

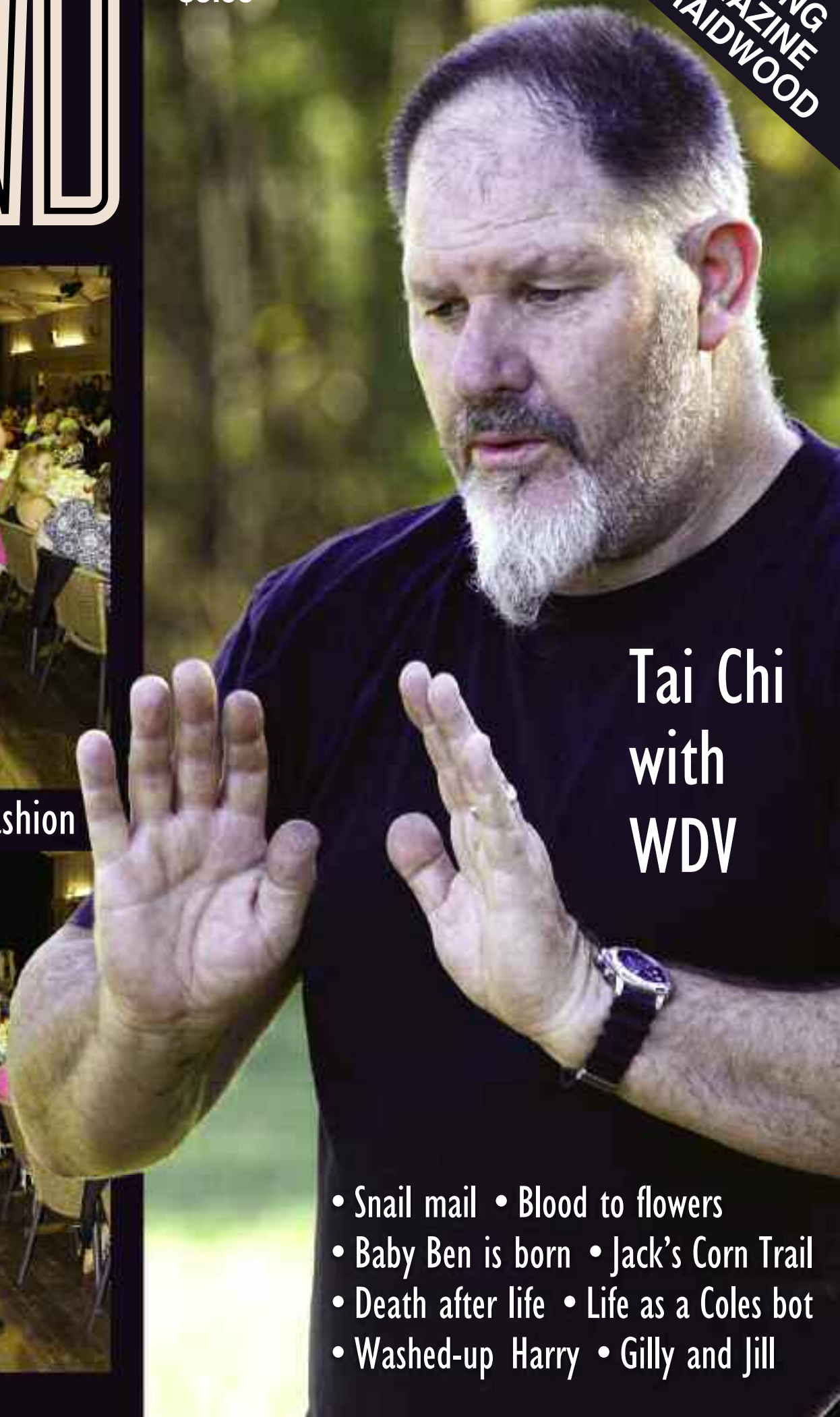
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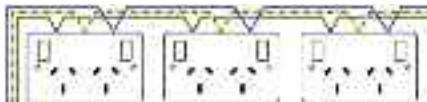
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TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF THESE CRAZY TIMES

Bumper is, for some reason, the way to describe an issue such as this one. Fifty-two jam packed pages of local news, views and opinions with a smattering of academia interspersed. It's been a few months since the last BWD so it looks like we might be heading for thirdly frequency rather than quarterly this year. I need to get as many stories as I can in advance for the next issue. Alison, my partner, and I are off to the USA for three months come July. I should be able to produce the magazine from New York in these days of global inter-connectivity. If I can, I'm going to pop up to Braidwood Illinois (south of Chicago) and see how they're travelling. Don't forget to check out our 'Braidwood CBD and Ryrie Park landscape concept plans' currently on exhibition. You've only got until April 11 to make a submission to QPRC. If you like the look of the Wallace and Duncan streets intersection, 'olde world' as they are, then you'd better have a look at the plan to extend the kerbs. It'll look different for sure.

Paul

I COULDN'T FIT THIS IN LYN'S COOKING SECTION. TOM AND I DO A BIT OF COOKING IN OUR HOUSE AND IT NEVER LOOKS QUITE AS RELAXED AS THIS.



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Proofreading: Bente Jensen
BWD is published by Artplan Graphics
43 Wallace Street Braidwood NSW 2622
Telephone: 0417 459 775
email: paul@artplan.com.au
Printed by: Trendsetting, Fyshwick ACT



MY WRITING PAD AND PEN.

Did you know that according to a census figure I read somewhere online, Ainslie (where we used to live) has just about the same demographic as Braidwood.

Hard to believe, and I can tell you that as a village, Ainslie is nothing compared to the community spirit so often displayed in our town.

For example, Bruce at the post office was quite surprised when I told him that the mail in Ainslie was only delivered every other day. At least we have good postal service here.

What do I care about the postal service? I only ever got junk mail from stores and politicians, and of course the ubiquitous wad of bills lurking at the back of the letterbox. I haven't received snail mail in about two years, and that was from a Braidwood friend. So I started an experiment on Facebook: let's see who would give me their mailing address, and I would answer with a handwritten missive and a real postage stamp. The response has been surprising.

Firstly because it was lower than I expected — perhaps people don't think I'll do it. Secondly because the respondents were not people I knew very well. So much more the challenge. I did receive a letter even before I took up my pen, and it came from, you guessed it, Braidwood.

When I was a child I belonged to an organisation that arranged pen-pals world-wide. You might even be of the generation who, like me, joined it at school. I'm slack these days — I send neither birthday nor Christmas cards. I just don't get around to it. I don't get mail; I wonder why.

In fact I don't even get real emails. I remember when the Internet first started and we excitedly joined up to Braidwood.net. When we listened to the funny noise the modem made when connecting, and waited for our mail to come down from the sky. In those days I used to get real email letters; now it's just junk newsletters, junk mail, spam and, if I'm lucky, the announcement that I've won the Lottery. I also get bills. So I barely

MAIL BY SNAIL

skim the first few lines. There is just too much information.

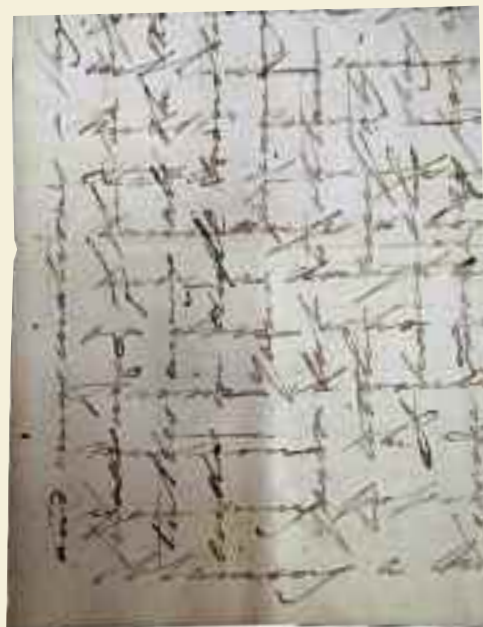
What prompted my little experiment was in fact an email. I'd completely misread it, ignored it until the sender prodded me with another one, and it had been an invitation. I also received an email from Merrie and Greg, and lost it in my in-box for two weeks before I found it and sat on it, not reading it in its entirety. Just too much information.

I figured that if I got a handwritten letter I would read it. I would cherish it, or at the very least I would cherish its stamp. The idea that there is something creative, something personal, waiting for me in my letter box is pretty enticing.

I think that I can actually tell you where I work now: I'm reference librarian for Pictures and Manuscripts at the National Library. What do I do most days? I look through boxes of correspondence, handwritten or typed letters, journals and ledgers.

These are accounts written by people who came to Australia to live in sometimes the harshest of conditions. Pioneers, soldiers, writers, all corresponding with family and friends about the bush, the battlefield or inspiration. These papers from the past describe a social history that for many of us is long forgotten.

If I manage to send letters backwards and forwards, even if only for a little while, then my experiment will have worked. Maybe in a few decades that correspondence will also be part of the annals of social history, and in turn amuse or amaze a researcher. ■



IN THE DAYS WHEN PAPER WAS PRECIOUS, IT WAS USED WITH MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY.



NICOLA FAIRFAX, PAUL DANN AND SANDRA VON SNEIDERN GET ALL COSY ON THE COUCH. WHIP IS NOT SO SURE ABOUT WHERE THIS IS ALL LEADING.

Death after life

Sandra von Sneidern and Paul Dann are getting on a bit. They spoke to BWD about life's exit strategies

BWD: *The subject of this afternoon's discussion is mortality.*

Sandra von Sneidern: Well Paul, you're not going to cark it, are you?

Paul Dann: Oh, not this afternoon.

BWD: *That would be a scoop.*

Sandra: Yeah.

BWD: *Sandra, tell us your attitude towards people becoming terminally ill and not being able to choose the moment of their departure.*

Sandra: I think it [the current law] is appalling. Some people might want to live as long as they can ... even if they're a vegetable. But for people like me for instance, once I've passed my use-by date, then as far as I'm concerned, what's the point? I intend to take my own life, or whatever is left by then.

BWD: *Do you think the government's opposition to euthanasia is based mainly around morality or just simply based round the pragmatic*

idea that it's actually very difficult to figure out a regime by which people could do that without misuse?

Sandra: Oh, for God's sake. No. I mean, [laughs] here I am, talking about God's sake, but it's just because Christians have got their hands around the government's throat and saying, "Don't you dare do anything about it, because we want to keep people alive as long as possible, regardless of whether they're mentally there or not because it's God's will that you die in your due time."

And now, of course, we've got many ways of keeping ourselves alive well past our due date and, as far as I'm concerned, I'm not going to do that. I'm going to make sure that I'm out of it, so I don't have to lie there and have people tending me. That would be just absolutely dreadful. We all crap, we all have to clean it up. Other people would then have to clean it up — no, thank you very much.

Paul: I don't agree with you all the

way. Having just elected to go in to Narbethong for two weeks respite care makes me realise that if the end of life is like this, it's not so bad. It's nice being a recipient of a bit of care — having your meals cooked, your toenails clipped, your eyebrows brushed and having your dog looked after.

What worries me about terminating life for the convenience of others is that it might be motivated by those others; by your family wanting you out of the way, so they can get your money and your estate.

BWD: *That's an interesting point that some of the people who are opposed to euthanasia raise. How do you protect the rights of a person who's indicated that they might be willing to go? If they then become unsound of mind, then that's it, because their relatives can say, "It says here on this bit of paper that she wanted to go, so we're sending her off."*

Sandra: I think that's a bloody good idea. What's the point of her being there, or him being there, and being just a bloody vegetable? What's the point of it?

WHAT ABOUT

BWD: Are you suggesting that a person, while they're of sound mind, can sign a memorandum giving a third party in their judgement at the time the moral right to slip that person the bitter pill?

Sandra: Yeah. I think that's a bloody good idea. But the way things are at the moment, I've got to decide when I go, because I've got to be compos mentis. I can't tell somebody else to do it for me, which is a great shame. But just because I've got to make sure that I can actually do the deed myself, I can't tell my doctor, "Listen, I've had it. This is it as far as I'm concerned. I'm absolutely no use. I can't even hear people. I can't do anything for people. I can't contribute anything."

BWD: What about the love of your family and friends? Do you think it's selfish of us to want you to stay alive, because we like you, even if you decide that you would rather not?

Sandra: Well, heaven's above. You're a friend of mine. Would you really like to see me non compos mentis, and being looked after and treated like a body? I'm likely to experience a good deal more pain. I'm never sick or anything like that. I haven't been sick for over 15 years now, but I fall apart, in my legs, in my back. I can't hold myself up anymore. My shoulders are going. What's going to happen to me when or if I have to have a shoulder reconstruction? I'll be in a wheelchair. For goodness sake, about all I can do is now reading.

Also, who wants to come and visit somebody who is at death's door, really, unless they feel obliged to?

Paul: You might be surprised.

Sandra: You might come and see me, dear Paul.

Paul: No. I wouldn't come and see you, but ...

Sandra: Of course you wouldn't. You probably wouldn't be able to by then.

Paul: You might be surprised at who would come. But you're getting away from my point.

Isn't one of the possible problems with a professionally organised premature death that, in some families, the family members want the aged person out of the way so they'll get the inheritance? So, they'll work on that person and they'll work on the doctors, to bring about a premature, as opposed to a natural, time of death.

BWD: You think that assisted dying should remain illegal?

Paul: No, I don't, but I think you want



SANDRA SHOWS OFF HER ADVANCED HEALTH CARE DIRECTIVE.

to have some sort of inbuilt protection against that eventuality.

BWD: But Sandra's point is, I think, that she's going to sign a statutory declaration that she's doing it of her own free will.

Sandra: I have. I'd like to have all my relatives and friends here so we can have an enormous wake — and then I can cark it.

BWD: Do you think Sandra, that when you have a big wake and all your friends are here, it might be emotionally very testing for those people to maintain a festive air about the whole thing?

Sandra: Look, if they're really fond of me, and if my family is really fond of me, it doesn't matter when I cark it. It's always going to be the same. I think that if your relatives want to get rid of you nice and early, because you're no longer any use to them, it doesn't seem to me to be a lot of love in the relationship.

BWD: Paul, what are your thoughts about dying — are you afraid?

Paul: No. Never have been. Once you're dead, I don't think it matters. You're dead and you're out of it. What's the point? You're physically out of it. I don't think there's a soul to take you to Heaven or Hell. It's just finish. Finito. Bust. Kaput. There's nothing.

BWD: Are you afraid, as Sandra is, of falling to bits, so to speak — of having a period between like you are now and a death that's unpleasant?

Paul: Not particularly, except with one caveat — that there's no pain while this is going on. I can see, by going to Narbethong for a fortnight's respite, that it isn't so bad really. Even if I wasn't able to walk, as long as I'm kept warm and fed, I don't think that will be so bad. I'm not even sure that it's such a bad thing to become non compos mentis before I actually cark it. I'm not sure about that.

You see these people in a nursing

home who've got to be hand fed, they appear not to recognise you — they're just there with jaws sagging. But I just wonder if they are really feeling shitty, to use a medical term. I'm not sure that they are — and we'll never know. They can't tell you because they're senile and they're psychologically incapable, I think, of telling you. Maybe they do think, "Oh, this is a shit of a life," but they can't express that. They can't tell anybody. So you've got to be careful of this, I think.

You've got to be careful, writing people off just because they appear to be gaga, because you don't know.

You don't know what they are inside their thinking. They might not be what you think just because they look like a living vegetable.

BWD: I don't think Sandra is saying that you'd ever bump anybody off who didn't volunteer. Nobody is suggesting that anybody's life would be terminated just because they

THE MOURNING AFTER?

appeared to be in a vegetative state. What Sandra is saying, as I understand it, is the person should be able to have the right to say, while they're still compos mentis, "I've had enough. I'm going to call a big party and you can all come round and celebrate with me, and I won't be here tomorrow." Is that really what you're saying?

Sandra: Yeah — and that I've had a good life. I'm 86, and Paul's going to be 86 next week.

Paul: Am I? Jesus. Me too? Yeah.

Sandra: Oh, you're just a chicken compared to me.

Paul: Yeah. And that's all right. That pre-requires that you make this decision before you get to the stage where relatives, friends and loved ones think of you as being non compos mentis.

BWD: That's what I was trying to get out of Sandra, the question of timing.

Sandra: Yeah, well that's it. Actually, with the recent operation that I had, I woke up and became compos mentis before I could do anything. I couldn't breathe by myself and I had a nurse there saying to me, "Breathe Sandra, breathe Sandra."

My brain said, "I can't breathe, so I'm going to die". And I thought to myself, well, it's a good way of going. That was an instant thing, and I relaxed. But of course they have a machine that does the breathing for you, I just happened to have woken up a bit too soon.

It's never happened to me before, but I do remember, I just thought to myself, "Oh well, maybe I'm going right now. That's fine". You've got to be practical about this.

What makes us think that we are so special that we've got to be kept alive at all costs? In a way, I would have been dead ages ago if it weren't for the new hips, and this, that, and the other thing they've put into me. I'm really surprised that I've lasted this long.

BWD: Is it going to be tricky when the time comes to have your going away party; when you invite people who you've loved, and who love you, to come to a party and say, they love you, but they'll be happy anyway to see you gone? They'll be sitting here having a quiet chardonnay, and you're sitting there, and they know that tomorrow you won't be here. Do you think they will have trouble feeling okay about it?

Sandra: If they feel like that then, they

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CAFÉ WOOD WORKS

probably would have felt it whenever I carked it. It just brings it on. I mean, it just means you feel sad then rather than feel sad later on when it actually happens.

Paul's mum

Paul: I can give you an example with my own mother. She was in a nursing home in Canberra and although she was getting sicker and sicker she still had all her faculties.

She said to me, "Oh, Paul. I've had enough. I don't want to wake up anymore." So I talked it over with the nursing home staff, and they said, "If that's her wish." They had a talk to her too.

We all had a talk to her about it and we all agreed that she didn't want to be resuscitated if she died.

Not long after, I got a call from the nursing home saying, "This could be it, Paul. Your mother's got bad pneumonia, and she's gone into hospital. We're going to talk to the hospital about her wishes.

"We've also talked to her doctor and he's quite agreeable to letting her die."

By what means, I didn't ask. I think by just withdrawing life support. I thought, "Thank Christ it's happening at last and she'll be out of her misery".

A couple of days later I got a phone call from the nursing home saying, "Your mother's back in the nursing home. She's recovered."

I thought, shit. How could that be? I thought this was the end and everything was going to be done to just let her go peacefully. So I went in and saw my mother lying there and she said, "I didn't want to wake up."

She knew what was going on. "I didn't want to wake up." I was really angry and irate and I stomped into the administration office and I said, "You let my mother live." And they said, "It wasn't our fault."

It was just bad luck, that when she went into hospital, her doctor wasn't available. He was on holiday or something, so they got a locum in, acquainted him of all the facts about what her wishes were, but he wouldn't respect them. He persisted in bringing her back to life, because of his religious beliefs. I've never forgiven the church since then, because I know she was sitting there with her faculties about her, thinking, "Oh, what am I doing here? I didn't want to know about this. I didn't want to wake up. I gave Paul those instructions because I didn't want to be revived."

But she was and it condemned her to another six months of misery because she hadn't been let go. All because some doctor with strong religious beliefs would not obey written down instructions from me and from the nursing home. That was pretty powerful.

BWD: *When you say the instructions written down from you, by what authority were your mother's wishes vested through that?*

Paul: I think she made an Advanced Healthcare Directive. This is the bad part about it, in my opinion.

No matter how strongly worded that Healthcare Directive may be, the actual decision is made by a doctor who may or may not have religious beliefs.

In my mother's case, what should have happened when that bloody doctor declined to follow my mother's wishes, the nursing home should have got another doctor. I think that's the mistake they made. For what it's worth, that's one of my personal experiences.

Sandra: Mm-hmm (affirmative). When I had my second hip done, about eighteen months ago, I happened to be in Calvary John James Hospital that particular time, because they're spreading all these operations about.

I'm still a Medicare person, but they were spreading the work around. As I was going in I said to the anaesthetist, "I'm really worried about being here in a Catholic hospital. "Because," I said, "If it looks like I'm going to cark it, then I do want to cark it." I told the anaesthetist, "I've written my wishes out too."

He said, "Well, it all depends on the doctors at the time ... but I'm Church of England anyway, don't worry."

I said, "Well, I hope I don't have to worry." He had a big laugh about it. I said, "I'm 85 years old, and I just don't see any point in going on if my time's up."

[Sandra's daughter Nicola Fairfax joins the conversation.]

BWD: *Okay, so what's the children's take on all of this?*

Nicola: Oh well, I guess every person deals with it a bit differently, and within their relationship. This is the way my mother has dealt with it. She's been talking about her death for some time. About twenty years ago she started to give everything away and made lists of who was to get what. Every now and again she'd bring it up, and us kids were going, "Oh God, not again."

Whatever mum wants, it's absolutely fine. She seems to think there's going to be some big issue about it, but there isn't. It's absolutely fine, and we get to hear about it ...

regularly. Because it changes slightly every now and again, and so we get to hear about it, but she's very thoughtful and involved about it, and that's absolutely fine.

I think that I'm not going to deal with it until it happens, but I remember, maybe once, I thought of mum dying. I might have had a little tear, but I'm saving up for when she's gone.

BWD: *Paul has a worry that one of the things about allowing voluntary, or encouraged euthanasia, would be that children might bump their parents prematurely in order to get their inheritance.*

Nicola: I wouldn't personally be doing it. I can only comment on what I would personally not do. If she's still bringing in money, I don't really want her to leave just yet. [laughs]

I think my life will be very different with mum not being here, really very, very different. It will really change. We've lived on the same property, and we've had a lot to do with each other — and mum has brought lots of wonderful people into my life. She's been like another dimension of my life. It will be huge.

But I think you see it coming, and I see mum getting more and more frail and starting to do what old people do. Like forgetting things and I think, "God, that's weird, she's doing what old people do". And that's not mum at all, to me. That's not mum.

BWD: *But you won't have any trouble abiding by this piece of paper when the time comes? [the Advanced Healthcare Directive]*

Nicola: Oh yeah. That'll be fine. Absolutely, I would just be thinking of what mum's going through, not what I'm going through at that time.

I saw my dad die, and I really wished that they'd just let him go, the last time when it all went. They started him up again and he had what I consider a pretty awful death. But he was always just interested in doing what the doctors wanted, and what they said, and he didn't want to make decisions for himself.

Paul: So he had an uncomfortable death, did he?

Nicola: I would say it was very uncomfortable I mean, he couldn't communicate much at the end, because he was so dehydrated. He was like a husk, and he was on painkillers, morphine.

He was doped to the eyeballs. I think I'd like to be conscious, lucid, and then to experience my death. I'd want to do that. I don't want it all mucked up with drugs, unless, of course, it's really painful. Then I'd like someone to put me out of my misery.

BWD: *That's exactly what your mum says.*

Nicola: Yeah. But she's assuming that it's going to be painful and awful. That's not necessarily so. She might go in her sleep — just drift off.

Sandra: Basically, when you die, it's something that only you can experience. So it doesn't matter, really, who's there. It's just you. I have to cope with my death. Nobody else. They've got to cope with the result.

BWD: *There's no disagreement between the two of you, I think. You're not in a hurry to die. But what you said is that when it's painful and uncomfortable, you no longer want to live.*

Sandra: That's right. When life is not worth living, that's when I want to die. ■



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CAPE WICKHAM LIGHTHOUSE AND [INSET ABOVE] YELLOW ROCK BEACH, NORTH WEST KING IS. WHERE WASHED-UP HARRY WAS WASHED UP.

Washed-up Harry

Julia Green explores her history

In October 2017 I visited King Island to meet Kevin Grave and his family. Kevin's grandfather and my grandfather were brothers — I think that makes us second cousins.

I knew a bit about my great uncle's adventure being shipwrecked on King Island, but after visiting the island I know way more. Kevin was a fabulous source of family history, and a particularly special gift from him was the piece reproduced (in edited form) below. It was written by my mother, Dorothy Green, who lived in Braidwood from 1975 to 1988, and is well remembered by many current residents.

To my knowledge Mum never met her Uncle Harry. It seems she wrote this piece for a talk she gave, probably around 1994. I wish I'd known about it when she was alive.

Dorothy Green's words

Good morning. My name is Harriet Sharman and the date is January, 1868. I am 44 years of age — old, tired and ill and not long for this world. My story is perhaps similar to many

others — not remarkable or special in any way.

I was born in Norfolk in England on January 14th, 1824, one of a family of six, there being five girls and one boy. My parents were Edward (a porter) and Mary. When I was just 20, I married the man of my dreams, Richard Grave, a stonemason, who was 18 at the time.

Within the first ten years of our marriage, I had given birth to five children, three girls and two boys. The third born, Emma, died when she was one, God rest her soul, but the other four are strong and healthy.

Richard and I made a decision to take an unassisted passage to the land of promise, Australia. We left Liverpool on 4 May 1854 on the ship, "Miles Barton".

Life was certainly different in Geelong, Victoria in those early days of settlement. I continued to have children but sadly some did not live more than a few months. The first three children born in Australia died in infancy, then out of the next four, two more died. Our family, then, in 1868, consists of four boys and two girls, the oldest

CASTAWAYS

being 22 and the youngest being three. Six others died.

I am tired.

Harriet accurately predicted the end of her life and in fact died in February 1868.

G'day, my name is Harry. Actually my real name is Henry James Grave and I was the second youngest surviving child of Harriet and Richard Grave. I was born in Geelong on 4 November 1861.

My early life was pretty sad, as my mother died when I was just 6 years old. My father died three years later in 1871. I guess it was worse for my little brother, Frederick, who was only 2 when Mother died and 6 when Father died. Anyway, life went on and I was cared for mostly by my big brother Edward.

I wasn't really happy then, so at the age of 13, I decided to jump a ship and try my luck somewhere else. The ship I chose was the "Dart" which was a 74-ton schooner. Well, just a few days away from port, disaster struck and we were shipwrecked. I was asleep on my bunk at the time, so I was pretty lucky that another crew member hauled me from my bunk in a great hurry. I walked 15 miles along beaches until I came to Cape Wickham, where there was a lighthouse, and at that point my luck changed.

This was 1874, and the lighthouse keeper was a man called William Hickmott. He and his wife took me in and cared for me like a son. Maybe they were missing their daughter Caroline, who was away at boarding school in Tasmania.

From William I learned lots of skills, especially in the way of hunting.

When, I was 15, I decided I was man enough to set up house for myself, so I

DOROTHY GREEN IN 1990 AGED 79, TWO YEARS AFTER LEAVING BRAIDWOOD.



went along the coast to the wreck of another ship, the *Loch Leven*. From this wreck, I got enough timber to make a pretty good hut which I built at a place called 'The Springs'.

Well, lots of things happened in my life in the next few years but I suppose the most significant was that I married the Hickmott's daughter Caroline in 1881, when we were both 20.

We really loved the life on King Island in those early years. There was plenty of meat (mostly kangaroo, wallaby, porcupine and emu) and also lots of fish, eels and crayfish. There were no rabbits on K I as they had never been introduced.

The island had many wonderful trees, the main ones being blackwoods, sassafras, celery top pine and big gum forests. It was an isolated existence but we weren't lonely.

Every four months a boat skippered by the inspector of the Straits called and we sent the skins from our hunting expeditions to Hobart in exchange for supplies.

We also saw fishing boats from time to time.

My most pleasurable pursuit is hunting. I have a pack of 'roo' dogs who of course play an important role in these outings and I spend much time splashing through the swamps with my dogs, my shoulders loaded with game and skins.

I had a stint at dairy farming in the early days of K I's beef and dairy production. For a time, I was employed by the Road Trust. Because of my extensive knowledge of especially the north of K I, I became a guide for the Victorian Field Naturalists expedition in 1887. This was written up in the *Victorian Naturalist* in January 1888 and my name and photo appear in that magazine.

Caroline and I had six children whose names are Hickmott, Louie, Arthur, Oliver, Roland and Nellie.

When Hickmott was 4 years old, his grandmother was seriously ill in Melbourne and we decided to visit her. First I took the dogs to Councillor Island, off the east coast of K I. Here there was plenty of game and I knew they would be safe. Then we signalled a fishing boat to call at Wickham. This was called 'smoking it in' as we lit a

A GRAVE AFFAIR



HENRY AND CAROLINE GRAVE'S HOME AT THE SPRINGS. THEIR FIVE CHILDREN WERE BORN HERE. IN THE PHOTO FROM LEFT, HENRY, LOUISE, CAROLINE HOLDING ARTHUR, AND HICKMOTT.

fire near the shore and the boat was guided in.

Caroline was midwife and nurse for many people on K I. She had learned these skills from her mother and it was not unusual for her to be called away to deliver a baby or some other medical attention. Of course K I was growing all the time. In 1890 there were 50 people and in 1910 there were 778.

A great sadness in our lives was when our beloved son Ollie died in 1909.

That's the end of my story.

Harry had a life filled with hard work and I guess also hardship. He was devastated by the death of his son Ollie and soon after this he developed dropsy. Harry died on 6 March 1910 at 'Three Rivers' on King Island at the age of 48. He was buried next to his son in the Currie cemetery.

Harry was known on K I as 'washed up Harry' and his obituary shows that he was well liked and respected. The opening paragraph read:

By the death of Harry Grave on Sunday last, King Island has lost an old identity and a most striking personality — a man of sturdy independence, of simple generous nature, of rugged honesty and straightforwardness. The death of such a man is a serious loss to any community — it was the death of a righteous man.

Harry's descendants still live on K I and though life there has obviously changed enormously, they still fiercely love the island. In a recent article in the *Herald-Sun*, Julie, a fourth genera-

tion of the Grave family, said, "It would take an awful lot for me to go and leave this island".

She obviously had the grit and determination to continue on from where her great great grandfather started 120 years ago.

Postscript from Julia

King Island was not opened for European settlement until 1888, so Harry was a very early pioneer there.

The island today has a population about the same as Braidwood, and is about 65 km top to bottom, and 25 km across. We were told that wallabies there outnumber humans by about 150 to 1. Some residents advised us to be careful driving, others encouraged us to hit as many as we could. ■

JULIA AT THE GRAVES' GRAVE, WHERE GREAT UNCLE HARRY AND HIS BELOVED SON OLLIE ARE BURIED. CURRIE CEMETERY, KI



Pin and tang with yin and yang

William Verdon can do it all



Originally I wanted to be a fitter and turner. I tried to join the army twice and got rejected twice. But it was probably good that it didn't work out. When I left school I did a bunch of other jobs like fruit picking, roustabouting, mobile DJ-ing and that kind of thing.

At school, I was really only very good at art and metalwork. One day I was at the 'beach' in Wagga, by the river, and on the way home I just happened to walk past the jewellery shop where my dad went to get sponsorship for our local football team.

I thought, I'll just go in and see if they have any jobs. The guy asked me a few questions, looked at my thumbs and said they were a bit weird and maybe it wouldn't work. But I convinced him to give me a trial for a couple of weeks. At the end of the trial he said, "Yeah, you'll be able to do this," and gave me an apprenticeship.

As a result, I'm a firm believer in

people passing on skills like that. When we decided to take on Logan as apprentice it didn't have anything to do with what his hands looked like, it was more about his enthusiasm and ability.

The other part of it I suppose is the fact that we've been in Braidwood for 11 years and made a reasonable living out of a shop here and it's a way to pay back the town by supporting one of the town's young people.

When I was 19 and living in Wagga my prime goal was to get out of the place. Back in those days bastardisation of apprentices was a perfectly accepted behaviour. There were a few jerks in the workshop there I really didn't like.

The boss rented a flat in Queanbeyan and whoever was working in the shop in Canberra got to stay in the flat for free so I went there. There was no furniture, except for a mattress, a dining table, a chair and a television

with a video player. Because I lived there alone, I got really familiar with Star Wars. I was watching that over and over and over again.

After I finished my apprenticeship, my boss left the industry for a while and the workshop closed, leaving me at a bit of a loose end. I had a couple of choices, I could have gone back to Wagga to do a concrete laying job with somebody my dad knew. I decided instead that I would pack my stuff in the car, drive to Sydney and move in with one of my school friends in Lewisham and then look for a job in Sydney.

I got involved with one of the other guys who I'd met in the workshop in Canberra and he was with a meditation group. That was my introduction to Eastern philosophy. I was never very spiritual, never went to church or anything like that. But I did quite like meditation.

I started going out with Kylie while I was in Canberra and she was living in Sydney. So I'd been travelling backwards and forwards to Sydney a lot before the workshop closed and that's probably the main reason I decided to go to Sydney rather than back to Wagga.

I had a few different jobs in different parts of the jewellery industry over the years, and we had a little workshop of our own in Newtown by the time Noah had started school.

Then I was asked to manage a jewellery workshop in Canberra, so I moved back and after a year, Kylie and the boys moved to Canberra as well. We'd been there for a while, and Kylie's mother was visiting us so, for

something to do, they drove to Braidwood for a day trip and Kylie liked it so much she came home and said, "Ah, we're going to move to Braidwood." At which point I went, "What? Why?" She said, "Because it's really nice and I don't like Canberra". So that was how we ended up here.

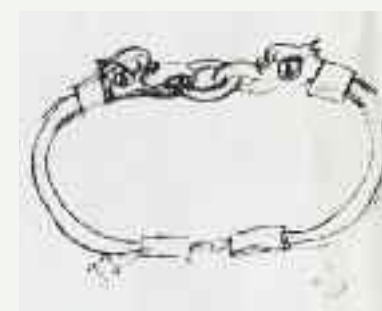
We'd been here for a short time, and because I had started my little shop in town, I wasn't doing a lot of exercise. Kylie spotted an ad in the *Braidwood Times*: "Tai Chi. Leslie Abercrombie, Thursday mornings". That's where my interest in Tai Chi began.

It started out as Tai Chi for arthritis, which still happens at the hospital with Helen Small, I think. But we moved on to do the long form with swords and sabres, which is a bit more traditional and a little less medical.

These days, if you come to our Tai Chi group, it's exercise based. It's good for your balance which, as you get older, is very important to maintain.

Jewellery

These days I like to sit down with people and make things specifically for them. That's the side of the job that I enjoy most now, on top of making little pieces of stock to put in the shop.



WHAT THE MAN WANTED AND WHAT THE MAN GOT.

Making individual one-off pieces that mean something to people is where I get the most enjoyment.

A fellow came in to our previous shop. He said, "Oh, you're a jeweller. What do you do?" I said, "I make things."

"Oh, really?" he says. "I've been trying to find somebody who can make things for the last ten years." I went, "That's odd, you mustn't have looked too hard." He had an idea in his head for a bracelet. It was basically two griffons looking at each other, but he

hadn't been able to find anybody who understood what he wanted.

I said to him, "Describe to me what it is you're thinking of." So he did and I said, "Come back in a week and I'll have some drawings for you." Anyway, he came back a week later and took the drawings and he didn't come back. I thought, "Oh well, he's just done a bunk with my drawings." That happened all the time in Sydney.

But twelve months later, he marched back into the shop with the drawings, put them on the desk and said, "Go ahead and do it — doesn't matter what it costs. You got exactly what I wanted there on the paper".

I went ahead and made them. That's the kind of jewellery that I really get a kick out of making.



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"BEEP BOOP"

THE LIFE OF A PROTOCOL DROID

by Leo Alder racing to Aisle 5A

After a couple of months on the easy beat of Centrelink, my appointed job advisor informed me that tomorrow I was being sent with some of my other Centrelink compatriots to a Coles affiliated three-day 'how to make a good impression' course, to see if we had what it takes to pass a job interview. There, after three days of basic literacy and numeracy tests, plus a test to make sure we knew how to pick up a box, I found myself in a job interview, and a couple of minutes into that, I found I was now a man with a job.

That's not to say I was now doing what most people consider to be the archetypical supermarket job — that of the rugged and independent shelf packer, no. Instead I was to be the human extension of a machine, completely beholden to its wants and desires, equal parts an engine and a grabby crane.

The Coles I was at does home deliveries, and since any place that offers its entire inventory for the purchasing pleasure of the denizens of the online world needs actual physical flesh to run around picking the products up, that's what I was to do.

But this isn't your grandpappy's supermarket in which employees would run around with a list and a basket, this is the future baby, in which a machine does all the thinking for you.

What this entails is a large trolley with room for eight crates, on the top of which is attached a tablet that accepts only your employee number and your undivided devotion. Each crate is given a printed ticket which represents one person's order. On this ticket is their first initial and their surname, which is just enough to construct elaborate fantasies on who these people are and why they're buying ten Mars Bars (obviously relationship trouble), as well as a barcode which tells the

machine what stuff they've ordered. It then quickly computes the best path through the store to pick it all up.

However, in this new fast paced world, everything is timed and this job is arguably more timed than any other. Your tablet computer master has a constantly ticking timer that measures your pick rate, and gets to increasingly angrier shades of colour the longer you take.

It's not a gentle pick rate either, it is undoubtedly the maximum possible speed the eggmen at Coles HQ have decided the average employee can function at, if of course they are a paragon of speed and efficiency, completely in sync with their robotic counterpart. In reality, however, this doesn't really equate to the real world with humans and machines living in symbiosis, instead it feels more like the tablet is the harsh taskmaster and I but its bumbling slave.

"Find me 'Generibrand Suncream Lotion: Ultra-rare edition' it'll scream, and I'll book it over to aisle whatever, manoeuvring this hefty trolley with the necessary reckless abandon required to appease the rigorous time constraints of an uncaring machine and constantly aware of the new direction my life would probably take were a small unknowing child to suddenly step out from behind a shelf. At the location it'll show me a picture of the product if one is on record, as well as its supposed location.

However, this information is so often incorrect, or a customer has moved stuff around, that most of the time is spent frantically going shelf to shelf playing some timed version of a consumeristic eye-spy puzzle.

Since it is sometimes unclear exactly what it wants, a lot of time is spent just showing it barcode after barcode as it rejects the various similar products I've found.

I always imagine it chastising me, "No, not the 500ml sauce IDIOT, the 750ml one."

Worse is when the machine demands a product completely outside of my limited knowledge of the shopping world.

I've lost track of the times I've spent trapped in the feminine hygiene aisle, staring slack-jawed in disbelief at the sheer amount of seemingly minute variations of a product so far outside



of my understanding that I don't know how to even begin looking for it.

Or the one customer who wanted a ludicrously specific colour of brown hair colouring, in a long aisle of rows upon rows of indentikit smiling white women with minutely different brown hair colour, forcing me to search desperately for the one featuring light cappuccino with hints of chestnut or something.

Worse still is when I can't find something, but the customer has indicated that they will allow for a substitution when often there is never a clearcut example of equivalency. I'm sorry Mrs Johnson, I don't know what your baby likes to eat. Is Custard and Ham flavour equivalent to Peas and Quail Egg? Is your wee babe a picky eater or will they accept any slop?

The vast majority of the time I don't feel equipped to make these judgments, and the temptation to simply hit that 'no appropriate sub' button is always there. Would that decision doom a baby to go hungry? I have no idea, but I always end up wasting precious time trying to make the complex moral decisions that the computer never has to worry about.



It's not all a slog though. The best part of a the shopping run is when I hit that sweet promised land, the chip aisle.

You better believe I can locate and bag every flavour of chip with military accuracy, as it seems all the time spent systematically poring over every possible flavour of chip throughout my life wasn't all for naught.

Unfortunately no matter how fast I go, no matter how much I bend that

damned machine to my will and feed its gluttonous appetite for product, sometimes it's all meaningless. A lot of the collecting is part of a service that allows people to order their stuff online, and then come and pick it up bagged and ready in the store, which is what most of the morning is spent collecting for. But if they don't come and get it by a certain time, we don't hold onto it, so the evening is spent just putting it all back.

All those moral quandaries, victoriously found hidden items, everything, all put back onto the shelves. Digging holes and filling them back up again. I wonder if the machine ever gets disillusioned with it all.

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Aphrodite and Adonis (detail) Attic red figure lekythos, c. 410 BC, Louvre, Paris

Blood to Flowers

The mythical origins of flowers and fruit.

Billy Kennedy plucks this story

Several flowers and a berry that are well known today gained their names from the tragic deaths of characters from myth. Most of them also got their red colour from the spilt blood of these tragic figures. The most famous of these was Adonis.

Adonis was the son of an incestuous relationship between Myrrha and her father Kinyras, king of the Assyrians. Because Myrrha did not honour the rites of Aphrodite, the goddess of love and desire, Aphrodite caused her to conceive an unnatural desire for her own father, Kinyras. With the help of her maid she arranged to secretly sleep with her father for twelve nights. When he lit a candle on the final night and discovered her identity he drew his sword to slay her, but she beseeched the gods for aid and they transformed her into the myrrh tree, which weeps precious sap to this day. It turns out that Myrrha was pregnant when she was transformed and nine months later the myrrh tree split open and Adonis emerged from it.

The handsome youth Adonis was so stunningly attractive that Aphrodite herself then fell completely in love with him and he, in turn, devoted himself to

her. However, because he did not honour the rites of Artemis, the goddess of animals and the hunt, Artemis sent a wild boar against him and it gored him to death in a bed of wild lettuce. From his spilt blood Aphrodite created the red anemone and also coloured the Gallic rose pink. The *Anemone coronaria* is a spring bulb with vivid red flowers. The seed of the plant is carried on the wind, hence the ancient Greek name for the flower was windflower, anemone, coming from *anemos* (ἄνεος) the wind. The *Rosa gallica*, known to the Greeks as *rhodon* (ῥόδον) was cultivated by both Greeks and Romans for its attractive pink flowers.

There is a curious footnote to this tale. The wild prickly lettuce, *Lactuca serriola* (Greek: *thridax*, θρίδαξ), was also cultivated by the ancient Greeks,



Anemone coronaria or Windflower (left) and Gallic Rose.

and the ball shaped lettuce of today, *Lactuca sativa*, is a derivative cultivar. However, due to the fact that Adonis died in a lettuce patch, the eating of too much lettuce came to be widely regarded by the Greeks as a cause of impotence. This was because Adonis was the beloved of Aphrodite and so his death was interpreted symbolically as the death of love.



Wild Prickly Lettuce (*Lactuca serriola*)

Next we move on to the tale of Krokos. Little is known about this handsome youth except that he was the much loved companion of the messenger god, Hermes. During a game of discus Hermes accidentally struck and killed Krokos. Overcome with grief and remorse Hermes transformed the body of the youth into the Saffron Crocus whose crimson coloured stigmas were coloured by Krokos' blood.

Crocus Sativus is a mauve coloured autumnal perennial. Each flower produces three vivid red stigmas that are harvested as the spice and dye, saffron. Currently saffron is the most expensive spice in the world and retails for around A\$130 per gram (one gram can be harvested from 150-175 plants).



Saffron crocus (*Crocus sativus*) and dried Saffron stigmas

Our next story is very similar to that of Krokos, involving as it does another handsome youth, the Spartan prince, Hyakinthos. In this case Hyakinthos was loved by two gods — Zephyros, god of the west wind, and Apollo, god of music and prophecy (and many other domains).

On one occasion when Apollo and Hyakinthos were playing discus together Zephyros became inflamed



Zephyros and Hyakinthos (detail) Attic red figure kylix by Douris, c. 490-480 BC, Boston, Museum of Fine Arts

with jealousy and used his windy powers to snatch up the disc thrown by Apollo and to redirect it to strike the head of Hyakinthos. From the blood of the dying prince Apollo caused the rocket larkspur to spring up. On its petals he inscribed the words 'ai ai', meaning 'alas, alas'.

There is, however, an alternate myth explaining the origin of this flower. It is said that during the Trojan War Odysseus and Ajax both desired to receive the arms of the dead hero, Achilles. When the arms were

awarded to Odysseus, Ajax went mad, buried the hilt of his sword in the ground and threw himself onto it. The larkspur flower then sprang from his blood and the inscription 'ai' on the petal in this case is the first two letters of his name in Greek, i.e. *Aias*.

The Greeks know the flower as *Hyakinthos*, but in Latin the flower is known as *Delphinium ajacis*, i.e. the Delphinium of Ajax.

The final myth is that of Pyramos and Thisbe. This young man and woman were neighbours in the city of Babylon and wanted to marry. Their parents were enemies, however, and so forbade the union. Desperate to be together, the two discovered that there was a crack in the common wall between their houses. By night they held whispered conversations through this aperture and flamed the fires of their passion. They then agreed to meet at night by a certain landmark where there grew a large mulberry tree, which until that time had snow



(left) **Rocket Larkspur (*Delphinium Ajacis*)** (right) **Black Mulberry (*morus nigra*)**



white berries. On the appointed night, Thisbe arrived first. While she was waiting she spied a lioness, fresh from the kill, and hid herself in a nearby cave, dropping her cloak as she fled. The lioness mouthed and tore the cloak before also departing. When Pyramos arrived on the scene he noted the heavy footprints of the great cat and the torn and bloodied cloak of his beloved. Assuming that he and his plan to meet were responsible for the poor girl's death he plunged his sword into his own belly. He ruptured an artery in doing so and his blood sprayed the white fruit of the tree a deep red while the roots of the tree also absorbed his ebbing life blood.

Returning to the scene, Thisbe noted the strangely coloured fruit and then the writhing body of her dying lover. Calling on the tree to honour their deaths by always bearing fruit of the new dark red colour, Thisbe then fell forward onto the sword herself and joined Pyramos in death. The gods honoured Thisbe's dying plea and the fruit of the black mulberry (*Morus nigra*, Greek: *moron*) has been black-red ever since. ■

Billy Kennedy has a PhD in Classics and teaches Greek and Roman Myth and ancient Greek language at the University of Sydney. He resides in Braidwood with his wife Mey and three dogs, and runs a garden maintenance business, **Tree and Leaf**, in his spare time.

Suicide of Ajax (detail) Etrurian red figure calyx-krater, c. 400 BC, London, British Museum



Deaths of Pyramos and Thisbe, House of Loreius Tiburtinus, Pompeii





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The Corn Trail, New South Wales

Jack Featherstone's painting of the Corn Trail (at right)
and

Lois McKenzie's embroidery 'The Historic Corn Trail' with a detail (below).



Thus from far off Black Africa came prehistoric men.

The Yuin tribal families settled down in wurlies made of saplings and chipped the basalt stones. Men and women sang their chants and songs of love, and fear of pointed bones.

The steep escarpment of coastal sandstone fired their fertile minds;
and so to climb and seek, walking tracks of dreaming were made by many tramping thick-soled feet.
Memorised in image strong, free from unfriendly neighbouring tribes to meet.

In the 1830s, to district named Moruya came men of paler hue.
They planted yellow corn, which fed the wild and struggling Braidwood town a-hidden from the view.

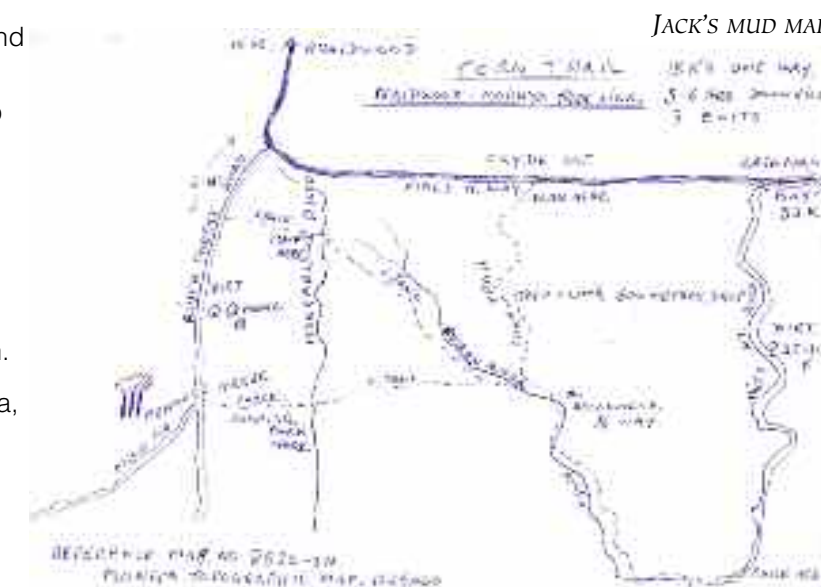
Sweating, panting horses strapped with heavy leather saddle bags
did drink their fill from mountain rivers clean, to rest awhile, watched over by so many fearless pioneering
women folk, strong in will and limb, and very, very keen.

Live on, dear winding corn trail, steep and rocky,
where black and white did toil and sleep
amongst the leeches, snakes, and
screeching cockies.

In 1987, historic tracks and research did some reconstruction and so preserved the rainforests of Gondwana from logging and destruction.

In 2018, when driving through the Monga, take a saw with chains, strong boots, and walking sticks will reduce the pains and the strains.

Jack Featherstone, March 2018





Stone grown

An idea seeded thirty years ago has finally sprouted.

Paul Cockram asked Richard Stone how it started ...

I studied production horticulture way back in 1988, the bicentennial year, and graduated in 1990 with an Associate Diploma of Horticulture, specialising in nursery production. Here I am 28 years later actually fulfilling my goal of setting up a nursery.

It has taken me some time — I guess having the land to do it on has been the major thing. I purchased the land that Lorinda and I are living on in 1999. One of the first earthworks I did was clearing a nursery pad, but then it took me another ten years to actually do something with that pad.

I had local contractors come in and do all the drainage works, the fabulous Paddy Burns, of course. It was fortunate that some shadehouses and hothouses became available for a reasonable price secondhand, and I employed a few locals to help me set them up.

Here we are on the journey at last. The shadehouse went up by November 2017, and all the other bits and pieces have followed on. Because I studied production horticulture, I knew what I wanted as far as layout and setout and ergonomics, ease of use, and everything else. I guess the only thing I can look back at in hindsight is that I didn't make it big enough.

Initially we want to do native plants for farm planting and, of course, urban plantings as well. When Currajuggle Creek Nursery ceased production about four years ago I saw the opportunity to acquire the fabulous stock that Lyn and Murray produced. I saw an opportunity to do what they were doing — I'm hoping to capitalise on their market. So far with only very minimal advertising I've had enough to keep me very, very busy.

When I get enough stock I hope to do



RICHARD IN THE SHADE HOUSE AT THE BENCHES FOR SORTING ORDERS.

markets but at the moment, all I've been doing is filling orders that people have been putting in. The local Landcare office with Rebecca and Simone has been fabulous in pointing people in my direction, and they've actually put my propagation list on their website.

I've had calls from far and wide asking if I can fulfil orders for different species that I'm growing.

What I'm trying to concentrate on is local natives that will do really well — great for shelter belts, for farm forestry, for windbreaks and for landcare plantings.

But we also want to cater to the urban market, so I'm growing some smaller stock that's suitable for urban gardens that will get your nice nectar eating birds in and attract insects. These plants will supply ecological services to your garden or to your farm for free. It's just amazing when you do plant native shrubs that are nice flowering shrubs like correas and bottlebrushes and others, just how much birdlife will come into your garden. Of course, with the birdlife also comes the beneficial

insects. Also the nasty insects, but that's where the beneficial birds will come in and pick them off.

BWD: *Do you think it's something that the Australian landscape needs to have — especially on farms where there's nearly always an emphasis on farm clearing, at least in the media, and not so much talk about native vegetation regeneration?*

It's an interesting point. I'd say our local farmers are really on board in trying to establish tree belts and shelter belts and woodlots and what have you. I've got a client at the moment who's thinking way beyond his lifetime and wants to establish a non-farm forestry woodlot for whoever he passes his property on to.

He's really keen on establishing trees that will do well for timber production, for firewood basically. We're not blessed around here with great firewood type trees, unlike down the coast where the trees are a lot denser and burn hotter and longer than our local species. But this fellow wants to establish a wood belt.

You could put 30% of your property under trees and shrubs and groundcovers with no detrimental effect to your production from the land. In fact, you will get an increase in production because of the shelter that the trees are providing.

Let me ask you a question. You drive

into a carpark, what's the first thing you look for?

BWD: *Shade.*

Shade, yeah. What's the first thing an animal looks for in the middle of a treeless paddock?

BWD: *Well, I see them on the way to Braidwood. I see where there's only one or two trees left, and that's where all the cows are hanging out.*

Exactly. So you actually get an increase in production. And as I said, up to 30%. The biggest champion tree planter in our region, who's on the Kings Highway, has an annual tree

UNSIFTED SEED FROM A TEATREE, A LEPTOSPERMUM, SHOWING HOW FINE THE SEED IS. AFTER SIFTING TO GET RID OF ALL THE LEAF AND EVERYTHING ELSE IT ENDS UP MOSTLY PURE SEED.





THE SEED STORAGE AREA AND WHERE THE SEEDS ARE KEPT CAREFULLY LABELLED.

planting programme. He is not even close to 30% of land that he owns.

But I was just driving past the other day and watching the sheep trickle to the trees on the lee side of the westerly that was blowing. They were all heading there because the wind must have been a bit chilly or a bit hot.

If you can establish an island in the middle of a paddock, and particularly if you make it a little bit kidney shaped so that the animals can move around and the wind is blocked from every direction, it's going to do well for your enterprise.

BWD: Why did farmers knock all the trees down?

I would put it squarely at the fault of the governments, particularly the Department of Agriculture at the time. In that, initially, when the colonies were settled, you were given a land grant under the condition that you cleared that land.



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SEEDY SIDE OF LIFE

We came from an English background where there were rolling hills and fields, all divided up very neatly with hawthorn hedges and so on.

There was the incentive that you had to clear a certain percentage of your land within a certain amount of time before the consideration of the land grant was given.

You've also got to remember that we were settled over 175 years old here in Braidwood. Steam power came along in the mid to late 1880s and suddenly there was a massive thirst for timber as a fuel. It was used to fire steam-powered water purification plants for the township, to drive sheering plants for big sheep operations, to drive mills and dairies — you name it. Steam was the electricity of the time, and there was this massive thirst.

We're on the edge of Australia's first inland city, which is Goulburn, so there were plenty of jobs to go and cut and collect timber. When the railways came through there were bridges to build so all the best trees, like yellow box, went in a very short amount of time.

It's interesting that when I first came to Braidwood in the early 1980s, where Braidwood Wilson's grave is, there was still the remnants — big dead standers up on top of that hill. There are historic photographs that show it as a beautiful woodland.

Unlike the bush outside your window now [Paul's house in Mongarlowe] here it was woodlands. Aboriginal people had managed the land really, really well. You read accounts of early explorers who say they could gallop a horse through a woodland. You'd have no chance of galloping a horse through your place now. The land was managed for the herbivores to get the very sweet grasses growing under the shade of our native trees.

BWD: How long did it take you to learn to do everything with one arm?

Constantly learning, Paul. It's been over thirty years but there's not a day goes by where I don't develop a new trick. We are just advanced monkeys after all.

I'm constantly trying to evolve ways of doing things more effectively, more efficiently and more simply. I've found simplest is best. I had a prosthetic when I first lost my arm, but I found I couldn't rely on it. I kept on breaking it. And so, I gave up because I thought, "Oo, if I rely on this thing and I don't learn how to do things single-handedly and this thing breaks on me, it won't be good."

I've just always had the will to solve problems one at a time. One of the things that I really appreciate about my parents and about that generation of people is they had a saying, "You've always got to get back on the horse that throws you."

For me as a kid growing up, it was literally that because we had horses and you did come off them. Dad would stand over you and help you up — but it was like, "Come on, get back up in that saddle." And that's a metaphor for life, I think.

Don't give up, because the challenge is good. It's the challenge that exercises your brain. It might be a 3 am moment when you think, "Ah, that's how I could do that."

One of the things I haven't attempted is getting back on the motorcycle. I still own a motorcycle, but I haven't gotten back on it yet. I haven't quite worked that one out yet — but anyway, that may yet come.

HOME GROWN GOODNESS

WYNLEN'S GARDEN IN



AUTUMN 18

April and May are wonderful months in the market garden. The weather is cooler and generally there is little rain to keep plants happy. The skies remain bright and the days warm. It's time to feed the soil in preparation for winter and to plant the last of the seedlings that will add to your larder during the colder months.

Feeding the soil means making sure there is plenty of animal manure, mineral amendments and — most importantly — organic matter, dug into your beds or mulched over (for the no dig folk). This is to make sure the worms, beneficial in-ground insects and microbes have lots to eat over winter.

The action of the microbes is very important as it is often their work that helps plants take up nutrients in the soil. Making and using a simple microbial culture can be of great benefit by supplementing your soil's natural load of good microbes. Lantasia Compost has a simple recipe on their website for making a lactobacillus serum. The

Wynlen House Village Farm Winter Workshops

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



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<https://www.wynlenhouse.com/growing-in-a-cool-climate.html>

serum can be put into the soil via a watering can very easily — it's rather fun to make the serum and it does make a great difference to your plant health. While you are making that get to planting your seedlings of leafy greens — silverbeet, spinach, asian greens, a hardy lettuce variety. These can cope

with the winter and will grow slowly but produce a crop you can eat in July and August.

Let's enjoy the cooler months and keep our fingers crossed for more rain this autumn.

Bronwyn Richards
Wynlen House Urban Micro Farm





Antony Davies leads off with
how it all started

Nick Fry asked me to meet with him early last year to talk about what the bank could do to mark its fifteenth anniversary. Nick is a joyful and happy, community-spirited character and he thought of a clock because there wasn't one in Braidwood.

He thought a freestanding one in the park might be quite nice. The park is lovely, but the centre of activity in the main street is more down towards the National Theatre. So we thought, possibly on top of the National Theatre could be quite nice, but of course, that brought up the issue that there hadn't previously been one on that building.

The general consensus amongst conservationists is that it would be feasible to instal a clock if there had previously been a clock, but less appropriate if there hadn't been. So then we came to the idea of using the bank's façade.

ANTONY DAVIES AND JANE KENDALL.



Baby Ben



Because it is a bank there are security issues — you can't just go drilling holes in walls because it affects the security of the building. So it needed to be away from the functional part of the bank.

The original façade on the Bendigo Bank building wasn't especially exciting and it also gave us the opportunity to move the Bendigo Bank signs from the top of the awning down to the bottom. I think it's significantly improved the style of the building from the outside. Of course, there's a direct cue taken from the Bernardoff building, a few doors up, which has a similar arched awning on the front.

When we came to the suggestion of some artwork around the façade of the clock to add some interest, Nick said, "Could it move?". I sort of bullishly said, "Oh, yes, it could, but ...".

From those germs of ideas there emerged a small group of local people who came on board to assist. Jane Kendall designed the silhouette figures. This wasn't ever going to be a pastiche, or a copy of any other sort of clock.

In terms of the artwork, the figures are there to delight small children in passing, and it's working really well in that respect. Lots of children gather there, before and after school, and on weekends to wait for the figures to move on the hour — it's quite charming to watch.

The artwork, we decided, should be

vaguely industrial and simplified so that it was durable, but still attractive, understandable and have local relevance. It's not intended to describe the entire history of Braidwood. It is simply a group of amusing figures that you could interpret to have a local relationship if you wished to.

There's the gold escort carriage and the two bush ranger figures, and the horse has rather a nice movement. It jumps up in fright when the bush rangers are in front of it.

There are also Aboriginal figures, representations of the community who lived here for such a long time. The Aboriginal community on the South Coast, who were responsible for this area, were consulted closely to see how they should be depicted in a

CLOCK MAN MATTHEW LITTLE.



silhouette figure. There were quite a few adjustments that Jane had to make to accurately portray the figures.

There is a rabbit because we do have an awful lot of rabbits, and I think he hops in a realistic way using springs. There's a kangaroo, of course, a sheep and a cow.

The mechanism itself became very complicated, because it actually is a tricky thing to design. It had to be weatherproof, because it's totally exposed and it needed to have almost no maintenance required, but if something was broken or damaged it needed to be easy to fix.

So, we called on the expertise of Matthew Little, the clockmaker, who is a very talented fellow. We sat down at Matthew's kitchen table for many hours, thinking of ways that we could make the silhouettes move that wasn't too much of a mechanical nightmare.

Matthew is meticulous and a perfectionist. Had it been me I may well have used bolts as pivots, but he said, "We'll make them out of stainless steel". Then he brazed everything on beautifully and made neoprene and bronze bushes.

The next issue was to find a clock — town clocks are surprisingly hard to find, but eventually we found a very obliging company in Genoa, Italy. They supplied the clock and custom built a computer to operate it.

When everything arrived it came with

a very simple wiring diagram in Italian. My Italian's not, I'm afraid, as good as it might be, so we had to spend about three weeks, most nights, doing Skype sessions with the clockmaker in Italy in order to wire it. The clock has quite a complex series of a few hundred wires, between the various panels that control the movement and the time.

Its chimes can set on numerous different styles, or you can make up your own. Currently, it has a Westminster chime, which is a popular international standard, and it goes on the quarter hour.

The first time I turned it on I was up in the turret hut, and when it chimed I nearly fell off my ladder because it was really very loud! It's been turned down to a significantly lower level now.

Baby Ben is really well made, it's simple, and a bit childlike in the construction. I think it's worked out very well.

Jane Kendall explains how
the designs came about

Antony brought me on board because I have a background in art and design, and we've done various projects together. He said to me one day, "I've got a challenge for you."

Antony is a little a lot more than just project manager — he's actually the

brains, I think, behind how the whole thing works. The brief was to do some silhouette figures, in some way representative of things about Braidwood, but really just to make a fun, interesting tourist attraction as a gift to the town.

I was a graphic designer when I left school but I've not really done metal work before. I drew on a lot of historical silhouette design where they really tell a story.

I also needed to work within the visual possibilities and the capabilities of laser cutting metal. The artwork had to

JANE'S PRELIMINARY DRAWINGS.





THE BIG DAY OF BABY BEN'S BIRTH. NICK FRY AND MEMBER FOR MONARO JOHN BARILARO AT THE OPENING CEREMONY.

be designed in a way that it would hold the silhouette detail as well as be able to be made into sections so that pieces could be hinged and moved. One of the most difficult things was to get the scale and visualise what it was going to be like, so I made cardboard cut-outs that we held up on the roof. We all stood on the other side of the road and went, "What do you think about that?"

The installation was set up and rushed to meet the deadline for the opening and is by no means the end of the installation. There are still a few pieces to be added and things to be done. Maybe there'll be some post-cards and photographs in the Visitor Information Centre and Instagram tags like #braidwoodwoodclock, #baby-benbraidwood.

Craig Pettit explains the community bank model

The move towards community banks started about twenty years ago when the major banks started pulling out of small country towns. Bendigo Bank decided to build a model based on shared outcomes for both the community and for the bank.

It is based on a fifty-fifty model, which means that at the end of the day, the income is shared.



Nick Fry winds up the story

Since the launch of Baby Ben, the number of people we see taking photos on the hour or the half hour, is just amazing. On the weekend they're lining up on both sides of Wallace Street ready for the clock to hit the hour.

Hopefully they'll tell their friends and relatives about Baby Ben in Braidwood and that will bring more people into the town. Baby Ben is not a marketing tool for the bank, it is a gift — a fifteenth-birthday present from the bank to the town in a way that hopefully will grow the town. So that's the point that we want to get across.

BWD: Do you think the time might come when our last Palerang councillor may be forgiven for the driving part he played in putting that big concrete viewing platform on the other side of the road?

I think he should be congratulated. He had great foresight — that one day it was going to be used for such an important thing.

The next part of the Baby Ben journey is that across the road, outside the theatre, we're looking at having an explanation or a little story that depicts what the metal figures represent on the sides of the clock. Then people will understand why we've got the bush rangers, market gardeners and gold diggers etc. Something to show people from out of town what all those figures mean to the history of Braidwood.

CRAIG PETTIT ON BABY BEN'S BIG DAY.



It's all cisterns go at the Anglican Hall

Kylie Dominick sat down with Helen Farley

Helen Farley from the Community Management Committee of the Braidwood Anglican Hall gives us the news on what is happening at the Old Anglican Hall in Wilson Street.

Helen: The Hall was one of the first public buildings in Braidwood, built in the 1850s. It was moved to its present location in the 1920s and the wings were added.

KD: Tell us where the restoration project is up to.

The Anglican Parish of Braidwood made over the Hall to a community trust in 2016, appropriately named the Community Management Committee of the Braidwood Anglican Hall. The committee has the job of running the Hall and its day-to-day operation. It also oversees the sourcing of funding and fundraising. The committee is Phillip Hart, Kirsty Altenburg, Gilly Burke, Matthew Hulse, Lyn Cram and myself, and we all bring different skills.

The first major project is to remove the old toilets and replace them with men's, women's and disabled-access toilets and showers.

The Hall has been a really important place in the community — there wouldn't be many locals who haven't been there at least once, more likely many times. It's been used for every possible purpose over the years, it means a lot to everyone. The acoustics are world-class!

KD: Tell us about the project for the new loos.

Eric Martin has drawn up the plans and the DA has been approved by council. The old, ground-level toilets are being knocked down. The new toilets and showers will cost over \$100,000, but we're doing it properly and we're only doing it once, and there won't be any stairs, so they'll be accessible to everyone.

KD: What will the Hall be like in five years' time?

In five years' time the Hall will be properly refurbished — after the new toilets we'll be working on repainting, asbestos removal, the commercial kitchen, all the necessary repairs, and the floor will be re-stumped and the boards re-laid. We've got people who want to book the venue when it's ready, for different classes and of course there will be wakes and twenty-firsts and all those things again, and ongoing use during the day and at night.

KD: How can the community contribute?

One way to help is with work-in-kind as the need arises — painting and that sort of thing. When we get to that stage we'll be holding working bees where the community can come along too and help out.

The other way is donations — we've been lucky so far to receive donations from IGA and from the Braidwood Folk Club. We've got donation tins in businesses around town, we'll be holding a street stall in May and June; and we've been working with the National Trust to achieve tax-deductible gift donation status, so in future people can claim donations on their tax which will be a big incentive. We've got more fundraisers in the works — really fun things that people will love! In winter we're planning a sit-down dinner based on Mrs Beeton's Book of Household Management, with hares hanging up and all those things — it might be a bit crazy but such a fun thing to do! People can support us by joining in the many fundraisers we have planned for the future.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS HELEN FARLEY, GEORGINA HALL, LYN CRAM AND MATTHEW HULSE GET STRAIGHT INTO IT.



THE HIGH T OF FASHION



OUTFIT BY SALOON

30

BWD

AUTUMN 2018



Born Vintage

I FOUND MY INTEREST IN VINTAGE FASHION after we started the shop. I'd always loved clothes, but the interest in fashion developed as I saw better and better collections and got more and more excited about what has happened over the years with fashions. I have favourite periods and those tend to be the ones I target — the 80s isn't one of them! Been there, done that!* — I do like the 1920s and the 1940s.

Anything before the 1960s is harder to find. What I do find is that women aren't willing to part with the clothes from the cupboard until they are willing to part with the memory. I buy from estates and from people who collect. I buy straight from the closet generations afterwards, and from ladies who share my passion for vintage clothes.

People should go vintage when they're looking for something to wear because all the clothes in this shop are Australian-made or European-made so the quality is better, and you're not wearing something everyone else has — the thing we pride ourselves on is

that our clothes are one-of-a-kind, you're just not seeing this on anyone else.

I hope everyone had a great time at the parade! We have had the most fun putting this all together. We've covered a wide range of models and clothes to suit them.

The best thing about vintage is that it gives people a chance to try outfits they would never normally try; they'll

say "That's not my style" — but you can pull something out to show them they'd never have thought of, and they look in the mirror and realise they look great.

I had Barbie dolls growing up — this is so much fun, it's like real-life Barbie!

* The interviewer went there and did that too. The photographic evidence will die with her.

Story told by Julia Billington

Born Vintage —Elrington Street
Vintage and retro clothes for men and women, all eras from 1920s onwards, sizes 6 - 22

JULIA BILLINGTON WITH HER MODELS



2018 AUTUMN

BWD

31



Len Mutton & Co.

AT LEN MUTTON AND CO, WE TRY TO CATER FOR EVERYONE, AND WE ALSO SAY "If we don't have it, you probably don't really need it!" So we've got everything covered.

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Story told by Fiona Mutton

Len Mutton and Co. — Wallace Street

Women's wear plus some men's and children's wear; broad range of sizes.

Kylie Dominick, closet outfit lover, collated the designers' words on these pages. She also asked questions at the National Theatre.

Hello Bronwyn McGrath, winner of a lucky door prize! How did you go?
I loved it! Also, I collect trios, so that was perfect!

Randall Lemin, weren't you one of the models?
No, that was him.

Lesley Hughes — what did you think?
The event's been really good, it's been fun, and I really enjoyed the vintage clothes.

Your thoughts, Erika Mordek?
Oh, the high tea is fabulous, it is to die for. The sandwiches are great, the cakes are fantastic!

Simone Dickson — did you enjoy your stint at modelling?
Paris wants me now, so I'm off soon.

Louis Munnings — do you think you have a fashion future in modelling drag?
Um, no.

Neil White — you were great, was that fun, do you think you'll be doing this again?
Oh definitely. I just love the fashions and I loved being here! So that's yes, yes and yes.

Mei Kennedy — you looked great!
I got to pick my own outfits!

Sandalwood

SANDALWOOD'S BYLINE IS "FOR A LIFE LESS ORDINARY". THE WOMEN WHO BUY our clothes look eclectic, individual and stylish always, every season. Our demographic is probably aged 30-70.

The clothes are mainly from India, Indonesia, Viet Nam and Thailand, so you'll see a wide variety of shapes, colours and patterns. We go direct to the source and deal with the families who make the garments. Story told by Fiona Mutton

Sandalwood — Wallace Street
Womens' wear, size 8 -16

THE HIGH T OF FASHION



Mingei

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN FASHION AS SUCH, I'M interested in beautiful cloth that lasts a long time, made into very well-cut, easy-to-wear clothing.



Many years ago I started making very simple garments, mainly shirts, and wearing them over jeans. I've spent a lot of time in Japan and I still do, I work with wonderful country people in traditional textiles. Because Japan was closed off from the rest of the world for 250 years the culture and arts grew in on themselves and weren't affected by overseas influences.

My work is the conservation of pattern and practice in Indigo-dyed cotton textiles. I've worked for nearly 40 years with a group of Japanese weavers and dyers and we study different patterns, trace their history and consider their future. These craftspeople's knowledge is unbelievable.

The garments are very simple but really good-looking, they last extremely well and are sewn beautifully. They're made at home by people I work with locally. The textiles are new, but woven and dyed in the traditional methods.

I'm really interested in design and if I had my life again I'd be an architect. I would say that my chief role with Mingei is to be a conservator. Mingei means the arts of the ordinary people... goods of necessity, unconsciously beautiful. Mingei is where it should be — in a country town. I absolutely love being here in Braidwood because you can live such a real life!

Story told by Mary Taguchi

Mingei — at Altenburg & Co, Wallace Street

Women's shirts, vests, jackets, scarves — predominantly one size fits all.



Saloon

WE LIKE TO MAKE BEAUTIFUL, TIMELESS, quality pieces that make you feel fabulous, but that you can wear every day.

Dena and I design the dresses, Dena makes them and I finish them off. We work in a vintage-inspired style — we make things that are comfy country classics* — inspired by Braidwood and the region. They're for women who like to get things done and look fabulous while doing it. They can use their brains! They can work in an office, they can work the land, they could be chasing their children down the street. They might wear a Saloon dress during the day or out at night.

For the future you can expect many more fabulous dresses in beautiful timeless

designs. We hope over time to build up a critical number of dress and skirt designs that are classic and never go out of style, and add in more tops and maybe pants in future. For the fashion parade we've used Autumn colours and patterns.

We think of our shop more as a design house rather than a fashion label, we're more situated with the arts rather than the fashion industry. Dena is an exceptionally talented craftsperson — the skills she has as a dressmaker are not readily acquired by people these days, a good dressmaker is very hard to find!

We believe that people should buy beautiful pieces that they wear often, not disposable things that they wear once.

*Interviewer and interviewee had fun with this tongue-twister, but don't try this at home if there are small children within earshot.

Story told by Jane Magnus

Saloon — Wallace Street
Handmade women's wear, size 8-14.



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Jaipur Blue Pottery

For a love of all things blue, old and new

The vibrant craft traditions of Rajasthan have thrived for centuries. Legend has it that blue pottery came to Jaipur in the early 19th century when one of its rulers, Sawai Ram Singh the Second, set up a school of art and encouraged artisans from all over India to come and settle in Jaipur to practice the art of hand painting blue pottery.

Blue pottery has seen several ups and downs in its lifespan of almost 200 years and there was a time when it all but disappeared. Thankfully a handful of concerned people helped to revive this dying art.

Although it was unusual in Indian society, three women were instrumental in preserving and reinventing Jaipur Blue pottery. In 1978 Leela Bordia founded Neerja. She began with four craftsmen and a passion for blue pottery.

Today Neerja is recognised worldwide as the finest blue pottery in the world, with her work featured in palaces and museums around the world.

Truly beautiful, sometimes traditional

and often whimsical, Jaipur Blue pottery holds a special place in the hearts of Rebecca and Fiona, owners of Sandalwood Homewares. They visit Jaipur regularly and always bring back some beautiful pieces from Neerja. They have been lucky enough to meet

Leela Bordia and take afternoon tea with her every visit; the girls describe these meetings as inspirational and always entertaining. Leela gifted the girls a book 'Jaipur Blue Pottery — a tribute', signed especially for them and this special book takes pride of place in store amongst the plates and vases on display.

Rebecca and Fiona have just returned from Jaipur and promise some truly special pieces of Neerja blue pottery are on their way to Braidwood. ■



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AUTUMN RECIPES WITH LYN CRAM

Italian Vegetable Stew or Giambotta

We made this stew for participants in our "All Season Cool Climate Vegetable Growing" workshop in March when our tomatoes were abundant. The dish is a great dish to cook when you want to get rid of some of those excess tomatoes that you froze in March when they were in abundance.

What you need

- 4 cloves of garlic
- 1 large brown onion
- ¼ cup olive oil
- large sprigs each of thyme, basil and oregano
- 4 large stalks of celery
- A range of vegetables, whatever you have to hand.
- At least 2 kilos of tomatoes (frozen or fresh)

Sauté the onion, garlic, celery and herbs. When they are soft start adding chopped vegetables such as carrot and potatoes.

Using the selection of vegetables you have in the fridge or garden start adding the chopped slower cooking vegetables followed by the faster cooking ones stirring the vegetables around in the pot as you go.

Take your bags of tomatoes from the freezer and empty them into the stew. These will defrost and cook down. If you need to add vegetable stock or water do so at this point just to help the vegetables cook.

Season to taste as you go and let simmer

until all the vegetables are tender. You can also put the thawed or fresh tomatoes in the blender before adding them to the soup.

Bronwyn and Helen
Wynlen House Micro Farm

Here are some quick and easy recipes to enjoy with friends for afternoon tea.

Hello Dolly Slice

Melt ½ cup butter in a lamington tin, sprinkle in 1 cup sweet biscuit crumbs (whatever is available), then add a cup of coconut, 1 cup chocolate chips and 1 cup chopped nuts.

Pour over this 1 can condensed milk and bake in moderate oven (180C) for 30 minutes.

Cool in pan, cut into slices and enjoy.

Honey Squares

To ½ cup melted butter, add ½ cup coconut and ½ cup honey, then add 1 cup brown sugar and 1½ cups rolled oats, and mix well.

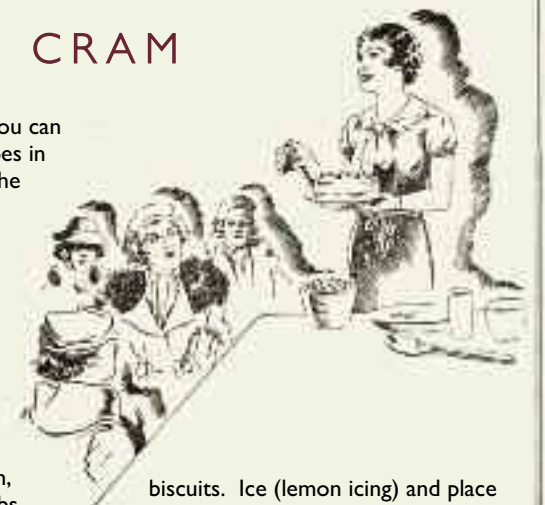
Press mixture into a greased lamington tin and bake at 180C for 20-25 minutes.

Mark into sections whilst still hot. Then leave in tin to cool.

Lemon Slice

(BEST MADE THE DAY BEFORE)

Grease a slice tray and line with morning coffee biscuits. Melt 3oz cophia and add 1 tin condensed milk, 2 cups coconut and the juice of 2 lemons, stir to combine. Pour over the biscuits, then top with more



biscuits. Ice (lemon icing) and place into the fridge to set. Then cut into slices and serve.

Fruit Slice

Melt ½ cup margarine with 2 tablespoons golden syrup. Pour this on top of 1 cup S/R flour, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup mixed fruit ½ cup caster sugar, which you have combined in a bowl.

Press mixture into a lamington tin and bake at 180C for 20 minutes. Take out of the oven, and whilst still soft and warm ice with lemon icing. Delicious.

Coconut Chocolates

Cream together ½ cup butter and 1½ cups sifted icing sugar. Add small cup coconut, small cup rolled oats and 1 dessertspoon instant coffee.

Beat well, then roll into small balls and place in fridge overnight. In a double boiler melt 6oz dark cooking chocolate, and coat balls with chocolate then top with either walnuts, almonds or glace cherries. Lovely to serve with coffee after dinner.

LYN'S HANDY TIPS

For generations Australians have relied on bi-carbonate of soda not only for cooking, but also for a great number of uses in and around the home. You'll be confident to know that you are using a non-toxic product, which is kind to the environment.

Here are a few tried and tested tips:

LAUNDRY: Remove stains and odours from clothes by soaking overnight in a solution of bi-carb and cold water.

KITCHEN: Clean stained coffee mugs and tea cups by rubbing a tablespoonful of bi-carb in the cup with dampened fingers, rinse well.

Smelly or blocked drains can be fixed with a sprinkling of bi-carb followed by half cup white vinegar.

Dirty microwave ovens can be cleaned by placing a bowl filled

with water and 2 tbsp bi-carb. Cook on high for 1 minute, then wipe out with a clean cloth.

OUTDOORS: To clean your barbecue, make a paste with 3 tbsp bi-carb and 1 tbsp water. Apply paste with a wire brush, then wipe the BBQ clean with a dry cloth.

GENERAL: Soothe aching and tired feet by soaking in a bowl of warm water with 3 tbsp of bi-carb soda, stirred until dissolved.

BATHROOM: To remove mildew from a shower curtain, use a paste of bi-carb soda, then rinse well

For extensive stains in your shower recess, make a paste with bi-carb soda and bleach. Scrub, and then rinse thoroughly.

More tips in the next magazine. Email YOUR favourite tips to: lyn@artplan.com.au



Women, Mother's Day and Rites of Passage

Hollie Bakerboljkovac

Once upon a time, our ancestors celebrated the changing days in a myriad of meaningful ways. Rites of Passage occur at many times throughout our lives; we recognise the most obvious for a woman as those that centralise menarche/menstruation, childbirth, menopause and death. There are many in between — starting school or a job, retirement, marriage or the breakdown of relationships. A Rite of Passage is what happens when an individual internally recognises a shift (sometimes also externally recognised), entering the next phase of life.

Rites of Passage at menarche (first menstruation), is the space for a girl to step from being the daughter to being Woman Unto HerSelf, taking her place alongside the adults, including her parents and grandparents. Here she holds her own wisdom and is acknowledged by her community as a Woman, who is free to create her own life. As a Women's Mysteries educator, I have facilitated ceremonies for young women at their menarche, where they

are welcomed by a community of loving friends, aunts and mentors. More and more modern daughters are experiencing meaningful celebrations in becoming women. It's important work, and the future is promising. Here's the thing with Mother's Day: Our culture has this arbitrary day for

celebrating mothers, without yet celebrating the woman she first became. In our ancestors' time, a young person went through a formal process from standing amongst the children, advised and directed, to standing alongside the adults, respected for her own point of view. With the acknowledgement of her community, she became Woman.

While modern culture has been busily Photoshopping magazine images and teaching children to twerk, it forgot how to welcome and accept young people into the very important next phase of life.

We call them adolescents, and use



words like 'hormones' and 'puberty' and worry about them being 'depressed'. Our culture does not welcome the liminal [transitional stage], and our young people, floating in liminal space as their bodies, brains and points of view shift, miss out on learning its wisdom. Instead of growing up to be self-nurturing women, girls often grow up to be mothers who use phrases such as 'incomplete', 'overwhelmed', and 'never have time for myself'.

Young people rebel with a need to 'show them I'm me' while parents do not know how to let go of playing the advisor role. Young people choose risk taking activities as a role-play of breaking away, while parents play the role of too much: too much advice, too much giving, too much 'no time for myself'.

There's a time as a parent to move
from being the advisor to
the cheer leader.

Without the ancient signals (Rites of Passage) that our species has practiced forever, it's difficult for many parents to know that time.

Many adult women carry a loss and pain that there are no words for, yet is always there. It manifests in various ways that I call 'wounds of woman'. In one woman the wounds are shown in her relationships with other women (competition, aggression). In another it will be health related (PMS, endometriosis etc.) and yet, another will show up in the way she sees herself in the world (body image, eating disorders etc.), or how she creates for the rest of her life (childbirth, projects, career). It will be apparent in her successes and 'failures.' It will be everywhere she goes and the world will simply call it 'normal.'

It's my vision that the 'wounds' that are carried at this time by women in our culture do not get named 'normal.' We must call them out for what they are: traumas that have been holding women in the place of child, (infantilising in body, mind and soul) never allowing her to witness her own wisdom, holding her in judgment, in a space of continued, unnamed liminality.

As adult women, far into our journeys as grown-ups, whether we are mothers or career women or whatever other label we have picked up along the way, we cannot go back in time. There is no way to return to the time of menarche and have some kind aunty take us through the Rites of Passage ceremony we so deserved.

I believe however, that we can heal the loss. I call the work Woman Soul, and it's the work of learning to hold and emerge from the light and the dark within self, equally. It requires reflection and awareness, discipline and common sense, commitment and self love. For many women, it's a long and difficult road. However, it's more worthwhile than all the flat screens and facebook likes you'll ever come across.

This Mother's Day, I invite you to reflect on what it means to BE a mother in our culture, and, look at your relationship with your own mother. Don't make it all about flowers and slippers. Make it meaningful. Women are more than the sum of their breakfasts in bed. Cultural healing begins with you. ■

Hollie Bakerboljkovac is a counsellor, menstrual educator and wellness advocate. You can find more of her work online, at Institute for Self Crafting.

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Advice for keepers of small flocks of chickensDr Louise Baskind

Are your chickens losing condition, looking restless, and not producing eggs and you're not sure why? The problem could be Red Mites. The Red Mite is a parasite which lives off the chooks in the day and feeds on the chooks at night. It causes itchiness, depression, anaemia and loss of production. It can even cause death.

To check for Red Mite observe the chooks and chook-shed with a torch at night. Red mites are visible to the naked eye, but may look like specks of dirt as they are only 1mm long. They are a red-grey colour. Watch the specks to see if they are moving.

The birds may have pale combs and seem out of sorts. Poor hatching rates of fertilised eggs can also be due to heavy infestations, as roosters may be rendered infertile.

The mites are brought in by wild birds and then hide in dark crevices. They can build up very rapidly in warm weather. They can even survive for up to one year without having a feed!

As a routine, birds should be provided year round with access to dustbaths containing diatomaceous earth (DE). This should help control numbers, but if an outbreak occurs, pyrethrin based sprays are essential. Other strategies are to use a blowtorch in the crevices of the shed, or to replace the roof tin with clear polycarbonate roofing to let in more sunlight.



DAVID AND LYNDA AVERY, THEIR DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW AND TWO GRAND-DAUGHTERS TRAVELLING BY CAMEL.

Surprise desertLynda Avery shakes the sand from her shoes

United Arab Emirates was one of those spots on the world map that had little meaning for me and not on my 'bucket list' to explore until a member of our family moved to Dubai to live and work there. I did not know at that time this was to become a regular visiting place for the next ten years or so — putting meaning, colour, faces and experiences on that part of the world map.

Dubai is an assault on the senses. There is an opulent air in the arrival hall of Dubai airport. It has the feel of a palace adorned with shining marble and chandeliers. The Emirati customs officials and arrival hall staff even look like princes gliding around in their crisp white dish-dashes, crocheted skull caps and either white or red and white kufiyahs. My friendly and grateful arrival after the fourteen-hour flight from Sydney is met with neither a cheery welcome nor complication, just resignation that another plane load of passengers need to be processed.

After a happy reunion with family, my tired self was refreshed just to see their happy faces and hear their excited chatter. The heat hits like a wall as I leave the air-conditioned comfort of the arrival hall so I am grateful to be driving home in air-conditioned comfort.

Or am I? I had not been prepared for the road home. Road or race-track? Not only are we on the 'wrong' side of the road but we are doing 130kph on the wrong side surrounded by vehi-

cles, big and small, that all seem to be changing lanes and at the same time going even faster than we are. I can't look. I am close to panic when I realise my daughter has the steering wheel, which is also on the wrong side of the car, and is in control.

I have noticed a billboard at the side of the road several times and even at speed I notice dark eyes that seem to follow as we pass by. I find myself fascinated, even dare I say, deeply affected by these dark, mysterious men. Sheik Mohammad Bin Rashid Al Maktoum and two of his sons portray steely determination, impeccable grooming, history and the very essence of men of an ancient culture who are proud of it. Unknowable, yet, here for all to see. Some questions tumble in to my thoughts. What kind of ruler is this

man? Is he a good husband, father? Do these young men respect him? I would eventually find answers to these questions.

Dubai, the city, sandwiched between the sparkling turquoise waters of the Persian Gulf and the sand of the Arabian Desert, looked out of character. It rises to great heights from beneath the sand and in some instances from the water. Fast, noisy, flourishing businesses, flashy shopping malls, some even offering fun on the snow or ice.

Surprisingly, it isn't the malls or the beaches that I feel drawn to but the desert. I discovered this a few nights later while sitting on the silky, warm sand watching the sunset over the Arabian desert. Such beauty and serenity as the last of the sun's rays turned the sand dunes into fluid gold with shadows that gave the scene a mysterious and dramatic accent.

I was transfixed by the beauty and harshness of this ancient and moveable landscape. No footprints from the past but I was aroused with a curiosity of who may have set foot here. As the light faded and the stars appeared, a velvety cloak seemed to cover all I had seen. My reverie and the spirituality of the passed moments broke as the driver and guide for the evening announced dinner would be served shortly.

What could be more romantic than dinner under the stars in the desert? This promised to be another assault on my overloaded senses. I was not disappointed. An Arabic camp, luxurious and colourful with a delicious, smoky aroma of meat cooking, my hunger arose to another level.

The mystical atmosphere that belongs to the desert was enhanced and completed by rich Arabic music. The menu was perfect. Mouth-watering mountains of fresh fruit including dates accompanied the distinctive

BURJ KHALIFA WITH THE FLAMINGO SANCTUARY IN FOREGROUND.





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Middle Eastern barbecued meat, salads and steaming flat bread. Eventually, fully sated, the call came that the camels were ready, but was I ready for the camel?

Ships of the desert they are called. The camels were waiting, chewing their cud, dressed ready for their unsuspecting passengers. Adorned with their finest, brightly coloured, tasselled

blankets and saddles, muzzles colourfully surrounded in crocheted protection, that is, for the rider and cameleer. It was two to a camel. As I climbed aboard the slightly lumpy seat did I hear a groan? A signal was given and with a great heave-ho and a disgruntled snort we shot up in to the air. Three camels and their passengers set forth into the velvety darkness. With all the grace of a sailing ship and not a lot of speed we moved out and set off around the camp and returned for the obligatory photo-shoot.

Dismounting, however, seemed a whole lot trickier than climbing aboard, as suddenly, I lurched dangerously forward at a great rate of knots. The camel had obeyed a command that I had not heard and at the risk of being deposited in a rather inelegant fashion I clung for dear life to the metal bar in front of my saddle and waited for the camel to come to rest. I was happy to slide to the still warm sand and bid my camel and its handler goodnight.

I didn't know at the time but this was the beginning of an amazing adventure not only in UAE but further afield to the Mussandam Peninsula and Muscat in Oman, United Kingdom and recently a surprise trip to Rome. Perhaps more stories will appear in print in the not too distant future. ■



GILLY AND JILL AT JILL'S CHARLEYS FOREST HOME IN JULY 2017.

Gilly and Jill

BWD caught up with Gilly Burke and Jill McLeod while Jill was still living at Charleys Forest. Here is part of their story ... Jill kicks off and Paul records

To decide to upsticks from somewhere else and choose Braidwood, from my point of view, has a lot to do with what you are attracted to. It's got to be about 30 years now I think, when we lived in Canberra and the trip to the coast was a regular event. You got out of Canberra to save your mental state. And, apart from visiting our relatives, we would head for the coast. Therefore of course, we always drove through Braidwood — and we always stopped. If we hadn't bought the morning paper, we'd make sure we bought it in Braidwood. We did your shopping too, so that we didn't have to go running around down at the coast. Then, the minute you got to the coast it was your free time, you didn't have to worry about whether you had enough to eat or whatever — it just made it so easy. And so we got to love the country

thing. After my mother died we had a bit of money, and we decided to buy something not in town, as it were. So we came out to a real estate agent here in Braidwood and there were three houses to look at. This was the first one [Jill's house at Charleys Forest]. We came in through the gate off the road, found the gate that connected onto the property, we got to the top of the drive and we could see the house. My husband whispered to me, "Shush". He did not want me to exclaim how wonderful it all was — he thought that might add a few thousand if I said, "Isn't this wonderful!". But anyway, we had made our decision before we even got out of the car even though we had no idea what the house was like inside. But it just stood here beautifully. And coming down that little hill, it just appealed to us. This was in the 1980s. I don't think I

could find the original purchase documents easily after all those years. You usually file things like that away in a secret place and never find them again.

BWD: And after you settled in, in your bit of Shangri-La here, what prompted you to get involved in town activities, to the extent that you ultimately did?

Jill: It wasn't a case of being bored or anything like that because I can always occupy myself. But I was always fairly industrious, I think. It's not just a case of being busy, but of thinking to myself, "look, I could slum away through years of just indulging myself — having coffee with the girls".

Gilly: Mm-hmm (affirmative).

Jill: But I felt that would be a little bit inane, at the age I was, not to be doing something where I'd have to use my brain. Wally, my husband, was also still keen to work. He did all sorts of different things. He was always very interested. He'd hear about something, and say, "I might go and see Joe and see whether he'd like me to be of help". He wouldn't care whether it was paid or not. He never worried about

TAX TIPS with Tim Allen

There's a hidden danger lurking within the Fringe Benefit Tax rules that business owners should keep an eye on. Where a third party supplier is generous enough to include your employees, there's a very real possibility that this could trigger a tax liability for that business. In our current newsletter we cover this and other quirks of the FBT regime.

CASE STUDY

Rosie is employed by an accountancy practice that provides taxation advice to many soccer teams and their players. The teams often arrange free tickets for Rosie and her partner to attend matches and sometimes corporate functions that precede them on match days.

The partners of the accounting practice encourage her to take up these offers as they provide an opportunity to network for new business opportunities.

It is likely that a benefit has been provided, by a third party, which arises in respect of Rosie's employment, which would make the benefit subject to the FBT provisions, resulting in her employer having an FBT liability.

Our current newsletter also looks at the need for valuations for Self Managed Super Fund assets, the looming Single Touch Payroll requirements, as well as when or if a business can use simplified trading stock rules.

Please contact us for further advice regarding any of the topics covered here or your specific tax questions.



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HERITAGE DAY 2003. (FROM THIRD ON LEFT TO RIGHT) KATE MITCHELL, RUTH STEEL, RICHARD STONE AND TINA COROWA. PHOTO: PARIS SILVESTER

that but he was always interested in something that he thought would be a goer. That sort of thing.

BWD: Okay. Just before we move on to the next stage of your story, we'll hear Gilly's story. How did you get here?

Jill: By 'plane wasn't it?

Gilly: There are people who plan their lives and might say, I am going to emigrate to Australia. But I ended up in Australia by chance. I ended up in Braidwood simply because it was between Canberra and the coast by chance.

BWD: So Australia was just on the way to Antarctica or ...?

Gilly: Well, it was handy for South-East Asia, where I'd been working as a consultant. I'd got in the habit of coming here for a bit of R and R as it were.

Like Jill, I've never actually had a plan.

I was working in
Canberra and like the
whole of Canberra does,
I went to the coast for
the weekend.

At the time I was head of one of the halls of residence at ANU. It was a moderately stressful job so I had got in the habit of going once a week to a class in surface design at the Watson CIT. Screen printing, silk painting, what have you — a kind of therapy.

GET DOWN

As Natalie explained all this, a light went on in my head.

So if they were moving, what were they doing with their property? Which of course is number 7 to 9 Clyde Street, with the great big shed. I rushed round and asked, "What about it? How much do you want?"

They said to come back at tea-time and they'd work it out. As luck would have it, I had just sold my house in Cornwall in the UK. After I'd become an Australian citizen I had finally decided that there was no point in having a house in Britain. So I actually had cash and I bought it there and then.

Anyway, I ended up with the Silken Tent in Clyde Street, printing fabrics, natural dyeing, silk painting and all of that.

BWD: So, on the subject of fabrics Jill, tell us how the quilt event came about.

Jill: I hadn't been a quilter before I moved to Braidwood. It started when I teamed up with June [Weatherstone]. That relationship started through textiles. She had a fabric shop. Anybody interested in 100% cotton fabrics would grab it there. People would come from all over Australia because they'd heard of her shop.

We didn't click immediately because she's very shy. She's lovely, but she's not outgoing. I can't place a time when we did become really good friends — but of course I had my gallery next door to her shop.

We just clicked — and the Braidwood Quilters came about. I was one of the very early ones that took on a position. We were trailblazers.

Those early days;
that's where the memories
dull off when I have to
think of the really
nitty gritty things.

But, it just all seemed to flow on really. I fell into something that I really, really enjoyed. I think when you leave your comfort zone, something that you've been involved with for a while, and then you have to find your feet again somewhere else, you're darn lucky when you find something you really enjoy.

Gilly: Yes. A lot of the motive behind it, like when we started BRAG, was economic development for Braidwood.

Jill: Absolutely.

WITH QUILTS

Gilly: We didn't say, oh we like quilting and so the world might like quilting. It was to bring people into Braidwood to help its economy. With BRAG, certainly the hope was that it would increase earnings for local arts and crafts-people.

Jill: Yes. It was definitely in our brains. We were looking at the economics of it. And certainly Braidwood was quite dull for periods. I remember it being very quiet at different times.

We felt Braidwood needed a bit of a
kick up the you know where —
and to have something that might
excite more people to be involved.

Certainly from my point of view having the gallery I was really lucky because people came from far and wide via the art. I had done some advertising, but artists would tell other artists. And while it wasn't an enormous radius, it certainly was north, south, east and west. A nice circle.

Gilly: Do you remember Kirsty gave a talk? In the '70s, early '80s it began to get a lot of art and craft people moving here because property was so cheap. Ha, that's changed.

Then the Braidwood group, which was Judith Wright, Solvig Baas Becking, Richard Murray, Christoph Altenburg, Allen Geier (the woodworker) who used to have joint exhibitions and things. Margaret Royds not only owned 200 Wallace Street, a shop on the corner, but the mill building behind and they used to meet there. And she had that as a gallery. So Braidwood was beginning to get a reputation as an art place.

Jill: We had a heritage festival.

Gilly: There's a wonderful photo of a young, red-headed, ebullient Natalie Densley at one of these processions. And there was one when they rode up the street as troopers and several prostitutes were on the balcony of the Royal. This was all before my time. But it was beginning to shape up that way. I don't know whether it's peaked or nobody can afford to move here now.

BWD: How did BRAG come into existence? Are you one of the founders?

Gilly: Indeed. We both are — and I'm trying to remember what actually triggered it. We had a lunch, that's what triggered it. Yes.

There was this amazing moment when Tallaganda Council, as it was then, mentored I think is the best word, a completely ad hoc, non-elected, non-accountable group called the Economic Development Working Party — or working group. That was around '99-2000. Anybody who was interested could turn up.

There was a Chamber of Commerce here in those days and they auspiced a grant application for some consultants to come and talk to groups and whatever to draft an economic development plan. Their recommendations were great fun, because one of the things that came over loud and clear was that people were pissed off with Tallaganda Council. Oh boy, did we feel that was a useless body. Which of course, meant that when the report was presented to Council it went down like a lead balloon.

But their main recommendation was that steps should be taken towards these economic goals. One, that we could become a hub for the developing, as it was then, electronic

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HANS VISSER, JULIE BAKER AND THEIR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE NEW DECK.

communications work. And two, we could become a centre for creative and cultural excellence. That was what we ran with. We had a lunch in the National Theatre to which anybody who was in arts or crafts could come. And there were a lot of people. We proposed moving towards this goal by setting up a regional arts group. It evolved as the Braidwood

BRAGGING RIGHTS

Regional Arts Group, BRAG. I was elected president and you [Jill] were elected vice-president and Janita Byrne was secretary. Solvig was on the committee, Sandra von Sneidern was public officer and Sandra Hand was treasurer. Edwin Power had that little restaurant, which is now Poppy's. Yes. We had a meeting there one evening and the idea of an art centre got floated — and hugely supported. Then we had a special general meeting and the committee was mandated to work towards getting an arts centre. Because it was felt that, if we had an actual building it would provide the focus, the vehicle — and stop us from becoming just a little gossipy group of arts people. So we launched an appeal, which was supported by the first mayor of Palerang, Jim McLaughlin and we started raising money. We had collecting boxes in the shops. We also applied for grants and this and that. In the end it took four years. **BWD: Who was the first person to spy the saddlery and say, "that's the one"?** Gilly: Ah. That's a good question. I liked the saddlery. I used to go in there often to get things, odd bits of stuff from Ron White. It might have been me, but then again it might have been somebody else. The great thing was that Ron wanted to sell because he wanted to retire. It was his pension

fund, so there was no way he was going to lower the price, and that deterred a lot of other people, which was really good for us. I also liked it because it had a ramp up to the front door of the building, which would be a disabled access — and it was two blocks. Then came an election year and we got fortunate with Kevin '07. It started in late 2006 when Laura Murray Cree, who was in the local branch of the ALP, had a barbecue for Mike Kelly. She mentioned the Arts Centre appeal to him. He ran with the idea and persuaded Simon Crean, who was the minister for regional development under the Keating government, that if Labor got elected they would give us \$240,000 towards the appeal. They had a morning tea at Café Caboodle to announce this. It came completely out of the blue. I got a phone call, saying this is Mike Kelly's office and he's making a statement about the arts. If you could persuade as many people as possible to come. So I rang around, we all turned up and then suddenly, wham! There he was with Simon Crean saying vote for me and you'll get \$240,000. Susie Edmonds summed it up with, "I have never seen Gilly at a loss for words." It's true, I was completely gobs-macked. So with a little help from our friends the BRAG that we all know and love was ensconced in its new home. ■

WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN



way you sit on the toilet is also important. You need to be in a squatty position (see picture) to relax the muscle around the anus to open the bowels. Make sure the stool you use is high enough. A good brand that fits around the toilet is Squatty Potty.

What causes constipation?

- Life style — see tips (at left)
- Some medications like opioids, diuretics, antacids that contain aluminium or calcium and more. Also supplements like iron and calcium.
- Bowel conditions like Irritable bowel syndrome, coeliac disease, diverticulitis
- Bowel obstruction
- Pregnancy
- Underactive thyroid
- Diabetes
- Neurological conditions like Parkinson's disease, spinal cord injuries and stroke

Symptoms

- Reduced frequency of bowel motions compared to normal
- Straining and difficulty when passing bowel motions
- Passing small, hard, lumpy stools that may be painful
- Taking longer on the toilet than normal
- A sensation of not having emptied the bowels fully
- Bloating abdomen
- Abdominal cramps

Complications

- Impacted faeces
- Faecal incontinence
- Haemorrhoids
- Urinary incontinence

If you need treatment please see your pharmacist or doctor your individual needs.

Constipation and good bowel habits

Constipation is something many people find it hard to talk about, but it is important to be aware that it is a common problem and you are far from the only one suffering. Hence it is important to discuss the issue with your health professionals.

Constipation occurs when your faeces (poo) become hard, dry and difficult to pass when you go to the toilet. First it is important to be aware that there are a few simple things you can do to prevent constipation.

Drink enough water. If you get dehydrated your body will draw out water from the faeces which make it drier and harder to pass. Drink 1.5 to 2 litres of fluid daily unless your doctor tells you otherwise. And water is best. Be aware that alcoholic drinks can cause dehydration as it reduces the body's ability to hold on water. Sugary drinks can also reduce the amount water your body retains and so can diuretic drinks like tea and coffee.

Eat a healthy diet rich in dietary fibre. Good sources of fibre include wholegrains (bread and cereal), brown rice, fruits, vegetables and legumes (beans). Restrict intake of white rice, white flour (bread and cakes), red meat and cheese as they can cause constipation. That does not mean go without red meat and cheese as they contain needed nutrients.

Exercise regularly. Exercise helps prevent constipation as the movement helps the bowel function. It also helps maintain a healthy body weight. Exercise is also important to keep the pelvic floor toned as this helps maintain good bladder and bowel control. The Continence Foundation of Australia has a great app for smart phones that demonstrates good exercises for the pelvic floor; it is called "Pelvic Floor First"

Good toilet habits. Go to the toilet when you have the urge to go. Don't get into the habit of hanging on as this can lead to constipation. When you go to the toilet give yourself time to completely empty both bladder and bowel as needed. The

Breast self-examination

Something that should be done regularly by every woman! She should become familiar with the normal look and feel of her breasts.

Everyone's breast looks and feels different. Breast may be lumpy, one may be larger than the other, they're different shapes, one or both nipples may be inverted (pulled in). These differences may occur from birth or when breasts develop.

Around 40% of patients who are diagnosed with breast cancer first become aware of the problem during self-examination.

More women die from breast cancer than from any other type of cancer. Performing self-examinations is a simple and free way that women can identify breast changes and lesions that could indicate cancer

There are 3 ways to perform a self-examination. Positioning the breast in different ways is the only way to do a thorough examination. Lumps may be missed if only one method is used.

1. Use the pad at the tips of the fingers to gently press around the nipple to feel for bumps. Continue outwards in ever widening circles to exam the whole breast and up into the underarm area. Repeat with the other breast.
2. Stand in front of a mirror, first with arms relaxed at the sides

an then with arms raised to the ceiling. Look for anything which is different for you. Place your hands on your hips & press your elbows together as this may reveal new dimples or changes.

3. Lie on the back & place one hand behind your head. Use the other hand to check is the same way as method One. Also pinch the nipples to see if there is any discharge. Repeat with the other breast

What to look for:

- A new lump in the breast or the armpit.
- Thickening or swelling.
- Irritation or dimpling of the skin
- Redness or flaky skin, especially in the nipple area.
- Pulling in of the nipple.
- Pain in the nipple.
- Discharge other than breast milk.
- Any change in size or shape.
- Any pain

Don't delay!!!

Most breast changes are not likely to be cancer, however you should always follow up any changes with your doctor.

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- Medication profiling using MedsCheck (development of a medication list and detection of potential problems)
- NDSS supplies (diabetes)
- Blood pressure monitoring
- Return of Unwanted Medications (RUM project)
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Clean local electricity for Braidwood and villages

Geoff Davies is switched on

It may be possible to generate and store clean, reliable, local electricity for Braidwood that is also cheaper than grid electricity. The technology and costs seem favourable, with the main challenge now being to get the power through a maze of poles, wires, politics, bureaucracy and commercial agreements and into our homes.

Clean electricity generation is now feasible and popular, using solar photovoltaic (PV) panels and wind turbines. The main limitation has been a lack of economical storage. Two storage options are now becoming feasible: batteries and off-river pumped hydro.

First though, a disclaimer. The author is not an accountant or financier, nor an engineer qualified in any of the specialties discussed here. He is a physicist. This has been a scoping exercise to see if more expert evaluation would be justified. The estimates are rough, but the results seem clear enough for the idea to be worth pursuing.

Sun, wind, and efficient use

Solar electricity would require a small 'solar farm' of PV panels, which could be placed in a suitable local paddock. It would only occupy perhaps a couple of hectares, and a combination of panels and grazing may be feasible.

Wind-generated power is also becoming available. Rather than dealing with the complications of setting up and running dedicated wind turbines, the easiest way to access wind-generated electricity might be through a contract with a nearby wind farm, as is done by the ACT.

It is good to combine wind and solar, because the wind still blows at night and on cloudy days. There are times in Braidwood when cloud persists for

several days and the wind input would cover some of the solar shortfall, thus reducing storage needs.

Rooftop PV panels within the town might also be integrated into a local system, at the owners' discretion. This is a little more complicated because the household would also want to use some of the power. A smart 'micro-grid' can, in principle, collect surplus current from local households and smooth loads. The feasibility and functioning of a micro-grid would need expert evaluation.

Often overlooked is the potential to reduce the amount of electricity we need. This can also be an excellent investment. One option is to retrofit houses to be more solar passive, with better insulation and more sunlight entering and warming the house. This usually makes the house more comfortable and light as well. Another opportunity is to replace old appliances with modern, more efficient appliances.

If the town were to invest in a total energy system then it could make sense to put part of that investment into improving the energy efficiency of homes, so less electricity generation and storage would be required. This could be done through low-interest loans to householders, possibly with grants to those in need. It is possible that, with better household efficiency, the sum of a reduced electricity bill plus a loan repayment is no more than the householder's previous bill. Once the loan is paid off the householder has the enduring benefit of smaller bills.

Such a scheme could be win-win-win. The householder is more comfortable for less cost, the community pays less for its electricity system, and Mother Earth says thank you for not over heating her.

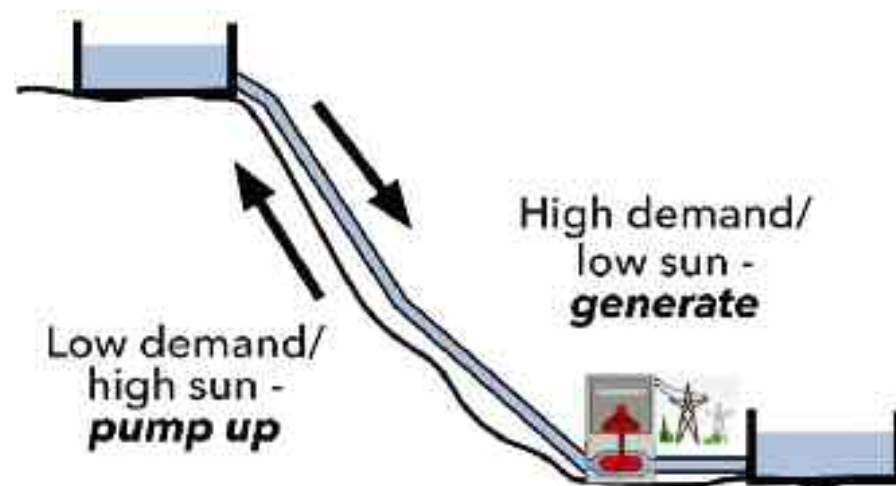
Storage

Batteries are becoming more popular. They can store a few hours' power and so can smooth some daily fluctuation, but reliable supply over days or a week is still a concern. A national "smart" electricity grid could help by passing power between communities and regions, but the existing grid is not well adapted and its upgrade does not seem imminent.

Battery packs are now available scaled from households up to the large, grid-connected array built for South Australia by Elon Musk. Their big advantage is they can already be bought 'off the shelf'. Disadvantages are limited storage, still significant cost, and toxic and/or scarce materials. A local storage system that could store power for longer periods could thus make a big difference. A promising new development is small-scale, off-river pumped hydro storage. This would use two small reservoirs at different elevations that are connected by a pipe.

When power is abundant, water is pumped from the lower to the higher reservoir. When power is needed the water is run back down through a turbine and into the lower reservoir.

All the technologies involved with pumped hydro are mature and there would be few toxic materials. Modern reversible pump/generator turbines can do the whole job, and can be switched from pumping to generating or back in less than a minute.



Two key features of this option are that it does not require a lot of water and it does not have the complications of big irrigation dams, which disrupt rivers and have to be engineered to survive floods. Once the reservoirs are filled the water recycles between them, and only a small top-up supply is needed to replace evaporation and other losses.

The surprise is that it seems quite feasible to store enough water to supply electricity to the community for a week. The reservoirs would not be large, about 100 ML (megalitres) each. For comparison, the town water storage dam on Mt Gillamatong holds 80 ML. For illustration, a storage 7 m deep covering an area 100 m x 150 m (1.5 hectares) would have a capacity of 105,000 cubic metres or 105 ML.

The system depends on the two reservoirs being at different elevations, and the greater the difference the better. A few hundred metres seems to be ideal. The Araluen escarpment could thus be an excellent location, with a nearly 500 metre drop from the plateau into the valley.

With properly sized pipes connecting the reservoirs the process is about 80% efficient. In other words you only recover 80% of the energy it takes to pump water to the top reservoir. Since the cost of generating electricity is now low, this is not a problem. You gain more by having the electricity available when it is needed than you lose by having to store it.

Local electricity needs

Braidwood's population is around 1500, with the villages bringing it to near 2000. These would comprise around 700 households. Allowing for businesses would bring the total to the equivalent of around 1000 households. Obviously this is a rough preliminary estimate.

Average household electricity use in the region, and nationally, is about 20 kWh per day (kilowatt hours per day). 1000 households using 20 kWh/day comes to 20 MWh/day (megawatt hours per day). Much of this would be used in the peak evening time, at a peak rate of around 2 MW.

Solar panels produce for only part of a day, amounting on average to the equivalent of four hours at full capacity. Thus we would need a farm with 5 MW capacity to get 20 MWh/day (5 MW times 4 hours per day).

Much of that power would be generated in the middle of the day when it was less needed, so the excess would be used to pump water to the upper reservoir. It would then be recovered later as evening demand peaks.

Costs

Costs of PV systems have been falling steadily. Current estimates are around \$2 per PV watt capacity, or in other words \$10 million for 5 MW capacity, according to Professor Andrew Blakers at the ANU.

For pumped hydro, Blakers indicates a cost of \$1 million per MW capacity. However this is for medium-scale systems rather larger than our small system. If we assume a 50% margin to allow for the smaller size we get \$1.5 million per MW capacity. For peak capacity of 2 MW the total is \$3 million.

For comparison, batteries cost about \$200 per day per MWh capacity (averaged over the approximate 10 year life of the batteries), according to Blakers and others. To store, say, 6 hours' power, a quarter of average daily usage, requires 5 MWh at \$1000/day or \$3.65 million up front.

Thus battery storage costs are roughly comparable to pumped hydro costs, but the pumped hydro gives far greater storage capacity — a week versus 6 hours. Battery lifetimes are a few years, whereas the pumped hydro components should last for decades, with maintenance. Battery storage could be quickly available, but in the medium term pumped hydro would seem to be much better value.

So taking PV plus pumped hydro, we have \$10 million for the PV and \$3 million for the pumped hydro, for a total of \$13 million capital cost of the main infrastructure. There may be additional costs, for example to upgrade transmission lines, transformers and so on, so let's make the total \$15 million. (Contracting for some wind power would reduce the required

PV capacity, and thus the capital costs, by perhaps one quarter, replaced by usage charges.)

A capital cost of, say, \$15 million spread over 20 years for 1 MW average supply would amount to around 8.5¢/kWh of electricity. The plausibility of this estimate is supported by numbers from Blakers in November 2015, who cited full production costs for PV to be about 12 cents/kWh and for wind about 8 cents/kWh, and both are declining. Taking the higher number, that comes to \$2.40 per day or \$876 per year per household. Allowing for storage costs, on those numbers it seems plausible the total cost of a Braidwood system would be no more than about \$1200 per household per year.

This compares with current average retail costs of about \$2800 per household per year. (Retail costs include about \$600 connection fee plus 30¢ or more per kWh. For average household use of 20 kWh per day the usage charge comes to \$2190 per year. The money currently paid to retailers by the Braidwood community would amount to around \$2.8 million per year, which would pay for the capital cost of a local system in a bit over 5 years.)

Thus, allowing for financing costs, maintenance and running costs and uncertainties, it seems plausible the cost of local, clean power would be rather less than power from the grid.

Remaining questions

All of these possibilities require expert evaluation. The biggest unknown may be the difficulty and cost of getting the electricity through poles and wires and into homes. Charges can be high for access to the grid, and there are stringent requirements on generators so as not to disrupt the smooth supply of electricity. A flexible storage system would ease the latter concerns.

A key question might be whether to try to go completely off the grid. This could avoid the prospect of rising grid costs and difficult politics but would require local ownership of a local grid, and high reliability of supply. It would also preclude contracting for a wind-power component of the local supply. An intermediate option would be to go 'behind the meter', which would mean having a single main connection and meter for the town, thus allowing for some wind contribution and for having the grid supply as a backup.

If you're interested in following the progress, email paul@artplan.com.au

Time to make the change.

