silver

Jakub and Sky Mazurkiewicz make stuff. Jakub makes robots and Sky makes silver jewellery.

I work in solar research and I have recently been promoted into the testing team where I am responsible for testing all the new cells that another group creates. Testing is incredibly time consuming so I am building a variety of robots to do the repetitive work. Basically the samples are just loaded into the machine and automated components do all the testing.

More traditional type of solar cells are silicone cells. They're put together in a high temperature furnace, so it uses up a lot of energy, and in order to purify the materials for those types of cells a tremendous amount of water is needed. So it is very wasteful and it takes many years of energy production before these silicone cells make a nett profit, environmentally speaking. Where I work at Dyesol in Queanbeyan, the cells are put together using silk screen printing as one of the main tools — it's low energy and basically it makes the cells very cheap.

With the cells that we make, energy payback is within around two or three months, so they put out more energy than was used to create them in just a

few months. At the moment they are a little bit lower in energy output, about 10% less than silicone panels but one of the selling points of our cells is that they are very cheap to make.

I've been constructing robots to look at specific performance characteris-

BOTS AND BLING

tics. We have a solar simulator which is quite a complicated and expensive piece of equipment to emulate outdoor light. It shines down on the cells and the cells are subjected to various voltage scans and protocols which probe the different performance parameters, and that information is given back to the people who manufacture the cells, which allows them to basically work out how to improve the performance. There are certain applications where these type of cells will be preferred, each type has its pros and cons, but this is one of those emerging new technologies that I think has got a lot of promise.

Jakub suggested that we make our wedding rings so we just started. Jakub had organised some wax and other stuff and we did two cast rings. William Verdon finished them for us and I just loved the whole process. It really inspired me.

I just was breastfeeding with the twins and sitting down reading some books; reading things online and I ended up buying a little bit of silver and I soldered my first ring together. As soon as I saw the solder flow I just went, "that's it, that's for me. I love it". And now it has just exploded.

I describe my work as quite earthy, nomad tribal influenced jewellery, sterling silver with a lot of turquoise. It's jewellery that I love and would love to wear and I think it is influenced a lot by my family, my mum particularly and my sisters. We have a certain taste in jewellery that we share so that's what I am making at the moment. We will just wait and see how it evolves.

SOME OF THE LATEST RANGE IN SKY'S SILVERWORK.



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Glazed Ham Recipe

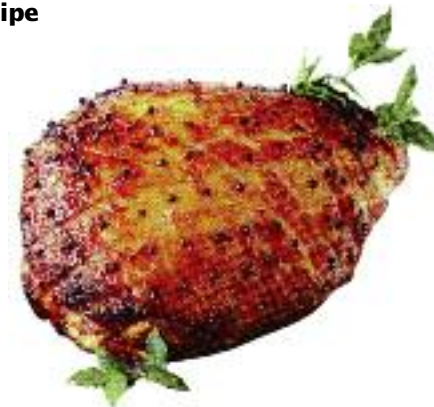
APRICOT MUSTARD GLAZE

Preparation

- * Prepare glaze recipe (see below)
- * Remove rind and use sharp knife to score ham in a diamond pattern (note: reserved rind can be used to cover cut surface of ham to keep moist during storage)
- * Decorate with cloves, cover shank with foil
- * Place ham scored side up in a large baking pan and brush well with apricot glaze
- * Finally, place into oven or hooded BBQ at 180°C for 20 mins per kg, basting occasionally, until top of ham is brown and warmed through.

Ingredients

- 1 cup (250ml) apricot nectar
 - 1/4 cup (50g) firmly packed brown sugar
 - 1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
 - 1/4 cup (60ml) orange juice
 - 1/2 cup (125ml) apricot jam
- Combine all ingredients in small pan, stir, over low heat, without boiling, until jam is melted.



CAPRESE BITES

- 24 grape tomatoes
- 24 fresh mini mozzarella balls
- 24 fresh basil leaves
- 1 tbsp garlic-infused extra-virgin olive oil

Onto a toothpick, thread a tomato then top with a mini mozzarella ball and a fresh basil leaf. Arrange on a white platter (white makes the vibrant colour pop). Drizzle lightly with the garlic-infused olive oil. Sprinkle with sea salt and cracked pepper. Serve immediately.



EASY COOKIES

- 1 cup butter, softened
- 1/2 cup caster sugar
- 2 cups plain flour
- 200g choc chip cooking chocolate

In a large bowl, cream the butter and sugar, 2 to 4 minutes. Add the flour and a pinch of sea salt. Mix to combine. Roll tbsps of dough into balls and place on the prepared tray. Use a fork to flatten slightly. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes or until just golden. Remove and cool for 20 minutes. In another bowl, melt the chocolate in a microwave in 30-second increments until nice and smooth. Drizzle each cookie with the melted chocolate. Chill to set.



EASY SUMMER SALAD

- 140g fresh rocket
 - 500g canned beetroot
 - 150g Danish feta
 - 1/2 cup walnuts, lightly chopped
- Place the rocket in a serving bowl. Scatter over beetroot. Crumble over the feta and sprinkle with walnuts. Drizzle with honey, olive oil, balsamic vinaigrette and serve.



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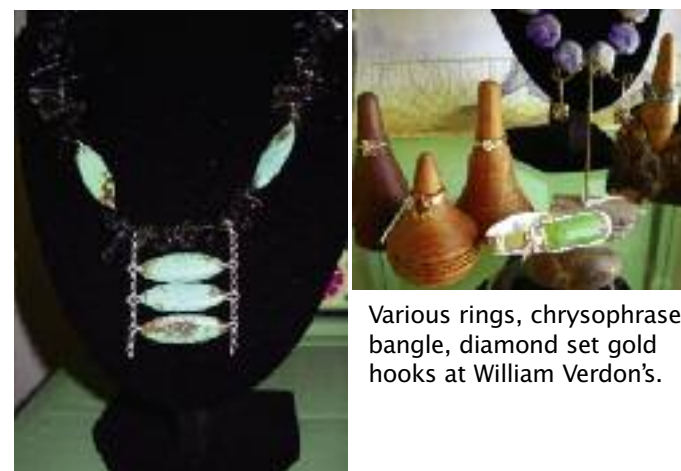
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A POSED PHOTO FOR THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER IN 1943. MOTHER FAITH, BUT ALWAYS KNOWN AS DUTCHY, POURS TEA FOR JO AND JEREMY.

Childhood

Jo Gordon remembers

My childhood, if I can call it my childhood, went a bit longer than most. It went from birth until fifteen years. Into adolescence you would say? Yes, but this was in postwar England, a very different world, and for us there were no girlie magazines, no television sets and no thought of a self-indulgent world for us to prance about in, calling ourselves ‘adolescents’.

My childhood of course began well before me, at least nine months. But in actual fact the bones of my life were pre-determined by my parents’ lives. My father had what wasn’t such an unusual life in his times, but would to us seem brutal. He was born in 1906 in India, and at the age of two was sent back to a Dame School and the care of aunts, Aunt Rose and Aunt Violet, in England. In case you don’t know, a Dame School was traditionally where children of families in the service of the British Colonial Office sent their small children in case they caught smallpox, or whooping cough or just got in the way out in the wilds of one of Britain’s colonies. My father John was visited by his parents when he was five. They took him for a beach holiday to Bembidge, a lovely thing to do but it was here that his father told him he must bury his beloved gollywog, Samuel, in the sand. He was told he was too old for dolls. Poignantly

Samuel had new clothes just for his parents’ visit. One can see how this childhood influenced my father to want a happy family above all else. Something which maybe wasn’t always to my advantage.

My mother was one of four sisters, Patience, Faith, Hope and Honour — sadly, no Love or Charity. It seems that there was a lot of competition between them, particularly between my mother Faith and Hope. One that lasted all their lives and made enjoying our cousins impossible. I wondered too if it was this competition between them all that made my mother an island to herself, suspicious of other females and not a cuddly person. I may be wrong but this is what it felt like. On the other hand I was born into a family of entomologists which meant my parents loved being in the country whether in England or in Australia. At weekends we would often go off on an ‘expedition’, perhaps to an ancient castle or my favourite Birnham Beeches where in autumn I could shuffle in the fallen leaves.

My first memories of life were from where I was born in Hobart in 1939 in Sandy Bay under the shadow of Mt Wellington and where I lived the first four years of my life. I have very faint recollections of this time. I seem to block out the everyday memories and remember only the unusual. Most

recollections come from photos and conversations. There is one other experience though which shows that memory may not be actual but may come from deeper down. I say this because quite recently we were in Hobart and I said, “let’s go and see where I lived”. We left the city and drove along the Bay. I knew we would turn to the right and had shut my eyes. Even before we arrived at the turn-off I knew when we were there as I became quite shaky and emotional. The same happened as we drove up Lipscombe Avenue without looking I knew when we reached our house.

So though I feel I have few memories of where I lived for the first years of my life it seems my subconscious knows more than the conscious mind. This period was probably the happiest time of my mother’s life and certainly idyllic for me. It was a small friendly community with many couples also having young families. The old stone house, which they renovated, had huge trees going down to a gully and I imagine my love affair with horsechestnut trees and always having a marmalade cat began here. Our resident marmalade cat, ‘Cooper’, was large and loving and beautiful. If he wasn’t enough to begin my love affair the ‘Orlando’ books certainly were.

The large format Orlando books and small Beatrix Potter books both became daily reading and began a tradition of sitting on my father’s knee and being read to.

My brother Jeremy was my main companion and being twenty-one months older than me was still young enough to enjoy going to birthday parties and making up games in the garden. Our main companions were a gollywog and Wiffy. Wiffy was inherited from Dutchy (as we call our mother) and was quite a large hard cat — still white, or rather grey, but without any hair. I found it hard to love him. He was just too hard and bald. Jeremy had a battered looking three-wheeler trike which I also didn’t like for a very different reason — I wasn’t allowed to ride it.

But what I know I did like was the beach at Sandy Bay which we could walk down to from Lipscombe Avenue. We spent hours there making castles, filling the bucket with water, collecting

shells. Bliss. A lot of my childish instincts feed my adult delights. The very best part of life as a child though was the weekends when we would all go up to our wooden cabin at Ferntree Gully on the slopes of Mount Wellington. It was simple living and set in the heart of the bush, not dry bush but lush bush with tree ferns on the edge of the stream. Wherever possible my parents would gather up their nets, sucking tube and small containers and go off collecting insects. For us we would prefer to play in the stream getting wet and muddy. Its dank distinctive smell of rotting leaves was the smell I carried with me for years. It is my one really vivid memory of the place I'd been born in and loved. I carried this smell to the opposite end of the earth, always looking, always hoping I would find it.

Finally I did. In the Mountains of Mourne when I was thirteen and where I was with Jeremy, while our parents were at an entomological conference. It is a moderately high mountain with sheep grazing in swooping green paddocks. Coming down we wandered to one of the more enclosed gullies. I think my nose first gave me hope with slight smells on the wind and then, yes, it was there. A very different gully, larger, more open with boulders and tree ferns hanging over the coffee coloured water in the tumbling stream. Above all it had the distinctive smell, of dankness of rotting leaves, that I had been looking for since Hobart. The smell of my childhood.

Many aspects of my early childhood in



THE WAR YEARS. NO EFFORT WAS SPARED IN MAKING SOLDIER UNIFORMS FOR LITTLE BOYS.

Hobart were idyllic. No mother rushing off to work, juggling work and dropping off children. Lots of time to spend as a family and particularly time with Dutchy on the beach or playing in the garden alone with my toys or perhaps with Jeremy organising me.

On the other side of the coin and despite being such a happy place for my mother, there was an incident of acute trauma for her which she never got over, and I'm sure affected her love for me. She loved me, but being a girl I was a reminder of that terrible experience which she felt every year.

Her first born child was full term but stillborn, and called Fenella. The next child, Jeremy, was by the very nature of being a boy less traumatic and easier to love whereas I as a girl gave the constant reminder of Fenella. I also wondered if growing up with such competitive sisters made loving a daughter harder. Certainly Je was her favourite and I was the apple of my father's eye.

My father was the Government entomologist for Tasmania. In 1944, with the war still raging in England, he was returning from a work trip driving round the island. Looking across the Derwent to Hobart safely nestled at the foot of Mt. Wellington he suddenly felt he must return to England to help in any way he could in the war. He was English and his father still lived in London. Hobart was sadly packed up. My father went by ship to England and with my mother we went to spend the year living with my grandmother in Canberra. She was considered an amazing woman but was not a warm cuddly person. Highly educated she was an early Canberra settler and well known for taking the jar of homemade jam or flowers from the garden to the newcomers of Canberra. Sadly though, she found it particularly hard to relate to young children. Aunt Pat and Aunt Hope were also living in Canberra at the time. I don't remember any feelings of warm vibes about them. I just remember overtones of conversations indicating they resented us being there taking up their mother's time.

It felt as if we were in transit for a year. I was five and went off to the kindergarten down the road at the Girls' Grammar. It was my first taste of school and I didn't like it. I howled when Dutchy left until, believe it or not, they found an Orlando book and I immediately felt at home. Actually where I felt most at home in that year was in a little spinney in a corner of the garden where I felt safe and hidden away, and a strange passageway at the back of the house with drooping hydrangeas and a magical smell. I spent a lot of time in these two places with gollywog and his friends. When inside I always headed for one of the two low stools by the fire, they had soft leather tops and wooden legs and were really too low to fall off.

I realise now how relieved Dutchy must have been to finally get a passage for all of us on the *Athlone Castle*, one of the first ships to take passengers towards the end of the war. We were on our way to be with my father again. It was a seven-week voyage but I remember it as fun. Watching the sea

has a mesmerising effect and one that I never got tired of. Added to that we had endless lifeboat drills and blackout practices but best of all we took on troops in New York and as they lined up for their turn in the bathroom they would pass me (the only little girl on board) over their heads. We stopped at the Azores and had baskets on a rope which we could lower to the boatmen below and then they would fill them up with local crafts; we'd haul them up and keep and pay for anything we wanted. Of course Jeremy got the only wooden boat. Still I remember it as being lots of fun.

We landed on Good Friday, the day after the last rocket fell on England in 1945.

A welcoming band was playing as we pulled into the wharf. It made us feel very special, but my father wasn't there. He was in London and for security reasons had only just received a telegram announcing our arrival. I can imagine his relief that we had arrived safely. He would have heard no news of the *Athlone Castle* for seven weeks, would not have known if we were travelling in convoy or alone and would have always been worried that we might have been torpedoed. We caught a train to London and there he was. Utterly unused to trains I then in my excitement managed to fall into the gap between the train and the platform. I was nearly six and Jeremy nearly eight.

We now had a home of our own again. It was on the outskirts of a village, Chalfont St Giles, in Bucks about an hour from London. It was our own house with its own address, Mill Field, Mill Lane. It was a two-storey house, with a large garden and a wood, my own bedroom upstairs and a scary corridor that went to the upstairs bathroom with a manhole above that someone could jump out of onto me. No one ever did but it was scary. That was the only scary thing in my new world. Everything else seemed to hug me around with a feeling of 'this is where you belong'.

(to be continued perhaps ...)

WRITING WORKSHOP

This story by Jo Gordon and Maggie Hickey's 'Not For Sale' on page 33 came out of a writing workshop run by Pauline Webber during 2016.

Shop locally

Robin Tennant-Wood makes the case for keeping your loot local

Over the Christmas and wider holiday period, people's attention turns to shopping. Everyone wants a bargain and kids facing the long summer break are looking for work. A compilation of typical comments from the local Facebook page send some mixed messages:

"That café is too expensive. I'm not going there again."

"The prices in the local supermarket are too high. Woolies and Coles are cheaper."

"Why don't local businesses employ more of our kids?"

Our little town is blessed with a good range of businesses, far more so than a lot of other towns of similar size. Starting or buying a business in a small country town requires several things: a commitment to local economy, confidence in local trade, and a lot of luck. However, none of these will mean anything unless there is also a commitment from the local community to ensuring that local businesses remain open.

While online shopping is fast, convenient and allows for quick price comparisons for the thrifty shopper, it often comes with hidden drawbacks, such as postage or delivery costs and the question as to whether goods will actually arrive in time for Christmas.

Heading to the mall is about as appealing as taking a dip in the shark tank at Sydney Aquarium – and possibly less safe – but the advantage of finding everything under one tinsel-decked roof is undeniable.

A trip to Canberra might get you a trolley full of groceries for \$20 less, but factor in petrol, parking and a two-hour round trip and that \$20 saving starts to look a lot less appealing. You'll also have the repetitive strains of *I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas* and/or *Frosty the Snowman* in your head for the next two days. Is it really worth it?

The economic benefits of shopping locally are well documented. While multi-national chains write their own rules and often have negative impacts far beyond the sight of the individual

consumer, local businesses can generate wealth in ways that are both equitable and sustainable.

Research in 2010 found that for every hundred dollars spent in a local bookstore, \$45 stayed in the local economy. Conversely, for every hundred spent at a chain bookstore, only \$13 stayed in the local community. The key differences are that local shops are owned and managed locally, are more likely to use local banking, accounting and legal firms, and local suppliers. Small businesses create local jobs and this, in turn, puts more money back into the local economy.

When you shop locally, the person serving you at the counter is often the person who owns the shop.

Their children go to the local school, they pay rates to the council and taxes to the government. Personal contact also means that if they don't have what you want, they are more likely to be able to source it quickly through their local supply chain.

Making a purchase online, while it has the advantage of convenience, will not create a single local job. That trip to the mall might net you a car full of Christmas goodies in a single morning, but most of those goodies will be from stores with offshore parent companies that pay no tax in Australia.

So next time you think a local café is overcharging for your cappuccino or the sour cream for your chips, why not ask the owner if they've made a mistake with the bill instead of taking to Facebook? If you think the local supermarket is overpriced, remember the number of people it employs and the fact that standing in the IGA checkout queue at least once a week will get you up to date with all the local gossip – and that's something you won't get at Dickson Woolies!



"Best wishes for a happy and safe festive season."

Mike

The Hon Dr Mike Kelly AM MP
Federal Member for Eden-Monaro



Recording traditional treatments

Tash Fijn packs her woollies and heads north with her camera

There has been a long tradition in using first film and now video in anthropology as a means of collecting the data, but also as a means of communication. As part of my research, I can produce documentaries or shorter film clips as part of the project, but I also use video as a field method because it is a good means of recording: you get the visuals and the audio, sort of multiple purposes really. There is a whole sub-discipline within anthropology, which is called visual cultural research.

I have received an international fellowship through the Wenner-Foundation, and so my income for this project for next year will be from the Wenner-Gren. The Fejos fellowship is especially for filmmaking and visual anthropology.



My PhD and my fieldwork was on Mongolia, mainly on the processes of domestication — human/animal relations. One really interesting element I found in the field was that herders use medicinal treatments for the family and the herd animals just about every day. With a herd of a hundred sheep and goats, one, two or three of them will have something wrong with them. If they have a cold, or weeping eyes, the herders will treat them themselves, often because they cannot rely on the availability of veterinary care or because it is often too expensive.

Previously when I was in Mongolia, I was in two different field locations in the Khangai Mountains, one in Arkhangai province and the other in Bulgan province, in two family herding encampments. To us, they are remote locations — vast landscapes, sparsely populated, within broad river valleys. I intend to return to Bulgan Aimag because the women would collect a lot of traditional herbs from the surrounding area and there was a lot of medicinal treatment happening on a daily basis that I witnessed last time, but ... things may have changed. I am going to go back to see experts I talked with in August this year, so they might have some ideas about where I should go, where there'd be a really knowledgeable person that I should go to see in other locations.

Mongolia used to be a satellite state of the Soviet Union and with the collapse of the Soviet era, there was not enough government funding to support veterinary care at a town level. Herders were more or less left to themselves, so they reverted back to traditional means of treating themselves and their herd animals. In autumn the women would go up into the surrounding mountainsides. There are different zones in Mongolia, the grassland steppe and the Gobi desert but there is also the mountainous kind of taiga landscape, where there are medicinal herbs.

We lived in gers — there is the occasional ger here in



Australia — they are amazing kind of structures. They are rounded, really warm in winter. In spring there are huge temperature fluctuations of about 30° Celsius, it might be minus 20° during the morning and then it will fluctuate to plus 10° later in the day. The winter is so cold that it won't even snow, but in spring you get snow storms and things like that, so I need to be there next year when the weather's more changeable and kind of harder-going!

In the autumn they'd go up and collect a variety of medicinal herbs, dry them and then use them throughout the year (so I also need to go back for a few weeks in autumn next year). They have little cloth bags that they put all their medicinal herbs in. I found that element really interesting and so now, with this current project, I am wanting to really focus on that: how do the herders treat their own family and the herd animals, and what kind of medicinal techniques do they use? Do they rely on scientific medical care if it's available, or do they use shamanic, or Buddhist teachings. There is a strong Buddhist tradition in traditional Mongolian medicine. Some monks might train for years and years to become medical experts and there are still strong Buddhist underpinnings in Mongolia.

The herders go to these monks and ask for a ritual ceremony or their wisdom, but then there is also the knowledgeable herders themselves. There are particular elders who are really knowledgeable about how to treat wolf bite or in the practices of blood-letting, or bone-setting.

There is still a strong oral tradition, so the knowledge will be passed down from one generation to another. In a lot of parts of the world, like in Tibetan cultural areas, the knowledge has been lost, perhaps because of the political climate, or fractured cultural aspects. But because Mongolia has not been colonised and is more intact in a way, in a cultural sense, a lot of those traditions have been ongoing.

The trouble is that some of the really knowledgeable elders may pass away soon, so I feel like I need to record some of this knowledge now. There is so much that has not been recorded- some existing academic texts haven't been translated into English. There are some ancient Mongolian Buddhist texts that are very rare, perhaps only one remaining copy that people rely on, and so part of the larger project is not just my filmmaking but would be the digitalisation and translation of some of this precious text-based material.

My focus for next year is going to be on making this documentary and going around and actually engaging with

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people on the ground, with local herders or local shaman that are acknowledged as actively practicing medical treatments.

I hope my documentary can be used for educational purposes — that is very important in visual anthropology generally.

It is part of the anthropologist giving back to the community — not just taking away knowledge and then using it for our own academic purposes, it's to go back to Mongolia too.

In August, Professor Li Narangoa, the Director of the ANU Mongolia Institute and I went to Ulaanbaatar and convened a workshop. There was also a conference as part of that and we brought together a whole lot of experts from across Inner Asia. Some of the elders were very knowledgeable. After the workshop we sat down with three of

YAKKING WITH YAKS

them: a monk, who had written about six books on Mongolian traditional medicine, the director of the Museum of Mongolian Traditional Medicine, and then another medical practitioner from Inner Mongolia. We just had a conversation about their work, while I filmed. It wasn't highly structured, we just let them say what they wanted, and they were so animated, telling all these stories and laughing away and we all had the greatest time. They were really excited to have the opportunity to pass on some of their life stories and actually that their knowledge was being valued. I am confident that, with this filmmaking project, Mongolians themselves will be really keen on the idea because they value the retention of their knowledge, and that it's not gone, because people still practise it in an everyday sense. They realise the value of Traditional Mongolian Medicine still.

Next year I'll go back and do the filming, aiming for April because that's when all the lambs and kids are born. It's a long hard winter, the average temperature is minus 28°C, and it lasts for eight months. It is harsh, so often the animals, and the people, have survived right through the winter and they get to the spring, then often don't make it. There are also all the newborn animals with the mothers who may be having trouble with births, or the people might be having trouble themselves — so it's prime time for me to be there because a lot happens in the Mongolian spring.

For an example of some of Natasha's footage of a monk performing a ceremony to liberate a yak from the burden of humans and to provide protection for a young woman who was very ill, see: <https://khangaiherds.wordpress.com/about/khangai-herds-extra/>

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

NAUTICAL CAPERS



Mr Tinny goes to town

Cap'n Murray McCracken took to the high-ish seas and headed north

When I went up the coast in my big boat there were many river entrances that I was unable to enter. I thought it might be interesting to go into places I hadn't been before. Also, the tinny can travel at 20 mph rather than 5 mph so you can get places a lot quicker — that's more time at the pub.

The trip was a bit more physical than I had imagined, you know, when you're heading into a northerly chop of a metre or two — it was a bit more exercise than I was planning. It's a pretty bumpy road with lots of potholes.

First night was in Ulladulla, then Greenwood Point north of Jervis Bay, Wollongong, Cronulla, and finally into Sydney Harbour. I parked up at the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia. They let me have a berth for nothing in amongst the ten-million-dollar boats. My scruffy little tinny looked a bit out of place but I was happy enough.

A few people asked me where I'd sailed from. The usual response when I told them I'd started at Batemans Bay was, "In that?"

It's important to have a girl in every port, even if, or maybe especially if, it's the same girl and she's brought the fuel for the next day — thanks Lynny.

It was a lot of fun and for my next trip I plan to go down to Bermagui if I can talk Davey into it. We'll put out some lines and take it easy.



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Produce and passion

Julia Gibb and Martin Born

Tiandi is an old Sanskrit word that means 'heaven on earth' which is why the farm is called Tiandi. We have been here for 13 years. We are a permaculture-based farm.

The property used to be owned by Danny King's family, and it was a sheep area, a sheep farm, so they had

subdivided it into various-size blocks. I came down from Sydney and bought my little piece of paradise here and that was really for a childhood dream. From quite a young age all I really wanted to do was to have a little farm, grow my own vegies, have a few animals. That was my beginning and then I met Martin a few years ago.

WHAT'S ...

Martin: I have been a Sydneyite all my life and ran my own business. I was a high school teacher for about five years, I served my time, but I'm a painter by trade.

I have always been interested in growing things but that was only in residential Sydney. I dared to plant fruit trees on the footpath, twenty years ago before it became fashionable, so I guess there has always been that kind of alternative streak in me. Then I met Julia about five years ago and it just took off from there.

I've been able to experiment and try different things. Within the first year I dug up a quarter of an acre for a market garden. The first year was beginner's luck and then every pest in the district discovered us — and then it became bigger than Ben Hur.

You've got to learn from your mistakes, you have got to net it and fence it and so on. I think the story of this place is that you can never take things for granted. It will always throw obstacles in your face, so ...

Julia: But the passion drives us.

Martin: Yes, I think sometimes it's the anger that drives you onwards from the disasters. You know, within two months of building a poly house then we had a massive hail storm. [Julia laughs]. You know it's stuff like that turns a whole market garden into chop suey, so you have to start all over again.

I think that's hard to adjust to, coming from Sydney where you know there are certain knowns, if you get my gist? You don't have these constant random disasters, you have the ordinary everyday things, but in Sydney it's not like your vegetable crop is suddenly wiped out by pests or the weather.

I think that's the hard adjustment coming from that environment into this environment where you can get up in the morning thinking you want to do a specific thing like tend to your beehives or go to the market garden, yet within five minutes something will distract you or something will break and needs fixing, or animals have died or are sick, and by the end of the day you are miles away from where you wanted to start. That takes quite a while to get used to.

[BWD: I think that's a difference between city people and country people, the most obvious difference being that in the city there is still that thing about, "oh drat, it's raining". The news report may tell you that tomorrow you'll get a perfect day without a drop of rain in sight.]

Martin: Yes, it's the opposite here. As

... GREEN AND GROWS?

we discovered, we are only 8-12 weeks away from drought, ever. If you don't get rain for two months things just turn their toes up.

But we have freedom here to try different things, you don't have neighbours who are going to complain or object like in the city. That's why it appeals to me. And you can experiment. I never had beehives until I came here. We started with one hive and now we are up to about thirty-five. It's obviously a passion that was there that I didn't know about and it just took something to start it. It's the same with growing things and animals, I have never had ducks or geese or even chickens in Sydney, but here it's possible.

That brings a satisfaction you don't get from everyday urban life; you grow things and take them to the supermarket.

Then you walk in there and you see your own produce on sale. You cannot put a price on that, it's a feeling that you cannot qualify in dollars terms.

Yes it's a satisfaction I think, to see your produce being sold.

Julia: After years of trials and tribulations and falling over but getting back up each time we are proud to say that now we are non-certified organic producers. We harvest up to maybe 700-800 kilos of honey per year which is raw honey, raw-processed, cold-processed. We now have that selling at the IGA and Dojo and it looks like we are also going into the Canberra market.

We do a raw honey, we do a creamed honey and we also do honeycomb, which is a beautiful product from the beehives. When Martin extracts the honey we take the beeswax and I have developed a range of beeswax skin products which are 100% natural. They are made from beeswax and pure essential oils and grape seed oils. We make a lip balm, a body balm, a perfume balm and we also do a mist spray — that's a range we are very very proud of and it sells very very well and we are looking to branch out further with those sales.

Martin: I wouldn't say it is simple-stupid, but it does show you what, if you have got imagination or ideas, you can put into production. We have



come to the conclusion that we don't have to sell big-ticket items. Small or little sales like seedlings work for us. With a small punnet you don't have to try to sell things for hundreds or thousands of dollars.

Julia: I think what we have done is taken our individual passions and done it for ourselves, for our own lifestyle, for our own way of life. We have taken that and turned it into something that is successful without looking to spend a whole lot of money and do things in a big way. We have

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TO MARKET TO MARKET

taken our passions and turned them into something we can sell.

Martin mentioned the seedlings, so for the market garden we have built the poly house where we seed our own seedlings that are cold climate tolerant. We found that there is a market for cold-climate and drought-tolerant seedlings, so it began with us seeding for ourselves to grow our own food and it turned into something where our seedlings are now for sale through Provisions, the deli and grocery in town. We also do vegetable seedlings,

Honey began as a passion for Martin but turned into something where we now have saleable products. I studied Chinese medicine years ago so I have a background of herbal healing. I took the by-product of the beeswax and turned that into something that, again, was a passion of mine, so it's almost like, we have come together, and Tiandi has become a conglomeration of our passions.

Martin, having been a teacher over the years has been able to take his passion for growing and turn that into teaching. We have students that come from France for three months each winter, so he has been able to couple his passion for teaching with that of growing and pass that knowledge on. So by continually falling over we have worked out how you can take a relatively small piece of land and make it sustainable — or as sustainable as you possibly can. We've taken our passions for things that we love and, by using those passions, to maintain some kind of sustainable living. You can also earn a little bit of money from that, contribute to the community and put out some beautiful food and become part of the bigger picture. That brings me, and I think Martin as well, a happiness and a contentedness that I don't think money can buy.

Martin: Yes. What we do doesn't bring in tens of thousands of dollars but if it just breaks even and pays the bills, that's good enough for us because with the surplus we have for ourselves, everything else is just a bonus. It's amazing what you can do from an intensively farmed piece of land. I'll just hazard a guess and say last year easily we had half a ton of tomatoes, a hundred kilos of sweet corn, hundreds of kilos of pumpkins, of beans, and that's just from a quarter acre market garden.

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Thank you Braidwood.

Jackie French tells the story of how poverty and poverty can lead to provide.

Gibber's Creek is not Braidwood. Definitely. Absolutely. And yet ...

Thirty years ago, broke, living in a shed with my young son, a wallaby, a wombat and a black snake called Gladys, I needed \$106.44 to pay for my car rego. The first two people ever to encourage me to write, a local freelance journalist and Judith Wright, poet, suggested I earn the money with words.

My typewriter came from the Majors Creek dump. I sat on the floor to type and after three months of wombat droppings on the keyboard the typewriter began to show its age — the

letter 'e' refused to work at all. The book that became *Rainstones* was thus created without the most common letter of the alphabet.

The spelling was also ... original. I'm dyslexic. I still can't spill/spall/spell. I had no idea where to send a book, so I looked up 'p for publisher' in the Sydney telephone book at the post office. The first on the list was Angus and Robertson, who eventually published *Rainstones*, but only because the editor who first picked it out of the pile gave a scream of laughter at the mess and the spelling, and began to read it to the office, for a giggle.

They didn't giggle. She read the entire book aloud and then rang me to offer an advance to publish it. The rego was paid. Then A and R was in a corporate takeover, and then another. Each time '*Rainstones*' was re-evaluated by yet another editorial team, and accepted yet again. This delay meant that even though I wrote the book more than 30 years ago, it's only been 25 years — and 3 million books — since it was published. It's been in print ever since.



Rainstones was Braidwood. The title story was written about the 1978-83 drought. Dusty's dragon is the massive goanna that lived up the gorge; the boys in Jacob Saw and their swimming lessons are in the book because I wrote the story there. The late Netta Ellis even recognised herself in Mrs Halibut — and complained her husband called her 'Fishface' for weeks.

But *Rainstones* is just one book. The Matilda series began as a trilogy, became a quartet. It was meant to be a history of our nation told from one country town, and the viewpoints of those who had no political voice in 1892, when the series begins: women, indigenous people, Chinese, Afghans. By book four I realised that history didn't stop just because I was born, and that the series will continue as long as I live. The book released this week, *If Blood Should Stain the Wattle*, is set 1972-1975, the years of a deeply idealistic Australia even if the dreams of what exactly the ideal Australia might be varied enormously — and died with the dismissal, when social and political timidity began to rule.

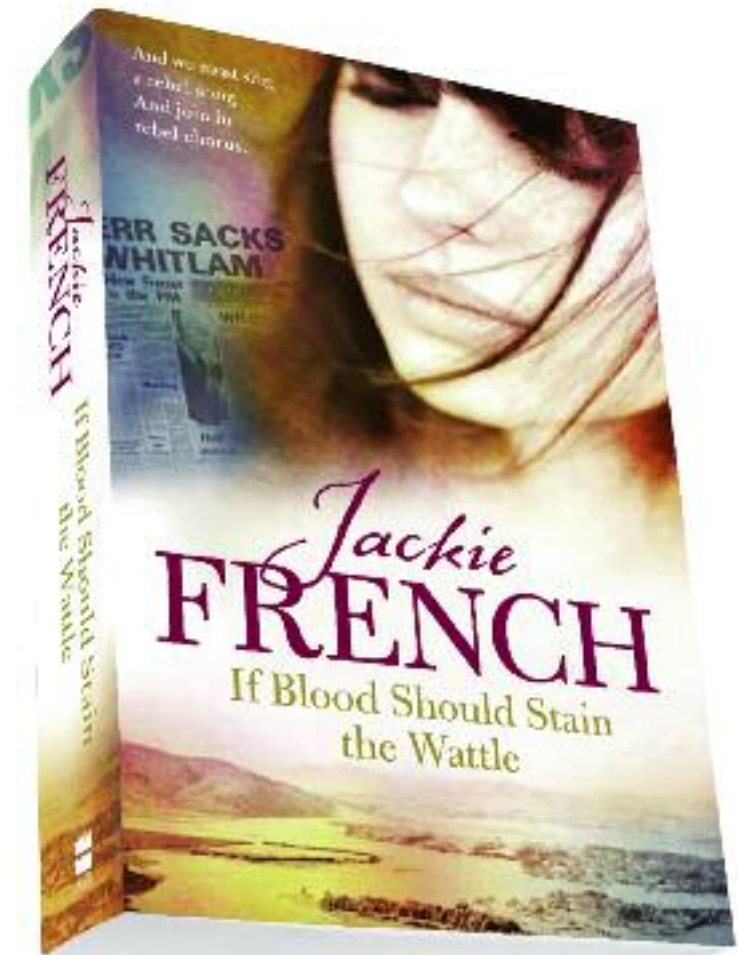
Gibber's Creek is not Braidwood. Not exactly. But any reader who remembers the earliest version of Torpy's might remember some similarities with Leafsong's Blue Belle café, as well as the first Café Altenburg. You might even remember the night when

Nostradamus predicted that the world would end as the northern hemisphere blew up — or at least some of the more gullible read that catastrophe into his enigmatic writings.

No character in *If Blood Should Stain the Wattle* is based on any living person, apart from those like the late Tom Uren, or Rex Connor, who are beyond suing for defamation — not that they would have — but not beyond memory of their courage and integrity. Gough and Margaret Whitlam, too, of course, and Sir John Kerr, are now beyond the courts, although not gossip of conspiracies.

You won't recognise yourself in *If Blood Should Stain the Wattle*, but I hope, if you were here back then, you will remember. It was an incredible time to be young, but perhaps all times are.

And so — because I absentmindedly promised Paul an article in a week when I had four other deadlines, one for the final version of a new historical series for adults — this is a thank you to Braidwood. You have given me material for about 200 books — so far. But more than that. The Matilda series is a love song to the land and its people. The history of Braidwood mirrors that of our nation.



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A bloody ambush

Sergeant Paul Batista of Monaro Local Area Command is organising the unveiling of a plaque at Duck Pond, Jinden on 9 January 2017

On the evening of 9 January 1867, Special Constables John Carroll, Patrick Kennagh, Eneas McDonnell and John Phegan were ambushed and murdered at Duck Pond, Jinden whilst searching for the notorious Clarke Gang.

The murder of the four special constables to this day constitutes the largest mass murder of police in Australian history (Ned Kelly killed three Victorian police officers at Stringybark Creek in 1878).

The Clarke Gang, made up of relatives and friends, headed by Thomas and John had been rampaging, robbing and killing around the district (including Michalego) and the far south coast (Bega) since about 1865. So notorious they were; that the Felons Apprehension Act of 1865 was amended (to incorporate Outlawry and killing of criminals on sight by citizens).

Up until the 31 October 2016 reward for William Tyrrell they also represented the largest reward offered by a single government in Australian history of £5,000 (Ned Kelly's was £2,500 each by NSW & Victoria).

By direct authority of the Colonial Secretary, Sir Henry Parkes, a group of special constables (detectives) were sworn in secretly for a special expedition to go forth, search and capture the gang of bushrangers. They were to pose as surveyors, travelled by horse and were heavily armed. The party consisted of the Special Constables

and their leader John Carroll, who was also a senior warder at Darlinghurst Gaol.

Whilst patrolling very dense bushland in an area known today as Jinden Station (situated on the eastern side of the Cooma road near present day Deua National Park) the party was ambushed on the afternoon of 9 January 1867. Witnesses had heard shooting that afternoon but did not investigate until the following day.

In a clearing in the bush McDonnell and Phegan were found shot to death and about 800 metres away were the bodies of Carroll and Kennagh. Pinned to the body of Carroll was a pound note. From writings at the time there is a suggestion that, from their wounds, two of the special constables were executed.

Senior Constable Wright and an Aboriginal tracker Sir Watkin Wynne (later bestowed the title of sergeant major) arrested the two surviving members of the Clarke Gang at Berry's hut near Jinden on Friday 26 April 1867 after a long shoot out.

The Clarkes' trial on the 28 May 1867 lasted just one day. The jury took 67 minutes to find both brothers guilty of attempted murder of Constable Walsh only. They were never tried or convicted for the murders of the four special constables. Thomas Clarke, 26 and his brother John, 24 were hanged from twin gallows at Darlinghurst Gaol on 25 June 1867.



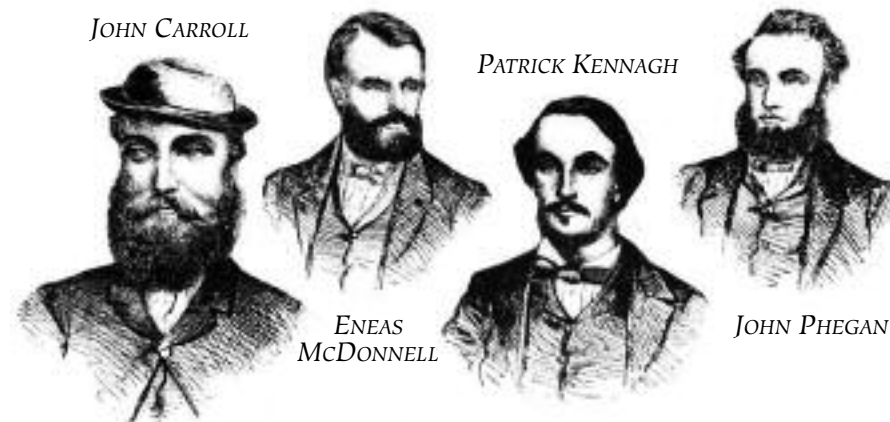
THE MONUMENT AT BRAIDWOOD HISTORIC CEMETERY.

Memorial service in January 2017

A large memorial for the four special constables was established at the Braidwood cemetery. A couple of signs on a star picket was placed at the location of the mass murder site at Duck Pond, Jinden by Mr Peter Smith, local historian and author, in recent times.

It is envisaged to commemorate the sacrifice of the four special constables on the 150th anniversary of the ambush and their murders with a special service at 2.30 pm on Monday the 9th of January 2017 at the actual site, which is now private property. The area around Duck Pond is much as it appeared 150 years ago. No much has changed. It is also proposed to dedicate a small memorial on this hallowed ground that evening. A small group of locals has banded together to commence proceedings. This group includes the property owners of the now Jinden Station, Mr John and Mrs Jenette Hindmarsh, Braidwood's very own acclaimed author on the Clarke Gang, Mr Peter Smith and Sergeant Paul Batista from Queanbeyan Police Station.

The area is very remote and special care and conditions will be required for those that are thinking of attending. A detailed information sheet will be posted on the Monaro Local Area Command Facebook site closer to the date.



Clarkes to be retried

Local historian Peter Smith previews the preparations for the re-enactment of the Clarke brothers' capture and trial on 29 and 30 April 2017

The capture of the Clarke brothers on 27th April 1867 brought an end to the series of daring bushranging gangs that had plagued New South Wales since the beginning of the decade. Although Thunderbolt continued at large in northern New South Wales for another three years, the murders of police and civilians and large scale plunder ceased as police gained the upper hand and society in general rejected any sympathy felt for bushrangers.

The Clarke Gang were arguably the worst and most troublesome bushrangers of all time. They terrorised the southern district of New South Wales, from October 1865 to April 1867, in an area extending from present day Canberra to the coast and from Goulburn to Cooma. Robberies of mail coaches, stores, travellers and homesteads were almost a daily occurrence. But worst of all was the grim tally of murders — a policeman, four special police, at least one of their accomplices and a half caste Aboriginal mistaken for a black tracker.

The Clarkes' downfall came about as a result of the loss of support of their harbourers. Many were tempted by the huge rewards on offer and feared the likelihood of being convicted under the Felons Apprehension Act after Tommy Clarke and Patrick Connell had been declared Outlaws. This ultimately led to betrayal. Tom Berry informed the police that his cousins, Tommy and John Clarke, would be at his house on the night of 26th April 1867. The hut was located on Jinden Creek about 60 km south of Braidwood. That night Berry's hut was surrounded by a party of five police and later re-enforced by eight more police.

The gun battle that took place before surrender involved hundreds of shots being fired over several hours. John Clarke was wounded in the shoulder, Tom Clarke was wounded in the buttock, the black tracker was wounded in the arm and Constable Walsh was wounded in the hip.

The Re-Enactment

Next year marks 150 years since the Clarkes were captured.

A hut built of slabs with a bark roof will be erected on site in the middle of the showground to serve as Berry's hut, with a section of fence with slip rails at the front of the hut and a haystack and other items such as logs to give cover for the police.

A public address system to keep a full commentary of the proceedings and deliver safety warnings as required.

No member of the audience will be permitted inside the perimeter fencing (already existing).

On the day

The activity will begin with the cast walking around the area while the commentary begins with safety warnings and will describe the characters in the re-enactment, their clothing and firearms and the circumstances leading up to the capture of the Clarke brothers. The actors then take their positions. Tommy and John Clarke arrive on horseback, greeted by Thomas Berry.

After they hobble the horses they all go into the hut.

The first party of police arrive on foot. They take up positions around the hut and behind the haystack. They examine and position the bushrangers' horses.

The bushrangers emerge from hut, go through the slip rails and proceed towards horses. The police call on them to surrender. The police open fire as the bushrangers retreat towards the hut. The Berry family run from the hut. John Clarke returns fire and is shot in the shoulder. Both Clarkes fire at police with their revolvers.

Before the bushrangers reach the hut they are confronted by Constables Walsh and Egan who have run in from the side. Walsh is shot in the hip.

The bushrangers reach the hut where they have rifles and soon after black-tracker, Sir Watkin, is shot in the arm. Many more shots are exchanged.

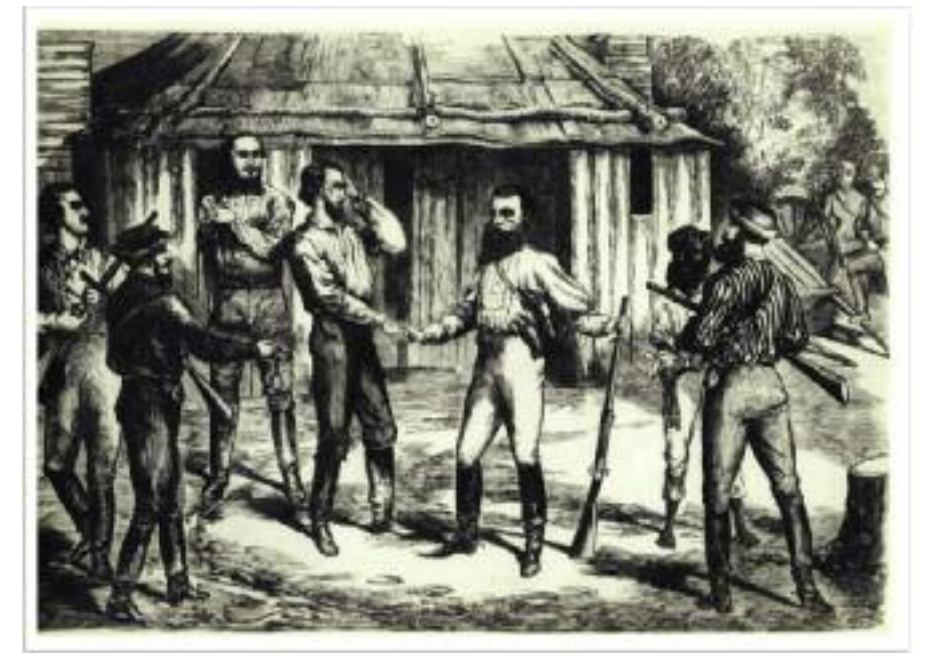
Senior Constable Wright orders wounded Constable Walsh to catch one of the bushrangers' horses and go for re-enforcements.

Random shots are fired after Walsh's departure.

In due course nine mounted police arrive on the scene including the return of Constable Walsh. They take up positions around the hut. Walsh goes to the front of the hut and calls on the bushrangers to surrender.

The Clarkes emerge the hut with hands in the air. John Clarke can only hold up one hand. They are handcuffed and shake hands with the police. The commentary will then tell the end of the story.

'THE SURRENDER OF THE CLARKES' FROM THE ILLUSTRATED SYDNEY NEWS, MAY 1867. THE IMAGE MAY HAVE BEEN MIRROR-REVERSED IN THE PRINTING.



Outside of a dog,
a book is man's
best friend ...
Inside of a dog
it's too dark
to read.

Groucho Marx

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YOU BE THE JUDGE

The re-enactment is declared over. Firearms are checked to ensure they are unloaded. The public are invited to enter the arena to have photos taken with members of the cast. There will be a firearms safety officer on site to instruct, supervise and issue the firearms to be used, a local stockman to be in charge of the horses. There will also be a re-enactment director on site.

Firearms:

There are numerous difficulties using the correct firearms of the day. The bushrangers had percussion revolving rifles and percussion revolvers as well as muzzle-loading shotguns and police would have had similar weapons. As these are only available as original antiques it is not feasible to use them.

Therefore the re-enactment will be carried out using 12-gauge shotguns firing blanks loaded with black powder to give the correct effect of noise and smoke. Seven shotguns will be used and two antique revolvers. The use of these firearms is covered by the re-enactment permit issued by the Firearms Registry.

The firearms will be under the care of the safety officer.

Costumes:

The clothing will be an accurate portrayal of the type worn on the day. Much of it will be supplied to the actors and some supplied by them. All will be approved by the Re-enactment sub-committee of the Braidwood Historical Society. Tunics for the uniformed police will be made and kepi caps purchased.

New South Wales Police Involvement:

The re-enactment is a celebration of a police victory. Therefore it is important to have a high level of police presence in attendance as well the local Member of Parliament and a senior minister of the New South Wales Government.

THOMAS AND JOHN CLARKE IN BRAIDWOOD GAOL.



Everything for Christmas is in Braidwood



Quality Kitchenware including 'Mason Cash' and Australian 'Linen Press' – organic textiles.



Exclusive Australian made jewellery, including vibrant wooden 'Cool Coconut', necklaces, bracelets and earrings and collectable jewellery by 'Erstwilder'.

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COUNTRY WORKBOX



Hello!

Firstly ... Season's Greetings To All.

Enjoy your well-deserved holiday and may 2017 be an improvement on 2016.

Secondly ... You might have noticed the changes happening to 68 Wallace Street. The building is undergoing a thorough expert restoration. It will be beautiful!

Sadly, I will have to move out for a while at the end of January. So don't delay getting toys, gifts, homewares, jewellery, kitchenware etc etc before we close.

Do I feel a SALE coming on?

All the very best ...

Barbara

Official Dinner:

The official dinner will be held at the Showground Pavilion on the Saturday night following the re-enactment.

Other Activities:

There will be a weekend of activity in the historic Braidwood town centre with a vintage car rally, carriage rides, cemetery tours, farmers markets, arts and crafts and a re-enactment of the trial of the Clarkes in the Braidwood Court House on the Sunday. Arrangements are still being finalised, however, there is much local support and enthusiasm for a wide range of events celebrating Braidwood's heritage.

Re-enactment of the trial

Tom and John Clarke were taken from Braidwood Gaol to Sydney to stand trial. The charge eventually preferred against them occurred at the time of their capture — the wounding of Constable Walsh with intent to murder — a capital offence. There were many other charges that could be laid at their feet, but it seemed the authorities had chosen a charge they considered the most convenient, possibly easiest to prove and the most economical, as

the main witnesses had provided the prisoners' escort to Sydney. The prosecution only needed a conviction for one capital offence as a person could only be executed once.

The trial took place in Central Criminal Court, Darlinghurst Sydney on Tuesday 28 May 1867. The presiding judge was Sir Alfred Stephen, the Chief Justice of New South Wales. The prosecuting barrister was the Solicitor General, Robert Isaacs. The trial lasted just one day and ended with the death sentence for the two brothers.

On delivering the supreme penalty the Chief Justice addressed the brothers in the most scathing all-embracing condemnation of bushranging by any judge to this day. It seemed the Clarkes were taking responsibility for the whole of the bushranging outbreak that had plagued the colony for the past decade.

The Clarkes were suspected of more serious crimes including the murder of four special police. Just about everyone including the jury knew them by reputation.

The re-enactment on Sunday 30th April 2017 at Braidwood Court House will be an abbreviated word for word version of the actual transcript of the

evidence given at the trial. As you will see there were many inconsistencies in the evidence of the witnesses. The re-enactment enables you to form your own judgement.



For further information: **THE CLARKE GANG, Outlaws, Outcast and Forgotten** by Peter C Smith, published by Rosenberg Publishing Pty Ltd, 2015, available at Braidwood Newsagency, Miss Ruby's Bookshop or www.rosenbergpub.com.au



Put 'em up in style

photos by Emily Hanlon

There's new accommodation in the centre of town, full of art, eclectic character and ambience just like Braidwood itself. Paydirt Travellers' Rooms provide short-stay accommodation for up to four people. The stunning self-contained residence occupies the second floor of the historic Muttons building, overlooking Wallace Street from a generous balcony and accessed via a lush rear-lane courtyard.

The Travellers' Rooms are perfect for those passing through on a summer road trip, or settling in for a couple of nights in Braidwood. If you're a local with visiting friends or family, then this is the place to put them up while you show off Braidwood's best. And what visit would be complete without dinner, lunch or street side dumplings from Paydirt Eatery, just down the road.

Now is the time to book your festive season soirees at the Eatery, or pick up a gift certificate. When it comes to fine dining, and now accommodation, Paydirt's unpretentious, personalised approach leaves you free to engage with good food, good conversation and one another.

The way it should be.

PAYDIRT EATERY

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Dinner — Thursday to Saturday 6 pm - 8 pm

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Find us at the Braidwood farmers market for dumplings and things

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BAN THE BURNING



SUN-WISE DUDES WITH HATS — BROAD-BRIMMED IS BEST.

Common sense in the hot weather

Good advice from Bente Hart

Sunscreen:

Sunscreen is a great way to protect skin exposed to the sun in summer, but to be effective it must be applied correctly. Most people do not apply enough sunscreen or often enough when in the sun.

One thing also to keep in mind is that you should not rely on sunscreen alone to protect you from the sun. During the day when you have to protect yourself from the sun, the use of sunscreen should be combined with sun-protective clothing, a broad-brimmed hat that protects the face, head, neck and ears and sunglasses. If possible also seek shade. Sunscreen should be applied 20 minutes before going into the sun. This gives the cream time to dry into the skin. Always reapply every 2 hours (no matter what the label says) and more often if swimming or sweating a lot. Note, no sunscreen is water or sweat proof, only resistant and they will still come off when towel drying. To maintain full effect products still need to be re-applied every 2 hours.

To ensure you apply enough sunscreen you need to apply (this is for average-sized adult) over half a teaspoon (3mL) to each arm and the face/neck (including ears). For each leg you should apply over 1 teaspoon (6mL) and the same amount for the front and for the back of the body. So if you are going to apply sunscreen to the whole body you should expect to use 35mL (for an average-sized adult).

Many people do not apply enough sunscreen and forget to re-apply every 2 hours. Therefore they often only get half of the protection stated on the product.

It is also important to ensure that you use a sunscreen that is in date as they are only able to stay viable for 3 years, and then they begin to lose effect. So always start the season with checking the expiry date on your sunscreen and replace as needed. But if you use your sunscreen as recommended you should not have any old ones sitting around.

If you have a smartphone, a great app for summer is the



Professional services available at Braidwood Pharmacy:

- Medication packing using Webster system (an aid to help you manage your medication)
- Scripts on file
- MedAdvisor App that helps you order and manage your scripts on file by use of your phone or computer
- Home Medication Reviews (on referral from your doctor)
- Medication profiling using MedsCheck (development of a medication list and detection of potential problems)
- NDSS supplies (diabetes)
- Blood pressure monitoring
- Return of Unwanted Medications (RUM project)
- Leave of Absence certificates
- Supply of medication for Hepatitis C treatment

BRAIDWOOD PHARMACY

Our community matters

Julie Ballard & Bente Hart

Mon – Fri 9am - 5.30pm
 Saturday 9am - 12.30pm

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.

For more information we recommend the website sunsmart.com.au

Prevent dehydration and heat-related illness

It is important to stay well hydrated in the hot weather to prevent heat-related illnesses. This can particularly be an issue for the older population as it is common for our sense of thirst to lessen as we age. This means that we may not feel thirsty even in hot weather. So make sure to drink enough fluids such as water or diluted fruit juice. Other good rehydration fluids are formulations such as Hydrolite or Gastrolyte that help rehydrate the body – always ensure that you make these up according to the manufacturer's directions. It is best to drink smaller amounts regularly than a large amount at once.

Drinks that are NOT recommended for rehydration is soft drinks, coffee, tea, alcohol-containing beverages and 'energy drinks' as these contain ingredients which are dehydrating.

Signs of dehydration can be thirst, reduced urination, dizziness, feeling faint or weak, which can lead to falls, increased sweating, headache, muscle cramps and nausea. Also be aware that some medications and medical conditions can increase your risk of heat related illness.



WOODY AND HIS OWNER PIPPA WITH DR MORGAN BENNY.

With some summer weather finally upon us, we are now seeing an increase in dogs and cats being admitted for treatment following a snake bite. Whilst we are successful in treating most of the pets that come into the clinic, many also lose their lives either at home or whilst on their way to the clinic.

One of our most recent success stories is Woody, the six year-old Jack Russell Terrier, who has been bitten not once, but twice by a snake. Woody was first treated as a one year-old, and more recently following a second attack in his own backyard.

Luckily Woody was seen with the snake, and was rushed straight into the clinic for his life saving treatment. Because of the quick response by his owners, Woody was treated before the venom had caused any permanent damage to his body. Following several hours of intensive care leading to a complete recovery, Woody was able to go home to his family the following morning.

It is often impossible to prevent snakes from entering your yard, although there are several ways to reduce the likelihood of an unwanted visitor. Ideally you should remove all piles of rubbish, timber or anything on the ground that they could take up residence in, including water sources. Try to keep your lawn cut nice and short to ensure you can see if you have a snake in your yard and only let your pet out into your yard when you are supervising them. It is also a great idea to remove or prevent any potential food sources, such as rodents.

If you think your pet has been bitten by a snake, it is an emergency, and you should seek veterinary help as soon as possible. The earlier that treatment is given, the more likely it is that treatment will be successful.

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Read early, read often

Robyn Goodwin has a story for adults too

I am often asked the question: "What sort of formal art training have you had?" The answer to this question does cause mixed reactions. I have no formal art training at all. I took art as a subject back in the 70s in years 10, 11 and 12. The real reason I took this subject was to escape English, maths and history. Plus I was at boarding school, and as an art student we were allowed weekend access to the art rooms. This was a great distraction from the monotony of regimented 24/7 school life.

Biology was also a favourite subject. I was most interested in studying plants and animals. I was and still am totally absorbed in Darwin's theory of evolution.

Many years passed after my six years of boarding at St Joseph's in Albury. The business of raising a family and working took over any thoughts of putting paint to paper. About eight years ago, our two daughters left home pretty much at the same time. Suddenly, I had free time at my disposal. The opportunity to draw and paint. My husband bought me a set of water colours as a gift. I had never used water colour before and instantly fell in love with the way the paint flowed. It was easy to fix mistakes and somehow the paint had its own agenda.

I found drawing single objects or landscapes didn't hold my attention, so I decided to write and illustrate a story; my first book entitled 'Zippers Easter Encounter'. I have a menagerie in our backyard so finding subjects was easy. Two good friends suggested I try and sell my book locally. That's just what I did. The book sold well. It was a real learning experience and quite an expense.

My idea was that my first book would support a second book. This did eventuate and now I'm onto my eighth book. I call my series of books for children 'Backyard Tales' as all the characters in my stories live in or around our backyard. A chain of events occurred with my last two books. They are larger picture books encompassing rhythm, rhyme and repetition, with big

bright illustrations. I now have a distributor who helps deliver my books nationally and internationally and there are great bonuses that come with this deal. I also enjoy selling my books at markets and they are very

well supported by Miss Ruby's bookshop in Braidwood.

I am passionate about bringing my backyard into the lives of kids that don't live in a rural environment. I use my art and stories as a platform to promote protection of our unique Australian flora and fauna. The people of Braidwood have been incredibly supportive of my work.

I truly believe passion is the key to life.

"Follow what you are genuinely passionate about and let that guide you to your destination."

(Quote from Diane Sawyer)



The Chatterbox Cat would chat at the owl,
 "No more, no more,
 Enough meow!"

The Chatterbox Cat took no notice at all,
 Day and night, he continued to call.

Scar the rooster laid an egg,
 How strange was that!
 He blushed bright red.





KAREN'S GREAT GRANDMOTHER, HONORA CONNOR

Ancestry

Karen Nelson likes to poke about in people's history (if they want)

I have been interested in family history for 40 years and have been actively researching mine and other people's family history for most of those years. I find it fascinating and to be able to identify your distant ancestors is very rewarding. Apart from the obvious uses of genealogy, medical histories of relatives can be very useful and important as we all get older.

From the smallest piece of information it is possible to travel centuries back in time. Some of the family history sites advertise that, "it's as simple as following the leaf" but it is absolutely not as easy as that. In fact it is very simple to go down the wrong tree and end up nowhere. I used the old microfiche at one time and have noticed since the advent of the internet, so many mistakes and false lineages are rife in the family histories I have re-researched. It's a bit like those people selling coats of arms in shopping malls — absolute rubbish and nothing whatever to do with family history.

My grandmother

My third great grandmother, Honora Connor was a young nineteen-year-old Irish country girl who was arrested for stealing geese on the Mallow Road near Cork. She was

WHERE'RE YOU FROM?

herding the geese along the road towards her family's small holding when the 'watch' (police) stopped her and upon inspecting the geese claimed they had been stolen. Honora was taken away and after a few months of waiting first in the prison at Cork, and then a few more weeks on a hulk moored in the harbour she was duly transported for seven years on the Convict Ship '*Palambam*' in 1831. The horror and sense of loss this poor country girl and her family must have felt would have been horrendous.

Honora was identified as a dairy maid in other records and after spending considerable time at Parramatta's Female Factory, was eventually 'disposed of' to a Mr Hindmarsh of the Illawarra District, where she worked for some time as a dairy maid before receiving her ticket of leave and then her pardon. It turns out that the Braidwood Hindmarsh family is one and the same. It's incredible to think of it when I am having coffee at the Albion with Janine and Chantelle Hindmarsh — that we have that historic link.

Careful research

I've learned some very good lessons in doing research — to be extra careful and to not trust spelling. Names can be spelt so many different ways and yet be part of one and the same family. This is partly due to strong British, Irish or Scot's accents, clerical errors, mispronunciation or the simple inability to spell or write correctly.

We are the product of our ancestors. I think we should try to document as much of ourselves as possible so our great-great-grandchildren can know us. Medical information such as heart disease, cancer and mental disorders can be identified from our ancestors if we know who they were.

Don't believe all the hype around Ancestry.com. It is a wonderful tool if used correctly and carefully. But it's very easy to make mistakes and those mistakes can take you so far away from your true family line you might have to pull it down and start again. I have seen so many serious research errors when I do people's family histories where

GRANNY'S RAP SHEET.

Delivered at 19th June 1831

Date	19 th January 1831
Prisoner's No.	31/261
Name	Honora Connor
Ship	Palambam
Master	William Smith
Year	1831
Native Place	Irish County of
Vocals or Calling	Country Servant
Offence	Stealing Geese
Place of Trial	Cork
Date of Trial	19 th January 1831
Sentence	7 Years
Year of Birth	1811
Height	5 feet 1 inch
Complexion	Fair swarthy & freckled
Hair	Light brown
Eyes	Green
General Remarks	Has a little cocked small scar right side of neck. Wife of William Hindmarsh per ship back free by servitude

GIVE HER A MEDAL

they have been done by great aunty Dot or uncle Bill. Fixable but annoying.

I have travelled all through England, Ireland and Scotland collecting and researching families on both sides and you can feel the genealogy when you wander through the villages and towns of your forebears.

I love watching people thrill to hearing about their ancestors that they had no knowledge of and especially when I find photographs. I have learned to date photographs by clothing, stance or items in the photos.

Convict history is important to me. Poor souls chained to the bottom of smelly hulks. Convicts were worth nothing whereas slaves were considered a valuable resource.

Family history, genealogy and history is a detective game and is always thrilling, never losing its fun in the thrill of the chase. Realising your suppositions are correct when your eyes lock onto a name, date or place of birth and especially when you find someone. It's like they are beside you saying hello over the years. It's the best detective game ever.



Recently a friend gave me a First World War medal he bought at auction. The medal was lying at the bottom of an old wooden trunk and had obviously been through a fire at some stage for the medal is burnished and fire blackened.

After doing some simple research (30 minutes) I found it belonged to a Tasmanian Police Officer, Herbert Hynes.

Herbert was an Irishman born in Dublin in 1874, but spent the major part of his life in Tasmania as a Police Officer before and after the First World War. He took leave from the Tasmanian Police Force and joined the Army, as a member of the light horse Brigade and saw plenty of action in the middle east.

Upon returning to Tasmania and his profession as police officer, he rose through the ranks to Superintendent in Davenport. He married Emily but had no children.

I contacted the Tasmanian Police Museum who are looking forward to receiving the medal which they will have mounted along with his service history and replacement medals as part of a project that will see all the Tasmanian police officers who became soldiers from the First World War similarly honoured.

So, from some numbers and a name engraved on the side of an old fire-blackened medal we have caused a series of events to occur that has brought back the living memory of one Herbert Percy Hynes.

HERBERT HYNES BEFORE THE WAR ...

AND AFTER.



Christmas cheer to end the year.

As another successful year is drawing to a close, it is with gratitude that we take this opportunity to pass on our heartfelt thanks for your ongoing efforts and support over the months.

2016 has brought with it a list of new and exciting projects, continual growth throughout our region with a record number of enquiries received, top of the class and ever supportive trades men and women, team growth and development and yet again inspiring clients to work with.

For our efforts, we were awarded the **Managing Directors Award** for 2016, in recognition of a positive all-round attitude and approach to being a GHA Builder. This achievement is a true reflection of our commitment to you and our efforts to continue to build on and improve the energy efficiency of homes in South-East NSW.

It is humbling to witness the ever increasing interest in our region, it proves that our community is open to integrating simple yet effective methods into the design and build to create a comfortable and affordable way of living.

Our team deserves the greatest of thanks for their continual hard work and allegiance. They continue to deliver and are ever growing, as we are in knowledge, resources and support. The mateship between peers is second to none and each and every team member never stops short of the mark to get the job done.



This leaves us with you, our reason for doing what we do. Your interest in achieving a quality, energy efficient product and your ongoing faith in us to deliver for you is not only greatly respected, it keeps us coming to work each day. It confirms for us that we are on the right track and we will endeavour to continue to improve and deliver.

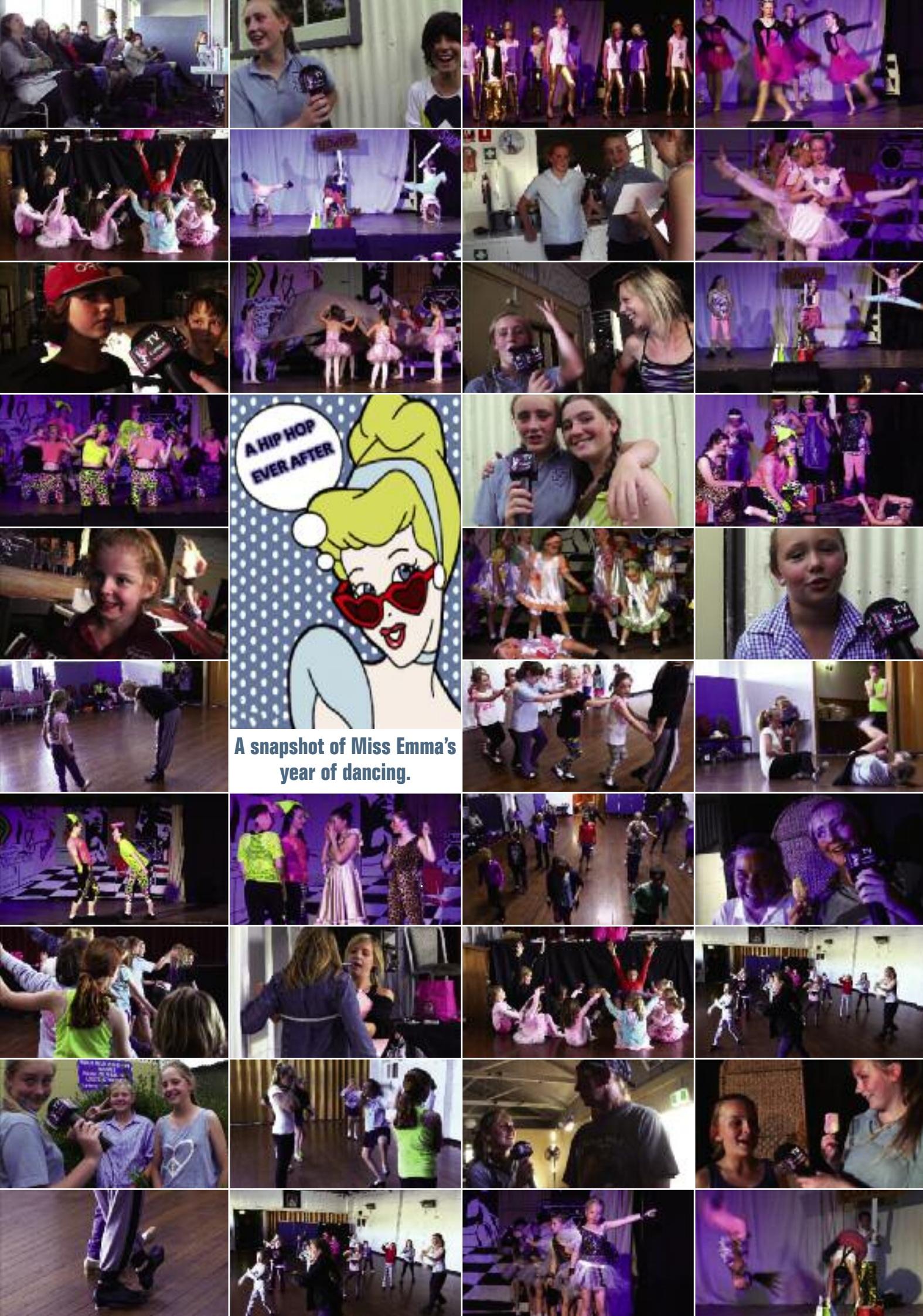
May you all have a happy, healthy and prosperous 2017.

We will be finishing for the year on Friday 23 December and returning to work Monday 9 January. For anything urgent, we will be available on our mobiles, and will be checking emails when we can.

Merry Christmas,

From Dan, Troy and the team at Green Homes.

Vardanega Building Pty Ltd T/As Green Homes Australia South East NSW



A snapshot of Miss Emma's year of dancing.

Not For Sale

Maggie Hickey

"I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his house and therefore carried a piece of brick in his pocket, which he showed as a pattern to encourage purchasers."

Jonathan Swift. *The Draper's Letters No. 2* (1724)

Buck Lane, NW9, runs from the top to the base of a very long hill. Number 102 is at the midpoint, so arriving on foot you either have to climb up or down. It is so steep that ascending pedestrians are generally gasping for breath long before they arrive and those approaching from the top are best advised to walk crabwise to avoid tumbling down like Jack, who as we know, broke his crown. Or was it Jill who did the tumbling? Anyway you know what I mean.

Number 102 is on the end of a gloomy Victorian terrace built for factory workers who toiled up and down the hill every day. Buck Lane has become more desirable with better availability of cheap family cars and its modest dwellings are being bought by the middle class and 'done up'. Not so, number 102.

The house is divided into three flats. Vi the landlady occupies the basement. Jamaican couple Hermione and Fred are on the ground floor. Ted and Raj are in the top unit. All the residents apart from Vi will move on in time but for now this place suits them very well. Ted works from home designing websites. His income tends to wax and wane. Raj is studying economics and only works part-time. All in all they are happy with things. They get on well and the rent is affordable, enabling them to spend any spare cash on football and the pub.

Of course the place is pretty shabby. The furnishings are old and white-goods like the fridge and washing machine frequently break down. The saving grace is the roof garden, accessed via a dark, narrow staircase and rickety ladder.

Really, to call it a garden is a joke, the only greenery being weeds emerging from cracked asphalt and sooty moss clinging to the low brick rampart. But on a clear day across the roofs of north London there's a distant view of Wembley Stadium beloved of football

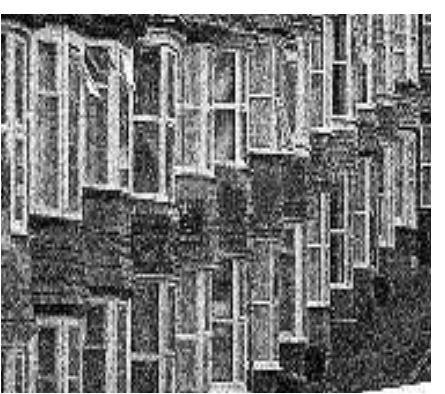
fans like Ted and Raj. It houses a sun umbrella, some tatty deckchairs and a grease splattered barbecue (god knows how they got that up there). In the summer, girlfriends and others join them on the roof where everyone has a good time, drinking and playing loud music.

Vi rarely interferes. She doesn't quibble if the rent is late or there are extra people staying. In return, Ted and Raj don't bother her with minor problems. Hence over time, temporary remedies have become permanent. Broken sash windows are propped open with old paperbacks and hardback books have replaced rotten stairs. The ceiling lights kept blowing so now they just use table lamps. Mood lighting, Ted calls it.

Yet lately, things have changed and not for the better so far as Ted and Raj are concerned. Vi is in hospital unlikely to recover apparently and nephew George has taken charge. He's inspected the upstairs flat and found the tenants' housekeeping and maintenance wanting. A cleaner and a handyman man will be sent around.

"To sort things out," asserts George with a greasy smile, indicating he is doing them a favour. They however, know better.

He's up to something," says Ted. They invite Fred and Hortense to the roof garden for a drink and a conflagration. "Just look at the other houses in this row. All tarted up. Prices sky high."



asserts cadet economist Raj. "George is putting the place on the market and he wants us out."

"We can't leave now," wails Fred. "Hortense is pregnant, her mum's coming over from Kingston to help out but we can't afford anywhere else on my wage."

Gloomily, Hortense points to the brick and rubble strewn yard far below. Its always been fenced off, out of bounds to tenants. Hortense would have liked a garden for the baby she says. A pity it's in such a state.

"Well, old George will have to clear that up or no one will be interested in buying and maybe your baby will have arrived and Fred will have got a better job by then," suggests Ted.

As it turns out they needn't have worried. One morning a fully recovered landlady arrives to see a For Sale sign going up at the front and George taking the fence down at the back.

George is given his marching orders. The sign comes down and the fence goes back up.

"I'm not selling," Vi reassures her tenants, "I was born here and I'll die here. The place can stay the same till then, including that fence."

She gazes across at the neglected yard and explains, "Used to look just beautiful, it did. Mum loved her garden but she had a tough life with our Dad. Nasty piece of work he was. He drank and knocked her about. Late one night we heard a terrible row but in the morning Mum was digging over a new garden bed and planting a rose bush there like nothing had happened. We never saw the old bastard again. Ma went a bit funny after that. Had the old dunny demolished and just left the bricks lying about. Wouldn't let us kids play there. Locked the whole yard up. Said it was safer that way."

The tenants celebrate their reprieve on the roof. Vi joins them with an agility surprising for someone her age. Hortense has sublimated her yearning for a garden with colourful pot plants, carpenter Fred has replaced the old deckchairs with comfortable seating and Ted has finally got around to cleaning the barbecue. They sit in a contented row, gazing toward Wembley, an orange juice for Hortense, beer for the others.

"You know Vi," says Raj "those bricks down there are original London stock. Valuable. They'd pay for a new garden."

"I know dear, but maybe its best to leave things as they are. Let sleeping dogs lie, if you get my drift."

Yes, they all agree. Maybe it is.

HORRORSCOPE FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS OF 2016:

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

SAGITTARIUS

Do not be a pussy this month. An uncouth, loud and vulgar person can grab more than headlines. Be wary of the full moon when this soon-to-be powerful person's hair might leap out and envelop the world. To find out if you're in the running and have, or are, "a young, and beautiful, piece of ass" phone Donald for a prediction on 212-836-3249.

CAPRICORN

Now look here. This global warming crap has gone on long enough. Science my armpit. Look deeply into your tea cup and the leaves will plainly tell you how even a slight concession from the current government will flounder. Listen to the dregs: "It was a clear attempt to reintroduce a price on hot air to satisfy the extreme greens and others seduced by the socialist alarmism of anthropogenic climate change". For more gems of wisdom phone Cory on 08 8362 8600.

AQUARIUS

Today is a good day to realise that the Prime Vertical is the Great Circle inscribed on the celestial sphere that passes through the east point, zenith, west point and nadir of any place. The Prime Minister is no exception. He passes through all points on the political spectrum in his never-ending quest to find a friend. To hear the latest concession phone Malcolm on 02 6277 7700.

PISCES

Make time to put aside political differences and just look at the issues. We can't all vote for the same party, that's totalitarianism. But polite exchange of views is preferable to retreat into enclaves of like-minded ideologues.

ARIES

A predominance of melancholic humour is linked with depression and constipation. Of course you know this if you've made it to this point in the *BWD* Horroroscope. There is a cure. I've found that an occasional dose of the *Daily Telegraph* reliably keeps me regular and the Bolt Report is especially useful cut into strips and impaled on a nail.

TAURUS

How has 2016 been for you? That bad huh? It's time to take a more optimistic outlook on life. Just remember that in a year's time when you look back at 2017, you might realise just how good this past year has been.

GEMINI

Did you see the story in the local paper, and again in the one its wrapped around, about how hard it is to start a small business? It's all that red tape and then the banks won't give you money. If you read on though ... oh joy, there is a solution. There are friendly people out there who can cut the red tape and lend you the start-up capital. And if you read to the very end you'd see the disclaimer that the author's family company might be the money lender and that the newspaper's owners might receive a commission on any deals. To hear more impartial investment advice ring 02 8777 7777.

**CANCER**

Santa Claus has been chosen as the new mascot for the National Broadband Network. To be fair to Santa though, he does arrive regularly and more people believe in him. In fact, if you look closely in the night sky on December 25 you might see Santa and even receive something as long as you're within 12km of Mt Gilla-matong and have a clear line of sight.

LEO

Are you feeling a bit bleached? The Great Barrier Reef certainly is and there's worse coming. Do we really need to lift the world's mining magnates out of wealth into astronomical wealth? Poor people deserve free energy from the sun.

VIRGO

Limitless numbers of universes split off constantly and continue to exist and develop in other temporal dimensions. This probably explains the last party you went to — a couple of drinks too many and you wake up living in synastry. It can be prudent to superimpose your birth chart over that of a prospective partner before you actually and physically superimpose yourselves.

LIBRA

There's global financial trouble looming on the horizon. Reducing debt is still the best bet to keep your head above water.

SCORPIO

This humble magazine's politics might not be to everyone's liking but it's locally produced with lots of love and attention. Compare that with the current strategy of our corporate newspaper owners who have reduced their effort to part-time 'do the lot' workers feeding in to an algorithmic pun generator back at head office.

United we shine

I wrote this for the 2016 National Union of Workers essay competition (no luck) about the benefits of maintaining a strong labour movement.

"Where to mate?" The eyes in the mirror checked me out.

"Town thanks," I replied.

"Another conference is it?" The disdain in the tone showing just what he thought of conference types.

"Yep," I said. "The topic is 'fair society, fair planet, fair jobs and fair food.'" "Fair dinkum!" he exploded, glancing over his shoulder. "I'll tell you what's not fair. It's when you've spent an hour in the airport queue waiting to pick up a fare, and when you do, the bastard only wants to go to town".

We retreated, each to his own thoughts, until the silence threatened to become hostile.

"What do you think about driverless cars?" I blurted, hearing the implication a whisker too late and hoping he wouldn't take it personally.

This time he did turn his head to check out just what it was he had in the back seat. "Stone the crows mate. You've got a driverless car already. You're in a vehicle on the way to your destination and you're not driving are you? What more do you want?"

It was tempting to want the soothing voice of Siri asking what type of music I liked or offering to tell me the day's main stories. But then again, in a fair society perhaps I should want the driver to keep his job.

"All this fascination with high-tech really gives me the irrits." He waved a hand across the windscreen. "Do we need to spend our technological budget automating all these drivers into the back seat of their own cars? What will they do then ... read the paper, email, play cards?"

"They reckon they've made cars ninety-nine percent automatic already," I ventured.

The cabbie snorted. "Rubbish! If you have to be ready to resume control at a moment's notice, that's not an autonomous driving experience, that's a recipe for inattentive disaster."

"Anyway, we already have nearly

driverless vehicles on a per-passenger basis. They're called buses and trains."

I looked out of the window at the surrounding cars crawling, accelerating, merging, dodging cyclists and pedestrians and I too wondered why you'd bother automating all those space-hogging personal transport capsules.

"We're going to be looking at a fair planet as well," I said.

"Oh what, like lifting the word's poor to our standard of living do you mean?"

"Yep that sort of thing," I replied. "Like when the Environment Minister talks about using Australian coal to help India provide access to electricity for all its people".

"You ... are ... kidding me, right?" I held his steely gaze in the cab's mirror as long as I could until I felt at least one of us should be watching the cars in front.

"Let me ask you this," he said. "Do you think your electricity is cheap? Do you pay the bill with a smile?"

"Not really, when you put it like that," I admitted.

We'd stopped at the lights and he turned to give me both ocular barrels. "Do you realise that most of your electricity comes from the Hunter Valley, made from coal running from the mine to the furnace on a conveyor belt? That it then runs through transmission infrastructure paid for last century? And you think it's a bit expensive, eh?" "Yes."

"Well, think about this. Someone has to pay for the big mine in Queensland,

the 500 kilometre train line, the port, the ships across the sea, the power station in India, the transmission poles and wires and last but not least, the power meter and the quarterly bill.

"Thousands or millions of poor villagers on one end of the wire forever sending money to a few overfed capitalists at the power station end hardly seems likely to lift the users out of poverty — quite the opposite."

"Tell me this," said the cabbie. "If you had cash to spare could you reduce your electricity bill?"

"Sure, I could. I'd buy solar panels and put them on the roof; maybe invest in some batteries as well."

"There you go," said the cabbie as the lights turned green and off we went. "You want to use solar power because after the cost of the panels the fuel arrives free from then on."

"That's the cruelty in expanding or even continuing Australia's coal exports for electricity generation. The same applies to our domestic consumption. It's keeping the consumer paying through the nose for as long as possible."

"But what about our economy, the loss of income and the jobs," I ventured.

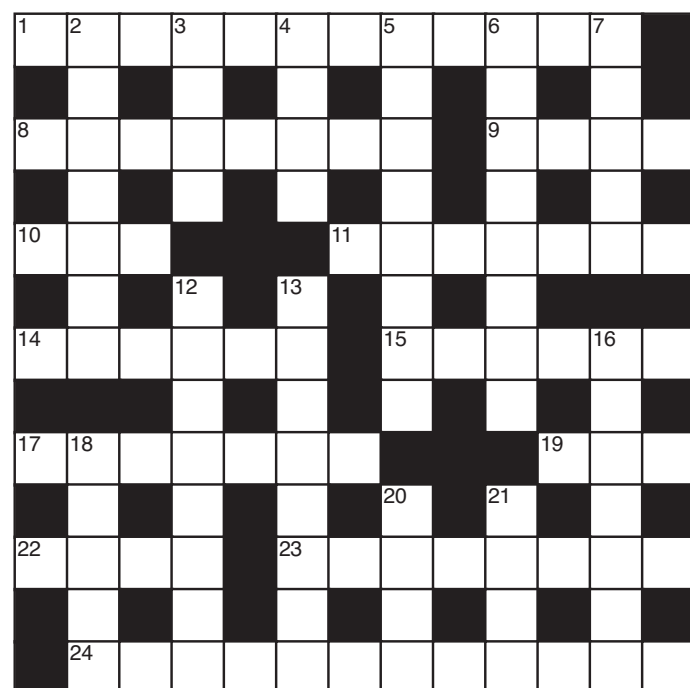
Again the wild eyes in the mirror. "A desperate furphy by an industry on the skids. Of course when we make most of our electricity from burning coal the jobs will not be lost overnight. What jobs are we talking about anyway? Machinery operators and electrical technicians will be in short supply once we get on with building solar arrays and wind farms across rural Australia.

"I wish you well with your conference because only the labour movement has the ability to become a 'broad church' not tied to party politics. It need have only a few 'commandments'. To support fair work practices, local and global, that move towards social equity and environmental oversight to value and monitor the legacy our industrial footprint leaves for future generations.

"You people won't change the world overnight but you can challenge the direction our captains of industry and their tame politicians are taking us. The rich are getting richer; the divide between them and the poor is ever widening while the environment is suffering so seriously that our life-enabling atmosphere is degrading towards disaster.

Whew, I feel like I've done a session already, I thought. "Just drop me on the corner thanks." I handed over the money. "Keep the change."

BRAIDWOOD BAFFLER #11

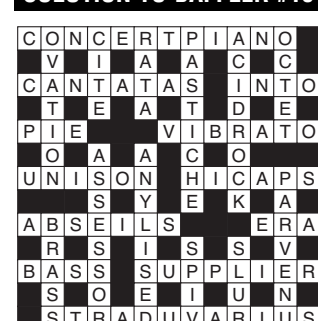
**ACROSS**

- Useful gardening vessels (8,4)
- Auris interna (5,3)
- Some people look like this when they are 10 across (4)
- Unhappy (3)
- An army officer, normally speaking (7)
- Don't come to Australia in a boat seeking this! (6)
- A corrector of written and other material (6)
- Such people aren't free to choose (7)
- A piece of furniture: piece of ground (3)
- Famous former German tennis player, Steffi (4)
- Colloquially, you might meet someone around these (3,5)
- A branch of agriculture (12)

DOWN

- They only last a year (7)
- Made something last longer (4)
- Notion (4)

- Adam was the first one, biblically speaking (8)
- A neat fruit tart (5,3)
- A mixture of fresh vegetables or fruit (5)
- Sweet Italian biscuits (8)
- I'm optimistic about where I'm going (3,2,3)
- Bad in golf, OK elsewhere (4,3)
- A growing medium (5)
- A male admirer (4)
- Suspicious? You might smell one! (4)

SOLUTION TO BAFFLER #10

towards the future by Paul Cockram



Merry Christmas.

From all of us at Braidwood & Districts **Community Bank**® Branch, best wishes for the festive season and thank you for your loyalty and support.

We look forward to seeing you.

Sunday 25 December – Closed

Monday 26 December – Closed

Tuesday 27 December – Closed

Wednesday 28 December – 9am to 5pm

Thursday 29 December – 9am to 5pm

Friday 30 December – 9am to 5pm

Saturday 31 December – 9am to 12 noon

Sunday 1 January – Closed

Monday 2 January – Closed

Tuesday 3 January – 9am to 5pm



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