

BWD

NUMBER 19
WINTER 2019 \$5.95



- Jack thanks Jacinda
- Deadly wasps at the Rec
- Land Rovers at M Creek
- Flight of the navigator
- MCG Centenary Test
- 2019 Two Fires Festival
- Leo swings in the night



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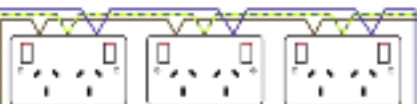
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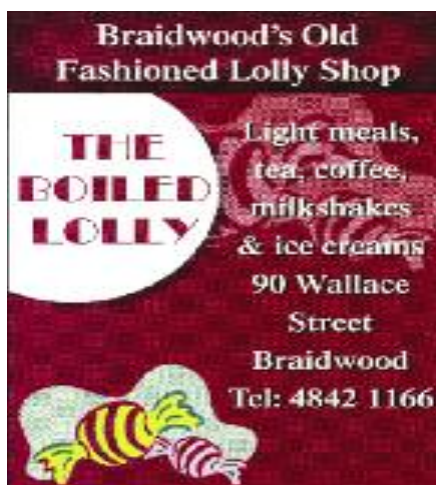
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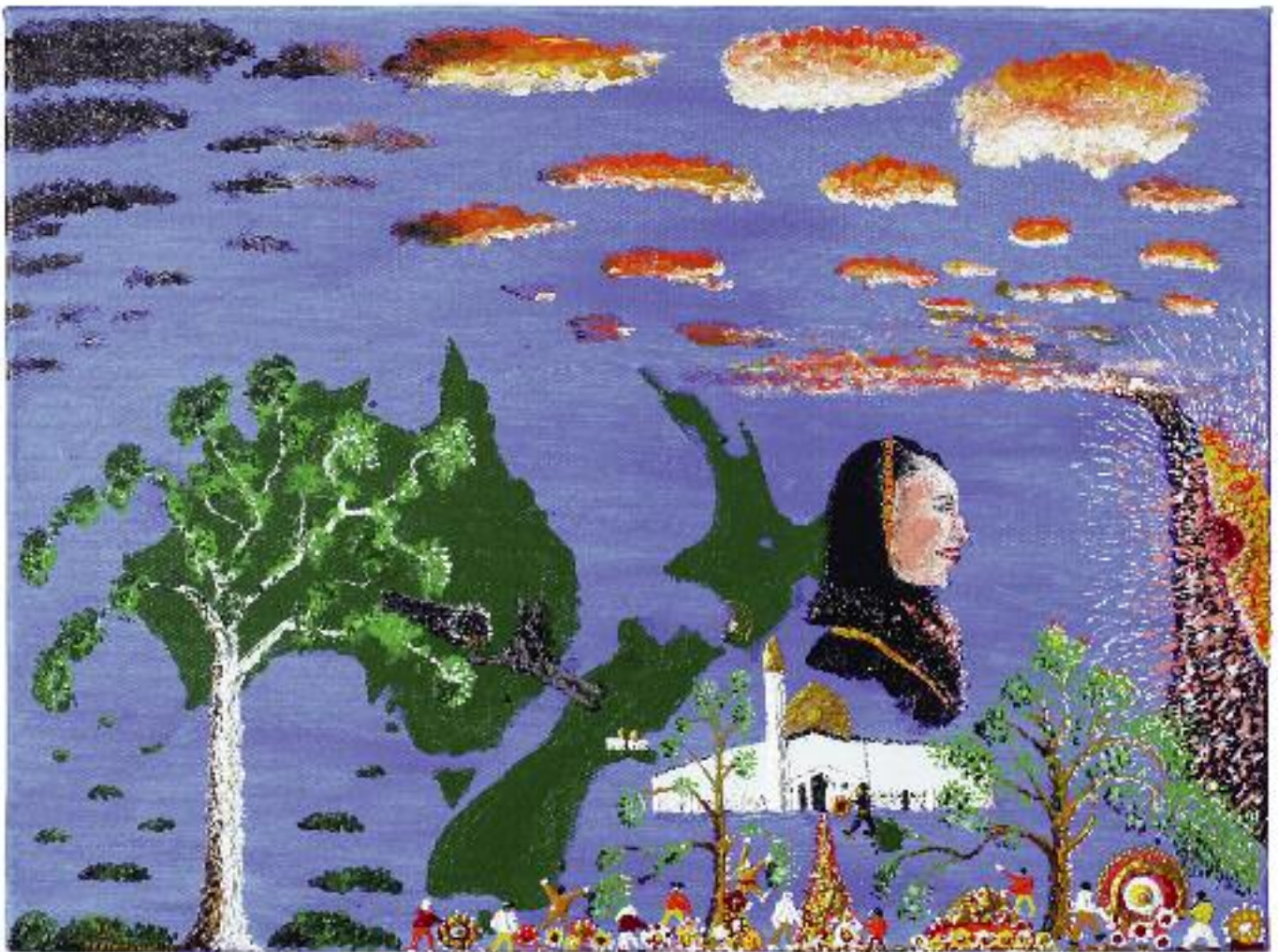


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INSPIRATION



A kanga jumped over the Tasman

Jack Featherstone expresses his sorrow in a painting

The kangaroo, he lives in this hollow log but he jumped across the Tasman over to Christchurch where he committed the horrible crimes in the mosques.

The sky shows dark clouds over Australia but brightening over New

Zealand when their PM made that great speech in the House of Representatives in Wellington that Barack Obama said was one of the most beautiful speeches he'd ever heard.

And then there's Prince William laying a wreath at the mosque in Christ-

church. At the base are the people with their floral tributes and over on the right that represents the sun lighting up the world because Jacinda Ardern introduced immediately new gun laws.

I called my painting, 'A kanga jumped over the Tasman'.



"I think that's the best one yet!" exclaimed 90 year old Jack Featherstone of the recent festival. He might even know – since he's been involved in all eight.

So writes Julia Green, one of the organisers of the 2019 Two Fires Festival held in Braidwood last month. The full report starts on page 10.

[RIGHT] JULIA GREEN, QPRC MAYOR TIM OVERALL AND JACK FEATHERSTONE AT THE OPENING CEREMONY.



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Here we go again, chop that wood, save those newspapers, snap that kindling and split the wood. Repeat every night until late September.

As usual I was caught by the suddenness of the sub-zero night's arrival. If I've wrecked another impeller housing down at the dam I'll be a slow-learnin' city slicker still.

The Braidwood Community Association has been busy keeping up with plans for Braidwood that can easily pass us by until the scaffolding goes up, so to speak. It seems like the roundabout at the IGA corner and the kerb extensions for Duncan Street are still on a works schedule somewhere.

Traffic up Wallace Street continues to trouble many people. The bypass may make it onto the QPRC agenda, at least in terms of possible routes; like how far out and which side of the town would provide the greatest benefit.

The mining trucks will be on the increase on their way out, Port Kembla I believe is their destination, and there might be pressure on the council to find solutions for heavy vehicles apart from a full-blown bypass.

Someone commented on social media the other day about the poor state of Boppings Crossing. I'd be careful what you wish for there.

The Braidwood Council building, the 'Literary Institute', may be getting a makeover. There is a plan to move the customer service counter closer to the library counter for staff efficiency and safety. We're a peaceable folk generally speaking but it's not unheard of for the odd person to go ballistic at the staff.

If moving of the counter and relocation of the staff were to happen, it is planned to make the downstairs front part of the council building available for community use. It could be a business hub with shared facilities, or meeting rooms or something completely different.

If you have an idea for future uses of the space, get in touch with the Community Association or the council directly so that QPRC can see that we are interested in the changes that amalgamation is bringing.

Paul

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Fly and be free

Lauren Sund lifts them up

I found acro yoga when I was traveling. I was living in Asia, and just kind of having my fun as a teacher but also experimenting, learning, studying different types of yoga. And so this was the one that really just caught my attention in a way because it allowed me to bring my background as a gymnast, and then my now growth as a yoga teacher and combine the two.

I started as a gymnast when I was about four. But it's super competitive and it requires a lot of discipline. It's fun because you're getting to tumble and move around and you're learning new tricks. But I don't want to teach that. I don't want to teach, "point your toes, and if you're not arms by your ears, you're doing something wrong".

I want to teach the basics. I want to teach people how to breathe, connect with their breath, be aware of their body, trust someone else, and then ultimately learn how to fly, learn how to let go and find that sense of freedom.

At age 21 I was working in corporate America. I was wearing my fancy outfit and making my business meetings and I was just really stressed out. I was going through a wave of anxiety and depression because I felt like I wasn't using my gifts, but at the time I didn't

know what they were. But I was going to a few yoga classes a week just to let go some stress. And I decided that the practice was actually finding a place in me that felt so real and it felt so divine. It was a connection, something that no

LAUREN SUND FROM THE USA.



one can make you feel, it's just deep within.

Here in Braidwood at Miss Emma's dance class we're doing exercises where basically you don't get to pick your partner. We walk around in a circle and when I stop the music, the person that's standing in front of you, that's your partner. So you don't get to play this whole game of, I'm going to pick the people I'm specifically going to trust.

Because in life, we tend to say, "I like *these* people so I'm going to trust them. But I'm going to judge *those* people and I'm not going to trust them".

So in this class, we don't get to pick who we are going to trust and not trust. We're just paired based on when the music stops. It's just a little exercise to get people used to having to figure it out in the moment, not being able to fall back on their mind's pre-plan. You keep practising how you're going to respond in the moment.

Showing people acro yoga is super fulfilling for me, I get to do what I love and I get to see them light up. Like, they're so excited and they're so thrilled to be able to play and try these new tricks — and really fly. ■

UP UP AND AWAY



[LEFT] LEELA BASING, ELANOR FLYING, HOLLIE AND LAUREN HELPING; GEORGIA BASING, FERGUS FLYING, REEGAN AND MISS EMMA HELPING.
[ABOVE] LAUREN BASING, REEGAN FLYING.
[RIGHT] HOLLIE BASING, KIAH FLYING, LEELA WATCHING, ELANOR AND LAUREN HELPING.



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Food health and healing the land

Merrie Hamilton describes the Two Fires Festival

The Two Fires Festival programme this time was very diverse and inspiring but among my favourites was a short film titled 'The Quarry' by Stuart Cohen and narrated by Aboriginal archaeologist from the Office of Environment and Heritage, Dave Johnston. Why? Because, not only is it stunningly beautiful and a good story, but it embodies the spirit of the Two Fires Festival.

Judith Wright worked tirelessly throughout her life to protect and preserve the natural environment and to honour and respect our Indigenous peoples. In this story, both her goals come together with simple elegance.

A stone axe quarry has been discovered on private land — 'Millpost', near Bungendore, NSW. For thousands of years

this would have been a very special place for the local Aboriginal groups. One family's generous sharing of the site with Indigenous people whose traditional country this is, has been a journey into the unknown — brave, rare and much appreciated.

I hope that this example will lead the way for other non-Indigenous landholders to open precious sites on their properties (without fear of Native Title or tenure change) and enter into partnerships with Aboriginal custodians.

In the 21st century we all need to walk into the future together with confidence and co-operation.

To view the Quarry Video, go to the link at: www.twofiresfestival.org.au
Congratulations to the 2019 Two Fires Festival committee and volunteers. ■

Geoff Davies adds

For me, a particular highlight among many was the session on Saturday examining the theme of this year's festival, Food Health and Healing Land. The speakers presented a range of approaches to bringing the land, and ourselves, back to health, including permaculture, regenerative farming and indigenous cultivation, foods and burning methods. Several presenters spoke of their difficult journeys learning how to work with the land instead of trying to impose inappropriate European methods.

I was not the only one to feel we are starting to move beyond permaculture, which has been based mainly on northern hemisphere plants, good as it is. We are at last learning about our own very different land and how to live in it. There is a great deal more to learn, and we need to get the word out so destruction of the land can be reversed.

The Two Fires committee welcomes interested people who would like to be involved in keeping this unique and important festival alive. Contact Julia Green on 0402 605 945. ■

IT'S NOT US AND THEM

Our stories are the land

Uncle Max Dulumunmun Harrison
wants more than a piece of paper

Following my beliefs and the teachings that came from my grandfather, I know we walk the same land, we drink the same water and we breathe the same air. The more that people could understand that, the better we can walk in unity. We can walk this land together. There should be no separation. There's got to be no 'them and us'.

Those words in that English dictionary have got to be finally removed. Them and us. It is such a desecration on our spirits and on our beings. It's such a desecration on our culture.

I correct my young people that I teach, a lot of those young men, as you seen the dances, when they do something, they do it respectfully. It's about if they take a fruit off a tree, they will shake the tree three times. If the fruit falls off, it's theirs. If it doesn't, it still belongs to that tree. And if we start to pluck those things off, then we are guilty of raping the land. That's what we see people doing now — they're raping the land.

We really got to look at how we can take our foods. Actually, we don't need all this big, big milling and big machineries and all this and that.

We got to get off our butts and learn
to be able to put something into
the land so that it'll grow.

Then we can ask the great creator to bring it up for us. Now, a lot of the things people must say, "Yeah, but how?" How do we feed the multitude of people? Well, we're not the creator. We must just feed ourselves and our children. And we can do that. For 80,000 years and upwards, our mob has been doing that right up until the mission days.

Then suddenly we had ration days after working one, two weeks; 10 pound of flour, a pound of tea, even if it was that, a bit of fruit, no butter, little bit of salt ... something like that. We weren't allowed to go out onto the land to hunt and gather our own foods. We weren't allowed to go to the ocean and take our food because we were fined.

I remember when brother Walter was granted some abalone licences and a lot of our people looked at that and we thought, "Why do we need that, why do we have to buy this licence?" To go and gather the food that was God given to us? We had the knowhow — we still have the knowhow into the hunting and the gathering of our foods.

For sixty years, I've been taking people up and go look at mountains and teaching them about the creation of rocks up there. Then Parks [NSW National Parks and Wildlife Service] took over, and I have to get permission all of a sudden.

I don't believe in land rights and native title because it's still white man's legislation. I just don't like seeing the torment and the anguish of our people got to go through to meet the guidelines of a white man's paper. We never had that. It's just a paper — it's not the land.



Our stories are the land. This is what I try to teach all my young people now. I just love teaching them about culture, cultural life. And the dream time. So what is this native title? We're the keepers of the land, we're not the owners. We're the keepers of the land.

I don't know how we're going to handle this treaty? Why do we need a treaty for the land? I was the first in the state of New South Wales, as Aboriginal Chairman of a Land Council, to be giving deeds and title back to a community. I regretted that because I seen what happened after. I had to leave my community because my mob just went haywire. You see, it's not only our mob that does this. Everybody in your little block [of land], you have a right to stop people from coming in. You have that ownership on that little bit of paper.

So different little things like this is, how do we go? How do we burst this sacred word treaty? We get no hope down in Parliament. We've got very little hope down there. They haven't got a treaty amongst themselves. Have a look at the parties — fair dinkum.

I think I'll stop there because I'm getting out of spirit and going into politics. ■



Sharpening our senses

Felicity Sturgiss spoke at the exhibition opening

Cecile asked me to say a few words tonight as an Environmental Scientist. For me, the links between environmental science and art are inextricable. Both are propelled by love (of some description or another) and curiosity.

It is also impossible for me to decouple my love of the river, the bush, and the ancient owls of the earth, from an ongoing lifelong existential crisis.

To me, to sharpen your senses to perceive the wonder of the intricate balances and complex waves of flowering and seeding grasslands, of eucalypts, acacias, bursarias, lillies, melaleucas, mistletoes; across the seasons, and their feeding of an equally diverse range of woodland birds, insects, mammals, reptiles ... to open up to this perception of beauty is to also face the grief of what has been lost, what is still under threat, and to decide whether you are willing to act in its defence, and what is, in fact, effective.

Sharpening the senses means seeing the ignorance of indiscriminate land clearing, the struggle of the voiceless, the thousand cuts, the lack of love, the lack of intimacy that some people predators making these decisions have with the land they are affecting. The lack of responsibility taken. You see the bounty you rejoiced in glimpsing becoming suddenly rare, left having to struggle to survive.

The value in feeling that pain, and of offering a response, like the divine works in this exhibition, is that this expression is vital to building the momentum of love and inspiration that we all need to turn this ship around.

The Shoalhaven River is so special. In part, a scattering of un-farmable rocky gorges act as wildlife and ecosystem

refuges. In part it's the magic of the up-land swamps, bringing clean water down from the catchment, housing microbial secrets and mammal kingdoms in their misty midst. It's Monga — feeding the Mongarlowe and its cool clean protected waters.

Facts. Australia is home to 86 animal species considered critically endangered by the International Union for the Conservation of Nature. Not much of a home anymore.

The most recent report from the IPCC, the intergovernmental panel on Climate Change, gives us just 12 years to keep global warming at a maximum of 1.5 degrees.

These statistics do not really hit home do they — not in the way learning of the premature death of a loved one would.

We need to be in love
with this country and the
animals and plants that
animate it, to be moved
and motivated to act.

Art and activism together are powerful in building that deep connection.

I want to share something with you that an elder from Wagonga country shared with me and a group of others on the Murrumbidgee river recently. He said:

"Welcome, you are all Marmajun (sp. uncertain). You are people. And country needs people. The language of this country, you're welcome to it. Now, you have a cultural responsibility to look after it."



[THIS PAGE] FELICITY STURGISS AT THE ALTENBURG, DJAADJAWAN DANCERS, HOOLA-HOOPER, MEN DANCERS. [OPPOSITE] OPENING CEREMONY AUDIENCE AT RYRIE PARK, MEN DANCERS, NOEL BUTLER, UNCLE MAX HARRISON AND MARIA BAKAS-BOOKER, TRENT ARKLEY SMITH AND RACHAEL JOHNSTON PLAY AT THE EXHIBITION OPENING, DJAADJAWAN DANCERS, MERRIE HAMILTON AND VERA SAPOV ON FRIDAY NIGHT, JOHNNY HUCKLE.



From the Feedback forms:

“Blew my mind - especially the Aboriginal speakers.” (re the Food Health and Healing Land session)

“It is a fabulous festival. It was like SLOW FOOD. Stop/enjoy/digest. Stop, listen, sigh!! Stop/talk feel, a fantastic gentle time with a powerful healing message.”

“Great diverse program of events.”

“Very moving and inspiring.”



POLITICAL COMMENT

A productive and fair future for all

Catherine Moore

How much do you really know about Greens and Greens' policies? Most people would probably agree with what the Greens stand for, if only they knew the facts. Other parties and some media like to portray The Greens as extreme ratbags, but despite what they say, we can have both jobs AND the healthy ecological systems essential for our very existence. It isn't one or the other. There are potentially thousands of jobs in renewables, environmental custodianship and the provision of properly funded health, housing, education and transport services.

It's vital to have Greens in Parliament, to keep accountable whichever of the old parties is in government and to advocate policies that care for people and protect our environment. We are campaigning for a new direction for Australia so that we all have a sustainable, productive and fair future. We want to re-elect NSW Senator Mehreen Faruqi and build our vote in Eden-Monaro, where our candidate is Pat McGinlay. greens.org.au/nsw/person/pat-mcginlay

Our election campaign focuses on the need for urgent action on climate change. We recently released Renew Australia 2030, our plan to phase out coal, deliver 100% renewable energy and build a world-leading renewable energy export industry.

See greens.org.au/campaigns/renew-australia-2030.

Governments must make principled decisions not influenced by their donors. No wonder the LNP and ALP are so wedded to coal when over the last four years they received five million dollars from the fossil fuel industry!

Read more about campaigns and our fully costed policies at <https://greens.org.au/campaigns>

The Greens are also working to ensure no-one in our country is homeless. We led the call for an overhaul of taxation arrangements contributing to unaffordable housing and are committed to investing in public and social housing, and improving protection for renters.

We need more voices in Parliament to:

- protect our natural forests from destructive logging and find alternative jobs for those in the industry
- end offshore detention of asylum seekers and close the Manus and Nauru camps
- provide world-class free education from early childhood through to university and TAFE
- clean up politics so our democracy works for everyone, not just for those who can afford a seat at the table.

Remember — no matter what a how-to-vote recommends, the voter makes the final decision. Unlike in NSW elections, where voting is optional preferential, in federal elections on the House of Representatives (small) ballot paper you must number all the squares or your vote won't be counted.

Voting 1 Green then directing preferences to the candidates of your choice sends a powerful message about what is important to you. If the Greens candidate isn't elected, your vote will be re-directed to your next preferred candidate.

See local and national campaigns, and interesting articles at www.facebook.com/GreensEdenMonaro/

For a clean energy future,
a fair Australia and strong
laws to protect nature

VOTE



Pat McGinlay
Greens candidate
for Eden-Monaro



and Vote 1 Mehreen Faruqi in the Senate

<https://greens.org.au/nsw/person/pat-mcginlay>

Authorised by Andrew Blake, 1/275 Broadway, Glebe NSW 2037



EAT AND BE MERRY

Autumn so far has been very mild but this does not mean that the cold weather and frosty mornings this region is renowned for are not far away. Frosts and low temperatures can have a detrimental effect on plant growth and development, and cold soil temperature have a significant impact on seed germination. At this time of year, and as we move into winter, it is much better to plant out seedlings rather than use seeds.

While many vegetables, particularly members of the Brassica family can cope with the light frosts we are currently experiencing, it is beneficial to provide them with some support.

Seaweed products (Seasol) can be used to increase plant resistance to frost. Foliar applications take about a week to be effective and can also be helpful when plants are damaged by a frost, as these fertilisers stimulate healthy new growth. Regular (weekly) applications of a seaweed liquid fertiliser during our cold months can be a beneficial routine.

While the use of seaweed foliar sprays can provide some support for plants during light frosts, to maintain healthy strong plants that keep growing though our extremely cold climate and harsh frost season, frost protection fabrics are essential.

The first thing to remember is that we are not aiming to grow things out of season, but we are aiming to provide support and a level of protection to our winter crops. This support and protection includes;

- Ensuring the heads of both cauliflower and broccoli do not get frost damaged
- Lettuce, rocket and spinach greens do not become tough
- Asian greens do not prematurely bolt
- Soil temps for root crops, (carrots, beetroots) do not become too cold
- And to maintain an overall environment where growth can continue.

So what fabrics are suitable?

Plastic can provide very good protection but does not necessarily create a healthy growing environment, as it does not allow for good air circulation or water penetration. In our low rainfall location preventing water penetration is not recommended. Agricultural fabrics overcome both air circulation and water penetration issues. There are a number of fabrics that can be used to provide adequate frost protection.

If you are covering a small number of plants and prepared to cover at night and remove during the day, then there

are a large number of fabrics that can be used. Old sheets, feed sacks, hessian, shade cloth, the list is endless. Plant pots are suitable to just cover the heads of broccoli and cauliflower for example. However, if you have a large kitchen garden, market garden, rely on your produce garden as your main source of food, or just generally have

many things to do in a day beyond protecting your garden, then you may want to use fabrics that can remain in place.

At Wynlen House we use agricultural fabrics with a metal cloche frame to provide crop protection. The material we mostly use is a knitted permeable plastic polymer (polypropylene) called insulnet, (available from the Braidwood Rural) the use of which we pioneered in this region. Thermal Fleece (Weed Gunnel) is another product and these permeable textiles allow water to pass through and the plants and soil can breathe.

Agricultural fabrics limit light frosts but do not provide complete protection particular from hard frosts. More importantly, they ameliorate the overall impact of very low temperatures, enabling plant growth and development to continue, maintaining soil temperatures and air temperatures up to 3° warmer than unprotected garden sections.

The use of row covers or even very simple low cost plant protection strategies enables all year vegetable production in the low temperature extremes of our cool climate region. To learn more, consider enrolling in our All Season Cool/Cold Climate Vegetable Growing workshop in July.

Happy gardening,
Bronwyn Richards



Wynlen House Urban Micro Farm

Winter on-farm workshops in Braidwood

All Season Cool Climate Organic Vegetable Growing:

14th July, 9.30am to 3pm: — Learn to grow vegetables all year round in cold/cool climates gaining the practical knowledge and skills needed to grow delicious, nutrition packed vegetables all year round.

Keeping Healthy Backyard Chickens: Managing common health problems:

21st July, 9.30 to 1.15pm: — For anyone who keeps chickens or other poultry this short course helps you become more confident in dealing with their health issues by learning to recognise and deal with common illness and injury. Developed with independent advice from a practicing veterinarian.

Health & Welfare for Small Farm Animals:

4th August, 9.30 – 3.30pm — Focuses on how to care for, feed and manage small farm animals organically so that they provide you with top quality produce. Designed to introduce you to basic animal husbandry practices such as humane handling, welfare, housing, nutrition and feeding.

For more information call **4842 1128** or visit <https://www.wynlenhouse.com/learn-at-wynlen-house.html>

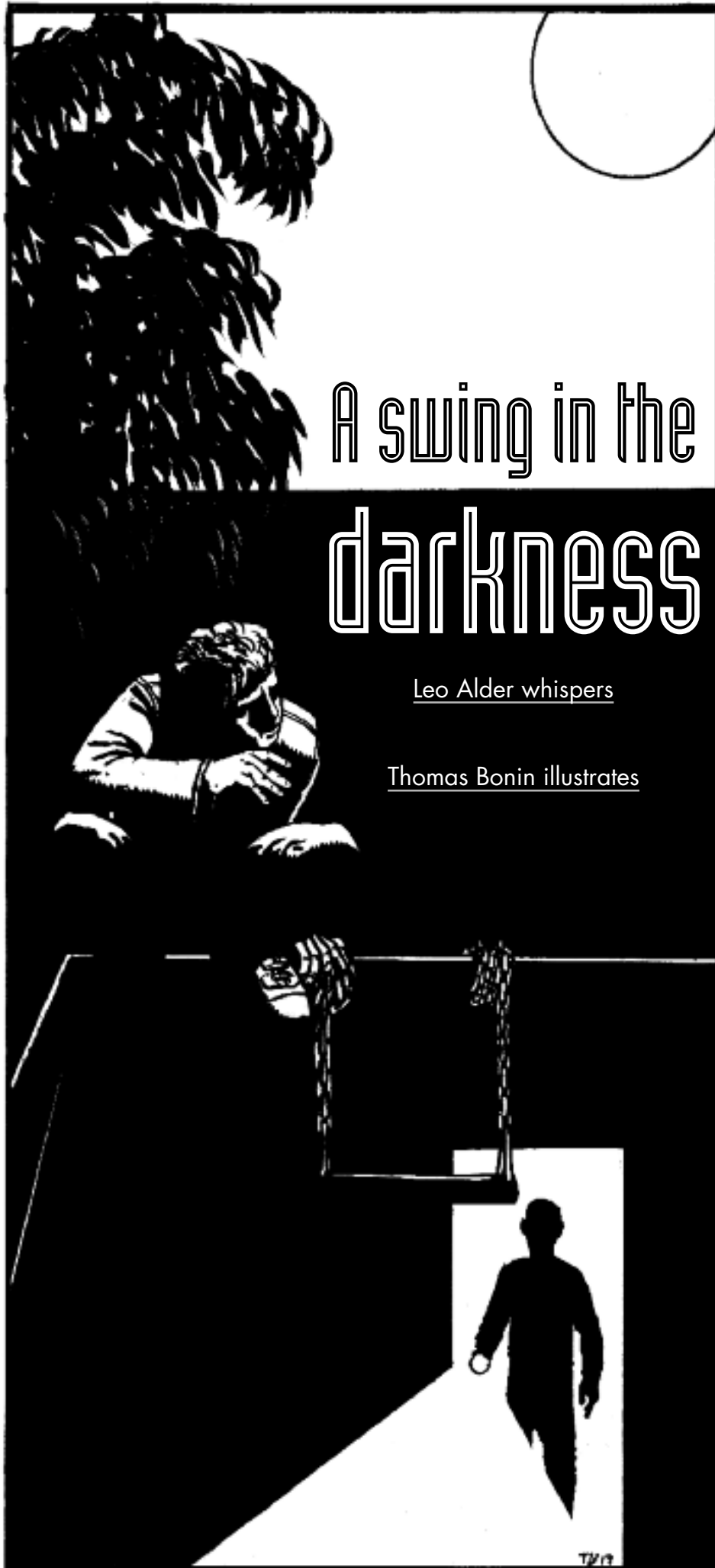


Wynlen House

Online short Courses:
(enrol anytime)

Poultry Nutrition:

- Make your own layer ration
- Make your own waterfowl ration
- Make your own turkey ration



A swing in the darkness

Leo Alder whispers

Thomas Bonin illustrates

THINGS

Occasionally my father asks me what I've been getting up to in Canberra. And occasionally he asks me if I can put together an article for his magazine. The following story is my attempt to address both of these things. It happened a few years ago now, and I like to think I've grown to make more sensible decisions since then, but it still stands an interesting tale of when misguidedly good intentions go bad.

* — * — *

Walking back from a friend's place one cold, wintry night, I cut through a park nearby my house. Warmed only by a woozy state of inebriation, and a too-light ill thought-out jacket, the darkness of the park represented the much needed shortcut I needed to finish off a long march home. I'd already shivered my way across a few different suburbs and was eager to smash out the last few steps of my trek as quickly as possible, inky darkness be damned.

By daylight it's about as pleasant as a dinky suburban park can really get. A little burst of greenery hemmed in on all sides by suburbia and packing the suburban standard issue children's play equipment — slide, swing and spring rocker. However, night shifts the look of even the most innocuous of faded playgrounds. Yet, even with the presence of darkness, something about the swingset appeared further changed. I stopped to scrutinise it. Peering into the dim half-light of the road's distant lamp, I realised that some manner of insidious neighbourhood hooligan had systematically and deliberately twisted the swing around its horizontal supporting beam, tightly pinning the seat to it, thus rendering the entire device inoperable to even the most determined of children.

I was cold, and I wanted to go home, but something about the situation grabbed me. Being rather tall, I realised that I was uniquely positioned to best assist in rectifying this situation, as given that I could only just reach the twisted seat myself, most if not all the neighbourhood fathers would surely have had no chance. Why not save them the effort of lugging out a chair to stand on, and finally give back to my community?

So I stood on the tips of my toes, pressed my fingertips against the taut seat, and pushed. I had expected it to make a full rotation, but I guess I hadn't hit it with enough force, and with a resounding "CLANG" it came down hard on the support beam, echoing out into the darkness.

Now, it was about 11 at night in dead-

THAT GO CLANG IN THE NIGHT

silent suburbia, and I didn't want to wake anyone up, so I quickly realised that this method of swing-set surgery was unsustainable. Without a doubt, the more sensible option would have been to come back in the morning and try fixing it then, but I knew there was a good chance that once out of sight, I'd never get around to doing it.

For whatever reason, then and there, in that moment, I wasn't willing to be a quitter. So, I decided that the best course of action was to climb up onto the support beam and gently fix the swing from a closer vantage point. I'm still not sure how I managed to hoist myself up there, but I did. Precariously squatting like an owl, high up off the ground, I shimmied over and attempted to swing the seat around with one hand, while supporting myself with the other.

The first few rotations of the seat around the beam were easy enough, or as easy as it can be squatting unsupported on a thin beam three meters off the ground, but each rotation was taking longer than the last. Eventually one of them cleared it, but only just, and as the seat scraped its way past, another terrible "CLANG" rocketed out into the night. The second clang is what did it. Two suspicious noises in a row definitely warranted investigation, and I watched in horror as the outside light of a house bordering the park turned on, and a man with a flashlight emerge.

My deep-repressed evolutionary monkey instincts immediately kicked in and I clung on terrified, peering out into the darkness at this unknown threat.

I knew they'd never believe me. They'd never believe that I was up here on this cold night for completely charitable reasons. I was young, suspicious, and they'd definitely assume that I was the one that had cruelly twisted this swingset up. I watched as this man began his patrol, first combing over his garden with his torch, then begin to expand the search outwards. I felt like a frightened animal in the treetops, watching a predator slowly sniff them out.

Of course I quickly planned my escape. I'd just wait for him to turn, then drop into the darkness, and quietly scuttle off into the night in the opposite direction. The swing would remain unfixed, but I'd at least got it slightly untangled.

It was, at the very least, better than nothing. But just as I was preparing to jump, right in the direction of my salvation, another outside light turned on, and another man came out equipped with a torch.

My mind boggled, it was a sustained assault on two fronts. Suddenly the prospect of being caught and having to try and explain what I was doing perched on a swing and making loud noises in the depths of the night seemed like a very real possibility. I watched this new man begin his own search, looking around for the source of the noise.

Fortuitously, it seemed like he too had not yet suspected that it'd come from the park. However, they both knew the other was out there, and if they decided to meet up and pool information, they'd have to walk through the park to see each other, and that'd be it. There was simply no way that they could miss me. As far as I could tell, I had two options.

The first was to just try and wait them out and hope that they gave up and went back inside. However, this carried the risk of one or both of them walking through the park to talk to the other, or to just investigate it, and surely seeing me, squatting up there like some sort of seedy, discount batman. I didn't want to even imagine how it'd play out after that.

My second option was to take a chance and make a move now. This was a high risk, high reward strategy. If one of them panned their torch across in the moment of my escape, I'd surely be seen, but at least I wouldn't be seen in a precariously vulnerable position. As I watched them patrol, I realised that I couldn't risk waiting. It'd have to be the second option. They were moving systematically and purposefully, and there was order to their movements.

I watched carefully and chose my moment. I hit the bark with a louder than expected thump, but there was no sudden yell, no light in my eyes. A success. I booked it over to the slide, and positioned myself close to the ground, beneath its supporting structure.

From here I had a lucky break and watched the first guy go back inside, but he kept his outside light on, and I could vaguely see the occasional flutter of his curtains, as if he was just lurking on the other side of them, ready to peer out suddenly at any time. Still, it was enough to clear a safer path to freedom.

When the second guy turned around to shine his light in another direction, I took off sprinting, making a break for the treeline. As I plunged into the darkness, waves of relief broke against me. I'd made it. The darkness was suddenly my friend. It was safety and security, and running a few blocks out of my way to be safe, I clung to it all the way home.

I thought about my pursuers, those who braved the darkness to chase away villains in the night. They'd wake up in the morning and see the state the swing was in, and they'd probably notice that the wretched perpetrator hadn't successfully twisted it up completely.

Maybe they'd even feel good knowing that their patrol had chased the villain off before they could finish the job. ■

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Wynlen House Farm

is Bronwyn Richards and Helen Lynch.
Helen leads off ...

As an adult I've always grown vegetables when I had the chance, always growing something. I met Bronwyn here in 2001 and we both enjoyed growing things and we just got on really well, didn't we? So here we are.

Bronwyn: Vegetable queens, literally.

Helen: One side of my family had sheep farms at Collector and the others were cattle farmers in Western Queensland. I was born in Sydney, moved to

Braidwood in my 40s. I ended up working part time in Canberra, in the universities and TAFEs and then for Charles Stuart University at the NSW Police College. For the last 15 years I worked between three and four days a week as a contract educational designer. And then when I hit that magic age, 60, I couldn't get another contract. All the jobs went to people I trained; it was very annoying. So in 2015 I joined Bron in the business full time.

DIGGERS

Bronwyn: I started reading Earth Garden magazine when I was 14.

Helen: Truly tragic.

Bronwyn: Truly tragic. That's right. I was a hippy dippy, and it was like a light bulb came on and I sort of went, "oh, that's how life's supposed to be. You're supposed to grow food and raise animals and oh yes, I'm there". But I was on and off over the years. I've always had a kitchen garden. We always had chooks.

Bronwyn: I'm originally from Wollongong. I moved down here for a change; I wanted a cooler climate. So of course I started a veggie garden here and recognised that it's not the same as a temperate climate. There had to be quite a bit of re-learning. I also went back to working full time as a contractor for the government.

In 2006 my mum was living here and she had a stroke, and the result of that made me rethink about what I was doing with the rest of my life, as often happens. I thought, "why am I working? I didn't move here to be working full time. I moved here because I wanted to grow food". That's what I decided to do.

Bronwyn: So, Wynlen house was born in 2006, and at that time it was ... I was running the business as a small part time business by myself, and Helen, who had just become my partner, was the off-farm income, which supported us. We started as a box scheme. We had some families who were prepared to buy whatever we produced. That was great. That continued until about 2010.

About then I realised that I had to reconsider everything I was doing. I was working really hard but wasn't even looking like being profitable at any point.

We closed the farm for three or four months and I did a lot of research. I imported some tools from the United States, which have revolutionised how we operate, and I also spent a lot of time researching agricultural fabrics for frost protection. I came across a New Zealand company that produces a woven poly in a spun plastic that was porous, so it allowed air and moisture circulation.

Bronwyn: I also then started reading about intensive polyculture and how

FROM WAY BACK

that works in small farm market gardening. And that revolutionised how I thought about growing things. I started practising that particular sort of planting, and now as a result we usually have a range of crops progressing in a bed at any one time. So we're harvesting five or six crops out of the same space at any one time.

There are forms of intensive polyculture but we're practising a bio intensive polyculture, which has a focus on biodiversity and biological soil life. The result is that you're not depleting the soil, but you're actually building soil. I've been doing that since 2010, and it's now 2019, so I've been really developing that process and have developed a particularly good planting mix for cold climate regions because, once again, most of the information you get is for temperate climates.

So our 1000 square metre market garden, which is a very small market garden, is now producing between three and a half and four tonne of vegetables annually, which is quite significant. That's purely down to using the bio intensive polyculture sort of planting schemes and taking care of the soil.

It's not just about what you plant and what you do to the soil. It's also, once again, a whole farm approach. It's looking at the farm as a whole. It's looking at how you work with what you have in that whole, and how you continue to improve the environment around there.

Helen: Using the chickens, ducks and geese to integrate all our livestock through the market garden, and as a recycling tool for waste produce, et cetera. And the interesting part is that since 2015, we've had to work full time with each other.

Bronwyn: Ah, yes. That can prove a challenge, can't it? Yes.

Helen: But we've survived. We're still here. We're still talking. That was a big change.

Also, out there I'm the best weeder in the universe. If anybody wants to know how to weed, come see me. I just say, where would you like me to weed, she says, "there, there and there". I just do what I'm told — it works.

Bronwyn: Then if she doesn't go where I ask her to weed, I go, "What have you done?"

Helen: It is a challenge because we're both strong minded, independent peo-

TWO FIRES TIE-IN. HELEN WON THE MARY WHITE COLLEGE POETRY PRIZE AT UNIVERSITY AND GOT TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH JUDITH WRIGHT FOR HIGH TEA IN THE COMMON ROOM.



BRONWYN AND SON DUNCAN IN 1985 IN ONE OF HER FIRST GARDENS.

ple, with their own views and their own expertise in life.

Bronwyn: We can express those views quite strongly. One of the other things though, that has been interesting since Helen's been full time in the business, is the focus on education — workshops for people and online information. Over the last two or three years we have developed a strong group of people who come here for 'work and learn'. While they're here, they get to understand what's going on and learn about food production, and they do work for us. We regularly have two or three days a week where people are working with us, which is fabulous.

Helen: Bronwyn designs activities for them, so a person working with us can get to learn to plant, to prepare a bed and right through the whole cycle. We've now had one person who's been with us for two years.

Bronwyn: I can grow the food but Helen has the marketing skills and she also brings a huge amount of IT knowledge and understanding to the farm, and the modern farm needs to have that IT knowledge. I can't do that at all. She sometimes has a conversation with me and I might only know one word in the whole conversation because it's a whole IT conversation. She goes, "did you get that, okay?". And I have no idea what she's talking about.

Helen does amazing social media work, which is where small farms particularly have to be. You have to be in that space so that people know who you are and where you are and what you do. ■

THE BIGGER PICTURE

‘Slow food’

Bronwyn Richards explains ...

We use the term Slow Food as a descriptor for the approach we take to food and producing food. Broadly, it is a way of saying no to the rise of fast food and fast life. It’s taking time to enjoy simple pleasures, starting at the table. Most importantly for us, it is also about producing local food with no food miles, and sharing our food knowledge.

This approach is based on a concept of food defined by three interconnected principles: good, clean and fair.

GOOD: quality and healthy food. A fresh and flavoursome seasonal diet that satisfies the senses and is part of our local culture quality, and healthy food.

CLEAN: production that does not harm the environment, animal welfare or our health.

FAIR: accessible prices for consumers and fair conditions and pay for producers.

United Nations calls for change

In 2012, the United Nations Rio+20 Conference on Sustainable Development called for enhancing food security, nutrition and more sustainable agriculture, initiating the formulation of Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs) that have subsequently been integrated in the UN’s Post-2015 Development Agenda.

All United Nations organizations and agencies have adopted a framework for advancing environmental and social sustainability.

While the conference acknowledged that the Green Revolution had increased total global agricultural production by as much as threefold in 50 years by using high-yielding varieties, irrigation and high levels of chemical inputs, it also made it very clear that the situation was far from being ideal, and that past agricultural performance was no longer a guarantee of future returns.

The UN stated categorically that the current trajectory of growth in agricultural production and productivity is unsustainable with food production on land and in aquatic systems dominating much of the global terrestrial surface, and having major negative impacts on the Earth’s ecosystems.

Access to food and adequate nutrition are problems that are affecting more and more people in many countries around the world. With a present global population of 7 billion people, the UN Food & Agricultural Organisation estimates that the amount of food produced in the world could currently feed 12 billion people.

Nonetheless, more than 1 billion are still suffering from hunger, whilst 1.5 billion adults are overweight.

It is estimated that 40% of the total daily global production of food is wasted; production that is also putting the Earth’s resources under increasing pressure. These are all symptoms of an unhealthy and unequal food production system. By the 2012 conference Rio-20 Conference The UN FAO had radically changed its thinking embracing Sustainable Food and Agriculture recognizing that small farms are more productive and resource conserving.

Small-scale farmers produce 70% of the world’s food while they have just 20% of the land.

The 2014 FOA Symposium in Rome acknowledged that diversified farming systems in which the small-scale farmer produces grains, fruits, vegetables, fodder, and animal products in the same field or garden out-produce the yield per unit of single crops such as corn grown alone on large-scale farms.

A large farm may produce more corn per hectare than a small farm in which the corn is grown as part of a poly-culture that also includes beans, squash, potatoes, and fodder. But, productivity in terms of harvestable products per unit area of poly-cultures developed by smallholders is higher than under a single crop with the same level of management. Yield advantages can range from 20% to 60%, because poly-cultures reduce losses due to weeds (by occupying space that weeds might otherwise occupy), insects, and diseases (because of the presence of multiple species), and make more efficient use of the available resources of water, light, and nutrients.

By managing fewer resources more intensively, small farmers are able to make more profit per unit of output, and thus, make more total profits—even if production of each commodity is less.

The inverse relationship between farm size and output can be attributed to the more efficient use of land, water, biodiversity, and other agricultural resources by small farmers. So in terms of converting inputs into outputs, society would be better off with small-scale farmers.



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Chickens now at DOJO

Mark Barrington adds the filling to the sandwich

We don't have any rotisserie chickens in Braidwood at the moment, so I decided to rectify that. I spent several weeks tracking down the best possible chickens and I came up with charcoal chickens. They've got a bit more fat in the skin and they're good sized birds. They're size 18 birds, which means they can feed a family of four hungry people, no problem, and more if some of them are small kids.

The difference with these birds is they scald them at a lower temperature when they're plucking them. As a consequence of this, it leaves more fat in the skin which is nice and thick. The skin is where a lot of the flavour lies. So, you need to have a chicken with more fat in the skin if you're going to do a proper rotisserie chicken, because the temperatures on a rotisserie are much higher than in a normal oven. And it's a strong, radiated heat. It is the caramelization of the proteins and the fat that actually gives you the flavour.

It also puts, or keeps more, moisture in the breast meat and in the drumsticks. So, the meat's altogether more tender and moist despite the high temperatures at which they're roasted, you're getting more flavour and more moisture.

Not only are they good as the hot chicken that we all know and love, but they're also particularly good in the following days.

PLUCKING GOOD

Once it has cooled, pop it in the refrigerator, and you can slice bits off for sandwiches any day of the week. You can also reheat them, and best to do so fairly slowly. But they re-heat, and you can use them in further cooking, in stews and casseroles. You can use the carcass for making stock. There is a lot you can do with a cold chook.

We have rotisserie chickens available Fridays and Saturdays, 10:30 until 2:00 from DOJO. If you walk into the courtyard, you'll see there's another little door to the left to bakery, that's where the chooks are.

We're also able to offer you some interesting salad. We're not going to do lettuce, tomato and cucumber, because you can do that at home. Instead, we've got things like pickled beetroot with feta; and we've got a pasta salad with blanched broccoli and a garlic yoghurt dressing.

As with all of our products, we make everything from scratch. I don't grow the chickens though, to be honest, but everything else we make from raw ingredients.

We're not buying dressings in, it's all made here, on the premises.

On Friday and Saturday mornings, we have started to do some filled baguettes, and some filled bagels, some smoked salmon and cream cheese bagels as well. We're planning on doing hot filled rolls, and some Bánh mì Vietnamese rolls. They're nice and spicy and chilli. ■



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Tobellie Hill Produce

Erin Cooper and Dan Mundy. Erin leads off ...

We've always been really interested in feeding ourselves healthy, homegrown food. We've also always had a desire to buy a bit of land and live self-sufficiently and sustainably. We got the opportunity

to do that in 2014 when we bought our property at Kindervale. We have about an acre of vegetables. Our place is completely off grid and once again, we're growing our own food. We have three kids and we know how

FAMILY FOOD

good it is for them to eat homegrown, chemical free food. We thought, why not share it with everybody else? So that's what we're doing. And we really enjoy it.

Dan Mundy: My parents are down at Araluen. Both sides of the family come from there, from way back. They've got a beef cattle operation there. My great grandfather used to grow corn for Kellogg's way back in the day. But our family has always grown veggies too and we always had a good veggie garden at home. I know that home grown produce is so much better than the mass produced stuff that you get in Coles, Woollies and those sort of places.

Erin: We just can't eat it anymore. Even if we go to a restaurant in town, or somewhere that isn't using locally grown produce, we can tell the difference.

We're vegetable snobs now.

We are founding members of the Canberra region small farm co-operative. As a group we've got plans in place to encourage changes in the way local restaurants source their produce. That's where the big gap is, really — in the restaurant, café industry.

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[ABOVE] THE FARM AT KINDERVALE
[LEFT] IN THE PROVISIONS COURTYARD;
DAN, TOBY, ELLIE, ERIN AND MOLLIE.

Dan: Down the south coast, they've got a really good community amongst the growers. They help each other out. If someone's got a new poly tunnel that needs to go up, then everyone chips in and helps.

Erin: A small group of us got together and applied for 'Farming Together' funding to get a co-op in this region up and running. And that's what we did. One of the big things that we're trying to do is change the way that chefs in our local restaurants are working — the produce that they're using.

We're looking to get more members in the co-op. So if anyone's interested, get in touch with us because we would definitely like to get more members from this region. Having that community can make your farming a little bit easier and a little bit more financially viable.

We sell from the Provisions courtyard every Saturday. We also sell in Queanbeyan, we sell through Southern Harvest as well and we have our own individual produce boxes. People can get in touch with us to order. We do deliveries in Braidwood, Queanbeyan and Bungendore. ■



FERTILITY

Jillamatong beef

Martin Royds says better land makes better food

My grandparents had never ploughed 90% of Jillamatong. Some had been ploughed back in the 1880s for wheat and it had then turned into a jungle of Poa Tussock, Cocky's Bootlace, little bit of Kangaroo grass and then a lot of native grasses, some Microlaena, and Poa tussock ... a lot of Poa tussock.

It was fairly native, but they'd set-stocked it so a lot of the good grasses had been chewed out, and it was a bit unproductive. When I took over I ploughed some of the paddocks that you couldn't even drive through, the Poa tussocks were on pedestals, and sowed them to introduced native grasses. I've spent the last 20 years trying to get native grasses back into that mix.

I'm now over sowing a lot of the pastures with a mix of eight different grasses, forbes and clovers to try and build the biodiversity up. I'm concentrating on building biodiversity in the pasture. In an upcoming project we're going to look at the soil microbe, that's the amount of fungi and life in the soil which is the secret to building a healthier soil.

Meeting Peter Andrews had a big influence on my farm practice. We're putting a whole series of chain of ponds back in, and then working out from the creek putting contours all across the farm to slow the water, and then compost heaps in those, having water going through them and using gravity and capillary action to spread the fertility from those compost heaps.

Apart from soil carbon and biodiversity, Jillamatong's main product is beef cattle — kilos of beef, that's what we keep a track of. The cattle only stay on the farm if they are putting on weight. As soon as the conditions mean that I can't put weight on my stock, I try and take them off and let the land rest and recover.

This is quite different to how we used to farm. We once just worried about our breeders and the numbers, and didn't really take a note of what was happening with the pasture, and definitely didn't take any note of whether the soil was covered, and being fed and having its nutrients replenished.



For too long society has pushed the line, 'bigger is better' — and we've ended up with bigger humans and I don't think they're better. I think it'd be a lot more rewarding for consumers if we start paying farmers for quality food and for the environmental benefit they're having on the land. Then you'll get more people back on the land and the small, passionate farmer is going to be far better at producing more quality food, so socially it's better too.

Supermarkets were forced by legislation to put cents per kilo on food to stop conning the consumer with bigger boxes. If we now push to have cents per nutrients, then the consumer would be able to clearly see whether they were actually buying a whole lot of sugar and salt, or actually buying the carotene, the omega-3s or whatever.

My goal is to see supermarkets display cents per nutrients displayed on the shelves, and then the consumer would start buying quality food, and that would then drive the market.

As soon as the supermarkets found that people were wanting to buy quality food, they'd suddenly have to say to their suppliers, "Hey, hang on, we don't want weight anymore, we want quality", and the farmers would be relieved, because I know a lot of big vegetable farmers who don't eat what they produce because they know it's crap. It sits on the shelf and doesn't rot because it's just salt and water, but they would never eat it or feed it to their kids. ■

A SAD TALE

Group Sessions

at Braidwood Holistic Therapies

Movement Sessions

Ninja Training

Mondays during school term

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at Braidway Rd October 5pm
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Motion

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Monday 9:30am
at BHT

Wednesday 4pm
at Braidway Rd October 5pm

Friday 4pm
at BHT

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Mindful Mondays

a mindfulness group for adults

Mondays 1pm
at BHT

Weight Loss Support Group

nutritional & accountability

Saturdays 2pm
at BHT

Red Tent

for sharing women's wisdom
and tools for self care at BHT

Women : 2nd Wednesday
6 - 9:30pm

Teens (12+): 3rd Wednesday
6:30 - 8pm

How we're Braidwood: In December 2020 with the BHT Local Welfare Group
we will be celebrating 10 years of our BHT Local Welfare Group

BraidwoodHolistic on FB and Insta



Wasp attack

Evie was playing with friends at the Rec when she was swarmed by wasps and stung hundreds of times.

AJ Singh explains how she found her ...

I didn't actually know that someone had been stung by wasps. I was walking in between the bridge and the bike track and I just happened to look in the scrub when I saw a piece of school uniform fabric a couple of metres in. So I went straight in to look and it was a little girl. She had wasps on her everywhere and by the time I got to her she'd been bitten over 200 times. I picked her up straightaway, taking the wasps off her face as I was walking, and then just called out for help to the other adults. The wasps were inside her clothing and I picked off what I could. But by the time I found Evie she wasn't talking so I knew it was serious.

Troy: (Evie's dad) I was down at the Rec training Patrick's team, that's Evie's older brother. Evie was playing with her

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FROM WASPS' TAIL

[CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT] EVIE IN HOSPITAL, AJ IN THE SCRUBBY CREEK, THE HELICOPTER FLIGHT TO CANBERRA, AJ'S DAUGHTER LUCY AT THE BRIDGE WITH THE RECENTLY ADDED WASP WARNING SIGNS, EVIE TELLING HER STORY WITH HER MUM SAMARA ON THE NINE NEWS.

mates, running around the field, playing in the creek and in the bushy bits. It was 4:30 pm and, like most afternoons after school's out, there were kids everywhere.

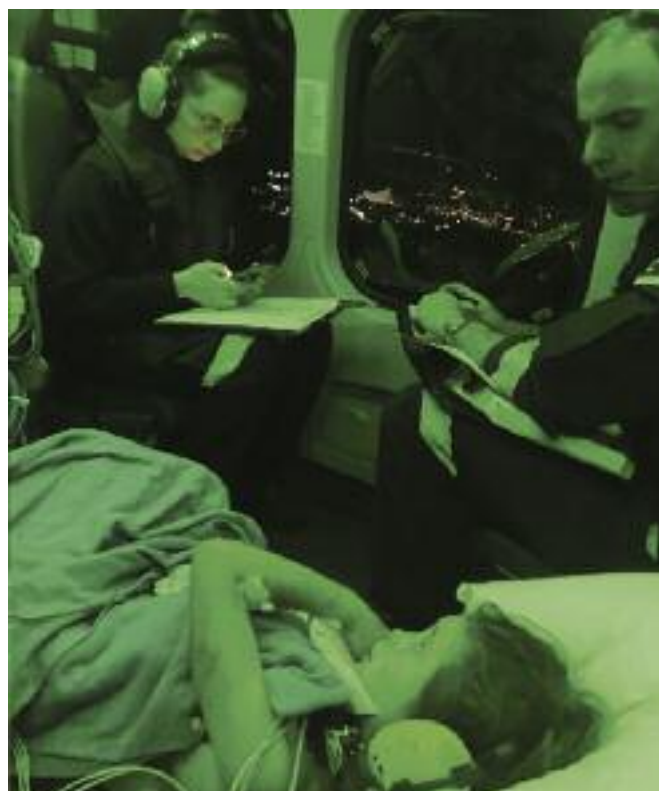
I was concentrating on the kids playing soccer and the next thing I knew, AJ came running from the bush screaming, "Call an ambulance!", with Evie passed out in her arms.

They stabilised her at the hospital with adrenalin shots and then put her on a helicopter, and we went to Canberra hospital. We were there for four days. She was on a drip and various other things were going on. I'm really happy with the treatment that she got at the hospital by the doctors and nurses and also by the couple of people from our community who were at the Recreational Reserve at that time. I really feel like it was a chain of about five people that essentially saved Evie's life.

AJ: I don't know how long Evie had been there I'm guessing five or so minutes. I didn't know if she was going to be okay as I carried her out of the scrub. Picking the still stinging wasps from her face and body, it felt like an eternity and horribly time critical.

Troy: She told us later that she got stung once and it hurt and she yelled out to one of her friends who ran off to get his mum. At that point she said she got stung by lots of them and she just fell asleep, in her words. It's so thick in there you can't see anything. That was the issue, they had trouble locating her and all the while she's being stung again and again.

AJ: If the Rec ground is going to be the town's space for children's recreational activities, then the scrub needs to be cleared or redesigned. It is unsafe for our children. It is also littered with rubbish and broken glass. Removing the nests is not enough — it's their perfect breeding ground. They will only come back. ■





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[FROM THE TOP] MURRAY CONTEMPLATES A CAREER MISSED, DEE AND HELEN; TOM AND DAVE; MICHAEL WATCHES HIS BALL; GILES AND GREG MIND THE NIBBLES; VICTORIA, ALISON, LYN AND MERRIE IN FRONT OF THE PAVILION. [OPPOSITE] MURRAY SNICKS; NELSON LETS RIP WITH ANOTHER SCORCHER; THE SLIPS CORDON SITS AND SIPs.



MCG HITS A CENTURY

From first-timer, on the ground (literally), Paul Huntingford

Shopkeepers remove their hats and scratch their heads wondering where the milk crates have disappeared to.

In fact they have risen to a higher purpose, the slips cordon at the MCG, now adorned with small pillows and the posteriors of enthusiastic yet relaxed fielders. It is the perfect spot to enjoy and commentate on the annual cricket social day at the Mongarlowe Cricket Ground.

This perfect Easter Sunday provides

gentle autumn weather on the high part of Charleys Forest Road. Gums provide easy shade for the spectators.

The sparse sounds of claps, calls and esky lids from the sideline picnic rugs carry easily through the warm stillness and across the recently groomed grass of the outfield to the ears of the players — the youngest of whom, Nelson and Oliver, tirelessly volunteer for batting or bowling whenever positions became available.

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HOWZAT?

tenacious kelpie that runs down every ball struck from the willow. The fire captain lobbs a wicked on drive straight at the wine-sipping onlookers on the full, narrowly missing a blue Subaru. Yells flood the air. Confident exhibitionism abounds from grade cricketers of yesteryear and good-humoured sarcasm flows freely.

Players also demonstrate competent dexterity throughout the game as only one beer is spilled the entire afternoon.

Trick knees and shoulder injuries are secondary concerns. A stroll is as good as a run. I had forgotten the conventions of sledging while at the crease. Frank: "You're batting like a legend." Me: "What, you mean a 90 year old?" Nelson: "I think it's against the rules to sledge yourself."

All in all, it cannot be denied that cricket was the winner at the mighty MCG. A mediocre time had by none. The hundredth year of dodgy bowling, over-confident batting, dropping easy catches and inflaming old injuries went off without a hitch.

I am sure we will all be looking forward to Mongarlowe 101. ■

DAVEY SHARES A CRICKET JOKE WITH JASPER.





AS THE DAY WORE ON THE FIELDING WENT TO THE DOGS.

100 years ago ...

The residents of Charley's Forest and Mongarlowe have constructed a fine new hall on the recreation reserve at Charley's Forest. The building is a large one, suitable for dance purposes, and is built with the best mountain gum timber, which was obtained from McRae and Burke's saw mills at Mongarlowe. The structure was erected entirely by local residents. It occupies a prominent position on the ground, facing the road, and reflects the greatest credit upon the progressiveness of the people of the locality. On Easter Monday a day's sport was held to defray the cost of the hall. These were largely attended. Mr R. Burke, the energetic secretary, had all the arrangements well in hand, and, together with a strong working committee of ladies and gents, was untiring in his efforts to make the function the great success it undoubtedly was. A dance was held at night. This also attracted a large crowd.

*Braidwood Dispatch and Mining Journal
Friday 25 April 1919*

Mr H. Day, of Tintaga, is reported as being very ill with ordinary influenza. On Wednesday he was in a most critical condition. This case is also traceable to the Mongarlowe dance. During a recent visit to Braidwood he stayed a night at Mongarlowe, with Mr Snow, who was also infected by a person who attended the dance.

*Braidwood Dispatch and Mining Journal
Friday 2 May 1919*

During 1918-19 the world's first pandemic, the Spanish Flu, infected 500 million people, killing 50-100 million people which was 3-5% of the world's population at the time, making it one of the deadliest natural disasters in human history.

Wikipedia

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Gilly Burke on 02 4842 2579 or gilly@braidwood.net.au

IMAGES

A line in the sand

Catherine Vandermark draws hers

My sister takes photographs. Lots of photographs. My niece and nephew have now reached double figures and on each of their birthdays she has rearranged the guests and relit the candles on the cake so the children can blow them out a second and third time, to the sound of her shutter firing.

Now, at last, my sister is taking her photographs seriously. As her confidence grows, her photographs begin to fight each other for an audience, like a disintegrating nitrate film in reverse, images reforming in front of our eyes. She hands over her phone to show me a recent picture of her 11-year-old son. He is deeply asleep — dream-creased and bare chested and unaware of her camera. “I came out of hospital to two pieces of news” she says. “First, the Christchurch massacre. Fifty people murdered while they were at prayers in the mosque. By some right-wing nutter that we sent from Australia. I thought I was hallucinating from the anaesthetic.”

I think about the man at the door of the Al Noor mosque. A survivor reported that in the moments before the terrorist arrived it was peaceful, calm, quiet, as it is before the sermon starts. Seventy-one-year-old Hati Mohemmed Daoud Nabi opened the door and said, “Hello brother, welcome”. And then the shooting started.

My sister is speaking again. “The second thing that happened is that Instagram took this picture of my son down.

In other words,
Facebook can live-stream
a cold-blooded massacre
for 17 minutes, during
which the footage is
downloaded 1.5 million
times, as though it is a
computer game.

But a photograph of my son is blocked without explanation, probably because someone complained about it. It's not even nudity.”

“It might not be a complaint,” I say. “More like some sort of algorithm. The women who run Wynlen Farm were complaining recently that a picture of a cut watermelon was blocked by Facebook or Instagram or something. The blokes in charge are obsessed with flesh. It is mind-blowing that they are able to monitor the internet to control images of what could possibly be a liberated nipple, but they can't do anything about broadcasting extreme violence. It's like pasting little clouds over a woman's pubic hair in a movie

about murder and rape and revenge. They do that in some countries, you know.”

We are visiting the National Portrait Gallery to see the 2019 Photographic Portrait Prize. The exhibition is a collection of photographs that are good to look at and technically impressive. There is a lovely clean headshot of Helen Garner, up against a wall of pale blue tiles, shiny like they're wet. And a glorious black and white image of a family of eleven children and their parents, on the small boat in which they plan to circumnavigate the world.

It is a classical pyramid composition, with children lounging in a hammock and hiding behind the mast, and bare-chested boys with surfer-white hair swinging from the rigging. The beneficent father, with Tim Winton-like pony tail, provides ballast for the image. The mother sits cross legged on the deck, uncombed hair falling over her shoulders like a Madonna veil, in a universe of her own, cradling her naked newborn and positioning a nipple cup to help her suckle.

“Something about the tangle of bodies reminds me of Gericault's ‘Raft of Medusa,’” I say. But then I realise the similarities I see are only skin deep. Both are images of a jumble of bodies at sea, but Gericault's is a 19th century oil painting about an infamous shipwreck and his tangled bodies are adrift in a nightmare of suffering. Without water or food or shelter, they resorted to cannibalism, and all but 15 of 147

[BELOW LEFT] *THE RAFT OF MEDUSA*, BY THEODORE GERICAULT, 1818-19.

[BELOW RIGHT] *SUMBAWA PRIDE, LIFE ON A BOAT WITH ELEVEN KIDS*, BY ALEX VAUGHAN, 2019





people died before their rescue, two weeks later.

This picture, by contrast, is raffish and happy. "It's timeless, don't you think?" I say. "The mast and the rigging, and the father looking like a mutineer. Everyone is so tanned, they could be living in the '70s."

I look around the room again. "You know, it seems so obvious when you notice, but everything here seems to have been chosen to illustrate a particular style of portrait photography — boy seen through a misty window, girl holding chicken, crisp pop sensation with perfect makeup and head askew, large format low resolution pastel-toned image of young man shot with a low horizon a la Paris Texas ... nothing in this room says 2019. No politics.

"Unless you count having eleven children and running away to sea as a political act."

We walk over to the National Gallery to meet our brother for lunch. As if in answer to my quest for a more subversive perspective, we come face to face with a burning man. To be accurate, there is no possibility of meeting his gaze. He is immensely tall and hunched over his phone, which seems to emit a red cyberspace glow. There is a wick in the crown of his head and over the next few weeks he will dribble down into a messy pool.

"They need someone to light the wick in the morning and extinguish it at night, after hours, so I put my name down for the overtime," my brother says. "Have a look down at him from the top of the stairs before you go. You can see the plume of heat from his head, reflected on the wall text. And while you're there, go and see the Tā Moko exhibition — Maori skin markings."

OF WHO WE ARE

I'm not especially keen but my sister offers to set the timer on her phone so that I don't get a parking ticket and we head on up.

We are hardly in the door of Tā Moko when a group of seven school children follow their teacher to a display case positioned at the entrance. The students gather around. I'm concerned that they won't be able to keep still, but their guide has a strong, authoritative voice and a clear expectation they will listen with respect. He is wearing a black suit and wide black silk cravat — and when he glances our way, I am struck by his unexpected green eyes and full-face tattoo.

"Look at this carving then look at my face" he instructs the students. "You know what I told you, about how a person's moko tells you their heritage, their *mana* [spiritual power]? The markings say who your relatives are as well as your individual *whakapapa*? This is a carving of Ngāpuhi chief Hongi Hika. He is my *whanaunga*. The great great great grandfather of my first cousin."

Slowly and deliberately he tells the story of Hongi, starting many generations back with the ransacking of his village while the men were away. "I

This was not the desperate, savage cannibalism practised by the people on the Raft of Medusa, I'm thinking. This was codified behaviour.

I sit down on the closest bench to listen, aware that I am eavesdropping, unsure if I should be asking permission. The tales are graphic and hypnotic — battles for territory; slaves and honour; sisters who have their uterus slit open and filled with sand. I lose track of names and generations.

"Game of Thrones," my sister whispers. "Or the Icelandic origin story, Saga-land," I reply.

We hear about the line in the sand: the line drawn from one side of a beach to the other.

"Warriors were warned not to go beyond that line. Too far from their spirit country for strength and too far from the village for practical help — like recovering the injured and providing food and shelter."



BY MARKING THE SKIN AND FACE WITH CONNECTING PATTERNS, MAORI TĀ MOKO ARTISTS TELL STORIES OF PRESTIGE, AUTHORITY AND IDENTITY.

don't judge my ancestors from the perspective of 2019. This is how they lived. The problem is that the invaders caught my ancestor's wife and they ate her. When the men came back to the village, all hell broke loose. This was not done. If you must eat someone, not her. Not the wife of a Chief. Not royalty. So, they went to get revenge. Remember, this was their duty."

Hongi's great great great grand-nephew tells the class about how the missionaries came to Aotearoa. His *whanaunga*, Hongi, thought that Christianity was a religion only fit for slaves, but he saw value in an allegiance with the Europeans and the goods they could provide. At one point, he crossed the Tasman with them and was a guest of the Reverend Samuel Marsden (otherwise known as the flogging parson). It is possible the portrait on display was carved from a fence post at his farm in Paramatta.

Hongi returned to his country with two muskets. It sounded impressive, but the muskets took 17 seconds to clean and repack with gunpowder, which rendered them useless if you didn't hit your target on first attempt. In 17 seconds, you would be face to face with your opponent.

"Hongi wanted more weapons, so in 1820 he and a nephew Hohaia Parata Waikoto sailed to England with the missionary Thomas Kendall on the pretext of developing a Maori dictionary. They waited in London for weeks for an appointment to meet the King, George IV."

Some of the students are restless, scuffing their feet and turning to look at the opposite wall. The orator regains their



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REGIONAL HISTORY



PHOTOGRAPH OF TAMATI WAKA NENE, 1856
OR 1860, BY JOHN CROMBIE.

attention by telling them that Waikoto was immensely tall and Hongi even taller, perhaps the tallest men the English had ever seen — though not as tall as one of Hongi's cousins, chief Tareha, who was over seven feet tall.

"Do you know how tall that is?" The students get involved in guessing. (Up to the roof? Half way up the wall ...?)

"And do you know how I know this?" asks the orator.

From a recycled plastic shopping bag he withdraws a feathered cloak. He ties it over one shoulder. "King George gave my ancestor many gifts, including a suit of armour, and my ancestor took off his ceremonial cloak and folded it and left it at the King's feet. It was at Carlton House, in London. The problem is, the King didn't like Carlton House and he had it knocked down. Then no one was sure what happened to all the gifts he had inside.

"When I decided to try and find the cloak, I looked at every possible digitised image in the British Museum, but it wasn't there. I was despairing. I didn't have the resources to search the dark recesses of the archives myself. I asked the museum staff to tell me if by chance something came to light. Sometime later, to my amazement, the cloak was found. So I can tell from the measurements that my ancestor was six feet four or five."

Hongi stayed in England for a time after meeting the King. He made a deal with a Frenchman, Baron Charles de Thierry, offering him territory on the North Island in return for crate loads of muskets. It was enough land for the Frenchman to stake a claim for sovereignty. The only problem was that the territory on offer to the Frenchman was the tribal land of Chief Te Rauparaha, whose photograph is on the opposite wall.

I turn to study the wall of 19th century photographs of Maori ancestors, some named and some anonymous.

My sister's phone alarm starts to buzz. Time's up for my car, but I shake my head at her. I would rather be fined than miss out on more stories. Those of you who call yourselves New Zealanders may be familiar with this history, but I am ashamed to say that this is all new to me.

Hongi returned to his homeland via Australia. He managed to swap most of his gifts from the King for weapons and also collected the cache of 500 muskets, ordered for him by the French Baron.

BITING THE BULLET

In this way, he changed the nature of warfare on the North Island forever. A battle which might once have unfolded over weeks or months was now over in days. Tribal power balances were radically shifted and the Ngapui accumulated considerable territory, including the land on which the Europeans signed the Treaty of Waitangi. The period between 1810 and 1845 became known as the Musket Wars because of the way the introduction of guns perverted tribal conflicts, intensified battles and radically increased the number of people killed.

Hongi Hika himself was shot in January 1827. It is said that he invited people to gather round and listen to the wind whistling through the hole in his chest. He survived for many months but died from infection.

Hongi's pragmatism in dealing with missionaries and other Europeans never changed. Hongi could see the terrible cost that the guns he once coveted had wrought. He knew the Musket Wars had to end. On his deathbed, it is said that he encouraged his people to welcome white people and trade with them; be kind to them and live with them as one people. But, he said, if you see red-coated white men who do not do any work and only carry weapons, then know that they are dangerous people whose only occupation is war.

I don't want to know the colour of the coat worn by the Christchurch terrorist. What I do know is that he was one of the men Hongi warned his people about — someone who did not work but travelled the globe, cobbling together his sick white supremacist lies, stockpiling weapons for use against peaceful worshippers and children.

At the National Gallery, the orator tells the students that he plans to go to England and hold in his hands the ceremonial cloak that Hongi presented to King George. He says that his



CATHERINE VANDERMARK.

tribe, the Ngapui, is venerated and loathed in equal measure, but that he plans to invite other Maori leaders to join him, in an act of reconciliation.

My sister's phone buzzes again and this time we really must leave.

When I am finally home, an hour out of Canberra, I turn on the news. It's all about the New Zealand Prime Minister, Jacinda Ardern. There is introductory footage of her meeting the English Queen in April 2018. She is wearing a korowai, a ceremonial cloak, just as Hongi Hiki once did. And then, in contemporary footage, dressed in black now, we see her announce a ban on military style semi-automatic weapons.

Less than a month later New Zealand's parliament voted on the ban: 119-1. ■



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POLITICAL COMMENT

A fair share of government support for Braidwood's strong community

Fiona Kotvojs

Braidwood has been near and dear to my heart since I was a child, and I have had the pleasure of watching as it burgeoned from a small rural service into a thriving regional town.

My family and I would stop for a picnic at Braidwood's Ryrie Park on trips from our farm near Narooma to Queanbeyan. I remember when the local bakery expanded, coffee and cake became the treat — now look how far Braidwood has come. It has transformed into a regional arts and tourism hub, built on the area's rich history and is fast gaining a reputation for quality jewellery.

The transformation Braidwood has achieved is one many other communities would want to emulate. There have been hard times but people have worked together, got through and main-

tained a proud and strong sense of community.

Members of the Braidwood community work together for the benefit of the people in the community. It has been this way as long as I can remember. This passion for building a strong community is reflected by the groups I have met: the Men's shed making decorations for festivities in the Park, the RSL organising an ANZAC day celebration that introduced a new generation into the respectful remembrance of those who served our nation, Business Connect working to forge and support connections between businesses, and the Anglican Church helping those in need with food parcels and practical support. The vibrancy of the community is reflected in the near continual stream of special events occurring in Braidwood and the area: the rodeo, show, festivals,

quilt and art exhibitions, music recitals, book fairs and markets.

The challenge into the future is to retain the quality of life and heart of Braidwood as it expands.

Achieving this requires a coordinated approach from all levels of government — Local, State and Federal.

This is where I see the role of the community's Federal representative as key. I will fight to ensure Braidwood receives its fair share of government support, whether it's a local doctor on call 24/7, upgrades to rural roads, support for drought-stricken farmers or more activities to keep local teenagers engaged.

My first projects in office would include helping deliver our Government's \$30 million commitment to upgrade the Kings Highway, which many residents in Braidwood rely on, as well as rolling out further mobile towers to address the remaining black spots in the region and working with the State Government to ensure Braidwood Central School remains a vibrant school after the Bungendore high school opens.

As the Liberal candidate for Eden-Monaro, I look for your support on May 18 so that I may have the honour of serving you and the wider Braidwood community. ■



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FionaKotvojsforEdenMonaro



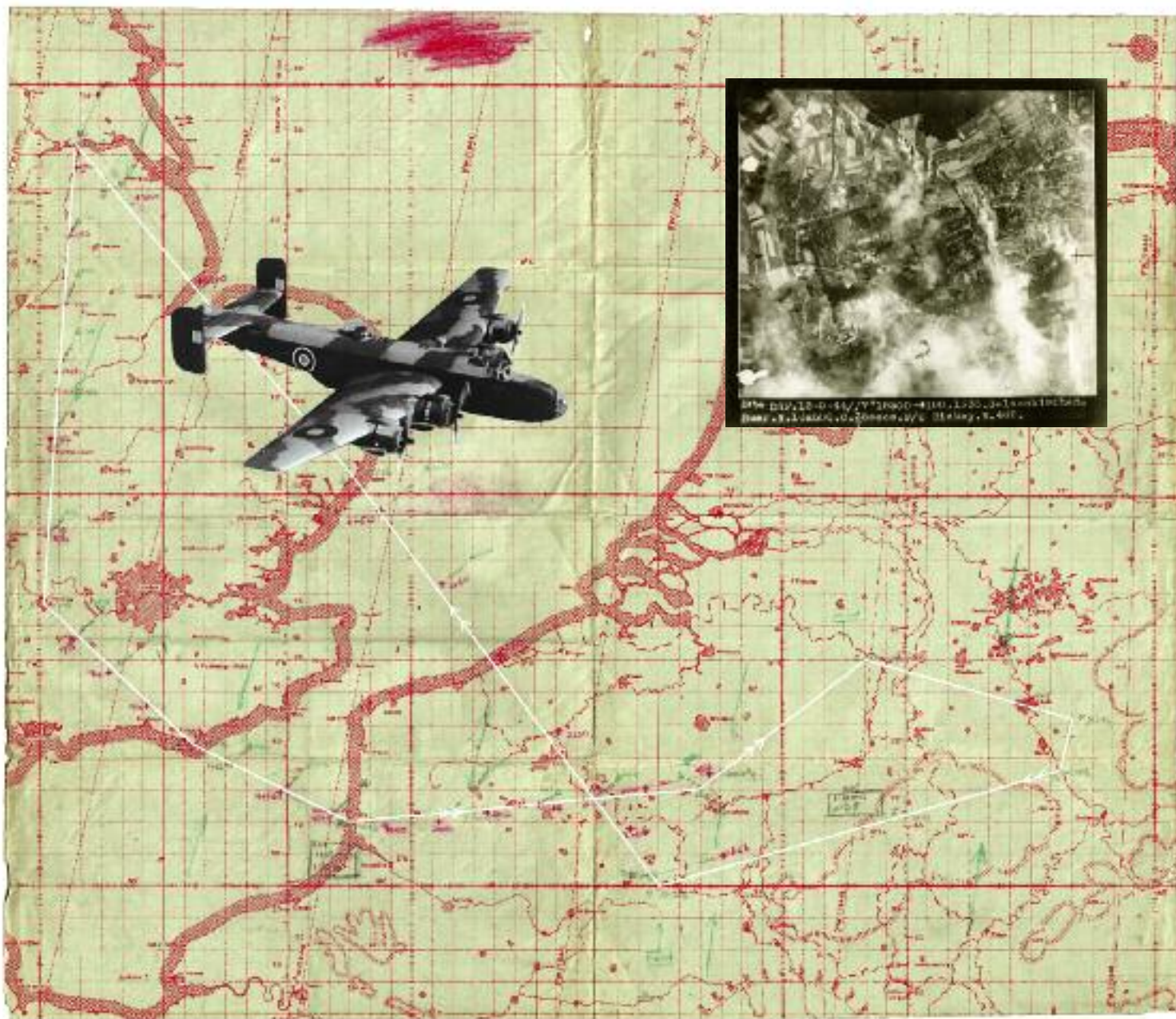
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Authorised by Chris Stone, Liberal Party of Australia, NSW Division, Level 12, 100 William Street, East Sydney NSW 2011





Flight of the navigator

John Cockram, who died in 2017 aged 93 was a flying Anzac. When his son Paul asked him about his time in the RAAF, this is what he said ...

When people ask me why I joined the Air Force I usually say because it sounded like fun. Everybody wanted to be a flier. That's what kids wanted. We felt it was an imposition on the part of the government that you had to be age 17½ before they would accept your nomination.

Even then, you couldn't actually go in until you turned 18, but you could start training. Kids that were waiting to go into air crew would go to the local post office about twice a week at night, and were taught morse code up to about 10 words a minute. It was part of the mys-

tique of the air force and the war that people had to do things like that.

I wanted to join the RAAF for probably two reasons. One is that it was a great idea to fly an aeroplane, and everybody I knew, boys my age, would want to do that. And the second one was that I was working in a bank, and I found that my general attitude to life was not appropriate for a bank. I did tend to appear a little bit facetious at times.

The bank was very decent about it. When a kid from the bank was accepted into the air force as air crew, there was usually something like a six to nine month delay before the air force

[ABOVE] JOHN COCKRAM'S NAVIGATING MAP FROM A NIGHT RAID ON OCTOBER 30 1944 FROM DRIFFIELD IN THE UK TO COLOGNE IN GERMANY. JOHN'S ORIGINAL PENCIL ROUTE CALCULATION IS HIGHLIGHTED IN WHITE.

[INSET] A PHOTO RECORD TAKEN FROM HIS HALIFAX ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 12 1944 OVER GELSENKIRCHEN IN THE RUHR.

could take them because the timing had to work in training schedules. I received a telegram that said, "You can come in on the April, or May, June intake," which was quite a bit earlier, "if the bank will release you." And they did, so I went.

So in 1942 when I was 18 I was sent off to an elementary flying school and flew for a very short time before they decided that I would never be able to fly an aeroplane. Quite rightly, I think, actually, because I did try it later on, many years later on, in much larger aeroplanes, and I still couldn't steer the thing. So I was sent home and eventu-

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THE TRAINING CREW WITH AN AVRO ANSON.

ally had to report again to go for what they called an observer's training school.

Our group, when we finished our training was detailed to go overseas as part of the Empire Air Training Scheme. We were going somewhere, we didn't know where. It turned out to be Edmonton in Alberta, Canada.

The category of observer is a very old one that started in the First World War when there were two people flying in the aeroplane. The split was made, at the wisdom of the Air Force, while we were in the observer school to be either navigators or bomb aimers, which Americans will call bombardiers, but we don't.

By this time I'd just turned 19, this was the first time away from home and I loved it! It was marvellous! Going across the Atlantic in a big ship was fun. It was the Queen Elizabeth, the first one — a big converted luxury cruiser, one of the best ships that's ever been made.

After arriving in England, the air force administration eventually sorted out who should go where, and I, along with quite a lot of the friends that I had that came from Edmonton, went to a place in Scotland called West Freugh, which is on the Mull of Galloway. It's still an airport today. That was our first flying in England; we flew in Avro Ansons for navigation exercises.

West Freugh was interesting because it was about Christmas time, and it's a very high latitude. It was the first experience I'd had where the morning came about 10 am, and it was dark at 4 pm, so there was very little daylight there.

But the flying was lovely. Beautifully clear skies, and the northern hemisphere was something that we'd got used to flying in Canada. I'm speaking about what stars were where and so on, which is a navigator's interest.

Eventually we ended up stationed at a place where we all got together with other categories of fliers like pilots and air gunners and the bomb aimers and so on. In a purely freeform activity, we just built ourselves into a crew, and so at that stage we became what was almost a complete

WITH HIS FELLOW SIX CREW MEMBERS UNDER A HALIFAX.



bomber crew. When that was finished, we went off to do training on the sort of aircraft that we were going to fly, which was the early Halifax.

I can easily remember the time and place because I remember from the history that was taught in Victoria anyway, that it's just south of York, a place called Marston Moor which is a famous battleground between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers.

I remember being on leave in York and seeing in the sky an enormous crowd of aeroplanes because it was just a day or two before D-day, June 6 1944.

Shortly after we'd finished our training we were sent to a squadron in Yorkshire. We were joined by an extra crew member, the flight engineer. The others were all Australians, all RAAF. All the flight engineers were Englishmen, and they were local. So we became a seven-man crew at that time.

All our flying was from that airfield in Yorkshire just north of Hull. It lasted until about the end of November of that year when we'd finished our tour of operations and went on leave.

A typical day for us would be a night, in fact, because the bomber command did almost all of its flying at night unlike the American air force who flew daylight missions. It was very dangerous, daylight flying. They did it remarkably well with their B-17s but we stuck to the night flying.

The preparation for a flight started about lunch time and the briefing itself would be about 6 pm. The time of take-off was anywhere between 9 pm and midnight.

Most of the flights for our squadron on Halifaxes were not very far into Germany, just to the Ruhr valley, making the flight last about six or seven hours return trip. We'd get back about around dawn, eat breakfast, go to bed, and be forgotten for a while.

My memory of squadron life is that it was very easy going. It was all fun, ease and friendliness except for perhaps 20 minutes over the target. But for the rest of the time, it was all, I keep on using the word fun. I mean that, and not in a facetious sense. Remember, I was only 20 when this happened.

The system used in the RAF, which we of course were part of, was that every

IN THE LINE OF DUTY

aircraft had a navigator. Every aircraft, therefore, was an autonomous unit and had its own flight plan. But the overall plan was intended to concentrate the bombers, so that in the famous thousand bomber raids, which probably had 800 aircraft or something like that, the plan would be for all of those aircraft to go through a target in about 10 minutes. This was from about 20,000 feet because the aircraft wouldn't go much higher than that with a bomb load.

Think of the target area as the length of a big box of bursting flak. The aircraft all had to fly through this box of exploding anti-aircraft fire. The German radar was not good enough, no radar

was good enough, to be able to do selective firing against individual aircraft. So it was just a matter of luck really.

It wasn't officially sanctioned but I think everybody adopted a practise that we certainly did, at least after we were told how to do it. That is, if the target was to be bombed from 20,000 feet, we'd struggle up to the maximum height of about 22,000 as we approached the flak 'box', then we'd fly down in a very gradual dive, to come out the other end at about 19,000. But that gave quite a few miles per hour on the speed, and therefore, some quite valuable seconds are reduced from the exposure time. I don't think there's anybody who would deny doing that.



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BLOWING THEM UP

The casualty rate on our squadron would be occasionally no losses at all, and on a couple of flights in the squadron of say 20 aircraft, which is a representative figure, it would be unusual to have more than three that didn't come back. But in the year before, in 1943, it was much more dangerous. There were fewer protective devices, the anti-aircraft guns were very much more effective, and the Luftwaffe had many night fighters and was a real danger.

We had to look out for aircraft all the time, I mean our gunners did, but it was not as crucial as the year before. So quite rightly, there is a division in the talking about bomber command which stops at 1943. We came after that, I'm very glad to say.

Also, by the time we came on the scene, we had installed in our aircraft the GEE set which was a beautifully conceived navigation device. It worked in conjunction with a map of say the whole of the area including England and to the parts of Germany that you're interested in.

It was a device that worked on three pulse transmitters from England. The device itself measured the time between successive pulses from the three stations, and from that, the device could calculate distances, and the distances could effectively be read off the map. It was possible to get an accurate position in the aircraft of probably half a mile or something like that, which was extraordinarily accurate and better than anything that had ever been available before.

So this was all new to us, and actually it started about the same time as we did, so it was new to everybody then. I was fortunate one day, when we were out on a training flight with our GEE set working and everyone in our 'plane was worried by the fact that we were flying home in a cloud that gave us zero visibility. We were heading back to the aerodrome in Yorkshire, but with no ground contact. Of course, it was all blacked out there anyway.

Then it occurred to me that there was a GEE line that went through our aerodrome, and I just picked it up on the map, and we flew until that coordinate came up on the GEE set, and then turned and flew along the GEE line which took us right back over the top of the aerodrome. I told the pilot to bring the thing down below the cloud just when we were over the aerodrome — and they put the lights on for us.

This was really a theatrical production. There, suddenly, after not knowing where we were — and, as was the case with most new crew, their confidence in their not-very-well-known navigator was at a pretty raw state — we were safe. It was a remarkably good opportunity to show what could be done. But of course it was a tribute to the GEE and not so much to do with me, but I enjoyed it anyway.

After the war ended in Europe we did a tour on transport command which flew in Burma, then the Japanese surrendered and there was no opposition at all to any of this flying.

The war for me was over. ■

A fair go for Eden-Monaro

Mike Kelly

Since being re-elected as the Member for Eden-Monaro in 2016, I have been a strong advocate for our local community on the issues that matter to people and families living in our electorate.

One thing has been clear to me over the past six years under the Liberals and Nationals — they have the wrong priorities.

The choice at this election could not be clearer.

Do we want the world's best health care and education systems with Labor? Or tax loopholes that favour the top end of town with the Liberals and Nationals?

Do we want a fair country where the economy works in the interests of everyone — particularly working families — with Labor? Or the big business and the banks benefiting more than everybody else with the Liberals and Nationals?

We all know that a strong TAFE sector and apprenticeships are critical to our region — particularly with the new renewable energy projects in development. That's why I'm proud that Labor will invest over \$1 billion in TAFE and apprentices to restore TAFE as the centrepiece of Australian vocational training.

Our community is calling for the Gov-

ernment to take real action limiting the impacts of climate change — it is such an important issue for our farmers and our ski industry. Labor has committed to 50 per cent renewable energy by 2030 by investing in cheaper, cleaner energy.

Labor believes everyone should have access to affordable, quality healthcare. Unfortunately, in Australia, nearly half of all cancer patients pay more than \$5,000 in out-of-pocket costs over the course of their diagnosis and treatment. This is why Labor will invest \$2.3 billion to slash the out-of-pocket costs for cancer patients — the biggest investment in Medicare since Bob Hawke introduced it.

With your support at this election, I'll fight for real action on climate change, better local healthcare and I'll make sure the key projects in our region, like Snowy 2.0, are supported by local jobs.

My pledge to continue serving you

WITH YOUR SUPPORT I WILL WORK TO:

- 1 Take real action on climate change and support renewable energy.
- 2 Ensure cheaper power.
- 3 Get better local health and aged care.
- 4 Protect and improve Medicare.
- 5 Invest in TAFE and apprenticeships.
- 6 Fight for local jobs.
- 7 Give every child in every school the best start in life.



SEWING THEM UP

Anzac Day 2019

‘A modern perspective on current duties conducted by our Australian nurses during war and peace.’



LTCOL Christine Saunders
gave the keynote address
at Braidwood

Having lived at Mount Fairy near Tarago for five years, I almost consider myself a local. So it was with great pleasure that I accepted the invitation to deliver the keynote address for Braidwood's 2019 ANZAC Day ceremony.

I have been asked to provide a modern perspective on the current duties conducted by our Australian nurses during war and peace. The military nursing profession today consists of registered nurses in all three Services, The Royal Australian Navy, The Australian Army and the Royal Australian Air Force.

By virtue of the uniform I wear today this keynote address will have a significant Army flavour but I wish to openly acknowledge the commitment and sacrifice of my nursing peers, not only those in the Navy and the Airforce but the New Zealand nurses; in fact, all nurses supporting and caring for the wounded and ill victims of wars, conflict and natural disasters from all nations.

These magnificent men and women have provided dedicated service in providing care during times of war and peace. The list of deployments is extensive and continues today. As we cel-

brate ANZAC Day today, Australian military nurses continue to provide care on deployment around the globe. Specifically I acknowledge the dedicated service of four nurses from the Braidwood district who served honourably in WW1 as staff nurses and sisters of the Australian Army Nursing Service. They were part of a legendary nursing history that has shaped modern civilian and military nursing. It is an honour to continue their tradition.

Sister Katie Walsh;
Sister Helen Steele;
Staff nurse Gwladys Llewellyn; and
Staff nurse Lila Bell.

For over 115 years Australian Military Nurses have gone willingly into dangerous, treacherous and harsh environments to provide care to the victims of conflict, victims who may be military or civilian, friend or foe. Despite the often appalling conditions of war or natural disaster Military nurses have served selflessly, diligently and with honour. Gone are the veils and long skirts, no longer used are the titles of 'superintendent', 'matron' and 'sister', but what continues in the service of nursing officers is the compassion and the care for people in a time of what is often their greatest need and vulnera-

bility. For members of the Royal Australian Army Nursing Corps we continue to proudly adhere to the Corps motto: pro humanitate — for humanity. The Australian Army Nursing Service was formed as part of the New South Wales colonial military forces in 1899.

These nurses were the first women to provide recognised service in the Australian military and most likely paved the way for greater inclusion of women into non-nursing military roles by 1940.

These brave and dedicated nurses showed they were tough enough to stand the dreadful conditions of warfare and mature enough to accept military discipline.

A tradition that military nurses are proud to uphold to this day.

The military nurse has a unique role and the bond between nurse and patient is exceptionally close. This bond

TED HART, TERRY HUGHES AND TOM RICHARDSON AT RYRIE PARK.



Tax Planning with Rhyl Tozer

We are approaching the end of the financial year and it is always a good idea to review the current financial year's income and expenses to see where you sit financially, especially if you are a small business enterprise (SBE). Tax planning involves making financial decisions, within the spirit of the tax law, to keep your tax to a minimum. Do not confuse planning with tax avoidance, which is intentionally exploiting the tax law. If in doubt, speak to your accountant.

The common tax planning strategies in place are:

- Deferring assessable income — eg delaying the issue of invoices until after 30 June
- Accelerating deductions — eg pre-paying some expenses such as deductible interest
- Utilising the instant asset write off,
- Making non-concessional superannuation contributions
- Salary sacrifice
- Farm Management Deposits — for primary producers only
- Organised paperwork — many individuals and businesses lose valid deductions from not keeping track of receipts.

These are just a few of many strategies available, and each taxpayer is unique and not all strategies are available to everyone. Therefore, if you are unsure about any of the above or would like to research further what is available to you, contact your accountant for further information and to ensure you fit within the parameters and/or the requirements as set by the Australian Taxation Office.

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ANZAC NURSES

is often forged in circumstances of intense suffering, fear and anguish, often by those far from home or having lost their home and loved ones, cloaked in uncertainty and heartfelt reservation for the future. A nurse's responsibility in this journey is considered an enormous privilege and is often thought to be the motivation for military nurses to willingly go into harm's way to care and nurse those in need.

The evolution of military nursing from 1900 until now not only includes dramatic advances in medicine and nursing but a major shift in who our patients are. Our patients are no longer only soldiers, sailors and airmen. This is in part a result of the efforts of nurses themselves and in part the maturing of the Australian Public consciousness to help and assist civilian inhabitants of war ravaged countries and victims of devastation resulting from natural disasters.

As much as things have changed and progressed, it is surprising how much remains similar.

In 1900 the Boer War nurses spent much time scrubbing and cleaning buildings to make them fit for use as hospitals. Nurses in Rwanda, East Timor and Banda Aceh over 100 years later did exactly the same.

Nurses in the casualty clearing stations during both world wars constantly moved to keep pace with the front line. Nurses in Iraq, Afghanistan, Bougainville and East Timor constantly moved with the fighting forces they were supporting. In every campaign and on every deployment nurses have had to 'make do'. Australian nurses have long been just as resourceful as our soldiers. At Lemnos in 1915 nurses tore up their skirts to make bandages, in 1993 nurses devised a makeshift humidicrib from a plastic food bin and in 2000 used plastic water bottles to make improvised spacers for Ventolin inhalers.

In summary, the modern duties conducted by Australian nurses has changed remarkably with our nursing care and skills not limited to Australian and Coalition Armed Forces, but encompassing care delivery, clinical intervention, maternal and child health and education to persons of war torn regions, displaced persons due to conflict or natural disaster and yes, even our military working dogs.

Despite modern military response changing, the quintessential attributes that shape nursing duties have not. The ability of nurses to respond under pressure, demonstrate resilience to physical deprivations and the psychological challenges of overwhelming suffering, to ensure the injured and ill are afforded the compassion and care they require, demonstrates the continued upholding of the timeless quality of devotion that a nurse represents in the centre stained glass window of the War Memorial's Hall of Memory.

To quote LTCOL Kim Sullivan, Nursing Officer in 2017:

At the end of the day, it's about touch;
holding a patient's hand. It is personal.
That has not changed.

Lest We Forget.

THE GOOD STUFF

Getting the right materials for the job

Jeff White at Braidwood Rural is ready to help

As we know, the production of any food material is dependent on a range of conditions. Some of these conditions we can control, others we can not.

This begs the question, "If we can not control it, what do we do?"

It doesn't matter if we are growing veggies in the home garden or on a commercial scale; or if we are producing meat or wool, we can look at what we can do to mitigate some of the possible challenges that we face.

In recent times there has been an increase in consumers wanting to know where their food comes from. The increase in people's ability and interest to follow the food trail has provided both opportunities and challenges for our production systems.

The groundswell of Farmers Markets and the Buy Local aspect means that the producer has a closer relationship with the end user. In order to keep the customer, the producers, main aim is to produce a quality item on a consistent basis that both provides value for money for the consumer, and is financially viable for the producer.

To mitigate some of the challenges we need to look at the product we are pro-

ducing, the end market, and inputs required as well as our own ideals.

In most instances our ideals will reflect the type of market that we are aiming at, which will also determine the type of inputs required.

With the range of products and farming / growing systems now available, it means that some of these less 'traditional' farming practices are becoming more accepted. From an inputs and management perspective, having access to both traditional and new thinking (even though some of this new thinking isn't really that new) means that the producer now has a choice that is becoming more accepted.

Getting down to the 'what can we do'.

Let's look at soil testing and managing our practices according to soil type and topography. This can help in assessing what we need and how to get there. We can then look at the systems that we wish to follow or are following. Are we wanting to go traditional practices or Sustainable Farming practices? A range of products and information is available for both systems. Again, this may have a bearing on your market or be driven by the market

you aim at. In some cases, it may be necessary to develop a watering (irrigation) system or plan. This may include general water infrastructure, or that ability to apply nutrient through this system. Liquid Nutrient application can be a cost-effective way to place nutrient for the plant, especially in landscape, vegetable and fruit tree operations.

This technology also has a fit in pasture and cropping operations, where it is applied through a boomspray application. If we look at grazing management, we can increase the positive effect on plant growth by managing our grazing enterprise in a rotational grazing system rather than a set stocking scenario. Our inputs in animal production are as wide and varied as the operation itself. Costs vs returns are always paramount in any production system, this is no different.

From the pasture that you sow to the animal health products that are used, information is readily available to help make an informed decision.

In summary there is a lot goes into producing a quality saleable item in whatever agricultural and food producing enterprise you are in.

The team at Braidwood Rural look forward to hearing about your operation and how we can assist.

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AIN'T IT THE TOOTH

Keep them smiling

Veterinary Nurse Katie Lyons

Periodontal disease is the most common disease of dogs and cats, and by the age of two, 80% of dogs and 70% of cats are already suffering from it.

When left untreated, dental disease results in long-term medical problems. Bacteria from the teeth and resulting gum disease track into the blood stream, which leads to damage of internal tissues and organs. Dental disease has been linked to liver, kidney and heart disease, so essentially your pet's bad breath is actually contributing to a premature death.

Signs of periodontal disease in dogs and cats include bad breath, pawing at the mouth, red or bleeding gums, tooth loss, excessive saliva, not eating, chewing on one side, becoming fussy or bolting down food and/or yellow-brown tartar on the teeth around the gum line. Just like humans, it is recommended that dogs, cats and rabbits all have regular dental health checks.

Signs of periodontal disease in horses include swelling of the face or jaw, excess saliva, bleeding from the mouth and loss of physical condition. Horses may be observed dropping feed out of their mouth while eating, washing their feed in water, or holding the head to one side when eating.

Dental disease can also cause behavioural problems when being ridden, including head tossing or pulling to one side, increased resistance to the bridle/bit, rearing and/or being generally unsettled or unwilling to perform correctly or consistently. Horses should undergo regular dental checks by a qualified equine veterinary dentist. This is especially important in young horses, as retained teeth can cause long term problems with the development of dental conformation, which needs to be avoided if the horse is to be ridden with a bit throughout its life.

Free dental checks for dogs, cats and rabbits are available at Braidwood Veterinary Surgery on Fridays. To schedule your appointment, please phone 02 4842 2697. ■



BEFORE AND AFTER





'Rovers at Majors Creek

Peter Mercer from the Land Rover Club of Canberra explains how they came to be there ...

Last Easter, there was a huge gathering in Canberra of about 2,000 Land Rovers from all over Australia. I've been a member of the Land Rover Club in Canberra for about 25 years and I've always enjoyed organising outings.

I have a connection to Majors Creek, being a weekend resident, so I put on a four-day weekend. I've got about 40 people and their vehicles camping here at the Rec ground.

Friday was arrival day and on Saturday we went off to Bendethera for a very nice drive. And I thought, "What can I do on the Sunday? So I put it out that it was a show and shine. I contacted local car clubs, and the local community and it seems like it's been quite a success.

Antony Davies was there too

I had a Land Rover when I was about 14. It was my second car and it was a Series 2-A. My father bought it so that I could learn to drive properly and embark on having a licence at some point.

My father had it repainted, which was very kind of him. I was really proud of that car — it had sheepskin covers on the front seats and a very wonky universal joint.

I went to college in Goulburn for a while, and I had to drive it from Moss Vale to Goulburn each week, and usually around Marulan, the universal joint would give out, and someone would have to come out and rescue me.

I loved the car. It was a wonderful old thing, but it broke down so many times that my father, who used to buy and sell cars, one day just switched it for a Holden Gemini. I was horrified and I absolutely hated it.

I was overjoyed when it caught fire. We'd fitted a radio to it, and happily, it set fire to the car, and so I didn't have to have it anymore.

I've loved cars since I was very, very, very small — we always had old cars around about. I had my first Matchbox car when I was one, it was a Rolls Royce Londoner. It was missing its front wheels because my brother broke them off when I was about three.

I once owned a Series II-A that came

from just over here, at the back of Majors Creek. It had been bought new in 1961, bogged in 1972 in a heavy wet year, and left in the pond where it was. It was sunk right up to the door handles and the owner then just bought another car.

I got it out with an excavator. I paid \$50 for it because it was considered beyond any functional use. It took me about six months to clean it right the way through. There was no corrosion in it, which was astonishing, because it had been entombed in dry mud.

I used that Landrover for another ten years or so. Then I switched that for this, a Series I, a transitional 86-inch model from 1955.



ANTONY IN HIS TRUSTY LAND ROVER AND IAN BENSLEY'S SLINKY JAGUAR XK120.



AUTUMN / WINTER RECIPES WITH LYN CRAM

Winter Desserts to warm your heart!

HELEN FARLEY

HOME STYLE COUNTRY SOUP

– great for easy weekend lunch

Ingredients:

1 onion
4 bacon rashers rindless roughly chopped
3 potatoes sliced
2 cups beef stock
2 tbsp plain flour
2 cups milk

1 cup minted peas Nutmeg

Method:

Spray a large pan with oil, fry bacon and onion until cooked, add 2 tbsp plain flour cook for 1 minute.

Add beef stock and sliced potatoes and simmer. When tender, add 2 cups of milk and 1 cup of peas simmer until hot.

Season with salt and pepper, garnish with sprinkle of nutmeg. Serve with grilled cheese toasted slices.

LYN CRAM

CRISP APPLE TART

This topping is great over your favourite puff pastry base, either frozen and thawed, or home made.

6 Granny Smith Apples
Juice and finely grated rind of one lemon
60g butter, melted
½ cup toasted sliced almonds
60g sugar
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Peel and quarter apples, core and cut each 1/4 into 3 lengthwise slices. Place in a bowl with lemon juice and toss gently till well coated. Stand for 10 minutes. Drain apples on paper towel, then arrange with slices overlapping in a circle around the outside of the base.

Arrange the remaining slices in the centre. With a pastry brush coat the surface with the melted butter, then sprinkle the toasted almonds over the top. Mix the lemon rind, sugar and cinnamon together and sprinkle on top.

Bake tart in the lower third of oven preheated to 200°C fan forced for 30 minutes until pastry is crisp and topping golden brown.

Best eaten warm with thickened cream or mascarpone.



BAKED PEARS

6 to 8 pears
6 to 8 dates
60g walnut pieces
1 vanilla bean split in half lengthwise
strip orange rind
strip lemon rind
250ml fruity white wine
150ml water
125g caster sugar

Leave skin on pears but carefully remove core from base with apple corer. Place a walnut piece inside each date and then insert into the cavity at the base of each pear. Stand pears in an ovenproof dish and place lemon and orange rinds, plus vanilla bean pieces around them.

Mix wine and water together with the sugar, and pour over and around pears. Sprinkle a little extra sugar over the top of each pear and place the remaining walnut pieces around the pears.

Bake uncovered in mod oven preheated to 150°C for 2 hours, basting the pears with the liquid once or twice. Serves 6 to 8.

Delicious with custard or cream.



CHOCOLATE HAZELNUT CAKE

Preheat oven to 180°C. Grease and flour loaf pan

½ cup caster sugar
4 eggs
½ cup ground hazelnuts
125g dark chocolate melted

Separate eggs. Beat yolks and sugar till well combined. Beat egg whites till stiff, combine melted chocolate with hazelnuts and then fold into the beaten whites. Then fold this mixture into the sugar/yolks. Cook for no more than 45 mins.

Best to prepare 2 days before use. Store in airtight container. To serve, decorate with sweetened cream and grated chocolate or chocolate discs.

WYNLEN FARM

The chilli bushes in our hothouse have produced prolifically this year. We have had long green and long red chilli, Mexican jalapeño and poblano chilli and a very hot red birds eye chili bust all pumping out fruit of great quality and lasting power. With such abundance come the responsibility to utilise rather than throw away what is excess to weekly requirements. In the chilli department this means making chilli jam or sauce.

CHILLI SAUCE

This is a great chili sauce recipe from Jamie Oliver that I have tailored to my taste. Jamie uses apples, onions and tomatoes to really brighten the flavour of the chilli. It tastes great.

Ingredients:

1 large brown onion diced
10 large red chillies and 10 red or green jalapeño
Tbbs of apple cider vinegar
1 large tomato
Half an apple peeled and chopped
Two garlic cloves diced.
Honey to taste
Water or loosen

First roast the chili. Heat your oven to 180°C, slice the peppers in half lengthwise and remove the stems, scrape out the seeds. Set them onto a lightly oiled baking sheet and bake 20-25 minutes, or until the skins blister. Remove the peppers and cover with aluminum foil or a towel to allow them to steam. Peel off the skins and toss them. Fry off the onions and garlic in a little sunflower oil, add the tomato and apple to the pan and fry off lightly. Put all these ingredients in the food processor and blend away until very liquid. Add honey, salt and pepper to taste.

Bottle or jar the sauce according to your usual preserving methods. If well preserved the sauce should last well and only needs the fridge when opened.

Helen



FLU HACHOO

Winter illness

It is that time of the year where colds and flu (influenza) appear to have their time. Although you can catch a cold or flu at any time during the year, not just in winter.

However they are more common during the winter months, possibly because people are more likely to stay indoors and be in close contact with each other.

Colds and flu are very contagious viral infections. If you have a cold or flu and you sneeze or cough, tiny droplets of fluid containing the virus are launched into the air. These droplets spread about 1 metre and are suspended in the air for a while where they can be breathed in by someone else who may then become infected. These tiny droplets of fluid can also land on surfaces. Anyone who touches these surfaces can also catch a cold or flu if they pick up the virus on their hands and then touch their nose or mouth. If you have a cold or flu and you touch your mouth or nose and then touch a person or object without first washing your hands, then you can also transfer the virus to that person or object. Good hygiene is one of the most important ways to help prevent colds and flu.

Hence cough etiquette and hand cleansing is very important to prevent spread. Another way to prevent spread is that if you do get a virus, stay home while sick so others do not get in contact with you while it is contagious. If needed see your doctor or pharmacist for a sick/leave of absence certificate. As a rule, a pharmacist can give you a certificate for 1-2 days while you are unwell, anything beyond that should be seen by a doctor. Always check with your work place/education institutions as to what their requirements are for leave certificates.

How to prevent cold and flu:

Both cold and flu can be prevented by good hygiene. Good hygiene includes:

- washing your hands regularly and properly with soap and water, particularly after touching your nose or mouth, and before handling food
- sneezing and coughing into tissues then throwing them away immediately and washing your hands
- cleaning surfaces such as your keyboard, telephone and door handles regularly to get rid of germs
- not sharing cups, plates and cutlery
- where you can, avoid sharing towels with other people and throw disposable tissues and paper towels in the bin immediately after using them.

The flu can also be prevented by having the annual flu vaccine.

In 2019 the following groups of people are able to get their flu vaccine for free as they are considered at higher risk of complications from influenza:

- all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people aged 6 months and over
- all children aged 6 months to less than 5 years of age (including Aboriginal and medically at risk)
- all individuals aged 5 years and over with medical risk conditions, namely:
 - cardiac disease, including cyanotic congenital heart disease, coronary artery disease and congestive heart failure
 - chronic respiratory conditions, including suppurative lung disease, chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and severe asthma
 - other chronic illnesses requiring regular medical follow up or hospitalisation in the previous year, including diabetes mellitus, chronic metabolic diseases, chronic renal failure, and haemoglobinopathies
 - chronic neurological conditions that impact on respiratory function, including multiple sclerosis, spinal cord injuries, and seizure disorders.

Cough etiquette

Cover your cough



- When coughing or sneezing, use a tissue to cover your nose and mouth
- Dispose of the tissue afterwards
- If you don't have a tissue, cough or sneeze into your elbow.

Wash your hands



- After coughing, sneezing or blowing your nose, wash your hands with soap and water
- Use alcohol-based hand cleansers if you do not have access to soap and water

Remember hand washing is the single most effective way to reduce the spread of germs that cause respiratory disease.

Anyone with signs and symptoms of a respiratory infection, regardless of the cause, should be instructed to cover their nose/mouth when coughing or sneezing; use tissues to contain respiratory secretions; dispose of tissues in the nearest waste receptacle after use; and wash their hands afterwards.



- impaired immunity, including HIV, malignancy and chronic steroid use
- children aged 6 months to 10 years on long term aspirin therapy.

- pregnant women (influenza vaccine can be given at any stage of pregnancy)
- people aged 65 years and over (vaccine that is specifically designed to produce a higher immune response is available for this group).

In NSW the free vaccines are available from your local doctor.

All those people that are not covered by the free flu vaccine program can either see their doctor for a prescription for the flu vaccine that can be filled at the pharmacy and brought back to the doctor for injection OR they can enquire at their local pharmacy as to the possibility of getting a pharmacist prescribed flu vaccine (at a cost) provided the pharmacy has pharmacists that are trained immunisers to do the vaccination.

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- > Return of Unwanted Medicines (RUM)
- > In-Pharmacy Medicine Review (MedsCheck)

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

THE STARS ARE DEFINITELY CRAZY

HORRORSCOPE FOR THE WINTER MONTHS OF 2019:

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

TAURUS

All your chickens will come home to roost this month but remember you can't unscramble an omelette from a politician's hair. Eggs these days need not only to be free-range but long range as well if you want to avoid some chicken punches from your target turkey. Remember, nazis don't get the yolk.

GEMINI

Ellem-A-Oh is the god of cyber scorn, sister to Ohemgee, princess of confected outrage or advertised surprise. Double-you Taf can be invoked when other forms of enquiry have proved fruitless or less dramatic.

CANCER

Some bruvvers do 'ave 'em. The quite sensible opposition to a mega mine aimed at bleeding India's poor is complicated by the shenanigans of the CMEMEME&FU. Tomorrow's future should not be sold to prop up a very few jobs today.

LEO

People will be seeking your advice in the next week, hoping to gain insight and information, usually as you sit down to dinner. Tell them to eff off and you'll vote how ever you like when you get to the polling place. Press 1 for Lib, 2 for Lab, 3 for Grn and redial a dill for PUP. Huawei then sends a text to what's-his-name.

VIRGO

Old King Coal leaves a bloody big hole, and he takes the stuff for free. He gets his tax breaks with the invoice he fakes and there's no money left for the dole. Then he calls for his books and goes on a fiddler's spree. And of course the outgoing Energy Minister gets on the board and we go round again — whoopie!

LIBRA

As you know, the Vernal point moves backwards through the sidereal zodiac at the rate of a little over one degree every 72 years. In Canberra the Venal point out does this, moving backwards to the fossil era at an alarming rate with an expected rise of three degrees every 50 years. Of course there will only be one degree or less of separation from post pollie to generous recompense.

SCORPIO

Have you seen the new Facebook group, 'Braidwood Naysayers, Pedants and Yokels'? Its immoderators have a policy of anything goes, except lost and found dogs or cats which has its own following on that other site. New emoji are being developed for 'tar and feather', 'get run out of town', 'why don't you just crawl into a hole and die' and the like. Political discussion will not be tolerated.



SAGITTARIUS

This month's predictions are based on an actual read. Your smart meter number is 200935672:5. Your anytime is Step 1 and any complaints may also be escalated to a Complaint Resolution Specialist on the first floor or doubly escalated to a Team Manager on the second floor.

CAPRICORN

Don't bottle up those nasty intemperate thoughts that rattle around in your head, that's what Facebook is for. Slag off a Scorpio, they're in that new group.

AQUARIUS

Are you a rich intemperate, shamelessly unscientific buffoon? There may be a job for you in Australian politics. Buffoonery was a once derided trait, but since the 2016 US election it's a cause célèbre. If you must tell lies, make them big ones. As a crook bank can be too big to fail, so can a rank crook be too big to nail.

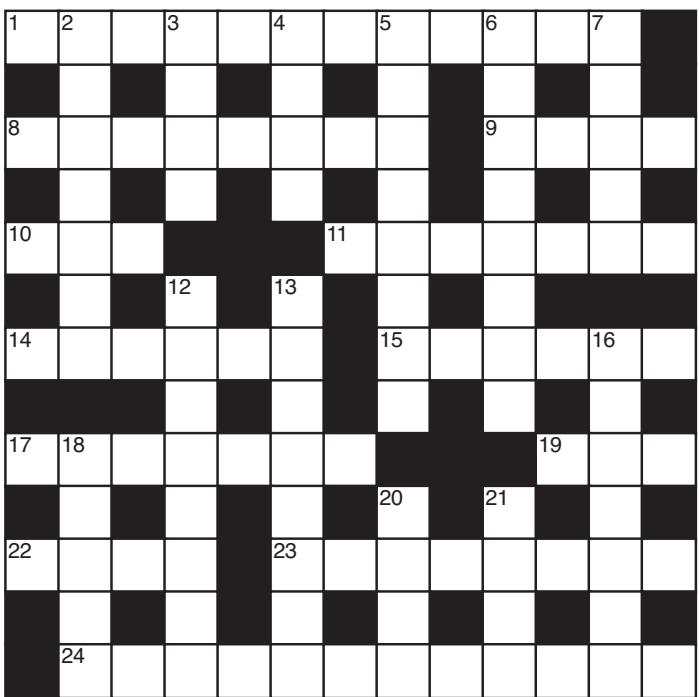
PISCES

Be kind to everyone this month. You're not the only one who feels the world is a crazy place. Especially don't feel paranoid about thinking that politics has gone to the dogs and they've buried it like a randid bone. You're not paranoid, the bone is really down there and it stinks.

ARIES

Make a wish. Something along the lines of, 'even if I don't think it will save the planet, I sure would like cheaper electricity and if a community-operated solar farm could do that, I'm in'. Then of course, if other people like you in communities all around the world were to do the same thing, the planet would be saved even if you didn't mean to.

BRAIDWOOD BAFFLER BWD 19



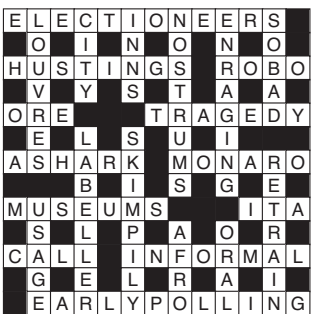
CLUES ACROSS

- 1. In centuries past, witches were tried according to this system of justice. In debates today, some participants can cast blame on their opponents in this way. (12)
- 8. There's a controversial one in Central Queensland. (8)
- 9. A 'doing' word. (4)
- 10. Will your next one be electric? (3)
- 11. "It's the, stupid!" (7)
- 14. Your mental or physical condition. (6)
- 15. More submissive (6)
- 17. Tango, quickstep and jive are all forms of this activity. (7)
- 19. "It's all as clear as ..." (3)
- 22. If you're against it, you're.. (4)
- 23. Donkeys vote this way (8)
- 24. When candidates depose unpopular sitting members, their supporters might say "Goodbye... (2,2,4,4)."
- 7. In ancient times, you might ring this to alert others to danger. (5)
- 12. Happening Australia-wide on May eighteenth. (8)
- 13. Rhythmical repetition of a song, prayer or sound. (8)
- 16. Teach, inform. (7)
- 18. "You're going to take your medicine." Child replies, "(2,3)".
- 20. Hairstyle created by combing the hair away from the scalp in a large, rounded shape. (4)
- 21. Abbreviated term for a particular academic rank. (4)

CLUES DOWN

- 2. Top of the list in the minds of some voters (7)
- 3. Utilised. (4)
- 4. Continent nearest Australia (4)
- 5. Defeat an opponent (8)
- 6. Created or designed (8)

SOLUTION TO BAFFLER BWD 18



WE CAN MAKE IT BETTER

We have no idea how smart the future will be

Saturday night in 1972. Suddenly through the smokey room erupts a cry of anguish, “Hey man. Who left my new Joni Mitchell album out of its sleeve?”

“Oh man, it’s got ash all over it and ... goddam it man it’s been scratched too.” For the benefit of BWD’s younger readers, an album is a circular piece of plastic, 300 mm in diameter, impressed with a long spiralling groove that vibrates a stylus on an arm as it goes round and round underneath. Electronic jiggery-pokery sends the signal to an amplifier, then to speakers and on to the ears of, in this case, a roomful of hippies.

At the time, albums were possessions of high treasure and exquisite pleasure. Young readers’ grandparents would raid shops to ‘liberate’ milk crates to store them in. Their large size, twelve inches in dinosaur talk, allowed the outer sleeves to be adorned with artwork that equalled, and occasionally surpassed, the audio experience.

At the time, we thought LPs were terrific because our parents hadn’t had ‘Long Playing’ records. Theirs went at the breakneck speed of 78 rpm and were made of fragile shellac that you only dropped once.

LPs, rotating at a more sedate 33½ rpm allowed up to 25 minutes or 6 songs on each side, wow! But weren’t we blown away in the 1990s when CDs came along. The compact disk could play the whole album in one go. Digital optical disc data storage was an amazing leap up from the bulky vinyl record.

Are you wondering about the point of this story? Have a look at the picture on this page. This is my record collection from my first Beatles LP (Help!) through to the advent of CDs.

In front of the stack of vinyls do you see the 1980s robot partly obscuring Pink Floyd’s ‘Atom Heart Mother’ cow? In its hand is a 32GB memory stick.

The stack of records weighs 83.7 kg and takes up a lot of space as you can see — over the years I lost all but one of the milk crates. The stick weighs 3.5 grams, nearly 24,000 times lighter, and if it was any smaller I’d lose it.

There are 375 albums in that stack and the tiny 32GB stick will hold 615. That’s a mighty lot of technological advancement in fifty years.

The advance of electricity

The point I’m getting at is that the scale of technological change is not reliably predicted at any point in history. But we can look back in wonderment at its achievement and effect on our lives.

We need to separate what we know is not working from baseless claims that nothing else will work. For instance, we know that mining and burning coal to make electricity is a bad idea. But the people who want to keep using it, for what ever reason, find it expedient to claim that solar and wind energy is just ‘kiddy power’ by comparison and not up to the task.

The evidence is all to the contrary. Electricity in all its forms has seen incredible advances right through the twentieth century and it’s still advancing at the speed of energy along a wire.

ALL THESE RECORDS AND TWICE MORE WILL FIT ON THE TINY STICK. A FEW EARLIER STORAGE DEVICES LANGUISH REDUNDANTLY IN FRONT.

TIME & ENERGY

towards the future by Paul Cockram

The twentieth century could be described as the age of oil, just as the nineteenth was the age of coal. In the railways, use of coal lasted only half way through the twentieth century when it was realised that enormous increases in productivity could be made by switching to diesel and electric traction. Coal’s days were numbered and in the space of two decades steam locomotives disappeared just like the poor dinosaurs.

Solar is at the ‘vinyl’ stage

There is nothing the sun can’t power. Running the entire biosphere of the planet is no mean feat, so supplying our factories and houses with ample electricity is a diddle by comparison.

If our governments stopped their habit of thwarting and belittling renewable

energy, and gave our scientists funding and genuine encouragement, the rate of change and advancement would bring us up to par, or better, with more savvy countries.

Australia has everything it needs to lead the world in solar power advancement except political leadership. Solar and wind can’t be depleted or exhausted, we can have as much as can be collected.

Finite fuels like oil, coal and gas, apart from being non-renewable, are expensive to extract and the cost goes up over time as the easier deposits are exhausted. Solar and wind are the opposite. Spend the money now on the collection machinery and enjoy the free plentiful supply endlessly into the future.

We don’t know what the future will bring but it’s not our job to worry about that. In the here and now, it is our responsibility to the people of the future to identify any threats to them and to do our utmost to mitigate those threats. We have a moral obligation to reduce our lethal footprint on this planet that we’re minding and to provide our children with all the time we can give them to develop their own technology. ■





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