

BWD

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PLODDING OFF TOWARDS THE FUTURE WITH MAL & CO.

Was it really 2012 when the first BWD hit the newsstand? Looking back at the issues of those days it's clear that we are boldly tiptoeing into the future at a pace not unlike that of a snail.

QPRC has snuck quietly into our lives and it seems hardly anybody has a problem with that. We do have access to a larger pool of resources now and if we can somehow keep adequate local representation the gain should be worth the pain.

On that score, we are no closer to having an advocacy group for Braidwood and surrounds to lobby the three levels of government for local funding. A chamber of commerce would be a good place to start but there are other sections of the community requiring a voice too.

There are a couple of issues that need nailing down.

One: the bypass question. If there is ever to be a traffic bypass for Braidwood, a line, or lines, need to be drawn on the map and the issue open for debate. At the very least, affected landholders need to know if they will eventually end up living next to the Kings Freeway.

Get out those Google™ maps, draw some lines and let's have a discussion.

Two: the council depot. Construction will commence on the new transfer station this year and it's planned to have it operational in 2018. The depot will eventually move to that site.

When it does, the huge block of land behind the National Theatre will be up for grabs. It's my guess that the QPRC bean counters will consider selling some or all of it to feed the balance sheet. This may not be in the best long-term interests of Braidwood and we should pre-empt such notions by exploring our own options.

We certainly need a good connection between the depot land and the main street. Whether it's a carpark, low-cost housing, a market area, skate park precinct or whatever — it would be a terrible oversight if it did not connect to Wallace Street.

Relocating the toilet block next to the National Theatre is an obvious option but there may be others made available in the future. Just like the bypass, it needs to be on the table now because, as I said at the start, decades can pass by like days.

Paul

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The fight for Monga

Michael Gill, Christine Payne and Harry Laing have all been heavily involved in the fight to save Monga forest. Here they tell of their journey through outrage, art and activism

Christine leads off ...

When we bought our land in Reidsdale, we were looking for a place right next to a national park but we couldn't actually find anywhere so we got as close as we could.

As we bought our land Michael said to me, "You know, that's all state forest. I bet it'll happen that we'll have to fight for it one day; it will be logged". And it came true.

Harry: That was extremely prescient.

Michael: Our first involvement with Monga was through teaching botanical illustration at a summer school we ran in Canberra. We got Val Plumwood to do a day's walk with us and our students; she was fabulous. Val gave us all the names of everything, told lots of stories and then Michael photographed everything because we couldn't take away samples.

Anyway, then we had a wonderful week of botanical illustration in our little school in Canberra and that's

how we started to love Monga. We just used to go for lovely walks in there and became really inspired.

Then we got a letter from Robyn Stellar, handwritten; scribbled really rapidly ...

Michael: Saying congratulations for not having a fight with Val, and getting on with her and doing something positive about the rare plants of Monga.

Christine: No, no, she said, "It's going to be logged, this is our last chance to fight for it. We want everybody, if you can, to write a letter," and from that we suddenly thought, "all right, looks like it's on". I think a lot of people in Friends of the Mongarlowe River did actually write letters to Bob Carr, and that resulted in part of it being gazetted, but that was a long way down the track.

Harry: It was. You're referring to the Regional Forest Agreement process, which was started in '99 when Carr got in again.

HUGGING

HOW THIS STORY CAME TO BE HERE:

late last year the Friends of the Mongarlowe River decided to record the story of FMR's early days. Some of the major players are sadly no longer with us, but those who remain were generous with their time and many hours of recollections were recorded.

Some time in the future the best bits will be combined with other material to make a video telling the FRM story. To whet your appetite, here then, are bits and pieces from the interviews mainly centring around the fight against the charcoal factory and the logging of Monga forest.

Michael: We called it The Regional Forest Aggrievement.

Christine: We did a banner on it, one of many, many dozens of banners.

Michael: And placards.

Harry: A lot of places were under deferred logging, or under moratorium, whilst the RFA was being sorted out. It did get gazetted in 2000, eighty percent, but a big reverse L-shape of three compartments was left out.

Christine: In the middle of it.

Michael: There was a sign going down the Clyde, a National Parks and Wildlife sign which said 'Monga National Park' and one night, very late, we stopped and put another sign near that one, which said, 'Only 80% National Park'.

We'd stopped the week before and taken a rubbing of the letters to get the colours right, so it looked like an official National Park sign. I remember Bronwyn, who was the ranger at the time, at one of our meetings said, "I was travelling down the Clyde the other day, and I saw our official sign and suddenly says it's only 80% National Park. You wouldn't happen to know who did that, would you?" We said, "Yes, we would." And she said, "Well, I'd like to shake their hands."



TREES

Christine: It stayed up a long time, they didn't immediately pull it down.

Harry: The eco-warriors, aka 'the ferals' with their amazing vehicle called 'The Beast' you knew quite well because they spent a bit of time at your place. This was during the great fight for those compartments that State Forest were logging in 2001.

Christine: They needed safe houses, so if they were being chased by the police they could rush to various people's places. Val Plumwood's was also one such safe place.

Michael: What would happen is: the eco-warriors tended to be young people, very fit, very committed, and they were in a small mob. They loved Monga with a passion.

Even Val Plumwood had trouble matching the passion of these young people. They often used to do what was called 'black wallaby'. The loggers would be in there taking down trees and numbering them and marking them.

Then out from the bush would pop one of the eco-warriors, the forest rescue people. As soon as that happened, someone unauthorised was in the logging compartment and work had to stop. This is a very, very effective technique.

Of course they were chased. They were chased by the logger's son, by the police and by friends of the loggers. But they were never caught. They were very strong people who knew Monga better than anybody else. The police were often hot on their trail.

Landholders would give them a key to the gate. They would come in, lock the gate and rush down to the creek and hide. When the police arrived nobody knew anything.

The Charcoal coalition

Michael: One Easter, when the charcoal factory was on the point of falling to pieces, somebody, or somebody's friends, went on a mission down the Clyde Mountain. There are forty-eight RTA signs on that road.

The backs of them were used as graffiti billboards to trash the charcoal factory and what was happening in Monga. The front of the signs weren't damaged in any way, just the back of them.

I think thirty-six of them were graffitied time and time again. Especially, one Easter when all of Canberra would be heading to the Coast. They would read half the backs of the signs going down the hill and they would read the other half coming back home to Canberra.



That was an enormously successful campaign. It got written up in the *Canberra Times* and other places. But it was done in an unauthorised way. The Charcoal coalition did not authorise that.

Christine: But they were in rhyming couplets.

Michael: And that's why some activists don't join committees. That's not a confession by the way.

Harry: That's an interesting point. The fight to save things must be on many fronts. Not all the fronts are going to either agree with each other, for sure, or even know sometimes what others are doing. But, it's all coming into this point, the point of the forest, the river. And of course that can lead to huge passions which can get out of control.

Michael: Usually, someone has to go to gaol. And in your case, it nearly was you.

Harry: Yup. Although I really do put myself low down in the pecking order in the activist thing. I was at 'protest bridge' the time that the three of us got arrested. One of the eco-warriors said, "Look, I can't get arrested any more. It's happened too often. I'll be in a really bad, bad way."

And I knew, I've always known, I don't have that level of amazing commitment. Whilst the blood would rush during the 'black wallaby', I would have just sh*t myself too much.

My arrest was really very symbolic. It had a certain effect because people hadn't been arrested for a long time in New South Wales forests.

Christine: And you weren't a scruffy feral; you see, that counts for a lot.

Harry: The cartoon in the *Batemans Bay Post* had the magistrate asking, "Is that Armani you're wearing?"

Michael: Three defendants beautifully turned down.

Harry: John Reed in his jacket, Noel Plum probably in a blazer.

Christine: All over 40.

Harry: Yes, armed with so many character witnesses you wouldn't believe.

Michael: The newspaper reported on what the magistrate had to say to the three defendants and it was all one hundred percent on-side and complimentary. She almost got down and shook their hands in public. It was beautifully recorded. It was a great win. When you can get an outcome like that it's really worth being arrested.



WHEN EUROBODALLA SHIRE WENT COOL ON THE PLAN FOR A CHARCOAL PLANT AT MOGO, TALLAGANDA SHIRE COUNCIL TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF HOSTING IT HERE.



MONGA PROTEST RESUMES: Protesters gathered again recently in the Monga forest to demonstrate their concern at what they see as the destructive and uneconomic logging targeting loon conservation areas in the first year of a 20 year logging schedule.

Monga Magic

The art of the banner

Christine: We learnt that the camera would always go to a banner if you could read it and if it was provocative.

Michael: Now, we need to talk about Robyn Stellar's banner. Robyn was a very, very sweet woman. Butter would not melt in her mouth. She always had quarter pound of butter in her mouth and it wouldn't melt. Tell us about Robyn's banner, what did it say?

Christine: Monga magic.

Michael: Monga is magic. She was such a nice person we thought ...

Christine: We said no.

Michael: We said, "Robyn, you need to kick them between the legs, and 'monga is magic' is not ... and she said, "Fine, I understand. Do what you like Chris and Michael". This is what we liked [the other banners shown here].



Christine: She said, "I'll come and help you paint". Well, she was the most terrible painter. She wouldn't stay inside the lines.

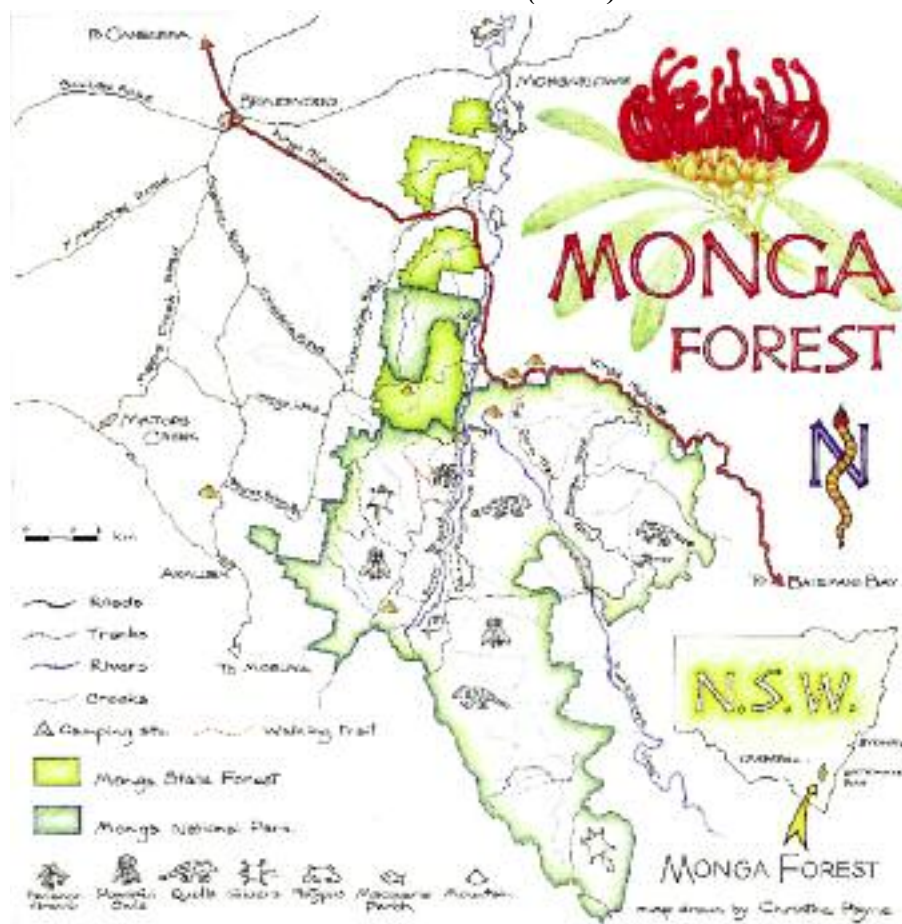
Michael: She was a wild woman. She'd come over at midnight and the whole workshop was dedicated to banner making by that stage. We had fifty different colours of one litre pots of paint. She was so fast, she could make six banners in a night but — she couldn't stay between the lines.

Christine: That's it, monga magic.

Harry: Monga is magic!



SOME OF MICHAEL'S LETTERING STYLE AND (BELOW) CHRISTINE'S MONGA MAP.



I don't think we can exaggerate the importance of Monga forest to this district and in our lives. And that's what I think we need to become aware of.

Almost a third of our fauna is endangered in Australia. That, after two hundred years of occupation, constitutes the worst conservation record in the world. We must become aware of the role of nature in our lives and understand nature's limits.

Here we are again trying to log Monga forest; to wound it again. Those of you who've been in and looked at it, have probably seen that it consists mostly of very old individuals of high conservation value and very young individuals.

I want to talk about the way in which we have come to ignore nature's limits, and the reasons why we must become much more sensitive to that. I think they come both from our western background, and also from our own specific nature as colonists of this country. I think both of those things have come together to make a record of which we have little to be proud.

The one thing we can be proud of is that Australia has a very strong conservation movement. It is one of the strongest in the world and that's because we need it to be one of the strongest in the world.

In Monga's case, we have to become aware of what the forest provides for us. It's not only the water we get from the wonderful Mongarlowe River that the logging will have a serious effect on. But it's also the way the forest provides something for this area, for everyone who comes to see it; but for this area particularly it provides a really important place for this district.

I see it as an origin place. A place we can go back to and see the past. We can see there vegetation that comes before the last ice age and we can enter a world that's so very different from our own.

So understanding limits should also encourage us to see why we can't just say, "it's been logged before, so we can go on doing it." That's just a fallacy, many things there are just hanging on or have been destabilised in the past and recovering. That's certainly true of the rainforest I think. But it's also true for much of the fauna which is endangered.

It's also true that many of the methods that are going to be used in the new logging proposals will be different from the past. They'll involve burning for example, which could have a very



VAL HERBST, REG SILVESTER, PETER HERBST AND VAL PLUMWOOD.

Remembering our limits

Val Plumwood spoke at The Old School House in Mongarlowe on March 31 1996. Twenty-one years later her observations are as pertinent today as then, perhaps even more so

serious effect on many of the communities there.

Regarding our 'western' relationship to nature, I would characterise it as that of the Aristotelian theory of reproduction. This theory of reproduction held that the woman only contributed the matter, while the man contributed the form to the joint reproduction activity of the human couple.

It was the man that produced a fully formed and created child which the woman merely nursed. So the woman's role was totally backhanded in that. It was a concept of a joint process of production; but one in which one party contributed everything of importance and the other party was merely a background nurse.

That, I think, is the way we view our relationship with nature. We think that we contribute everything of importance and that nature is a background environment which has no real

limits and from which we can just extract whatever we want.

The Aristotelian theory of reproduction of course, gives a completely false picture of the actual process of human reproduction, but it was held as the main theory for a large part of the past two thousand years. And if we continue to think about our relationship to nature in those terms, we're in for a really nasty shock.

I would urge anyone who hasn't seen Monga forest to go and have a look at it. It's very accessible and you can see a lot of it very easily without having to walk very far. It is a truly wonderful forest and I hope you'll contribute to our efforts to save it.

Thank you all very much for coming along today to help us in the effort of bringing it into the foreground of our minds, rather than having it in the shadows.





Down to the wire

Sandra von Sneidern with a tale of tension

In February 1966 my husband Peter bought a property 30 miles [50 km] south of Wagga to run sheep, cattle and wheat. It came with a dilapidated house that had been empty for several years.

Built of rammed earth by D. Singh during the 1930s depression, the walls were 700mm thick and, in one place, bent in where the horse-dray backed in too close. It was a basic design, two rooms each side of a passage with a door each end, low roof, dirt floors and a fire-place in one room.

When Jock Pratt bought the house years later for his growing family he had a 'can do' attitude and made changes. He jacked up the roof and added a ceiling (he was tall). Then he added a veranda enclosing north, west and south sides. The west side became bathroom, laundry and kitchen. A flushing toilet was installed on a concrete slab over the old drop dunny — eight metres away from the house! (Yes, There were actually redback spiders under the seat, which I had to shoo off!)

Jock had cut a door-opening into the earth wall from the kitchen with a saw to make a living area in the only room with a fireplace. Laid on stringy bark sapling bearers, floors were added. (By the time we moved in, dry rot and dead rabbits had made weak spots, so feet were placed with care in hallway especially when carrying the baby!)

But now it was all ours. We moved in three months later with our children, a seven year-old, an eighteen month and a three-month-old. We made it our

home and became part of the Pulletop community. In 1967, my nine year-old son came to live with us too.

Before moving in, a hot-water tank replaced the chip-heater over the bath providing hot water for the washing machine as well. I also got an air-conditioner in the kitchen — a necessity for me. The Kookaburra stove kept hot water going in the old iron urn and kettle we found on the place. I learnt to use the old stove to bake bread and buns, everything needed for the family. I also reared chickens, ducklings and the gosling Fred on its wide hobs.

Lighting the stove at daybreak was essential for the first cup of tea in the morning stillness before rousing the family to milk the cow and get ready for school. As time went on, Rowan and Bruno would have to catch and saddle up the horses before going to school.

The plumbing was very simple, no S-bends, just down into the ground, a 90° angle and straight out. (No wonder the cherry and apricot trees always had lovely plump fruit.) The concrete floor for bathroom and laundry had been laid on top. No worries!

The problem came a couple of years later when the pipe from the kitchen sink blocked up. The enclosed back area had an entry door with laundry and bathroom on one side with the kitchen and dining nook on the other.



After searching around all sides of the house, the only place with water outlet we could find was outside the end of the bathroom. Having lived in the country before, I suggested we make a hook at the end of some fencing wire, pass it up the pipe to reach the sink, then pull it out with whatever was clogging it up.

My husband agreed, organised the wire and we started pushing the wire up the pipe but forgot to measure the length needed. Everything was going 'smoothly' and when it became more difficult to push we thought the wire must have reached the angle below the sink. We started to pull out the wire and all went well for a couple of meters, and then, it would not budge. Obviously the wire was stuck somewhere up the pipe and we needed more grunt to get it out. My husband decided to bring the ute up to the fence and he attached the wire to the front end and slowly backed away.

Wheels spinning it bent the front end and still would not come out.

With all that wire up the pipe this was becoming serious! I went into the kitchen, ran water into the sink and found it was still blocked.

We searched everywhere and could not understand what to do next. After eventually going into the bathroom I called my husband to come in. This is what we saw. Fencing wire, as most of us know, has a tendency to spiral and it had easily found the large plughole of the very old bath standing there on its claw feet. The natural spiral of the wire had gradually curled around the whole bath several times and the hook had latched on to edge.

What we had been trying to do was to pull the bath through its own plug-hole!

Of course the sink was still blocked, so it was still necessary to find the outlet. We eventually found it in the opposite direction outside the dining nook totally buried

in the earth, clogged up with weeds growing profusely in the damp soil — an easy fix! You have to work hard to get a good belly laugh in the country!



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Jessie Kay's dramatic success

Time for an update from Jessie's mum, Di

While most other teenagers were relaxing during the summer school holidays, my daughter Jessie spent weeks in Sydney learning more about acting for screen and theatre. When she wasn't concentrating on acting, she was one of the team working in the busy Braidwood Bakery dealing with thousands of customers during the busy holiday period.

"I love spending time in Sydney because it gives me a chance to watch how city people behave. I won't get many acting roles if I only know how to be a country girl," Jessie laughs. "We don't learn how to kill time in a shopping mall or jostle onto a train during peak hour in Braidwood." After attending performances and workshops for a week during the Sydney Festival as part of a full schol-

FROM BRAIDWOOD

arship from the *Australian Theatre for Young People*, Jessie played a key role in the ATYP group's public performance. Originally scheduled to appear on stage outdoors in Sydney's Hyde Park, their performance was moved to the ATYP indoor theatre due to bad weather.

The following week Jessie attended a Screen Acting Boot Camp at NIDA, the *National Institute for Dramatic Art*. She received funding for the NIDA course as recipient of last year's BCS Drama Scholarship.

While performing at NIDA, Jessie received encouragement from a Sydney-based casting director who encouraged her to actively pursue a professional acting career while she is still a teenager. It was a turning point for Jessie, building her confidence.

"I was really surprised when she said. 'You nailed it!' and gave me praise. Listening to her be so encouraging and sharing so many tips made me feel that becoming an actor just might be achievable."

Jessie scooped an impressive number of last year's BCS annual awards including the prestigious Long Tan Award for Leadership and Community Service and the Drama Scholarship to NIDA. However, Jessie was absent from the BCS awards night because she was busy working at the Canberra Theatre Centre.

Principal Nerida Mosely says Jessie's success on stage is evidence of her hard work, tenacity and dedication. "Not only is Jessie an incredible student leader showing her imaginative and exuberant spirit, she is an amicable young woman whose self-assurance, thoughtfulness and generosity of spirit infect all who meet her."

It is an interesting process to watch a child grow and make their way in the world. Some parents beam proudly at each small achievement, while others tend to downplay their successes. Having been a mother for nearly 40 years now, I've learned along the way how important it is to allow your child to accept praise and learn from constructive criticism.

Life is a journey, and because Jessie's

siblings are now adults, I can sit back and reflect on how decisions I made in their youth have influenced their adult lives. I've never expected my children to apologise for being clever, and always allowed them to pursue their passions. Most importantly, I encourage them to work hard and learn from every opportunity they encounter. Jessie's current passion is acting, and she's been granted lots of opportunities to learn.

Work experience at the Canberra Theatre Centre gave Jessie valuable experience in aspects of marketing, front of house and technical work within the theatre. She helped rig the lighting for a Jimmy Barnes concert plus spent a couple of nights as part of the front of house team for the prestigious *Circus 1903*. The world tour for *Circus 1903* began in Canberra.

Always an ambassador for the Braidwood region, Jessie shared stories about local drama productions with staff at CTC.

"I was in the right place at the right time," Jessie smiles. "Canberra Theatre Centre just upgraded their lighting system and their Technical Manager kindly decided to gift their second-hand lights to BCS so we can recycle them in our local productions." Because there's so many lights, the school had to arrange a truck to collect them.

Jessie has performed in many of Braidwood Central's theatrical productions including *The Nutcracker*, *Wizard of Oz* and *Legally Blonde* musicals. "Our drama students are extremely lucky to have Ms Elisa Bryant as our teacher."

Jessie is enthusiastic in her praise of Ms Bryant. "She encourages us to push ourselves and expand our skills and experience. That includes entering competitions. After all, if we want to be actors we'll need to have the confidence to audition for roles, so we need to get used to rejection."

To date, Jessie has not experienced rejection. She's had dramatic success with all her endeavours associated with stage and screen since her first short film when she was just ten, made with friends undertaking home schooling. They entered it into a competition associated with ABC3, and were placed among the top six from hundreds of entries.

Now in Year 11, she is part of a strong group of drama students at Braidwood Central School. They are all supportive of each other and work well as a team. Jessie performed twice at the ISER Drama Festival in Wollongong in

TO THE WIDE WORLD BEYOND

recent years when her group succeeded in making it through to regional acting finals.

Staff including Principal Ms Nerida Mosely are fully supportive of Jessie and other BCS drama students.

"Ms Mosely came to Sydney to watch Abbey McDonald and I perform at the Seymour Centre when we both won places in the NSW State Drama Ensemble," Jessie says. "And Ms Bryant came to watch the Braidwood contingent perform during the Sydney Festival."

To help cover the significant expense of accommodation in Sydney during two weeks of workshops as part of the elite NSW State Drama Ensemble, the owners of Braidwood Bakery allowed Jessie and Abbey to put collection tins on the bakery's counter. Many customers from Canberra and the coast made donations to the girls.

"There are so many advantages to living in our small town and working at the Braidwood Bakery," Jessie says. "I'm lucky to not lose my job when I travel away for drama, debating, sport or public speaking. My boss just takes me off the roster until I get back."

Community support has been overwhelming for Jessie. She's often approached by locals, and bakery customers from Canberra and the coast, asking for updates. She's often stopped in the street to be quizzed by people, and I'm getting used to being asked if I'm Jessie's mum.

Today Jessie's a young girl living in a small country town. But who knows what tomorrow holds? One of my older kids was just 14 (living in a different small town) when she was given the chance to learn fire dancing. Despite

our fears, my husband and I allowed her to try. Then, when she proved to be skilled, we allowed her to continue. Soon my teenager was working as a professional fire dancer on weekends. At just 15, she was flown to Melbourne to perform at the VIP after-party on the opening night of a *Cirque de Soleil* tour.

Living in a small town doesn't need to be an obstacle for children with the will and skill to succeed.

Too often, parents fail to allow their kids to reach their full potential. I believe it is important for us to be able to see the horizon, and allow our kids to do the same. The world is a very big place, filled with opportunities.

I was pleased to hear Ms Mosely predict, "Jessie Kay is a name we are bound to hear more often in the coming years." Kids need educators to keep one eye on the future.

Our family knows it is too early to tell just how successful Jessie will be in the world of drama, but we don't have a problem with her following her dream. Much to our surprise, she's already been invited to audition for a major international film as a result of her participation in one of the Sydney acting workshops, so she's practicing her American accent.

Thanks for your support, Braidwood. Jessie will keep striving to do her best, and continue being an ambassador for Braidwood every chance she gets.





FRAN IFOULD'S PHOTOS COURTESY OF KELLY STURGISS.

MAIN STREET



Fran Ifould

For me it all started with painting murals with my daughter Bohie. She got a big job in Adelaide last winter and I went over and worked with her. We've also been doing other work and last Easter when I was painting murals I had a devil of a time trying to capture perspective.

I already had the idea of a main street show in the back of my mind and had started work on a book. My friend Marianne said, "you know that looks like a nice book, let's do a project together".

That's how the show came about and I welcomed the opportunity really to improve my perspectives. It's a great idea I think, to just record what's happening, so this work is a bit different for me. My work is usually much more environmental and conceptual, whereas these are quite graphic and architectural recreations of the main street really, they're just recordings. My next project is with the Southern Highlands Printmakers; it's called, 'Standing on the shoulders of ...'. Everybody who is involved with a



group has taken a deceased artist and is building a body of work on that artist's practice or their life ... something like that.

So, my work is on Christoph Altenburg, centring around the Iron Corroboree. So what I'm doing is making woodblock plates from poker work. That's where my journey is at the moment.



Marianne Courtenay

going to have to do the projections and of course once I did that I was into making a model which is a really interesting journey because I have no background in model making.

I went to the model shop in Canberra





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to buy some materials, and they kept asking, 'what's your scale' and I was going, 'ah ...'. So I bolted, I was horrified. But, it worked for me. I started with photographic references and I drew from those. But I had to get to know the buildings. I wandered up and down the main street making references for every building.

In the end, I got Robert to make me a solid core so that there is some weight to the pieces, then I made the verandah and any other appendages and then I did the drawings for all the surfaces. The last one I did was the one on the diagonal; most of them are straight on, but the last one I did was the hairdresser's shop at the bottom of the street as you come into the town, and I took that on the diagonal so I got the cut-off corner.

I felt that I had mastered what I was doing by the time I did that one, because all of the angles are sliding away from you — it was an enjoyable journey. But they are my interpretation of the buildings; they are accurate to the extent that if I have chosen to do the sign I try to make it as accurate as possible; but I have left stuff out that didn't look good.

I changed the colours to the colours of the drawing papers and then just harmonised with them, I didn't want to lock into other people's paint choices and I left off things that didn't make a pleasing shape and form at that scale. Chimneys are a very good example. They just look busy, and so do the urns.

Someone must have come into this town in the late 1800s and said, "have I got a deal for you, I have a trailer load of urns". If you look at the top of the facades of a lot of the main street buildings, they have this elaborate Victorian urn on the top — always the same urn. I put an urn on one, but when I drew it I thought no, they just look fussy — so my buildings are urnless. That's my story.



In 1936 Australia was 'riding on the sheep's back', and it was in this year that Garnet Coghill Maddrell decided to have the Garan Vale Woolshed built. Claude Whitfield, a family friend from Narooma, constructed the shed and it was one of the most modern sheds in its time. As well as shearing their own flocks of Merino and cross bred sheep, the shed was also used by some of their neighbours who were on smaller holdings. These included John Kain, Eddie Hill, Jack Bunn and Mick Nomchong.

The most renowned shearer at the time was Allen Thorne, who was shearing sheep at Garan Vale from 1936–1969 without missing one year. Allen always insisted on using the same stand — his record can still be seen to this day chalked on the wall of the shed.

Garnet's sons, John and Garry, grew up working in the shed during their school holidays and, at times, after leaving school. Whilst Garry was woolclassing, John became an expert in sharpening combs and cutters, doing mechanical repairs, as well as working on the woolpress. John has fond memories of growing up at Garan Vale and, as he was the youngest child in the family, he was often found running to their maid, Kate, calling out, "save me Kate", after a rowdy game of chasings. She would throw him up on her shoulders and continue working in the kitchen. Kate worked for the family for over 35 years and was thought of as part of their family.

After leaving school John ran a successful electrical business in the main street for several years. Then when Garnet died, John and his wife Moira moved to Garan Vale. After obtaining his pilot's licence in 1956 at Goulburn Aero Club, John flew a variety of planes for over 50 years.

He fondly remembers the field days that were regularly held at Garan Vale. There was an airstrip out in a back paddock.

Crowds flocked there to be entertained with low aerobatics, parachuting and joy flights in Tiger Moths and Austers.

John recalls an occasion in the early 1960s when he was asked to drop 'fundraising leaflets' over Braidwood. He flew just above the chimneys of the Royal Hotel and down the main street



JOHN AND MOIRA ABOUT TO HEAD OFF TO THE WILD BLUE YONDER.

Memories of a wonderful life

Lyn Cram talked to John Maddrell about his life and the Garan Vale Woolshed

on a busy Saturday morning, whilst Norm 'Slim' Marlen dropped the leaflets that had been carefully rolled and secured. John's brother Garry Maddrell exclaimed that it was, "just like confetti" with Wallace Street covered with leaflets and not one blowing away. John Bunn, who was

only a young lad at the time, was so terrified he ran for cover into the nearest shop.

There were a few flying incidents where John was lucky to survive, and this has made him thankful for every day in his life. As the saying goes ... *carpe diem* — seize the day.

LEFT TO RIGHT: ALAN SALMON, A MYSTERY MAN, JOE HUTCHISON, JOHN DONAHUE AND JOHN MADDRELL ENJOYING A DRESS-UP EVENT FOR THE GOULBURN AERO CLUB.





GARNET MADDRELL.

In 1988, John and his wife Moira converted the woolshed into a restaurant and it opened on 25th October that year. It was so popular that they had to have another opening night a week later.

During the next twelve years it was also used for many weddings and functions as well as a restaurant, with Moira, John and their nephew Geoff Bunn doing the catering. Twelve years

PASSING THE BATON



JOHN MADDRELL AND NEW GARAN VALE WOOLSHED OWNER PETER TILOCCA.

or so after that they decided to concentrate solely on functions and many weddings, birthdays and Apex functions were held there.

Vanessa Bunn took over the catering during this time and to quote John she was, "absolutely brilliant!".

John has so many happy memories of growing up at Garan Vale, as well as the later years when he and Moira raised their family there. On the wall

of the Living room there is a painting of 'The Mangles', the ship that John's ancestor Captain John Coghill sailed from England, making many trips to Australia with convicts on board.

Last year John sold the Garan Vale Woolshed and several acres of land to Peter Tilocca who, with his mother Rosa, has recently opened the Woolshed as 'The Garan Vale Italian Restaurant & Function Centre'.

SIMPLIFYING THE RULES

Regulation

Bronwyn Richards has her red tape scissors out

There is ongoing concern from small farmers across the region about actions being taken at the local government level in relation to keeping pigs and poultry. I just want to clarify exactly what is stated in the legislation.

Under the State Environmental Planning Policy 30 that describes intensive agriculture, ie. state wide legislation, keeping pigs, and keeping poultry is classified as intensive agriculture and therefore requires at least a Development Application to council. Depending on where you are located, it might also require a state development application called a DDA if you are in a water catchment area. So it is really important as farmers that we understand what a is a piggery and what is a poultry farm. According to state legislation, a piggery is a farm that has more than 200 pigs at one time, or ten breeding sows at one time. If you have five pigs you are not a piggery. If you have 199 pigs, you are not a piggery, so it is just important to know exactly where you stand. If you are not a piggery, you do not require any development approvals.

In terms of poultry farming, the definition for poultry farming is found in the NSW Food Legislation which is, once again, state-wide legislation. So for meat chicks, keeping meat chickens, raising meat poultry, a poultry farmer has 100 or more meat birds at any one time. If you have under 100 meat birds at any one time, you are not a poultry farmer and do not require any development approval.

In terms of laying chooks, if you are producing more than 20 dozen eggs a week, you are a poultry farmer. If you are producing less than that, you are not an intensive poultry farmer and do not require development approval. Keeping these animals may require other conditions of looking after them in terms of animal husbandry and other responsibilities, and they are defined in different legislations, but at this point I'm just talking about whether you require approval from council or government to keep your animals.



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Local mystery revealed

Fran Ifould's brush with real estate advertising

I got approached to paint a sign for a new development out near Foxs* Elbow by a real estate agent from Kurrajong. They had decided to name it Mount Pleasant. I have no idea where the name came from; they probably thought it would sell well.

I knew I could paint the sign because I've done a fair amount of big work like that, so I gave him a price. I asked for half up front, which he gave quite happily, but then in actual fact it was a rushed job — they are always rushed jobs. But I got it done — and then he wasn't forthcoming with the rest of bill, the other half of the money.

He didn't complain about the work or anything, he just never responded. I communicated with his office in Kurrajong, and his secretary was always totally evasive; I wrote him letters that were never answered.

Six months later I'd had no success whatsoever getting paid so I just reclaimed half the sign. Easy. I went out with my signwriting truck, my overalls and a ladder on a Tuesday afternoon and Bob's your uncle, I painted half of it out.

I couldn't leave it as 'Mount P' so I had to take out the first half of the letters instead.

Colourbond, I've since discovered, doesn't fade because the process of making colourbond bakes the colour in. So although I went to a lot of trouble to get exactly the same colour as the colourbond, the paint that colourbond supplies to match fades at four

times the rate of the actual colourbond metal. Over time it is becoming more and more obvious what was originally there.

Nobody has ever said anything to me about it although they did get a sign writer in Goulburn to make another sign claiming it to be Foxs Elbow, which as you know is the original name for that area.

That sign was only on canvas, on a frame attached to the side of the shed. It lasted about three weeks and then it blew down, so ... my work's still there.

It's been there for about fifteen years now; you'd think they'd put a roller to it, wouldn't you. It's become folklore.

* Foxs Elbow (with no apostrophe or 'e' is correct. It is named after a family, not a few animals. The Geographical Names Board has removed apostrophes from all place and road names eg. Kings Highway.



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The Fence

Maggie Hickey continues on from last time ...

We left the inhabitants of 102 Buck Lane, landlady Vi and her tenants Fred, Hermione, Ted and Raj, assuming life would resume as though nothing had ever happened to disturb their happy-go-lucky state. Things seldom work out that way though, do they?

Renovations had been taking place next door. The place throbbed to noise and vibrations from jack hammers as walls were knocked down, floorboards ripped up and ancient bathroom and kitchen fittings removed. It seemed the entire innards of number 104 were being disgorged into huge skips and carted away.

Owner Nigel Lamont was 'something in the city'. Vi was unimpressed. She didn't take to Nigel and wife Clarissa. "Stuck up," she pronounced with a sniff. The demolition team was replaced by painters, decorators, electricians and plumbers. A furniture lorry arrived with Nigel and Clarissa's possessions and they moved in.

Ted was pleased when the renovations seemed to be at an end. He worked from home so found the builders' noise a real distraction and had been forced to decamp with his computer to the public library, which was all very well but the adjacent coffee shop, complete with enticing cakes and attractive waitresses, was proving costly and time-consuming.

Fred had supposedly given up smoking on account of the impending birth of his and Hermione's baby but after work he often felt the need to visit Ted upstairs.

"Evening mate, thought I should check on Hermione's pot plants," Fred would suggest. Nodding agreement, Ted would lead the way up steps and ladder to the roof garden where they'd light up.

"Nice up here," Fred declared as the autumnal wind whipped around their legs.

"Great," agreed Ted expelling a stream of carcinogens into the chilly air.

One evening, after taking a cursory look at the pot plants, they peered across to next door's garden. It had suffered during the renovations as successive trucks, skips and equip-

ment parked over the lawn. Now a shiny green van proclaiming 'Cyril's Executive Landscape Gardening Service' stood in their place.

"What do you think constitutes an 'executive landscape' or is it a landscaping service only for executives?" enquired Raj, who'd joined them for a smoke.

"What it constitutes," complained Ted, "is more noise and upheaval."

Together, the landscaper and Nigel walked around the garden, deciding on work to be done. Nigel pointed out the wall dividing 104 from 106; solid brick and in good condition. All okay there.

They turned to regard the division between 102 and 104 and now there were frowns and head shaking. Here was a decrepit wooden fence. It sagged and swayed, it creaked and shook. Several palings had fallen out, others had broken away like rotting teeth in diseased gums. Nigel shuddered, Cyril indicated it would all have to be taken down and replaced.

This was bad enough to the onlookers above but worse was to come and Raj anticipated it with terrible accuracy.

"I think they have noticed the position of the fence as well as its condition."

For it was clear that as well as needing replacement, the existing fence had been built well across the true boundary. An Englishman's home is his castle; his garden is his estate and Nigel's estate had been robbed of over

a metre along its entire length. Debate ensued. Clarissa emerged and her high-pitched voice could be heard in loud complaint. The body language indicated the unacceptability of this situation and an intention to do something about it.

The rooftop trio scuttled downstairs to alert Vi to this impending threat. The backyard of 102 and specifically the pile of old bricks heaped up by the fence were set to be disturbed with goodness only knew what consequence.

To their surprise, Vi received their news with complete equanimity.

"I thought them two wouldn't stop at tarring up the house," she declared. "I knew they'd be doin' the garden next and I knew they'd be onto that fence so I been in touch with Pete and his girl Nicole."

In happier days before he started drinking, Vi's father had built the original fence. The owner of 104 kept racing pigeons. He wasn't interested in gardening, wanting only enough shed space for his birds, so a deal was done. In return for vegetables from Vi's mum, the neighbour agreed a fence could be built giving 102 more land. It was an arrangement suiting all parties at the time.

A crafty smile played around Vi's old lips. She explained that her cousin Pete was a builder and his daughter Nicole, a lawyer.

"Done very well, that girl," declared their landlady. Vi's tenants remained perplexed. What could be done to avert disaster and how were this Pete and Nicole to help?

On Saturday morning the occupants of 102 Buck Lane gathered in Vi's basement flat. There was whistle and a knock before a cheery looking chap in flat cap and overalls and a slim,



bespectacled young woman wearing jeans and sneakers entered.

Pete and Nicole got straight down to business. Nicole dealt in conveyancing and knew all about property law. She had a quiet, confident air. Addressing her remarks to Vi she began.

"The agreement between your father and the previous owner of 104 Buck Lane could be argued as an existing right based on history and usage, a boundary having been established by common consent of the parties." Vi looked pleased.

"However," cautioned Nicole, "the deeds to your property do not record this arrangement and your new neighbour could and in my opinion, will challenge it and if he does I believe he will win."

Vi was about to object but Nicole had more to say.

"Mr Lamont has two objectives. He wants to replace the old fence with a new one and to align it on the correct boundary. We are aware of the potential problem if and when excavation work commences on that line."

Everyone nodded sagely and Vi wriggled unhappily.

She looked even more alarmed when Nicole told her that the cost of party fences was borne equally between neighbours.

"What" exclaimed Vi, "That offer's going to rob me of me land, put up some swanky new fence I don't want and then charge me half?"

Nicole hastily resumed.

"You have the right to say what type of fence of you would prefer Auntie Vi and since there has always been a wooden paling fence between the properties, any insistence on Mr Lamont's part for something more elaborate would be unreasonable. That would mean minimal ground disturbance and no need for deep footings. If you acquiesce over the repositioning I think Mr Lamont would be inclined to agree to this condition. Further, if we organise for Dad to do the work, then ..."

Everyone immediately understood. The atmosphere brightened. But how to arrange it? All the builders they'd previously employed had come from large, expensive companies. How would Pete get a look-in?

Pete merely winked and promised to be in touch. Fred and Hermione returned to their flat, Ted and Raj adjourned to the pub.

Ted was still uneasy as to the outcome of the fence affair. "I mean, that Nicole's clever but how can she guar-



antee her dad will get the job?" he mused as they downed their first pints.

On Monday, Nigel visited Vi to talk about the fence. He had as little time for her as she for him so he wasn't looking forward to this conference but urged on by Clarissa, he made the effort. Having been coached by Nicole, Vi was ready for him.

"Oh yerse," the old lady agreed, when Nigel raised the twin issues of fence condition and fence position. "That was all down to me old dad. He was never much of a carpenter and he did put the fence in the wrong place. Took too much land off of next door," she agreed.

Nigel was dumbfounded. He'd expected an argument, but getting none he decided to press his advantage.

"And of course it needs to be a proper brick wall," he declared.

At this Vi demurred saying there had always been a paling fence and she preferred the look of wood to brick. But, argued Nigel, there were perfectly good bricks a plenty lying all over Vi's back yard. If they were to be used, then that would constitute her half of the cost, Nigel would of course pay for the work to be done."

"Nice of you." Vi retorted, "but I got plans for them bricks. I want a nice patio built so's I can do some sun-bathing."

Nigel swallowed hard, trying not to envisage skinny old Vi on a banana lounge in swimsuit — or worse, a bikini.

"You can decide on the builder and I'll pay half but it has to be a paling fence and make sure you get a first class company to do the job," was Vi's only stipulation.

This is where Pete and Nicole's plan came in. Cyril, from Executive Gardening, played darts once a week with Pete. They'd put a bit of work each other's way from time to time so when the subject of the Buck Lane job came up, Cyril agreed, for a small consideration of course, to put in a good word for Pete. Nicole made up some glossy pamphlets with images of magnificent fences and glowing testimonials from satisfied customers. (Best not to enquire too closely on that score). She also had two magnetic signs made announcing, 'Peter's Expert Fencing Company' in gold and red lettering. These were slapped onto

the sides of a new truck, borrowed for the day from a mate. A smartened up Pete and very business-like Nicole in suit and high heels, arrived to assess the job.

Cyril had laid the ground well. Nigel was ready to swallow any suggestion made by the impressive couple from the Expert Fencing Company. Nicole conducted negotiations and a deal was struck that very day.

Of course, the quote was outrageously high — double what it should have been and another client might have considered other bids but Nigel and Clarissa had more money than sense and were convinced by a persuasive Cyril that the Expert Fencing Company was the best in the business, used only by 'the top people'.

Nigel and Clarissa departed for their summer holiday and work commenced. The bricks in Vi's yard were stacked up neatly, the sagging fence removed. Vi and her tenants looked on anxiously from the roof garden as the ground was levelled.

Pete had sent his two workmen home early and was doing this part of the job himself. He'd erected a small awning next to the stacked bricks and had a tarpaulin at his side as he carefully dug away the remains of the rose bush planted all those years ago by Vi's mother.

Everyone on the roof held their breath as first the remains of a pork pie hat, then a leather belt then a shoe were set down. Pete looked up briefly and dug the spade in further. More clothing fragments appeared. Surely soon ... and then other remains were pulled from the hole; ribs, shinbones and tailbones. Tailbones? Then a skull with a long jaw and large canine teeth was disinterred. Pete held his hands up to indicate there was nothing more to find.

Vi gasped. For once she was speechless. She'd recognised her father's old hat and belt — so often raised against her poor mother and presumably those were the remains of brave little Bowser, her Mum's dog which had often valiantly tried to defend her and got a kicking for his trouble.

"I'd forgot all about Bowser", whispered Vi. "Dad must have done for him finally. "Poor Bowser." The tears rolled down Vi's old cheeks. "But where's the old man?"

Well yes, where indeed?

fence, n. v. an enclosure or barrier ... as around a field, garden, skill in argument, repartee, etc. Colloq. a person who receives and disposes of stolen goods.
offence, n. a transgression; a wrong; a sin.
The Macquarie Encyclopedic Dictionary, 1990

WARRUMBUNGLES.

In search of a childhood

Sue Doran's roadtrip to find her grandparents' country

Twenty-fourteen. I'd been away interstate for almost a year and now considering taking up work in the bush. The Suzuki Swift packed to the gills, out I swept onto the Great Western Highway to retrace steps of a sixties childhood, to places I thought I knew.

First stop Newnes. Up over the mountains from Sydney and a right turn at the ready-to-be-decommissioned Wallerawang power station just out of Lithgow. The town is looking so much more clean and vibrant than I recall it in its coal-dust cloaked period of my childhood.

Then, that eye-popping instant when the Wolgan Valley lays itself out below you before the steep dive down The Gap into the walled comfort of sandstone sentinels that protect the ever-narrowing valley and the lilo-perfect Wolgan River.

My grandparents began their marriage at Newnes in its heyday during the first decade of the twentieth century. Sophisticated and labour-intensive shale oil works are still laid out beneath the recalcitrant bush. Bush that a century later has taken over, determinedly routing human progress and actively attempting to delete the evidence. Nanna and Grandad were part of the excitement and bustle of

progress; he building, she assisting travellers at the station boarding house. The strike came, the mine crippled, the market shrank. They left with what they were wearing. The town died.

Nowadays, down at the end of the Wolgan Valley on the edge of the Wollemi National Park, Thomas Ebersoll goes about his daily routine of managing the old Newnes hotel (unlicensed), his lovingly hand-built off-grid cabins and tending his veg and

chooks. All his produce is freely shared with guests. As we bathed in the colours and moods of Mystery Mountain and chatted we discovered that his wife and my son shared a workplace.

Via up-market Mudgee and north to swaggering Tamworth, then via cold climate Ebor, the road plunged into the tropics leading into Grafton. Then up the road a bit to Coraki. I was looking for Meg, one of my mother's best friends, last one of their generation.



RUINS AT NEWNES.



TUMBLEWEEDS TRAVELLING.

They're a mob we spent August holidays with on her mother's Mongogarie farm in the sleepout, feeding chooks, pouring creamy warm milk less than an hour out of the teat onto our morning porridge, winding up the old party line phone, feeding the fuel stove, playing cow-pat cricket.

Old Mrs Young lived alone up in those remote hills for as long as I could remember. Meg, her only daughter, was no longer at the Coraki nursing home. I tried the three aged care places in Casino then realised that the Catholic Church was the place I needed to go.

I found her in the cemetery beside her husband Bill and motorbike loving son, David. I wondered where the

grave of her baby daughter was. She bore 10, lost two.

On to the Bruxner Highway where the road climbs steeply through dripping Dicksonia shrouds to reach the wind-bitten high country via Tenterfield to my next stop with dear friends from teaching days out of Glen Innes. Lambing all done, my friend drove the Toyota over the paddocks like it was a stockhorse; she and her dogs expertly moving the sheep out onto the road, separating the older lambs and distributing through various gates to find pasture just right for their fattening.

We chatted endlessly; how can two people find so much to talk about? On the last day she took me to a place near Inverell carefully set aside by

local Elders and generously made available to visitors for secret women's business. It's a place where a young woman, so it is told, was turned to stone for eloping with a man of the wrong skin. You could see her there bent to the stream, sipping.

Turning west by the Myall Creek I photographed a turquoise ground parrot in a moment of joy before following the excruciating story trail telling of the massacres; stories largely unspoken and unheard in this country where we prefer to look across the seas for horror and heroism. Facing our own is still too hard. But at least this one went to court.

Moree is a proud and prosperous looking place these days, not as I recall it

as a child. What I most remember from those days was the sign at the baths 'Whites Only'. I needed that one explained back then, though it became front page news not long afterwards when Charles Perkins et al took the Freedom Ride bus up there to confront it. I dropped in at the Courthouse this time. Yep, it was an Aboriginal child being questioned by the magistrate. I shouldn't have seen that. There should have been a Closed Court sign. But there wasn't.

I did swim at the warm mineral pools this time round and rejoiced that now all skin colours share the fun and, somewhat surprised, I heard there a Babel of languages.

At the Art Gallery, a fine building, I was surprised to find no local Indigenous art in the gallery shop but for a painted rock (which now lives next to my TV).

A short trip almost to the Queensland border and here was Boggabilla. My son's high school, Sydney High, has a long relationship with Boggabilla Central. We enjoyed billeting some of the kids who visited.

I dropped in at a local Indigenous-owned paper-making business. The women running and working there showed me their work and the local artwork on display. Out I walked with an armful.

Unpacked my lunch in the grass above the MacIntyre River and watched the kids, a campfire burning on the sandy shore, swim and play squealing and frolicking while keeping an eye out for each other. Would the scene have been any different forty-thousand years ago?

Collarenebri was where my grandfa-

ON THE ROAD AGAIN



EMUS AT THE FENCE.



GLEN INNES SHEEP.

ther came to do some building work in his later years. Because of relationships he had built, my brother got to visit the local landowning Maple-Brown family as a child, flying up there in a Fokker Friendship and returning with all sorts of tales of adventures in the bush. Collarenebri's Indigenous population lived on the river then. Now the whole town is theirs. Much of the town appeared to be boarded up. No more the old picture theatre.

Walgett I remembered quite well. The place where the Barwon and Namoi rivers meet. Again it was such a relief to see the local swimming pool used by all. Sitting at dinner in a tiny Chinese restaurant with a room full of people with heritage from here and across the world, you'd never believe the stories of trouble in that town. I had spent a couple of hours chatting with the Elders and staff at Dharriwaa Group shopfront as they were preparing for some women's business the following day — a memorial to yet another massacre.

They've established a drop-in place explaining cultural knowledge and history that is truly welcoming and fascinating. One of the women reminded me that at the time I'd last been there in the sixties, she and her family weren't allowed by law to cross the bridge into town. Cultural strength

was palpable in that place. In the street I chatted to a group of high school girls who told me they loved school and were thrilled to be now learning their own language, Gamilaraay, their birthright.

The October long weekend arrived. Down the road on Wailwan Country a group called RiverSmart had arranged for some walks and *en plein air* artists' opportunities on the Macquarie Marshes.

Tootling down there on a deserted back road early in the morning the slow drive and sparkling morning gave me wonderful wildlife moments. Too boggy for my little town car I had to give the marshes a miss so headed on into Warren, a lovely warm town that has blocked the entry of trucks to its main street.

The managing director of RiverSmart, Bill Phillips, for a period Deputy Secretary General of the Ramsar Convention in Switzerland, was busy setting up in an empty shop; the gallery where he would hang the visiting artists' work. On the wall already were some paintings he had commissioned by local Wailwan women; paintings referencing the river and the marshes. Again I couldn't resist, though neither of us could wrangle the eftpos machine. By way of a trusty old paper cheque, that Wailwan painting now takes me to the western rivers.





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A couple of nights camping in Warrumbungles left me shocked by the impact of the recent fires but amazed at the rapidity of recovery. Coonabarabran, Narrabri and Wee Waa, all presented as wealthy, self-confident, well-groomed towns. Back via the Pilliga to Walgett I headed west to Brewarrina.

Outside the Pilliga, not much bio-diversity is evident along these roads; hardly a place for the emus to hide. Tumbleweeds dominate the memory where properties have overworked the earth. The top soil largely blown away and farmers walking off and handing the devastated land back to the traditional owners.

In Brewarrina I met two men both called Bradley. One was taking visitors through the newly reopened visitors' centre, teaching us about local culture and the ancient workings of the famous ancient fish traps (Baiaime's Ngunnahu) on the Barwon River. It is here where people from numerous language groups traditionally met, but now largely incapacitated by the building of a weir. He also retold the tale of slaughter at Hospital Creek — another one. No court hearing followed this one but memories can still transmit the horror.

The other Bradley spoke of his life's work attempting to keep the local languages alive; many years of working with the school to try to incorporate them into the curriculum, an endeavor largely fruitless so now he teaches the kids from home. It made me wonder why Indigenous languages are not included in the Community Languages or even the Saturday School of Languages program and thus provided with funding. And that leads to the question why is it possible to gain an HSC in Chinese or Latvian but not in Gamilarayyi? Something seems to be working though because I was proudly told that a handful of kids are now achieving their Higher School Certificates in this town.

Back via the big smoke of Dubbo, a place thriving with energy — and on to Peak Hill. Here another search of the graveyard this time for the Frazer clan. Led by local women who generously gave me their time, I found photos of my grandfather's brother, an alderman when Peak Hill had a council. They showed me my grandad's legacy, his buildings, still standing proudly, solidly, functionally, but also humbly — without ostentation — in the Main Street. Well, that's who he was.



Dennis Dempsey is a well-known Braidwood resident and a man with a passion for horticulture and roses.

Dennis is a highly accomplished and well respected rose expert. He proudly credits this to having been trained and influenced by expert horticulturists Dick Clough and John Gray (author of 'Roses, Tennis and Democracy') and others who have worked at Kew Gardens in London. He was inspired by being taken to many gardens where beautiful roses were planted, which set him on the path to become a rose expert. His paternal grandmother also influenced his path into horticulture from a very early age.

Dennis says:

"You can never stop learning about roses – if you feed them well they give back ten times over"

Two of his favourite roses are Buff Beauty and Just Joey, both of which can be found in Old Parliament House Rose Gardens.

A passion for roses

Margaret Tuckwell provides this cutting

It is at these gardens where Dennis's personality shines; a broad grin can always be seen under his cap. He's always ready with a good joke or a laugh during coffee time. But what's important is the training he has provided to the volunteers at the gardens.

Skills like how to recognise diseases and cure them, the correct angle and place for pruning or which roses are pruned in spring or autumn. To watch his eyes light up when he sees a Just Joey bloom the inner size of a dinner plate is a joy to share.

Dennis was born in Sydney but grew up 42km from Braidwood at Emu Flat. His early schooling was by correspondence at home, up to first year high school. He was then enrolled at St Bede's where he skipped second year and went straight to third year. He was motivated by being able to study with

other students and different teachers and he worked hard all year to obtain the Intermediate Certificate.

In the 1960s the majority of students obtained the Intermediate — the requirement for nursing and apprenticeships. Dennis, however, had an appetite for more knowledge and hands-on work. He moved to Canberra and obtained certificates in electric welding, oxy welding and panel beating, all of which have helped him throughout his career and hobbies. Still with an appetite for knowledge, Dennis embarked on the Higher School Certificate at night after a normal day's work, for two years and obtained six subjects.

Dennis was the first student to enrol at the Weston Creek School of Horticulture and in later years obtained a

diploma in teaching and taught many students over a five-year period. Most cities do not have a need to employ large numbers of horticulturists, but our nation's capital did. Canberra had Lake Burley Griffin, surrounding landscapes and the national botanic gardens to be developed and the NCDC engaged Dennis from the mid-1970s to the mid-1980s.

He was responsible for planting hundreds of cherry trees donated by the Japanese Government which we all enjoy when driving along any entrance to Canberra, especially in spring.

Dennis was also responsible for the inner-city area — Lake Burley Griffin, including Commonwealth and Weston Park and the lake's foreshore planting. He also worked on the constant upgrade of rural picnic areas along the ACT river banks.

Still pursuing challenges, Dennis then worked as a private contractor for over a decade and a further decade for ACT Government as head gardener at the Canberra Cemetery.

After many years living in Canberra, Dennis and his wife Eileen moved to Braidwood in 2007 and began establishing a new garden, naturally with some of their favourite plants, including roses, camellias and Japanese maples to name a few. Returning to Braidwood requires him to cover many kilometres back and forth to Canberra for private contracts and his consultancy work on roses for National Capital Authority.

Dennis is not someone to sit still for long. Over the years he has worked for various religious denominations, the Braidwood Heritage Committee and Braidwood Community Radio Station, Rural Fire Fighter and hands-on work such as re-building fences at the Cotter Dam after the 2003 ACT Fires. His preference is to be a 'behind the scenes' man and do the actual work.

Dennis is in the advanced stages of completing a book 'Cool Climate Horticulture' which will no doubt assist all the gardeners in the Braidwood district. The book will contain lots of information with a section on older and unique roses. He anticipates publication in early 2018.



Just Joey Rose

Hybrid Tea bred by Cants of Colchester, United Kingdom, in 1972 and performs well throughout Australia. The bush is disease and heat resistant.

The flower is an eye-catching ripe apricot colour with a loose, informal display of pretty frilled petals. Probably its most seductive feature is its intense, spicy fragrance which will quickly fill a room, when a bunch is placed in a vase. When introduced, its colour and size of flowers were considered breakthroughs.

It has been awarded the Royal Horticultural Society Award of Merit 1993 and World's Favourite Rose 1994.

Source: website www.sarose.org.au — 'Rose Society of South Australia'



Buff Beauty Rose

Hybrid Musk Shrub — Modern Tree Rose Introduced in Bentall United Kingdom 1939.

A rose for the enthusiast, flowers are apricot and apricot blend, orange and yellow blooms. Mild to strong tea rose fragrance, with 50 petals and blooms in continuous flushes throughout the season.

Source: Rex Hazlewood Rose Garden, Old Parliament House — Horticulture Volunteers' Guide.

Another local rose lover

Dennis knew the late Ian Robertson all his life, though he didn't know that Ian was also a lover of roses. Dennis recalls meeting Ian as a young boy. As he summarises with one of his own quotes:

'History, our yesterday, is told today so that it is remembered tomorrow.'

"I remember driving home with my family one winter's night (Dad, Mum, Jim and Marguerite (Girlie) Dempsey) when at the big sweeping bend near the Farrington turn off, a large rock belted up under the vehicle severing our fuel line. My father walked back to a farm house and called NRMA. In due course Ian Robertson arrived in his tow truck and quickly worked on the problem. I still remember Ian sliding under the vehicle onto the cold gravel, fuel dripping. He asked me and my father to pass a half inch spanner, small shifting spanner and a hack saw. Ian then sawed the flattened section of the fuel pipe off, replacing it with a screw-up junction fitting which saw us on our way home. This temporary repair on the side of the road lasted the life of the vehicle which was probably another ten or so years. This was a dramatic event for a young farm boy."



IAN ROBERTSON

The roses at Old Parliament House

In Dennis's own words

There are around ten thousand roses in the precinct; we manage a very large garden. We do everything on a large scale.

In your home garden you might be spraying and mixing up five litres but we mix up eleven hundred litres and go out and spray. I can, on occasion, spray through all the roses in one day, but it's a very long day. I start early and I finish late.

I have modified a lawnmower. I've got a tank on the front of it and a spray unit. I have the ability to either spray with the gun or to spray with what's called a burnless sprayer. I can spray into the roses with some pressure and drive past them. I've been able to cut down the workload greatly by being a thinking horticulturist, if you like.

The other thing that we do there is regularly blow all the leaves out from underneath the roses so that anything that falls doesn't reinfect the rose.

The other thing is that roses love food. As soon as they shoot in the spring, we



apply turkey manure. They love the animal based manure. If I could use a scale of one to ten, turkey and fowl manure is a ten for roses. Cow and sheep manure is around eight and other manures are five or six out of ten. Horse manure is good, but it's not like turkey manure.

Turkey and fowl manure have something in them that roses really love. Save your fowl manure up, compost it across the winter for your roses in the spring and you will have good roses.

Every six weeks feed them with a

liquid fertiliser. In the autumn, we're just about to apply it now, we use a product called **Sudden Impact for Roses**. If you feed roses, you get only a fraction of the diseases that you would normally get.

If you don't feed them and they become unthrifty and unhealthy, they'll get all the diseases in the world. If you feed them and keep them healthy, you don't have to spray them nearly as much.

There's a couple of tips to help people to grow good roses.

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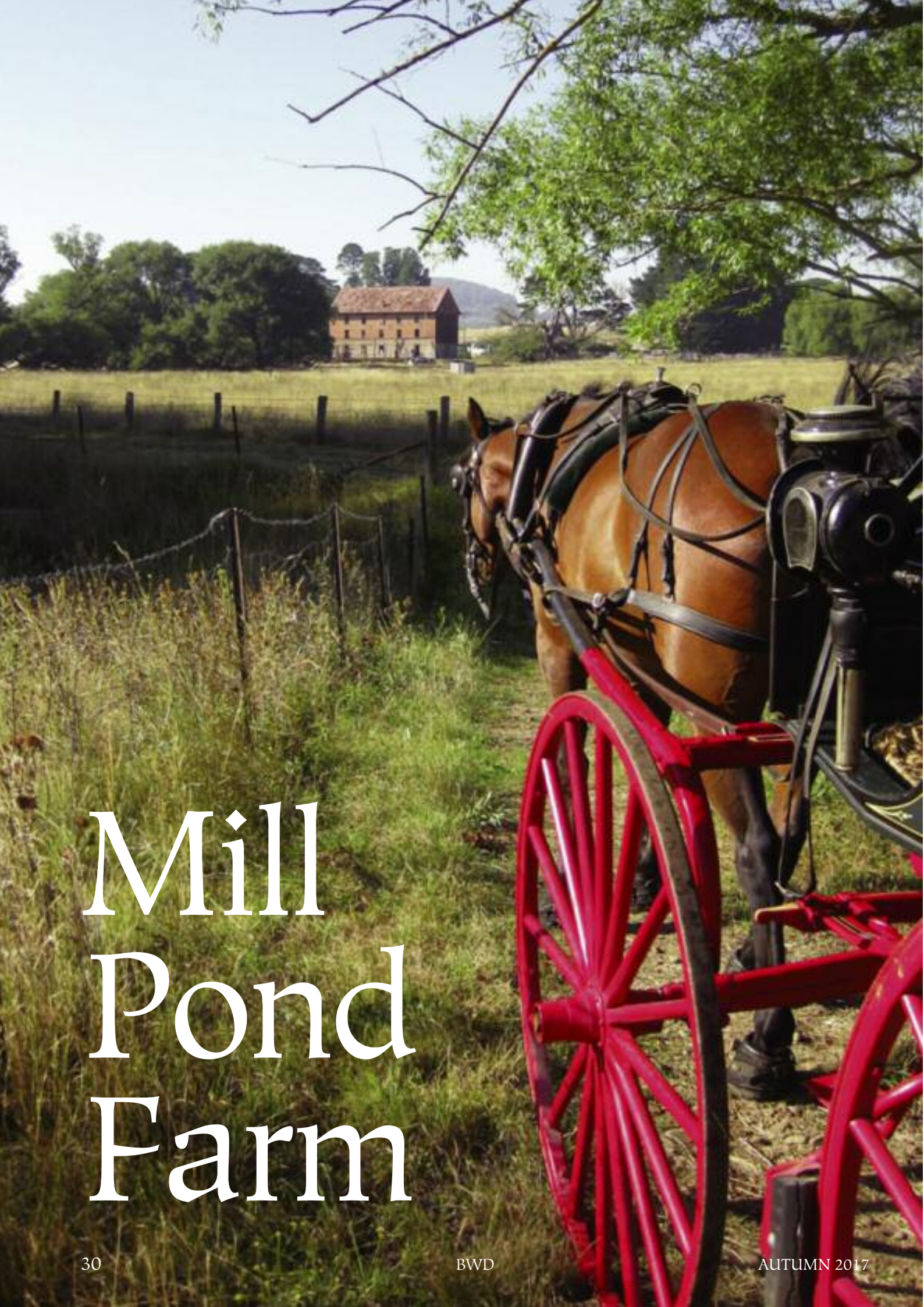
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Mill Pond Farm

REBUILDING OUR HISTORY

Antony Davies fixes things. Horse buggies, old cars, historic buildings and more.

The old mill is the big project and here he explains where he and Andrew Gow are up to

After a short drive from Braidwood across the Jembaicumbene Plains and along the Majors Creek Road, you'll come to historic Mill Pond Farm, the site of much activity over the past eight years. The 200 acre farming property is situated along the middle Jembaicumbene Creek and encompasses spectacular wetlands, rich floodplain pastures and rolling hills rising to over 680 metres. The centrepiece of the farm is the magnificent four-storey Jembaicumbene Steam Flour Mill, built by twenty-four-year-old Charles Dransfield in 1859. The property was established by grants in the 1830s, and by the 1850s formed the working end of Exeter Farm, an extensive grazing property owned by the closely related Roberts, Badgery, Royds and Hassall families.

Known in the 1830s and 1840s as 'The Old Dairy Flat Station', Mill Pond Farm served as the district's earliest dairy, providing milk, cheese and dairy products to the extended population of Exeter Farm. The early station building, associated stables, barns and outbuildings, survive on the property today.

By the mid 1850s, a picturesque Gothic Revival dairy was built alongside the early structure to exacting standards with 18" thick masonry walls, a slate roof and elaborate decoration. A well set underneath the dairy provided cold storage for the dairy

products, and is still in place under the house today. The facilities included a cheese making room with running water and accommodation upstairs. Charles Dransfield, a Yorkshire woollen miller who had emigrated via New Zealand, was in Majors Creek prospecting for gold when he met his young wife from Exeter Farm in 1852. The couple were given 1,300 acres at the eastern end of Exeter Farm on their marriage, and Dransfield made a substantial fortune selling mining rights on the gold-rich soils of the river flats.

By the 1850s, dairying was giving way to wheat cropping across the Jembaicumbene Plains, and the arrival of over 10,000 miners prompted a huge expansion of the fledgling village of Jembaicumbene.

By the mid 1850s, the village had four two-storey hotels, two churches, a school and over four hundred buildings.

At the time it was generally considered that Jembaicumbene would develop into a larger administration centre than nearby Braidwood. Taking commercial advantage of this influx of

people, Dransfield conceived a new business centred around a magnificent four-storey steam flour mill, run by a huge 24hp steam engine, with which he could grind wheat and grain for flour, make bread, cut building timber and firewood and run a stamping battery for crushing quartz to extract gold.

In the attic of the mill he dried hops and made beer, and bred racing pigeons.

The mill was designed by the well known Sydney architect Charles Langley, and fitted with fine quality English and American milling equipment by Russell & Son, Sydney's largest engineering firm.

Building began in June of 1859, the granite used for the first floor and engine house being cut from the surrounding fields. The bricks used for the upper three storeys and the sixty-five-foot chimney were made in a pit behind the mill, and the steam engine allowed all of the huge wooden beams making up the inner structure to be cut on site.

Incredibly, this superbly made building was completed and open for business, fully equipped and operational, just six months later, in January 1860.

Milling continued until 1885, when Dransfield was obliged to close due to the combined effects of the railway arriving in Tarago bringing cheap flour from other areas, a nation-wide financial depression, and the continued appearance of rust in the wheat from





several damp and foggy seasons. He moved his family to Sydney and, ever entrepreneurial, built a new wooden mill at the promising town of Wallendeen near Wagga. This mill unfortunately promptly burnt down and was immediately rebuilt, then burnt down a second time. Dransfield was in the process of

rebuilding the Wallendeen mill the second time when he contracted typhoid from drinking water. He had just time to catch the train home to Sydney before he passed away. His family retained both the Jembaicumbene Steam Flour Mill, and the Wallendeen Mill, until 1920. Today, the Jembaicumbene mill is

undergoing a new lease of life with its owners Antony Davies and Andrew Gow. After substantial research and archaeological study, the mill, farmhouse and historic outbuildings have been beautifully restored and the property is open from April 2017 with a variety of exciting activities for visitors.

EVERYTHING STOPS FOR TEA
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The exhibition will include an exceptional find — an early Australian Colonial tea caddy made at the 1803 Port Phillip camp in Victoria by a convict for the Governor of the Port Phillip Expedition, the first settlement on the southern part of the Australian continent.

This tea caddy has been the subject of twenty years of exhaustive research which shows it to be the oldest, and possibly the first, Colonial item made in Victoria. Its remarkable early Colonial history makes it one of the most valuable antique tea caddies in the world.



Burns

Bente Hart runs through how to manage simple small burns at home.

It is not uncommon for people to suffer burns from things around the home or property. Things such as the oven, pot handles, hot food or fats, hot water, fires, heaters, electric blankets and the iron are all culprits.

The vast majority of minor burns occurs around the home, but most burns sufferers don't know how to treat a burn correctly.

First of all the best treatment is prevention — so consider these things:

- ✓ Use oven mitts that go well up the forearm.
- ✓ Turn pot handles away from the edge of the stove.
- ✓ Keep all hot liquids well out of reach of small children.
- ✓ Eat hot food at the table not from the lap.
- ✓ Keep kettle and iron cords out of reach of children.
- ✓ Do NOT throw water on burning hot oils — use a lid, fire blanket or a wet towel and leave to cool. Do not remove cover.
- ✓ Use fire screens around fires and hot heaters.
- ✓ Turn off electric blankets before you go to bed.

If you or someone with you is burnt, these are the immediate actions to take:

REMOVE:

- Remove yourself and others from danger.
- Remove any clothing and/or jewellery from the affected area (if not stuck to the burn site) to allow effective cooling of the burn.

COOL:

- Cool the burn under cool (not icy-cold) running water for at least 20 minutes. This does feel like a long time, but it will make a difference to the recovery from the burn. Two to five minutes is not enough! The treatment with cool water should preferably start immediately — the sooner the better to stop the burn. This can mean that you may be treating with cool water while removing clothing and jewellery. This also stops the burn from going deeper into the skin.
- If clean running water is not available use a hydrogel such as Burnaid Gel or wet two cloths and alternate them on the burn every two minutes.
- Do NOT use ice, butter, toothpaste, creams or ointments as these may make the burn worse.

COVER:

- Cover with a hydrogel such as Burnaid or Solosite to help relieve pain.
- Do NOT burst any blisters — leave them intact and cover with a film like Opsite to prevent them from breaking.

LOTS OF WATER ASAP

- Cover with clean dressing

Seek medical assistance if clothing is stuck to the burn site or the burn is bigger than a 20c piece.

Types of burns:

- Superficial burn (eg. sunburn). Damage has only happened in the top layer of skin (epidermis). The burn site will be red and painful.
- Superficial partial thickness burn (eg blister burn, where the blister may have burst). There will be damage to the top layer of skin and some damage to the second layer of skin. The burn will be red, blistered and swelling with clear or yellow-coloured fluid. The burn will be very painful.
- Deep partial thickness burn (eg a burn where the outer layer of skin peels off). There will be damage to the top two layers of skin (epidermis and dermis). The burn will be peeling, blistered and swelling with clear or yellow-coloured fluid leaking from the skin. The burn will be very painful.
- Full thickness burn — involves damage to both the first and second layers, plus the underlying tissue. The burn site generally appears black or charred with white exposed fatty tissue. Very deep burns may damage the underlying muscle or bone. The nerve endings are generally destroyed and so there is little or no pain at the site of the full-thickness burn. However, surrounding partial thickness burns will be very painful.

Burns that are superficial or superficial partial thickness usually heal without the need for surgery. Dressings are applied until the skin heals spontaneously — this can take 7–10 days and it is best to leave the dressing in place without change if the blister has not burst. Whether any scarring will occur largely depends on how deep was the burn. Deep partial thickness burns and full thickness burns always needs medical attention. Also any blisters larger than a 20c piece for superficial partial thickness burns should have immediate medical attention.



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Gundillion Hall

Lyn Cram in conversation with Di Izzard and Gwen Jagger

When your nearest neighbour is 50 kms away it is essential that there is somewhere for neighbours to meet and foster friendships.

In October 1911 a parcel of land was gazetted for public use in the Riding of Gundillion and a dance was held in the little building on the site to celebrate the fact that they now had a 'Gundillion Hall'.

Over the following years there were many social events and dances held there which helped to raise the necessary funds to carry out much needed additions and renovations. The kitchen was originally a makeshift affair with a sink that came from the mines at Captains Flat.

In those days there was no insulation and gaps in the walls let in all sorts of critters. It was freezing cold in winter and extremely hot in summer. So a barbecue area was constructed and Les Cunningham became 'chief cook'. There were two main events which were held each year — a dance to raise money for insurance and the annual kid's Christmas party, which has

become one of the year's iconic and much-anticipated events on the Braidwood and districts calendar.

Di Izzard has fond memories of attending a dance at the Gundillion Hall when she was sixteen. "There was a seven-piece band and, with nearly 300 people attending, it was the social event of the year."

DI IZZARD, KITTY TISCHLER, GWEN AND BERT JAGGER SERVE THE CHRISTMAS FARE.



When Gwen and Bert Jagger moved to a property at Gundillion, over thirty years ago, they received an invitation in their first week. 'You must come to the hall and help with the Christmas party.' Fortunately they decided to go and this was the start of some wonderful friendships. As Gwen says:

"the community spirit has stayed with the hall. No-one is judged — what you see is what you get".

A STRENGTH OF COMMUNITY

18 MARCH 1914 — BRAIDWOOD DISPATCH

KRAWARREE

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

A very enjoyable day was spent last Friday at the Recreation Ground Gundillion when a picnic was held amongst the local residents and a few visitors from outlying centres. A large crowd gathered, and various games were indulged in by both young and old until about 6 o'clock when afternoon tea was partaken of. Then some of the elder folk and the children left for home. The rest remained to a dance in the new Gundillion Hall, which proved a very fitting wind up for the day's sport. About twenty couples were present, and dancing to the capable music supplied by Messrs Griffin and Jones commenced at 8 o'clock, and was kept going till midnight, when supper which was provided by Mrs. Norman was partaken of. The eatables were of a high class character, and that lady deserves great credit for the manner and trouble to which she went in providing the same. After tea more dancing was indulged in till the small hours of the morning.

The floor was in excellent order which speaks volumes of praise for the builder Mr H. Thompson. The duties of M.C. were carried out by Mr. James Berry.

A word of praise is due to our secretary Mr. D. M. O'Connell who had the matter solely in hand, and proved the right man in the right place.

Judging by the smiling faces of all present needless to say all thoroughly enjoyed themselves, it being one of the best dances which has been held in Krawarree for some time.

The hall which has been recently erected at Gundillion is the long felt want of Krawarree and it is to be hoped that socials of this kind will be more frequent in the future.

Major renovations came after the residents received a much-needed grant. The ready-made kitchen was donated by a resident who made kitchens, but it entailed months of work with all hands-on-deck for working bees. A carpenter from Bungendore dropped in to the hall and asked, "Can I help?" He then donated a week's work. With only two windows and no insulation, they got to work lining the walls, installing more windows, insulation, gas heating and a sound system.

Gwen Jagger's husband Bert and her brother Irvin Smith worked tirelessly on these projects, along with volunteer help from the community. A storage room off the kitchen was converted into a scullery with an extended commercial dishwasher and big sink. They can now hose down the dishes prior to them being washed. A new fridge was donated and new chairs and tables were purchased.

Over the years, the committees have applied for and received more funding from whichever Government Department would donate. As Di says, "it's a matter of putting up your hand and asking".



Recently the barbecue area has been renovated, with a new barbecue oven installed and glass windows placed around three sides, so now people can sit comfortably on a windy day and enjoy the camaraderie. The new doorway into the hall has made the 'flow of traffic' much easier for everyone.

Additions and renovations have been achieved through the hard work and fund-raising efforts of the community. If someone is sick or has experienced a loss and grief, the community rallies behind these families by supplying home cooked meals, loads of firewood and friendship.

The hall is used for many different reasons. There are fortnightly craft mornings, Tai Chi and yoga groups, and

PICNIC AT WYANBENE CAVES IN THE LATE 1920S.





Christmas party' is held. It originally started as a school picnic as a way of nurturing friendships for those children who attended 'Out Schools'. Now, for a contribution of \$6, all children under ten receive a present from Santa. Then the whole community, as well as those from Braidwood and surrounds, can enjoy a barbecue with salads and cakes.

Throughout the afternoon the children can participate in foot races, three-legged races, sack races, egg and spoon races as well as running races — all in different age categories. Everyone wins a prize of a few coins, so over the afternoon they accumulate enough money to spend with the 'Lolly Lady' at her stall. There are no jumping castles, it's just good old-fashioned fun. Throughout the afternoon's festivities there are raffles to be won, lolly guessing competitions and 'step the distance'.

After Santa has left on the fire engine and dinner is finished, both adults and children can compete in 'nail drive', 'gumboot throwing' and 'raw egg throwing' competitions.

So, as Di Izzard says, "with a bit of effort on everyone's part, this community really comes together for a common cause".

"By getting involved and making friends you become a richer person, have wonderful experiences and make lasting friendships."

The Gundillion residents have achieved a blueprint for how a close community successfully works.

JINDEN SCHOOL IN THE 1940S.



Friday night dinners with up to seventy people attending. For only \$10 per head, a two-course meal can be enjoyed by all. It's a great way to get people together and it makes a small profit which goes back into the hall's upkeep.

There have been many weddings and birthdays celebrated in the hall over the years, as well as wakes. The cemetery is situated nearby, so it's also a place for the community to say goodbye to their loved ones — near a place where they had previously loved and laughed together. The 'Gundillion Ladies' are often called upon to provide catering for these occasions, as well as in Braidwood.

On Wednesday 8th March local women once again attended the annual 'International Women's Day' luncheon. And at the recent Australia Day breakfast nearly one hundred residents were treated to a great day, all in the spirit of community, and with no charge.

The Hall is also used by historical groups and for public meetings regarding issues that affect the community. One of these of on-going concern is the lack of mobile phone coverage; obviously so important when you live in an isolated area.

You may have met some of the 'Gundillion Ladies' during the Quilt Event weekend. Their Christmas puddings and cakes, using old recipes handed down from their mothers and grandmothers, are famous. Regular buyers eagerly head to the verandah of Landmark and wait for the ladies to arrive with over a hundred cakes and sixty puddings.

This is their major fundraising event

and involves a couple of months of preparation. They are very grateful for the help from Gina and Gary Sully, who kindly cook all the puddings in their commercial bain-marie. Di Izzard is one of the main cooks and can fit up to eight cakes at a time in her oven. Whilst they cook Di completes farm chores.

On the Friday before the Quilt Event there is a working bee or 'wrap-up day' and once all the cakes are loaded into the cars, the ladies sit down to enjoy a chicken and champagne lunch and to celebrate a job well done.

On the weekend before Christmas the now famous 'Gundillion children's

Services save day

Rebecca Soames has a cautionary story and another example of the vital role played by our excellent Local Area Health Service.

Being a mum for over eighteen years to five children, I have nursed many and varied sickness over the years. Hence, when my youngest, 2½ years, started developing the signs of a head cold, I was confident that the age old adage of Panadol, plenty of fluids and rest would see him pull through in no time.

After a night of high fevers and general discomfort I felt our little guy would be OK resting in the loving hands of my mother while I went to work for the morning. Following a call to my mum and learning that he was not improving, I made an appointment at the local doctors.

When I arrived to collect him from my mum's he was asleep though visibly still struggling with the head cold.

Once he awoke I could see he really was not himself and headed straight for the doctors.

The doctor took one look at his chest and stomach and sent us straight to the hospital.

Even after all these years of parenting I was not aware that when a young child is in breathing distress they breath with their stomachs and it is visible to the trained eye.

The wonderful staff at Braidwood Hospital soon had the little guy back on track after a time on Ventolin and a dose of Redipred.

On a follow up appointment with the doctor later he was diagnosed with pneumonia and the doctor explained that children who are experiencing breathing distress will quickly become exhausted in such situations.



REBECCA AND TOMMY.

As a community we are very blessed to have such wonderful health care services available and caring health professionals in our community.

With this new knowledge I shall know in future what to be aware of and hope that this may assist others if needed too.

Looking for a complete experience rather than just an event or accommodation venue?

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Keeping children amused in the holidays

Lyn Cram has had plenty of practice

Easter school holidays are just around the corner. Many mums and dads dread hearing that old moan, "I'm bored. What can we do?" Here are some tried and tested ways to entertain children of all ages, without spending lots of money. You might find you have fun too.

A SCAVENGER HUNT

You can do this at home, in your own backyard or a park. Give each child a list of things to find plus a bag to put them in. For example: a red leaf, a feather, yellow flower, piece of paper, a pebble, branch or stick from a tree, a pencil, three green leaves with different shapes etc. You may have to 'plant' things for the children to find. Use your imagination. Older children can help little ones.

A TREASURE HUNT

Either draw or colour in pictures from a colouring in book. It's good to have a theme eg. pirates. Next to each picture write a few words which will lead to the next clue eg. "Look for a pirate ship". Place clues apart so they will have to run around the area to

find the next clue. Last clue leads to the hidden 'treasure' which could be an old shoebox with treats inside like chocolate coins, lollipops etc.

PUPPETS

Make puppets from old socks, gloves, paper plates on sticks or a polystyrene ball with a piece of material attached. Use scraps of wool for the hair, buttons for eyes, scraps of material for a tongue, and clothes. Turn a small table on its side for the puppet show. Children can make scenery and props and put on a 'show'.

A TALENT QUEST

It could be organised like the X Factor with judges giving marks and comments. Everyone gets a turn.

MAKE SOME PLAYDOH

Make with flour, salt, oil and water or buy ready made. Give children old pans, patty cases, trays and let them make a 'Café/Pizza shop' They can make menus and take orders. This is popular with older children too and they may want to dress-up and take on roles.

BLOWING BUBBLES

Detergent solution, bubble pipes or a bubble machine ... hours of fun.

PAINTING WITH WATER

Children love this. All you need is some water in the bottom of a bucket and some house-painting brushes and rollers. They can 'paint' the bricks, veranda, paths and fences (and it's a good way to get rid of cobwebs as well). Little ones will need adult supervision.

FASHION PARADE

All you need are some old clothes, hats, scarves, beads, ties, shoes and bags and let them make up some 'cool' outfits. If you have funny wigs and make-up or face paints, all the better.

MASKS

Cut out (or purchase) mask shapes, pens, paints, stickers, glue, feathers and lots of imagination.

MURALS

An old sheet or tablecloth can be attached to a fence or wall. Mix some water paint or food colouring with water and put in spray bottles. Also use paint brushes and small rollers and make a great mural.

PAPER GARLANDS

Cut strips of coloured and patterned paper and make loops which are joined together with tape. Great for Christmas or party decorations.

POTATO PRINTING

Cut potatoes in half and carve a simple shape, dip in paint and 'print' patterns on plain paper. Great for cards or wrapping paper.

MAKE A NEWSPAPER

Older children may like to make their own newspaper or club news. Include cartoons, stories, photos and drawings and photocopy so everyone has a copy. A good group activity.

PAPER PLANES

Make paper aeroplanes and then see how far they will fly. Watch the movie 'Paper Planes' and be inspired.

KITES

Simple kites can be made using paper or thin material, string, and wooden skewers or sticks. Decorate and fly them on a windy day.

CUBBY HOUSE

Throw a sheet or old curtain over a table or drying frame. Add some cushions and rugs, toys and snacks and the

children can make-believe they're camping, on a pirate ship, or in a hide-out.

WET AND WILD DAY

When it's hot there's nothing like cooling off under the sprinkler, or fill spray bottles with water, small buckets of water with sponges to soak, water balloons as bombs, a slip'n'slide or paddle pool and they'll have hours of fun cooling off. Adult supervision needed.

OLD-FASHIONED RACES

Great for a get-together with family and friends. Egg and spoon races (you can use ping pong balls), three-legged races, sack races, long jumps, wheelbarrow races and fun prizes.

MAGNETS

Have fun with magnets. See what attaches to the magnet. Try paperclips, screws, tacks, cooking utensils, different sorts of rocks, iron filings.

BALLOON TRICKS

Blow up some balloons and see how long you can keep one in the air by bouncing with your hands, or lay down and bounce with your feet.

COOKING

Children love helping in the kitchen. Make simple cookies, chocolate crackles, jellies, cup cakes. Cut up fruit and thread on skewers or ice some plain biscuits and decorate and be creative.

SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS

Make a 'volcano' using bicarbonate soda and red food colouring in some white vinegar. This is very effective if you make a mound with sand or dirt and put a small container like an empty yoghurt tub in the middle, put in the bicarb, then pour in the vinegar and watch the fun!



PHOTO: ANNA SULLIVAN

Billicart Derby coming soon

Laurie Ffrench provides the rundown

The Braidwood Lions Club celebrated its 50-year anniversary last year.

Current members are proud of the tradition of the Club and proud of the work we do in running various events supporting many causes and raising money for re-distribution back into the community. Regularly we raise in excess of \$20,000 on an annual basis.

One of our signature events is the Braidwood Community Bank Billicart Derby. We first ran this event in 2010 so 2017 will be the eighth time.

This is run on the first Sunday in May each year and staged very much as a fun, family day out.

Young and old participate in racing their billycarts down the challenging Gillamatong Lane course and in the lead up families all enjoy designing and readying their carts for race day.

Lolly bags, raffle prizes (including a BMX bike), face painting, a ticket from the Police manning the radar gun, BBQ and refreshments and excellent money prizes are key features of the day.

Braidwood Lions members are delighted with the way the Braidwood business houses become involved and provide the necessary funding and in-kind support to make this very popular event work. Braidwood Community Bank is underwriting sponsor with more than fifty other businesses providing valuable support.

Full details of this event can be found at:
www.braidwoodbillycarts.wordpress.com
Come along and get involved.

Braidwood Lions Club

Supporting our
community with
regular activities
around town

Membership Inquires
to the Secretary:
0417 900 765



International Women's Day:

Celebration, reflection and social change

Robin Tennant-Wood

It is generally assumed that International Women's Day evolved from the Women's Liberation Movement of the 1960s and '70s. While this period gave it a high public profile, IWD itself has a much longer and braver history. The first women's day of any description was in 1908, when the Socialist Party of America declared National Women's Day on 28th February coinciding with a strike by women garment makers for better working conditions.

In 1910, an International Women's Day was declared by the Socialist International meeting in Copenhagen to provide impetus to the women's suffrage campaign in most democracies in the world. Australian and New Zealand women had already been granted that right in 1901 and 1893 respectively, but it would be decades before many women in the world gained voting rights.

On 8th March, 1917, Russian women protested for "Bread and Peace". Russia at this time had not only undergone the devastation of World War I, but the Russian Revolution was adding to the privations they suffered. Four days after the Bread and Peace protest, the tsar abdicated, the Revolution was won and Russian women were

subsequently granted the right to vote. The date for IWD stuck.

In 1975, as part of International Women's Year, the UN declared 8th March as IWD, and it has been marked and celebrated ever since.

In my university teaching career, I frequently heard young women making comments such as, "Oh, I'm not a feminist. Our mothers and grandmothers did all that, but we've got equality now ...".

Really? Really?

Women currently occupy just 29% of the seats in our federal parliament, a figure well short of true representation of the female population. I once heard Amanda Vanstone make a hilarious speech on this subject. Regardless of how you feel about her politics, former Senator Vanstone was a great champion of women in politics! The global average for women in parliaments is just over 23% and the best performers in terms of female representation are probably not the countries you may think: Rwanda has 64% (all the more remarkable because Rwandan women didn't get the vote until 1961); Bolivia has 53%; Cuba 49%, Iceland 48%, Sweden 44%.

While parliaments continue to be dominated by men, women will continue to be categorised as a 'minority group' (hello? 52% of the population?) and 'women's issues' given a low priority.

The average starting salary for female graduates in this country is \$52,000, while male grads can expect an average starting salary of \$55,000. This is despite the facts that girls consistently score higher than boys in HSC and equivalents, every single university in Australia has more female undergraduates than male, and in all but six universities female postgrad students outnumber male.

In Australia women are five times more likely than men to require medical attention or hospitalisation as a result of violence at the hands of an intimate partner, and five times more likely to report fearing for their lives in such cases. In 2016, 71 Australian women were killed as a result of violence against women: that's about one woman killed every five days.

Certainly, we've come a long way since the 1970s. When I started teaching in Queensland in 1979, women were required to resign from their position when they married and reapply under their married name (none of that feminist-keeping-your-own-name stuff in Joh Bjelke-Petersen's Queensland). When a woman became pregnant she was required to resign no later than six weeks prior to her due date and had to reapply for her job no sooner than one year after the birth of the baby, with no guarantee that she would get her job back.



Yes, things have changed and continue to change.

IWD gives us all, women and men alike, the opportunity to reflect on social change and how it enriches us as a society. It is a chance to celebrate those positive changes and highlight the areas where change still needs to happen.

In a perfect world there would be no need, but I think we're all becoming increasingly aware that this world is far from perfect.

BRONWYN'S GARDEN IN



AUTUMN

Bronwyn Richards gives us her seasonal garden tips

So, autumn again reminded me that the first page I did for BWD was autumn 2013. Well, that's a long time ago. It's been a hot summer and we are still experiencing some high temperatures and the garden requires lots of water at this time of year.

I know that's an issue for some people, but one of the things I think we need to keep in perspective is that what you are growing is food.

I think it is quite justifiable to use our precious water on growing food.

Our garden is using a lot of water at this time. We have tank water that we are using and on some really hot days we are putting about 500 litres on the beds. That's just to give you an idea of how much water your produce garden might consume.

Hopefully, by the end of this month we'll start moving into some milder weather and have less intensive heat.

It is in March that you need to be thinking about some of the root crops you might want to put in for winter. You'd be looking at planting carrots, parsnips, beetroots, turnips; all of those things do very well if you plant in late summer or early autumn. They'll survive in the ground very well right through very cold, frosty winters so they are very good staples to have

in your garden and are not that complicated to grow.

There is one trick with carrots and two tricks with parsnips. The first trick with carrots is that while the seed is in the ground it must stay constantly moist. The worst thing you can have for carrot germination is letting your seed bed dry completely out, then moistening it again. The seed needs to be constantly moist until germination. In this hot weather it might mean you need to cover your seed bed with some shade cloth. Some people use timber over their row of plants, or carpet underlay — anything to keep the moisture. You have to lift it to water of course, but keep the moisture staying around your seeds.

Once your carrot seed germinates it is not a problem, just water as you would water any other thing. That also applies for parsnips, so they need to be kept well moist until germination.

The second key trick with parsnips is that you need very fresh seed. Parsnip germination is not good if the seed is old, so if you have had parsnip seed from last year and you think you might sow it again this year, even though the use-by date will say that it is fine and might be fine until April 2017, you'll probably find that you won't get very good germination.

I'd recommend buying new seed. They're my little tips for parsnips and carrots.

Want to grow delicious veggies and raise small farm animals all year round for you, your family and your local farmers market?

Learn how from Bronwyn and Helen, Braidwood's most successful commercial market gardeners and table poultry producers at any of the following workshops:

All season cool climate vegetable growing

Dates: **Sunday 19th March, 2017** and offered again on **Sunday 23rd July 2017**, 10.00am to 3.00pm (lunch included).

Details: The course will be held in Braidwood, NSW

Learn about successful vegetable production in areas where overnight winter temperatures are often below zero, with regular frosts. The workshop covers:

- understanding your climate zone
- growing in all seasons
- bed preparation
- when and what to plant
- frost protection
- weeding and weeding tools
- intensive planting and other garden practices

We will explore the various organic approaches: permaculture, bio-dynamic, biological and gain a basic understanding of these different philosophies. The course aims to provide you with the practical knowledge and skills to produce food all year, from a small backyard plot to a large market garden.

Growing Organic Animals

Date: **Sunday, 9th July, 2017**, 10.00am to 3.00pm (lunch included)

Details: The course will be held in Braidwood, NSW

The day focuses on how to care for and manage poultry, sheep, pigs and other livestock so that they provide you and your family with the most delicious meat, eggs, milk and fibre. The workshop is designed to introduce you to basic animal husbandry practices particularly humane handling, animal welfare and feeding practices. The course covers:

- Housing and hygiene
- Feeding and nutrition
- Basic healthcare
- Handling and welfare
- Legislative requirements for keeping, transporting and slaughtering
- Manure management


Issues around the slaughter of livestock will be discussed including to slaughter on the farm or not. The course aims to provide you with practical knowledge and skills to manage livestock on a small scale. This practical knowledge is applicable to any farming philosophy.

4842 1127 or wynlenhouse@bigpond.com

www.wynlenhouse.com/workshops



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HORRORSCOPE FOR THE AUTUMN MONTHS OF 2017:

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

ARIES

A good month to get into solfège, or solfeggio if you want to do it with a close friend. Do re mi etc. ... or perhaps you should get solar panels on the roof. You know like, sun ray, save doh, me happy living in harmony with the universe.

TAURUS

Tall lonely man needs company with cross-dressing ... what? No, never! That should have read cross-benching. If you think permitting same-sex marriage will lead to Nemo and Fido demanding equal rights then he needs to hear from you. Reply c/- Tony the shirtfronter.

GEMINI

Some of you will have a sudden urge to visit, or revisit, foreign shores — especially those of you who've made an absolute motza from scamming the system. Vocational education courses are the flavour of the month. Properly funding TAFE to upskill our youth didn't fit the privatisation mantra so the government gave millions to shysters instead.

CANCER

You may find you have an out-of-sign conjunction of Mars and Venus, when Mars is in 28° Libra and Venus is in 2° Scorpio. This is fairly serious but not as bad as an out-of-wine function caused by Pops drinking the lot and hitting 0° against the Earth.

LEO

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. Feisty redhead is learning that supporters more angry than analytical can sometimes be as hard to find as bones in calamari from a fish and

chip shop. One notion may not always be enough.

VIRGO

Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Check out the *Daily Pantograph* just after the middle pages where it has a whole page of, "all our ladies provide a genuine intimate, unrushed, passionate 'girlfriend experience' including kissing, cuddling, mutual pleasure and much more at no extra cost". No extra cost than what? You might well ask.

LIBRA

Go placidly amid the noise and the haste and remember though your life may go full circle in the coming year, it'll not be at the corner of Wallace and Lascelles.



We might have seen that pesky round-about off for good.

SCORPIO

A good day to tie up loose ends. Caution is indicated though, so perhaps start with your shoelaces just to see how you go. A good time to seek that promotion unless your boss is a Scorpio, reads this and sees you coming.

SAGITTARIUS

Are you subject to mood swings, see your approach life in a roundabout way and find yourself on a slippery slope? Getting out of the theme park would be a start. Everything will just fall into your lap this month. Perhaps fettuccine is a bit too multicultural for you.

CAPRICORN

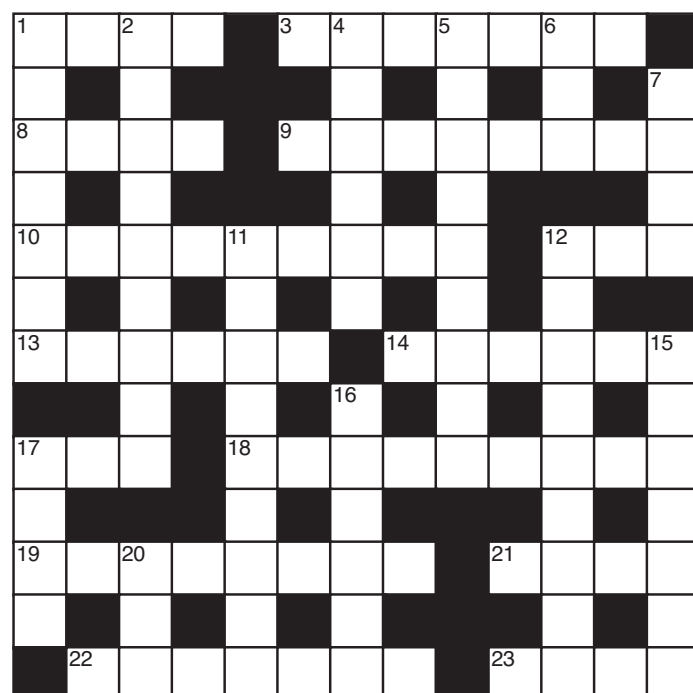
Avoid chopping and changing all the time. This might not apply to you transvestite forestry workers because some of you look absolutely divine. You will be highly attractive to those on the same wavelength, or if you're into hair, those with the same wavelength.

AQUARIUS

Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder where I are. You're right where they want you. Today is a good day to be fearful of things you can't see and people you don't know. Trust us, we have your interests at heart, or no interest and years to pay, whatever, but don't stop consuming.

PISCES

Well, it's one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready — now move real slow. That's the government's solar song and it's on an endless loop. A solar farm with pumped hydro, perhaps using the escarpment, could provide energy independence for Braidwood.

BRAIDWOOD BAFFLER #12**ACROSS**

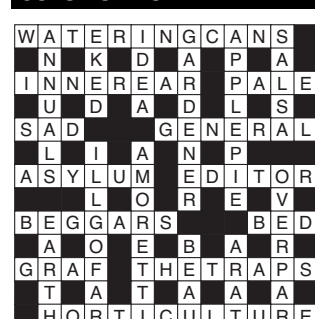
- 1 Nasty tumble or an American season
- 3 Across, 16 Down, Crap or Man made?
- 8 Paste of flour and fat
- 9 This summer!
- 10 Symptomatic of 11 Down?
- 12 Indian dish made from dried pulses
- 13 Nucleus, unborn child
- 14 Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness
- 17 Charge
- 18 Very hard rock
- 19 Pre-Colombian people of S. America
- 21 Object of worship
- 22 Favoured
- 23 Consume, support

DOWN

- 1 Luck, wealth
- 2 Derisively amusing
- 4 Hold back (in a race), stay a

distance away from another ship

- 5 You can make plastic weapons with a 3D copier but not these ones!
- 6 A nice cup of ...
- 7 Touch or experience
- 11 Lazybones!
- 12 Grumpy old man or woman
- 15 Deliberately irritated another
- 16 see 3 across
- 17 Seizures
- 20 Slipperly as an ...?

SOLUTION TO BAFFLER #11**Coal is dead**

Go the sun — go the wind, you've got it all on your side now. Everything else costs more, even to set up; let alone the on-going price of the fuel.

The spot price for sunlight will be the same tomorrow as it is today — and as it has always been — zero. The price of coal-fired electricity will increase day by day. The gas industry is an absolute shambles of gouging, miscalculation and vested interest.

Here's a quick run down of the alternatives to sun, wind and hydro.

Nuclear

Nuclear power in Australia is nowhere — and just as well. Even without the high-level waste from a power station, Australia has nuclear waste lying all over the place.

The CSIRO has announced in its latest annual report that \$30 million from its budget needs to be spent fixing sloppy past practice.

As the SMH reported:

An Australian Radiation Protection and Nuclear Safety Agency spokeswoman said the \$29.7 million estimate would cover the characterisation, handling, re-packaging and storage of the toxic material.

"As a result of an ARPANSA inspection in 2016, it was recognised that additional work was required to scientifically characterise some of the contents of the legacy materials more accurately," she said.

"The work that needs to be undertaken is significant."

That's polite-speak for someone in the past shoving their problematic radioactive waste into forty-four gallon drums, not even labelling it properly, and sending it off to Woomera to rust. So we're spending \$30m of today's budget to pay for the slackness of the past. When it's all done of course, we will have merely put all the stuff into new drums to sit about and ... well, they'll sort it out in the future.

Coal

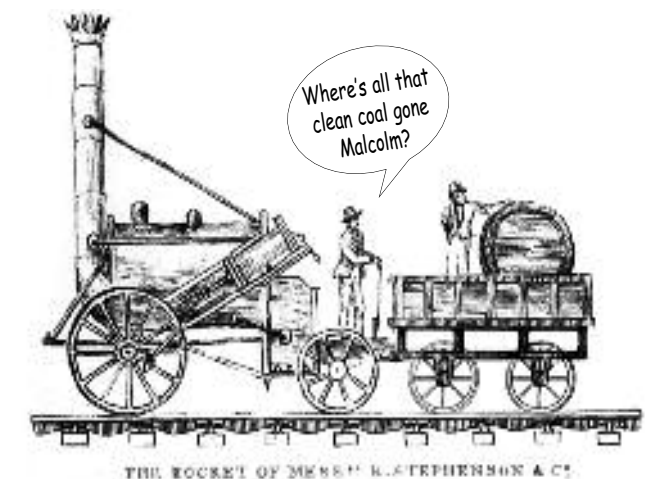
Say what you like about the coal industry — it knows how to lobby. It's all about branding now. "Dirty coal, yuk, it's hard to believe we ever tried to sell that stuff. Not to worry, we've got 'clean coal' now so everything is going to be hunky-dory."

The coal is exactly the same of course, it's the way it's burnt that is changing.

Now we have (or plan to have) supercritical power plants, ultra-supercritical and ... 'ta-da!' advanced ultra-supercritical power stations on the drawing board.

As a *pièce de résistance* there might also be carbon capture and storage if there happens to be a geologically suitable site near the power station where CO₂ can be compressed and injected kilometers below the surface, never to reappear and poison us.

What Josh Frydenberg and other coal spuiuers fail to tell us is that electricity from 'supercali' coal will cost fifty percent more than we pay now — and from 'supercalifragilistic' coal it will be three times as expensive. The federal government is lying through its teeth about coal — the pertinent question is, why?



towards the future by Paul Cockram

Gas

The question of whether we are about to have gas shortages on the east coast and why this would be allowed to occur is quite some saga. The answer depends on the time of day and possibly also the alignment of the planets.

Australia has a wealth of gas yet to be released — that much everyone agrees on. By 2020 we, that is, Chevron, ExxonMobil, Shell and others will be exporting as much gas as Qatar.

But, as the SMH reported recently:

In 2021, when each country's production volumes will be virtually identical, Qatar will receive \$26.6 billion while Australia will receive just \$800 million.

And even that paltry return is looking less likely. Other countries are looking to supply the same markets that our boys thought they had stitched up.

The main point in all this is that nearly every other country in the world is challenging the status quo to get the best deal it can for its citizens. Not so here in Dozy land. Our governments negotiate with multinationals using the dexterity of a rabbit caught in the headlights.

As with the farrago of lies used to prop up the coal industry, the question needs to be put; is it really just incompetence or are there sinister and illegal vested interests at work?

The gas industry is being given a free kick to blame it all on the state governments, farmers and greenies. It's true that Santos and others had, in their minds, already banked the fraccable

gas that lies under every other farming land.

State governments have been caught on the hop by the near-total opposition to hydraulic fracturing beneath agricultural land. Successful opposition to mining is a rare event in Australia.

But we have oodles of gas. The Japanese consumer will most likely pay less

for our gas than we will if industry projections are to be believed.

For goodness sakes — it's our gas. Have we no sense of common purpose as a people that we still allow the natural resources of the land to be sold away from underneath us?

When the solar revolution gets into full swing we'll only need gas as back-up anyway, and not for so many years, but that's no reason to give it all away.

We live in interesting times. Science and technology are working to solve our energy problems in amazing ways. Electricity production is at the long-playing record stage; with tapes, CDs, mp3s and beyond yet to come.

The next time you hear a politician claiming there is a bright future for coal, show them a picture of George and Robert Stephenson's 1829 coal-fired 'Rocket' and tell them to get real.



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