

BWD

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TOP
SELLING
MAGAZINE
IN BRAIDWOOD

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- “It starts with us”
- Santa Fe sojourn
- Life and loss
- Poetry and pain
- Miscommunications
- Cyanide protest
- Growing garlic

Emma Campbell
“Dancing is about fun.”





Life and loss

An essay by Robin Tennant-Wood

THE EDITOR ASKED ME if I would write about 'life after Roger', but as it's still only four weeks since my partner of 20 years slipped away to begin his next mission, I'm still not sure what a post-Roger life will look like. What I can write about is time and space, and how the death of a life-partner will alter these concepts: sometimes warping them together into a single Mobius strip; other times shattering them like glass. I can write about how the familiar becomes unrecognisable as the new conditions of life change the lens through which one views the world. I can reflect on what is important in a life suddenly turned on its head.

In the first week of January, Roger and I entered a long, black tunnel together. Five weeks later I emerged from it alone, blinking in the sunlight as I walked away from Braidwood Hospital on a thoroughly unremarkable late summer Sunday afternoon. Someone once wrote that tragedies play out against very ordinary backgrounds. Even though my life had been ripped and shaken to its core, the regular sounds and sights of small-town Sunday were present in the drone of a lawnmower, the shouts of kids on bikes, a magpie on the telephone wires, a dog barking. The black tunnel closed behind me. All that was left was for me to move forward into a

world that was so different, yet looked and sounded so familiar.

In the weeks since Roger's death I've noticed that things once important are suddenly not so. 'Things', in fact, are not important at all. People are important. Life is important. The connections that join us to one another, connections so fragile that they can vanish in an instant, yet somehow still survive, are important. The rest is just 'stuff'. Where I was once almost umbilically connected to my mobile phone, I now find myself forgetting it and leaving it at home or in the car. Once-valued possessions are just so much clutter.

There's a wonderful term I recently read about regarding bereavement: holding space. Holding space for someone means allowing them the time and space they need to find their own way while still remaining present for them. In a practical sense it involves knowing when to stand back and when to come close, giving information or guidance only as needed, respecting that each person's experience will be different, and importantly, remaining non-judgemental. This allows the bereaved person to find their feet, make mistakes and learn from them, and also to feel safe in asking for help. I've found that some people are natural space holders: people who seem to instinctively know

when to call or to drop by the shop; people who know whether what is needed are words or silence. The gentlest people are sometimes the strongest; the most innocent can be the wisest.

My fridge at home contains one jar of homemade sauerkraut, half a tub of margarine, some cheese and a small, thriving, furry ecosystem that I think used to be an avocado. My freezer, which once held the excess of the veggie garden's bounty, now contains only a bottle of vodka and a piece of Christmas cake that may or may not have arrived on the First Fleet. I probably shouldn't be admitting this in the public domain, and no, I don't need an intervention (no, really – the vodka's been there for ages!). Food and cooking, once enjoyable pastimes, now mechanical actions, will, I'm sure, regain their appeal over time.

Time contracts and expands irregularly and unpredictably. A moment spent staring into space can be an hour. An hour spent on a task may only be a moment. The changing colour of the leaves of the Chinese pistachio outside the kitchen window can hold my attention for an eon but dealing with emails and internet business occupies me for a nanosecond. Sometimes it feels like I'm a small round stone lying perfectly still at the bottom of a deep vortex, with my life spinning chaotically around me.

Yet even in this chaotic world I find continuity. There is a business to run, pets to care for, a house to maintain, a garden to tend. The wallabies have eaten the roses – again – but one of them now has a joey. Can I deny this little family a nibble of my roses? They're only plants, after all. I can't return to 'normal' life because there's no such thing as normal any more, but there is refuge in the ordinary.



Robin Tennant-Wood is the owner of Miss Ruby's Bookshop. Her husband, Roger Pye, died on 15th February 2015, five weeks after being diagnosed with lung cancer.



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THE ABBOTT GOVERNMENT'S WHITE PAPER LACKS ENERGY

Here you are — sorry it's late. It is a hard life these days when nothing seems to ever change except the date. It's flying past at a million miles an hour, so it's always later than I think.

There are no details about the mooted amalgamation of Palerang and Queanbeyan Councils in this issue. The saga is unfolding as we speak but there is not much I can tell you for sure about what will happen.

Residents of both local government areas will soon receive information from their respective councils outlining the available options. The two councils have been co-operating with State Government-appointed consultants to assess which option, stand alone or combine, best meets the requirements of 'Fit For the Future' and provides the best deal for each council's ratepayers and residents.

After being a Palerang councillor for six-and-a-bit years, my own view is that we should continue to go it alone. It's clear from the combined meetings that Palerang and Queanbeyan councils have different skill sets, both in the staff and the councillors.

On top of that — Queanbeyan don't want us — why would they? If the State Government forces the two councils to merge, Queanbeyan, which will end up with nearly all the councillors, will see Palerang as poor cousin foisted upon them.

A wooden bridge on our Cooma Road (and that's not their Cooma Road, either Old or New), will struggle to attract councillor support away from, say, a bigger pool or other community centre in Queanbeyan City.

But there's always the question of rates income. Neither council is wholly able to meet its FFF mandatory fiscal position without raising more revenue in the future. A merged entity might, through cross-subsidising, allow our increase to be lessened. To put it crudely, it would be the cost of maintaining local representation.

When the 'Palerang Fit for the Future' flyer (or whatever it's called) arrives in the mail, it will spell out these options and ask for your opinion. Please think about it, start the discussion and tell Council your views.

Paul Cockram

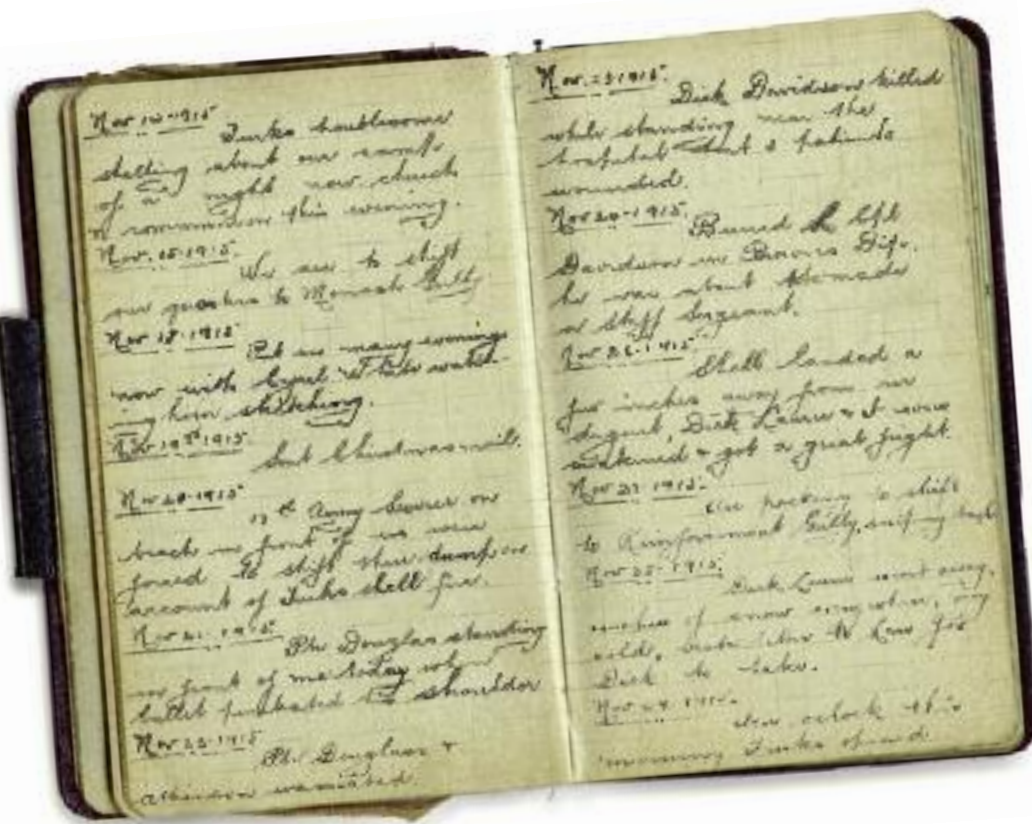
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Gallipoli diary

Lance Sergeant Leslie Burke kept a diary and wrote nearly every day of his active service from 1915 – 1919.

His grandson Paul Cockram transcribes ...

August 25th 1915.

Am expecting to move off to the front anytime now.

August 26th 1915.

Am tired of Egypt and the sand and the people here.

August 27th 1915.

Everything nearly packed now to move off.

August 28th 1915.

We have our orders now to move some time tomorrow. Perce and I went down to Heliopolis for the last time before we go away. Sat in the gardens and had a good talk.

August 29th 1915.

Saw Perce this morning, am to see him again before they move out, they are going earlier than we are ... half past nine I left camp for station with transport, have loaded everything on train to start at 2 o'clock for Alexandria.

August 30th 1915.

Arrived at wharf,

embarked about midday, sailed about 5 o'clock.

August 31st 1915.

Am transport Sergeant in charge of one deck of horses, am having good trip, weather fine, sleeping on deck.

September 1st 1915.

In danger zone now, Haverford taking a zigzag course on account of submarines, every man has to go about with his boots unlaced ready to kick off in case anything happens and we have to swim. We have sing-songs every night, always sleep near our lifebelts.

September 2nd 1915.

This morning about 10 o'clock we were given orders to get our lifebelts on and be ready for any order that may be given, we soon discovered the reason. Ahead of us we could see a troopship with the nose dipped in the water, all ... which were boat loads of our boys in lifeboats and collapsible canvas ones, some on rafts and other

100 YEARS AGO

debris. We soon received the news it was the Southland and that it had been torpedoed.

[HMT Southland was a transport ship conveying men of 2nd Division AIF from Egypt to Gallipoli when it was torpedoed by the German submarine UB14 30 miles from Lemnos in the Aegean Sea.]

As we drew closer many of the over-packed boats drifted past us. It was something grand the way our boys in those boats behaved, we stopped and rescued one boat but soon moved again as our boat was in danger of meeting the same fate as the Southland.

As it was a torpedo is supposed to have just missed the stern of our boat. A few hours sailing brought us safely into Mudros Harbour at Lemnos Island. This afternoon we heard the sad news that after being rescued by a torpedo destroyer, our Brigadier Linton died of shock. Am worried to know whether Perce was on the Southland.

September 3rd 1915.

Heard today that Perce is on another boat about Today some of our corps on another boat came over, am waiting orders.

September 4th 1915.

My birthday, kept it up sewing buttons on my trousers, nothing about leaving yet.

September 5th 1915.

Still in harbour, weather nice, amuse ourselves swimming.

September 6th 1915.

Large numbers of warships, hospital and troopships in harbour, it is a very good harbour too.

September 7th 1915.

Orders at last. Moving out any hour now. Our transport to return to Egypt, drivers are all very disappointed not being able to go to war.

September 8th 1915.

Went off Hereford about 2 o'clock this afternoon, went by ferry boat to another troopship Prince Abbass. Five hours sailing brought us inside of Anzac, anchored there. Everything seemed dreadfully strange. Occasionally a bullet would land close by, flares were going up like rockets, we would see a flash on the water some distance away, then the roar of the shell from one of our warships. About midnight we were taken off on tugs and landed at Anzac beach. From there we went to our camp in the hills above Brighton Beach. We slept anywhere we could lie down until daylight.

THIS YEAR

September 9th 1915.

All very busy making dugouts, Dick Davidson, Dick Lawner and I fixed one up and are now installed in our new home under the ground.

September 10th 1915.

Continual shelling and ... fire makes it hard for us to sleep of a night.

September 11th 1915.

Every man cooks for himself over here now. Rations are short, we have only had bully and biscuits so far.

September 12th 1915.

Our allowance of water is very small, we have to be very careful with it.

September 13th 1915.

Beachy Bill has been putting a shell or two over our way.

['Beachy Bill' was the well-concealed Turkish gun battery at Gaba Tepe.]

September 14th 1915.

Went down along beach today, saw Sgt Crocker's grave in the cemetery on Hells Spit corner. The little wooden cross over his grave is all shattered and splintered from shell that continually fall here.

September 15th 1915.

Went up Shrapnel Gully, saw one of Perce's friends at water tank in Bridges Road, gave him a message for Perce.

September 16th 1915.

Perce came down today, stayed a good while, had dinner with me.

September 17th 1915.

We are working four posts now, Browns Dip dressing station

HMAT A40 CERAMIC, THE SHIP THAT CARRIED LES BURKE FROM AUSTRALIA TO WAR ON A DISTANT SHORE.



2015 AUTUMN



LES BURKE (AT LEFT) AND FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

at the trenches, Browns Intermediate, in Browns Dip, Scotts Point Dressing Station (Lone Pine trenches), Scotts Intermediate (top Shrapnel Gully).

September 18th 1915.

Things quiet about.

September 19th 1915.

Took fatigue party up Shrapnel Gully, church parade and Communion.

September 20th 1915.

Turks shelling Hells Spit and 3 men killed, 8 wounded, 2 mules killed.

September 21st 1915.

Beachy active, 15 men wounded on beach.

September 22nd 1915.

Talking to Arthur Weanes, shrapnel pellet hit me above knee. Shelling our camp, Pte Gumwader

killed and Pte Thompson wounded.

September 23rd 1915.

Weather fine, aeroplanes about.

September 24th 1915.

Aeroplane passed over our camp about 1 o'clock this morning, dropped a bomb a little further over in Browns Dip. One man killed and three wounded.

September 25th 1915.

Cruiser shelling Caba Tepo, hydroplane manoeuvring near cruiser.

September 26th 1915.

Church parade and communion.

September 27th 1915.

Go swimming often on the beach now.

September 29th 1915.

Many of our corp have gone away sick, a lot with "cold feet" have left us.

September 30th 1915.

Things are quiet today.

October 1st 1915.

Have been doing a lot of sandbagging.

October 2nd 1915.

Beachy still putting a few shells about, our monitors and cruisers don't seem to affect this battery at all.

October 3rd 1915.

Church service and communion, the only difference we find in one day from the other is when we have our service Sunday evenings.

October 4th 1915.

Saw Perce again.

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THE 4TH FIELD AMBULANCE DRESSING STATION AT GALLIPOLI, WITH SEVERAL GRAVES IN THE FOREGROUND, AUGUST OR SEPTEMBER 1915.

October 5th 1915.

Demonstration during the night, plenty of and bombing. poured about 50 shells into Cabor Tepo in very short space of time.

October 6th 1915.

Still more of our men being evacuated sick every day.

October 7th 1915.

Quite a lot of rumours floating about today in the camp.

October 10th 1915.

Three more of our corp wounded at Scots Point Dressing Station, Pte Kenny wounded very seriously.

October 11th 1915.

Heard there is not much chance of Pte Kenny recovering.

October 12th 1915.

Turkish prisoners doing fatigue work near our camp.

October 13th 1915.

Very busy sandbagging.

October 14th 1915.

Turks gave themselves up today, some by some regrettable mistake were shot as they left their trenches.

October 15th 1915.

Turkish aeroplane passed over, machine gun fire near our camp drove it away.

October 16th 1915.

Demonstration about 4 oclock this morning nothing doing though.

October 17th 1915.

Two more men killed by Beachy today church survived.

October 19th 1915.

Heard Perce was wounded and evacuated.

October 24th 1915.

Church parade.

October 26th 1915.

Big bombardment from our war boats & field guns, hydroplanes manoeuvring about cruiser, Turks returned fire all along beach.

October 29th 1915.

At Lone Pine trenches this afternoon, our engineers blew up ... to prevent Turks sapping under our trenches. Some of our men went in before fumes had escaped and were overcome, relief parties went after them only to meet the same fate. Major, Lieutenant and six men died from effects, many were dazed but soon recovered after a rest.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE MEDAL

6th Aust Field Ambulance
Corporal (L/Sgt) Leslie BURKE

Under all conditions, whether favourable or adverse, this N.C.O. is invariably cheerful and anxious to do everything in his power for the greater comfort of the men. He is always at great pains to get the best use out of, and make the greatest variety from, the available ration issue and all reports made from time to time by official cookhouse inspectors upon the state of cookhouses under his control have been of the very best. In active operations and especially during the period August 8th 1918 to October 6th 1918, the difficulty of providing hot food for personnel and wounded in forward ambulance posts has been very great and the fact that the supply has never failed is entirely due to the energy and excellent management of this N.C.O.

(Sgd) CHARLES ROSENTHAL
Major General, Commanding Second Australian Division.
Awarded January 30 1919



FOUR YEARS CAMPING

October 30th 1915.

Turk gave himself up, he stated Turkey was not feeding her troops in trenches. His statement was not in accordance with his looks as he looked physically fit & fine type of soldier, uniform was good.

October 31st 1915.

Church & communion.

Nov 2 1915.

Turks shelling of a night now.

Nov 5 1915.

Monotonous shelling.

Nov 1915.

Had letter from Perce.

Nov 1915.

Wrote to Mrs Fricker, Nan & Will.

Nov 12 1915.

Three more of our men killed by broom stick bomb at dressing station in Browns Dip, two wounded.

Nov 15th 1915.

Buried our dead in Browns Dip cemetery.

Nov 14 1915.

Turks troublesome shelling about our camp of a night now, church & communion this evening.

Nov 15 1915.

We are to shift our quarters to Monash Gully.

IN ALL WEATHER WITH NO END IN SIGHT

Nov 18 1915.

Put in many evenings now with Cyril White watching him sketching.

Nov 19th 1915.

Sent Christmas mail.

Nov 20 1915.

17th Army Service on beach in front of us were forced to shift their dump on account of Turks shell fire.

Nov 21 1915.

Pte Douglass standing in front of me today when bullet penetrated his shoulder.

Nov 22 1915.

Pte Douglass & Atkinson evacuated.

Nov 23 1915.

Dick Davidson killed while standing near the hospital, about 3 patients wounded.

Nov 2 4 1915.

Buried L Cpl Davidson in Browns Dip. He was about to be made a Staff Sergeant.

Nov 26 1915.

Shell landed a few inches away from our dugout, Dick Laurie & I were awakened & got a great fright.

Nov 27 1915.

Am packing to shift to Reinforcement Gully, sniping bad.

Nov 28 1915.

Dick Laurie went away, inches of snow everywhere, very cold, wrote letter to Nan for Dick to take.

Nov 29 1915.

Ten oclock this morning Turks opened terrific bombardment, our camps, hospital tents were shelled down, one patient lying on stretcher was buried, Captain Green while operating on a man was killed. Major Johnson was killed, S. Sgt Foster wounded. Every available man has been out stretcher bearing. The cold is intense and we have been handicapped as there are only a few of our corp left now. Have just reported back from a hard long carry & have now to shift some more things to our other camp. It is now 9 P.M. & we have had the most awful day since landing here.

Nov 30 1915.

Sniping in Bridge Road & near tonight & we are still shifting, Pte W. Wood wounded today.

December 1 1915.

General expressed thanks for work our corp did through the last big bombardment & paid tribute to our fallen officers Major Johnson & Captain Green.

Dec 2 1915.

Have had no mail for a long time now.

Dec 3 1915.

Getting things fixed up again, plenty of work.

Dec 4 1915.

Noise from battery of 18 pounders near us is terrible, water very scarce, now getting water in ruts on road made by mule carts and drinking it. Also gathering ice and snow and letting it melt for water to drink and cook with.

Dec 5 1915.

Saw man blown to pieces near bank at Ridges Road, 3 wounded, Church Communion.

Dec 6 1915.

Aeroplane dropped bomb near our camp.

Dec 7 1915.

Turks shelling hill near us in search of Indian Battery that shells chess board. About 15 reinforcements came, some Ballarat boys among them.

Dec 8 1915.

Furious bombardment by our warboats, the very earth is trembling.

Dec 9 1915.

Captain Cordner has been evacuated, only leaving the Colonel and Q.M. of our original strength of officers. Many men are being evacuated through frost bite.

Dec 10 1915.

About 10 oclock tonight received word to pack and be ready to embark first thing in morning, is now past midnight & still we are working, many are the rumours as to when we are going, mule transport took things to beach.

Dec 11 1915.

Fatigue party went down & loaded our things on the barges, after waiting on beach for sometime we were told to return to our old camp for the night.

Dec 12 1915.

Left for beach about 11 this morning, did fatigue loading stores on barges all day. At dusk we were supposed to get something to eat at a sort of Y.M.C.A. We were marched up to some place on the beach & order about turn given & marched back & on to a barge at Watsons Pier, was taken out to big black looking transport, packed on like sardines, had to sleep as best we could on the wet floor. Before leaving we had our last look at Anzac &

wondered why we are being taken away so suddenly.

Dec 13 1915.

At daybreak we found ourselves back at Lemnos once again, am feeling the want of food. Offered one of the crew 2/6 for a drink of tea but was refused. Were taken off transport onto bay steamer Waterwitch then landed on Lemnos. Am now feeling like many more very hungry & sick. Have to march to camp and carry our kits, about noon passed by village, halted for spell. Were able to get oranges and other fruits, chocolate biscuits which helped us considerably to finish our march which was 8 miles & a very hard march it was too. Were issued with bread, biscuits and bully for tea, put up tents after tea & retired for a well-earned sleep.

How this story came about

I've always known, as an occasional memory, that my grandfather kept war diaries. Until this current round of war 'nostalgia' I'd never thought to ask my sister (who got them from our mother) to see them. There are four diaries in all with an entry nearly every day of Leslie Burke's war 1915 to 1919. On some days the writing is so small, though always copperplate neat, it's quite hard to read.

The next theatre of Les's war is in France and it's a tragic story told in a way that highlights both the danger and the mundanity of living rough for so many years of such a young life.

It might make a future BWD story.

MY GRANDFATHER AND ME CIRCA 1955.





“It starts with us.”

Youth Week 2015 had its expo in Ryrie Park in early April. BWD was there to take photos and later to speak to some participants about what it all means to them.

I think “It starts with us” means for youth that a lot of people feel like they don’t have a say. I guess younger people feel like adults rule the world. Rather than just sit around and wish things would happen, we need to take a stand and make things happen. That’s why I think Youth Week is really good because for a lot of young people who don’t have the courage to stand up. There were places [information stands] there to help them with

family issues, bullying and things like that. I’d like to see a youth centre in Braidwood where younger people could go if they need help.

Tashani Davidson-Fuller

“It starts with us” means it starts with us. If we want something we need to tell the world. Like the Braidwood skate park; it wouldn’t have started without my class and some other people asking council many times to

TOMORROW

start the skate park. I think we are being heard. The skate park is a very important thing because lots of people do not have many things to do in Braidwood. So we asked and we got it ... they’re now doing it. And the crossing, I actually wanted a pedestrian crossing for Braidwood and eventually that happened. So it [speaking up] is very important.

Toby Buoro

I think “It starts with us” means like, everyone’s different; different people can change the world in different ways. Like our parents, when they were younger, what they did changed the world so now it’s up to us to change what the world is like.

Liam Moritz

We still have our failures and what we should do in the future, we don’t really know what we’re going to do. Since there’s war and poverty and all that kind of stuff happening we really need to try and improve that. So we need to learn the history as well but also to know what we can do about it.

Michael Butler

I’m just going to follow in my dad’s footsteps and become a trainer of racehorses.

Matthew Coleman

Youth Week means a lot to me and others. Hearing that, “It starts with us” and just coming to the party and learning a lot of stuff about the future, doing a lot of work about it and ... yeah. If we can do a better job ... I don’t know, we’ll see what happens when we get there.

Daniel Doran

(TOP) OLYSSA GRABS A SNACK, (LEFT BELOW) LIAM, TOBY, CRYSTAL AND TASHANI,

(BELOW) DANIEL AND MICHAEL



BELONGS TO THEM



ABOVE: RUBY, LUCY, MRYTLE, INGA AND SOPHIE,
(RIGHT) TALITHA AND JESSIE SING.

it out, we’re not getting it out as much as we should and so we’re not being heard.

Sophie Cargill

“It starts with us” means that we’re the ones that have to live through it for the rest of our lives. It’ll affect us personally the way that what adults did as children has affected them throughout their lives. Braidwood’s not a bad little town, we do have a lot of really good opportunities here.

Ruby Gurling

I thinks it’s important for the whole community to get involved in understanding what’s important to us, what



“Its starts with us” is an important slogan because if the youth aren’t able to do anything, because we are the future, if we aren’t motivated then nothing is going to happen. As youth we always need to be thinking about future generations as well and if we aren’t able to do that, it’s not going to happen for anyone.

For instance, we could revitalise the Braidwood Radio station to make it more cool. When youth think about the radio station they think, “yeah, like ... old people”. If we had a time when young people could listen then we could run programs, with new music, about issues that actually matter to youth.

I think the proposed youth centre and skate park will be perfect for Braidwood. But as I said the other day when we thanked John Barilaro and the Community Bank for the money, I was in year 7 when we all got really excited about the plans [now in year 12]. We thought it would be really good to have something to do after school especially in winter. The youth centre will be a way for kids in the community to come together and hang out in a safe environment rather than loitering on the streets. People think Braidwood is safe but it’s not always the case.

Inga Neilsen

To me it means that if there are any changes we want to see in the future, changes to what the world is now, then we actually have to stand up and make a difference. I think a youth centre would be really a great place for us to hang out after school and maybe on the weekends.

Myrtle Wild

Adding to what Sophie and Ruby said, it’s up to us to make the changes for the next generation. I don’t spend a lot of time in town; it would be good if we had more activities for youth in Braidwood so they don’t have to journey to other towns.

Lucy Baumann-Lionet

I suppose it means it’s up to us, we’re the next future. So it’s up to us to determine what’s going to happen in that future. We need to use our voice to tell people what we need. We’re being heard as much as we’re getting





ON THE RIVER IN FRANCE

A message from Lesley Lambert to all my dear friends in Braidwood:

“Look guys, I love you all, but if I don’t soon get on Seine, I might have to go insane.”

NERRIGA ROAD, BRAIDWOOD



• 2-3 bedrooms
• Steel-frame house
• 3-bay garage
• 5 acre block
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HOUSE & LAND SALE



ANJALI, FORBES AND CAMERON

we can bring through into the future. The idea of getting everyone together in the park [at Youth Week] is to bring all the views together, to bring all those ideas so that they can get known within the community — to bring them up and then get them into place. I think the problem of youth not being listened to is gradually getting better as we’ve seen with the reconditioning of the ovals and the skate park. I think that’s just the start of what is possible. It would be great to have a pool for use in winter, if it’s not a fully indoor pool, at least to have it heated.

Forbes Corby

There are voices that aren’t being listened to. There should be a panel of kids that goes to council meetings to put forward our ideas. I think we could have an indoor swimming pool. It’s all good in summer with everyone going to the pool but then in winter there’s nowhere to go. Also, if we had a year-round pool we could have sporting teams like water polo and aquarobics. Or we could get those big blowup things and jump on them ... that’d be cool.

Anjali Williams

I think the youth are shaping up because we’re all going to grow up and we’re going to be the ones running it one day, so it’s important that we know what’s going on while we’re young so we know how we’re going to shape the world. In Braidwood at the moment it’s not all that inviting for youth because there are not a lot of things to do.

Cameron Pont

SEBASTIAN AND GEORGINA WOWED THE CROWD.



WHEN I LEFT SCHOOL, a boys school, I was the only one in my year who didn’t go to university, so I have never had the advantage of the choices that a university degree offers you.

There are good careers for those who don’t, but the options are limited. When I left school I really had no idea what I wanted to do, but my father had been a real estate agent so I thought, well, I’ll try that then. Among other things I did before that I trained to be a portrait photographer but ended up just taking hundreds and hundreds of baby photos.

So I looked to something for a living that I already enjoyed doing. Food has always been a passion for me. I am quite happy to get into the kitchen and spend two hours cooking and then consume it all by myself — although I prefer to share food.

About 14 years ago, after my mother died, my then wife and I decided to move to Australia to be in a different place with different people. My wife’s family lived in Braidwood and that focussed our minds to start a new life here.

Mark meets Dojo

My wife at the time was working here, at Dojo, for my predecessor and ex-business partner Matthew Hulse. She said you are looking for something to do, you love food, why don’t you come to learn to bake? So I said to Matthew, look can I come and work for you.

I won’t ask for any money, so your payment to me would be training me, and when you feel I am useful to you, tell me, and then you can start paying me. So I would come along here and work for two and a half hours or so here before I went off to my other job. I did that for a while and after a bit Matthew said, okay, you are useful, I’ll give you a job. I worked three hours a

SAUL AND MICK IN THE ENGINE ROOM.



2015 AUTUMN



Breadwood Boy

Mark Barrington takes the making of bread seriously.

He explains to BWD how it all came about and how he’s not just some Joe with dough.

day and was then, and still am, on a very steep learning curve, and that curve flattening out is not in sight yet. Every day still brings a lot of interesting and hard-won lessons.

After a while Matthew was looking to either take a partner or possibly sell the business so I bought half the business. For just under a year we ran the business together but towards the end of that year I think Matthew was

pretty tired — he’d been doing this for many years — and baking is hard on you physically.

So we agreed a deal for the balance of the business and I took over and I went from working fifty hours a week to doing about eighty-odd hours a week. I certainly haven’t worked less than 60 hours a week since then and it has been 90 hour weeks at times so it is a massive amount of work but you can see how the business has changed.

We have moved into sweet and savoury pastries; we have expanded our range of breads, and this reflects the transition of Dojo as a job for Matthew with other people coming in and doing stuff around him to something more like a machine that employs lots of people. That has, you know, lots of controls on it, knobs and dials, and basically you twiddle them to make the thing pay everybody’s wages, pay the bills and pay the rent.

We have now gone through the growing pains of that transition and are still trying to come out the other side. We have this interesting situation of having a lot more sales during the

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WATCHING THE BUN RISE



IN THEY GO ...



...AND OUT THEY COME.

summer than we do during the winter. So I decided we would try to take our bread to the market to see whether we can sell it that way thereby hoping to try and iron out some of the difference between summer and winter sales.

Now we probably export a little more bread than we sell in Braidwood and I think this year, this winter, we may find that the sales in Canberra exceed the total sales in Braidwood; but then in the summer that will probably reverse.

When I first started, I had imagined I'd be employing people on a full time permanent basis. When I was employed by others, that's the way I always worked, in real estate for 17 years and that's what I know. But that was many years ago now, a career and a half ago and it seems to me that people these days want more flexibility in their work patterns.

I think when you get older, you see there's a lot more to life than work and that you have to make time for other things in your life. That's funny coming from me, spending so many hours running a business. But even now — you know I have been doing

this for over three years, running the show by myself — I do want to have other inputs and outputs besides my work.

I can say that everybody who works here, for we know each other very well, is very passionate about their job. It's easier to do that if you don't have to do it for 38 or 42 hours a week. It's easier to do for 20 hours a week because then you can go and do other things, other activities that also feed your soul.

I love baking — I can't say that I have ever been any good at anything else I have done in my life — but I have a sneaking suspicion that I might be quite good at baking. So I'd like to continue doing that, but at the same time I do enjoy other aspects of running the business. I enjoy the selling aspects, I enjoy meeting with other retailers and trying to win their confidence and win the contracts to sell products through them. I would like to spend a little more time doing that.

I also really enjoy creating new products, new breads, and working with Missy who is head of our pastry department, and watching her creating

new products and occasionally I have a little input into that as well. That's another thing I like to do. I also have a whole head full of other projects that I wish to get into in the next few years, and now that I realise that you can do something you are passionate about — and that it doesn't have to be a bad experience — it can be a very good experience — I'm going to do more of that.

I'm going to say to my own children, as I'd say it to any person who is starting out on a career, or at any point in their career, that work is what you do for most of your life. For many of us it's more than we sleep, certainly all my life that's been the case, so you should enjoy it.

Your life is not worth living if you are not enjoying it, realistically, that's what it's all for. So take the plunge, take that risk and do something you are passionate about. The worst thing that can happen is that you have to go back to something you don't enjoy.

But if you do something that you love (so they say) you'll never do a day's work in your life.

LINDA SERVES ANOTHER BATCH OF HAPPY CUSTOMERS.





Jack Featherstone

Adventurer, dental surgeon, friend to Indigenous peoples and intrepid walker. He paints from his life and spins a great yarn.

First words from Merrie Hamilton ...

The first time that I went into Jack Featherstone's home, he was working on a canvas — heavy calico, six-foot long and one-foot wide, and he was painting it on the floor.

In front of where he was working he had a cushion, his paints and brushes and other things, and I thought, "My goodness, here's a man in his early 80s, kneeling on the floor to do a painting. This is someone who is really serious and this is very special".

Over the months we became more friendly and eventually I asked him if he would have a retrospective at the next Two Fires Festival because I work on the Indigenous Stream of Two Fires.

He said, "I'm not indigenous". I said, "I know you're not but you've had a long and illustrious professional career working with Indigenous people and for Indigenous people in dental health. I don't think anyone will mind if we have you in the Indigenous stream".

At first he was very rigid about what he would show; he seemed to feel that he had to have things in the show that had Indigenous content or an Indigenous link somehow. But he did eventually free up a bit and included in the show, which goes right through the Centre, 62 works.

It is a lifetime of painting. He started painting as a passionate amateur in 1966 and he sold works but a lot of the works he made are here.

My involvement with Indigenous people began in 1957 when I led a scientific expedition into Central Australia in a VW beetle. That beetle had oversized tractor tyres and the critics of the Volkswagen said it was an enclosed motorbike with a wheel in each corner. I repeated that little trip in '58 and went across the Nullarbor which was still a dirt road. And then up the Warburton Track.

On this trip we got to in contact with the Pitjantjatjara and on a third expedition in Arnhem Land, we contacted the Escarpment people. At Warburton, the superintendent of the Mission, which as at that time the most isolated mission station in the world, said, "You want a guide — take David".

David's job was to take me across the Gibson Desert and bring me back. When we got to Ernest Gilles waterhole, David said, "We can't camp here boss. We can't camp here. Spirits. When I was a boy of four I saw my grandmother speared to death. She had so many spears through her she looked like a gum tree. Can't camp here boss, can't camp here".

He came to me and said, "Boss do you mind if I pray?". And the painting is David's prayer. He put his head on the sand for half an hour. The moon was coming up over the Spinifex. He then stood up to his full height and said, "Boss, I'm alright now. We can camp here".

The poor old Volkswagen broke its back. It had half a ton in it. The front wheels were out of alignment — one wheel went this way and the other went that way. It was impossible to do a right hand turn. David said, "Me get help boss. Me walk, me know rock hole. Me come back with help. Me take rifle. Me take kangaroo leg".

He stuck the leg under his arm and he walked off just 10 yards and then he came back and said, "Boss, I just want to say two words: be strong". Then off he went. After two days, I got the car going and followed David's footsteps in the sand because the track petered out — it wasn't very distinct.

I came across a terrible mob of sandhills and I slid down one sandhill — a beautiful feeling — and there right in the middle of the track was a black stump. I would have to go around that black stump. As I approached it, the branches started to move and then I saw two white eyes right in the middle of the stump.

It was David. He ran up to me and threw his arms around me and said,



DETAIL FROM 'DAVID'S THIRST' (LEFT) AND THE SLEEPING PLATFORM BESIDE THE RIVER IN 'ARNHEM LAND' (RIGHT).

JACK WITH MERRIE HAMILTON AT THE BRAG SHOW OPENING.

"Boss am I pleased to see you". He said, "I'm very thirsty, I couldn't find water. Have you got water?". The painting is David's thirst. He swallowed a gallon. I don't think he actually swallowed, he just tipped it back. That was David's thirst. Eventually the poor old Volksie packed up completely. So we then transferred to a Landrover and trailer.

Another time I went on a trip to Arnhem Land. And we had to cross this river. I said, "Well can't we go round it?". With me I had four Indigenous carriers with the traditional stuff on their heads. And they said, "No mate we have to go across it. Righto boss you go in first".

Audience interjection: Were there crocodiles in that river?

They said, "You go in first and the water will come up to here [gestures to his neck]. This is all done in pidgin and sign language. "We will surround you, the four of us, but when you hit the water you move. Don't stand there and light a gag — move!".

'DAVID'S AND DARKIE'S TRIUMPH'.



I trusted them and that is exactly what we did. I hit the water surrounded by four blacks carrying everything on their heads and with their other hand, splashing the water as hard as they could. We got to the other side and you never saw four happier blacks. They speared goanna and then someone said, "Give me rifle boss". He shot

a bird on the wing and we had that bird for lunch. But there was tragedy about to unfold. We were all sleeping on these platforms. There's three here and two there [shown on the painting]. They were talking to themselves, beautifully, a beautiful Aboriginal language and it was lovely to listen to in the pristine environment.

All of a sudden they stopped. Just like that, they stopped. And I said, "What's wrong?". They said, "If that cloud covers that Evening Star, some man die tonight". They said, "You have the torch, you have the .303 carbine. When it gets dark you sweep that torch up and down the river until you see the two little purple eyes looking at you and you put that bullet straight between his eyes. That was my job."

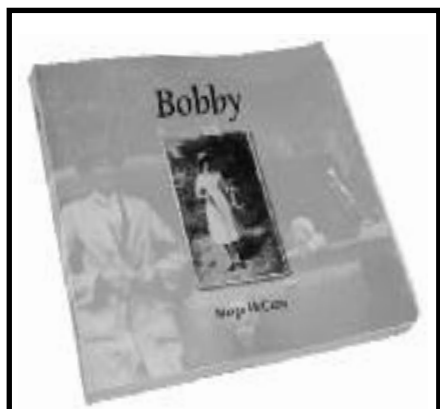
The next day. Malaria took hold of me and I couldn't get off the platform. They thought that was the greatest joke of all time. "Silly bugger whitefella, he can't get off the platform".

We got as far as here [shows on the painting], fall down, stand up, fall down — then a miracle occurred. Out of the bush comes a ten year-old Aboriginal boy built like the infant,



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DETAIL FROM 'DAVID'S JOB' (ABOVE) AND 'DAVID'S DREAM' (BELOW).



Hercules. And he said, "Me piggy back you back to camp. Hop on back, Boss".

So they carried me back to Maningrida. I was a sorry mess. They took my boots off and massaged my feet. And they turned my toes back to relieve the cramp. They said, "Me think Boss, you little bit dead". But

these people showed great humanity. They said, "We have big corroboree coming up, big celebration corroboree. Here's a wheel barrow, hop in Boss, we take you to corroboree". When this wheel barrow got to the corroboree there was one great howl of laughter. Fancy seeing a white-fella arrive in a wheel barrow.

... and the final word from Gilly Burke

Thank you Jack that was a fantastic talk. BRAG is honoured to have a retrospective of such an incredible life. Uncle Jack talked about elders — well Jack is BRAG's elder. He was one of our first members, he has been with us for 10 years. He has been a tremendous supporter. Thank you so much we are proud and privileged to have this exhibition.

GILLY BURKE, JUDIT KOVACS AND JACK FEATHERSTONE AT THE OPENING.



Interview with Charlie

12 Mar 2015 9:06 pm
Kristy Moyle follows a lead

It's never easy interviewing your own family, or 'furmaly'. There is always an element of bias — 'daily' walks and 'seamless flea treatment' are both concepts that I wish to promote as features of her story. However, as I watch my chubby Labrador scratching, I have to admit that Charlie Brown is going to walk to the beat of her own drum, regardless of what I might wish to insert, and in the face of Advantix.

Currently, Charlie is less than amused. "I have been staring at the spot for almost elebenty" (I imagine this to be dogspeak for 'a really long time' and 'the spot' means the prime bit of real estate that is the upper left corner of the couch that has her bottom shape permanently engraved upon it).

After a particularly dramatic exchange of eyebrow raisings, followed by a triumphant leap and manoeuvring, Charlie Brown takes her seat and consents to my imposition.

"What did you do today, Charlie?"

Charlie raises her disdainful eyebrow (the left one) in such a way as to indicate that, with elebenty hours to kill in a day, this question might certainly be a bit tedious.

"I chased a hoppy until it flew. Is it dinner time?"

As it is 9.00pm, and elebenty hours (2.5) since she actually ate dinner, it is not dinner time.

I enquire further, in order to ask leading questions that will ensure that particularly funny elements of Charlie's life are revealed. She sits quietly, watching the nearly-empty plate of curry that is on the table in front of her, and I realise that I am going to have to kick start the interview, and remove all culinary distractions in order to get this article.

Like me, Charlie comes from a broken home. Unlike me, Charlie's crate was damaged whilst moving interstate for a job, and this gives her story a very literal element. In spite of this, the moment she waddled across to me as an eight-week-old puppy, we have been inseparable. We are both Librans. Her birthday is 21 October, and, whilst she is not particularly good at making decisions (which is, according to leading scientists, a typical Libran trait) she is incredibly gentle with all living things (with the exception of the hoppy she chased at elebenty).

It's interesting, how the old adage 'dogs take after their owner' seems to hold water. It is particularly useful in situations that are unexpected — and potentially dangerous.

In the first instance, Charlie Brown is quite impulsive. Between you and my credit card, this is a shared trait; however, for Charlie, this very nearly resulted in an untimely and gruesome end when she was a puppy. Without seeing impending doom for the river, Charlie catapulted from a ute canopy window (opening the latch without opposable thumbs, I might add) and made a beeline straight toward a large, mature crocodile, sunning itself on the banks of the Johnstone River in Far North Queensland. It was perhaps the first and (hopefully) the only time that this author and interviewer has ever screamed, and thankfully Charlie turned around and came back to the vehicle.



"You are so risk averse."

"You are so... still alive."

"Snort."

Also, and like me, Charlie Brown is a pacifist (and occasionally a pacifist-aggressivist) in a way that confounds burglars.

Truly.

May I make a suggestion at this point? If you want a guard dog — don't get a Labrador, unless it is crossed with a chainsaw. Sure as eggs, one night, whilst sleeping, Charlie let a young man (a burglar man) into our house. Not only did she make him a cup of tea (poor dove was drunk) but she also helped him pack the video camera, two wallets, five CDs and two digital cameras into my backpack.

I was woken, only by the furiously-friendly sound of Charlie's tail pounding the bedroom floor, as the burglar slept off his enormously successful burglary. To be fair, Charlie did seem a little embarrassed when the big blue people arrived to collect her burglar friend.

"He seemed nice and smelled like pies" Charlie recalls, wistfully. "And it was elebenty o'clock — you know I'm always a bit funny before breakfast."

I shouldn't criticise Charlie's people skills, because I know that they are incredibly useful in all manner of situations that don't involve a burglary. Just today (and presumably before the hoppy chasing) she was sitting beside me in my office, at work, snoring to the rhythm of the keys as I typed in the search words 'cat poo' and 'pancreatitis'. In the tea room at work, there is a spreadsheet, indicating the tea and coffee preferences of each staff member at work.

Positioned third from the top, and alphabetically at 'C' is Charlie's morning tea preference:

"Water, in a bowl and bones".

This twelve year old girl has been with me, throughout my (occasionally quite unflattering) adulthood. She has accompanied me on virtually every expedition of note, and has been a faithful nanny and friend to each of the little people that Jo and I have had the privilege of corrupting. She can smell cat poo at twenty paces, has an insatiable appetite for expensive socks, and has left a very solid indentation upon the hearts and lounges of everybody who has ever had the privilege to know her.

I can't wait to introduce her to our baby, on the elebentyeth of September. Charlie Brown is truly one of a kind, and I am absolutely blessed to have her in my life.



ABOVE: ME AT THE HYDE PARK SKI RUN, SANTA FE NM IN JANUARY 2015. RIGHT: SANDRA DURAN WILSON AND MARK LITCHT'S BACK PORCH IN SANTA FE.



Santa Fe art sojourn (or what I did on my holidays)

by Cheryl Hannah

New Mexico in late winter is snowy one day and sunny the next. During my recent five-week visit to Santa Fe NM, I experienced the full gamut: up to my knees in the snow at Hyde Park ski run one day, then strolling around the plaza in front of the 400 year old Palace of the Governors in a t-shirt a few days later. Why New Mexico? Well, regular visitors to Braidwood over the past ten years will know FYREGALLERY shows works on paper by a range of American artists from my contacts in California, New Mexico and New York.

After several years of poor health had

kept me at home I was finally able to travel again and headed straight back to the USA. I had a wonderful time catching up with artists, seeing galleries and generally stocking up for future shows. For those who recall our 2009 'Under New Mexico Skies' exhibition, the names of the artists AnaMaria Samaniego and Sandra Duran Wilson will be familiar.

This past February I had a great time staying with them in their studios and seeing their latest work. Watching AnaMaria etching a plate for her 2015 summer print edition was an education for me; she worked on it for up to five hours a day every day and after about 3 weeks she was still only half way through the process. Such is the dedication of a master printmaker.

Sandra was equally hard at work experimenting with new forms for her painted plexiglass forms for a solo show she is having at Lacuna Galleries in June this year. We had many discussions about how to bring their work back to Australia and finally agreed on another New Mexico show in FYREGALLERY for November 2017.

Santa Fe is home to over 500 fine art galleries. It has been a centre of modern American art-making since the early 20th century and home to the indigenous art of the Southern Pueblo Indian peoples for over 1,000 years. It is a mecca for art lovers from all over the United States and the world.

So it is very exciting for FYREGALLERY to have secured 'associate gallery' status with one of the newest fine art galleries in Santa Fe, the luminous Lacuna Galleries. Lacuna's owners, Sheryle and Olaf Moon, are Australians who have taken the plunge to live and work in Santa Fe. I was thrilled when they invited me to visit them and to be given the chance to introduce NM artists I have represented for many years into Lacuna's portfolio of exhibitors.

After a few days of visiting galleries on the famous Canyon Rd and finding exciting new ones on Lincoln Ave and in the Railway Precinct I headed out from Santa Fe to see the UNESCO world heritage site at Taos Pueblo via Poeh. Local Pueblo tribes have distinctive styles of pottery decoration and body ornamentation. The young guides at the Poeh Pueblo-owned and run gallery were delighted to show me intricacies of their particular symbols and totems, watched over by 'Harry' a reminder of the buffalo herds of old.

In Taos itself I wandered through the lanes and alleys of the old town and discovered surprising Braidwood resonances. Who would have guessed that there would be a quilt shop? It is run by the charming Jan O'Donohue serving quilters from all around the USA with local fabrics of every Western iconic image imaginable? Fifty kinds of printed cowboy boots fabric — no problem!

Dragging myself away from the textiles I continued on down legendary Kit Carson Avenue to discover a treasure trove of art glass at David Anthony Fine Art as well as a completely unexpected opportunity to see paintings by Tina Mion. Her show, 'Spectacular Death Spoons' had some of her earlier paintings on loan from other institutions so I saw her 1997 'Stop-Action Reaction, Jacqueline Kennedy, King of Hearts'. I could not suppress a yelp of glee.

Things like that seemed to happen to me almost every day my a magical New Mexico mystery tour. In the tiny town of Truchas I discovered Hand Art Fine Art Gallery that has been promoting its artists for 50 years since the owner moved there as a hippie in 1965. Oh how I wished for a bigger suitcase — he had pieces that were



NOT ENOUGH SNOW FOR LATE WINTER IN NEW MEXICO.

irresistible to me. We talked art and artists and how he had built the house-gallery room by room over the years adding new spaces to display bigger and bigger sculptures while he and his very patient wife continued to carry water to the house from an outside well. I was pleased to learn that this past Summer he had built their long anticipated bathroom because after numerous cups of coffee over several hours I was in dire need of its amenity. I left with two paintings

HARRY AT THE POEH CULTURAL CENTRE MUSEUM.



by Carolyn Lamuniere safely stowed in the trunk (not the 'boot' by the way) having decided that I would worry about getting them home later.

Temptations continued to offer themselves at every turn but not all my holiday was spent drooling over them. There are many serious issues confronting the lives of ordinary folk in New Mexico. It is the poorest State in the Union by most economic measures so many families have sons and daughters serving in the military in order to access education and medical care for their families. It is the source of stress and heart-break to many who feel that America's recent wars have gone on too long and cost too much blood and treasure.

I went out on the weekly Friday protest with my friend Mark Licht and his colleague Ken Meyers from Veterans for Peace who, together with several dozen others, have been protesting the waste of war standing with placards on Cerrillo Cnr every week in all weather since the 2003 invasion of Iraq. I was humbled by their commitment and inspired by the work Ken does globally to help veterans.

Affordable housing is critical for many tribal people who do not have secure access to traditional lands. Water, or more importantly the chronic lack of it, is an enormous challenge. Like all the states surrounding New Mexico it is also in chronic drought. The once mighty Rio Grande is more like a trickle at the bottom of a concrete drain as it dribbles through down town Santa Fe at the end of the historic Santa Fe Trail.

Snow falling was for me something of a novelty and pretty backdrop to my photos but for my friends and colleagues they eyed each late season snow storm with rising concern. Much more snowfall was needed to guarantee water for the coming months. Not nearly enough had fallen and the Spring thaw had already begun.

My last few days were spent saying my farewells in between frenetic last minute gallery hopping. After visiting 50 galleries and interviewing 47 gallery owners and directors in Santa Fe itself I knew that I had only scratched the surface. Nevertheless I felt satisfied that I had made the most of my time. I felt refreshed and re-invigorated.

My confidence in the direction of



WITH KEN MEYER FROM VETERANS FOR PEACE OUT ON THE WEEKLY FRIDAY PEACE PROTEST AT CERRILLO CORNER SANTA FE.

FYREGALLERY was boosted by the positive feedback I received from owners and artists along the way. Future opportunities to cooperate and collaborate with Lacuna Galleries and others in Santa Fe are tangible. My tagline that Braidwood is like the NM town of Madrid — with better buildings was warmly received by those who could see the humour (and truth) of it. Madrid NM was a gold mining town, has a history stretching back 150 years, is 60 minutes drive from Santa Fe and is now the heartland of creative art making, galleries and even the setting for a few Hollywood movies ... sound familiar? Surely we can find a way to cross-promote our galleries when we have so much in common.

My last port of call this trip was the Tamarind Institute in Albuquerque where I spent a few hours being enchanted and astonished by the quality and range of the print-making this world-famous institution has achieved. I have always wanted to go there as Tamarind is known for its contribution to the growth of contemporary printmaking around the world and continues to provide professional training and creative opportunities for artists.

Stowing the two Miguel Gandert photo-lithographs I purchased from the gallery shop into my already bulging suitcase I headed to the airport for my Los Angeles flight and onwards home. It seemed a fitting end to my New Mexico sojourn. Next stop for the Ganderts was to be the wall of FYREGALLERY for URBANITE and so the show goes on.



ANAMARIA SAMANIEGO, ME, SANDRA, DURAN WILSON AND MARK LITCHT IN THE BACK COURTYARD OF LACUNA GALLERIES.



Dancing for joy

Emma Campbell tells us to dance for fitness and fun.

Dance is the only thing available in Braidwood that is not competitive. It's important for the kids to be able to do a physical activity where you are not racing against somebody else, you don't have to try and be better, or a winner. It's every-

one working together to do the routines.

I see everyone's confidence and their self esteem growing so much as they work together as a group. I try to do a group game at the end of every lesson. I put them in little groups, and they

have to work together to make a little routine, and they love it. I give them all five minutes and they come up with amazing things.

I had one girl last term, she was so shy when she first came, to the point where she would just stand throughout the lesson because she was too shy to move. This term, all of a sudden, she's smiling, she is confident and she is doing it. The change in her was amazing.

I cater for all abilities and I encourage them, even if they are not getting the moves. It doesn't matter; they are doing it and they are trying and they are moving and they are enjoying it and having fun and that's what it is about. I don't want it to be strict and rigid and too disciplined because then it becomes boring for them.

Last year's show was for everyone who did a class with me. So basically it's 87 kids ranging from four-year-olds up to 13-year-olds.

When I started working on it, it took me forever to choose the right songs for each part of the story that I wanted to portray. I then had to assign each song to the right age group and lesson, like, "oh this is good for a ballet and this is good for hip-hop," or, "I'll do a bit of contemporary on that one. It



LEFT: ELA, LOUISE, MIAH AND JARRAH LIMBER UP AT BRAG. ABOVE: 'I'M A WIZARD' BY RIGHT SAID FRED AT THE PERFORMANCE OF THE 'GROOVE ON DOWN THE ROAD' SHOW LAST YEAR.

took a lot of planning to get it right. Then in term three and term four I taught the dances to the children. So it was half a year's work into two shows. The hard thing was getting the right music and getting it all to fit together so it would tell a story for the audience so they weren't just watching kids dancing, they were actually seeing a story with a bit of theatre in there as well. That's important.

I have already started working on this year's show, to get a head start so it's not so rushed at the end of the year. It's a lot of planning, especially now I have even more kids. Already this year, and it's only term one, every week I'm still getting a new child. It's just outstanding.

There's a lot of interest in the dancing.

The word's getting out there that everyone is welcome to come and join in and, you know, the kids feel comfortable with me and I put a lot of time and effort into the children. It's just like being a big kid still, yes. But I just love it, I put my heart and soul into it. It's because I know it is a small country town, there is not a lot going



ABOVE: PRE-SCHOOL BALLET PARENTS WAITING FOR CLASS TO FINISH. BELOW: ELSA, ROSE, STELLA AND ANNELEISE.



Braidwood Dance Studio

Emma explains what it does

I am offering ballet, from preschool ballet through to grade four — that is a dance syllabus. I am offering jazz hip-hop from four year-olds up to high school age, and I also do a Tiny Tots class which is based around an educational theme so the kids are learning. We use props and music to dance and learn, and I also do Zumba, for the adults, and Pilates as well.

Zumba is dance fitness, so we dance for an hour, and it's music from all around the world with different dance styles. We do salsa tracks, we do Zumba Styles — Merengue, Reggaeton, hip-hop and so it is nonstop dance. It is fitness basically — the music is really uplifting and everybody just smiles the whole way through, and I make them do funny moves, which makes them laugh.

It's \$13 per adult, and then if they have to bring their children the child can come for free — because a lot of parents cannot go out for an hour when they've got children. So children can come for free and join in. I don't mind as long as it gets mum there working out. And a lot of my kids that do dancing come to zumba and they love it.

I also have had a few men do it and they have come back once or twice but I think they are intimidated by all the women shaking their 'things'. Actually, the person who invented Zumba is a male. He was a fitness instructor and one day he forgot to bring his CDs to class so the only thing he had in his car was salsa music so he put it on and just danced salsa for an hour and people said 'Gawd, this is great' and now he has made it into this worldwide fitness program. It doesn't feel like you are working out because you are smiling all the time, and laughing. It's just fun. I stand up on the stage and they just follow me.

Classes are Tuesdays from 6pm at the Servicemens Club and it goes for an hour, and then I do three extra tracks at the end for ab and bum workout on the floor, and that's kind of like a bonus. Three bonus tracks for free, with press-ups and sit-ups and all that kind of thing. The ladies love that.



on for them, and I think it's important to keep them active and out of trouble.

It's mostly girls but I am getting more boys. The boys come and go, they don't stay around as long as the girls. I've got about 12 boys at the moment who've been with me from the start. They are into their break-dancing thing and, yes, they will be messing around in the back when I am teaching, and I'll go, "excuse me boys, can you please show me what we have just been doing?" And they will do it, the little beggars. So even though they look like they are not listening, they are actually really clued on.

They are really dedicated these boys I have at the moment. I do try and cater for the boys a lot, with the break-dancing stuff, because they all want to be like Justice Crew, an Australian dance crew who have now turned into pop stars as well. They were on 'Australia's got talent' and that's what all the young boys want to dance like, because they are the cool thing at the moment.

I'd like to have a permanent headquarters. My dream is to have somewhere that is big enough for us to hold permanent classes. A place where we don't have to pack everything away every week. If we could leave it out, it could be used for other activities for children, and adults, as well. Like a building that is big enough for everyone to use, and everyone to benefit from. I mean, where we are at the

moment is great, but we are just getting too big. It's too many children, and I am struggling to find a venue that will allow me to be there permanently.

I'd like to see a place that the children can call their own. It's not just about me and the dancing, it's about the kids. You could have music lessons there, you could have karate, you can have anything you can imagine. A dedicated space with the right flooring, mirrors, storage, music system — just for the kids. That's what I dream, that's my dream, my goal in life.



ABOVE: BRONTE, PIPPI AND MOLLY. BELOW: THE POPPY FIELD AND MICE SCENE FROM GROOVE ON DOWN THE ROAD.



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LIS NILSSON, PAT GRANT AND GUDRUN JENEË COMPARING KNITTING TECHNIQUES.

Friends with fibre

Maggie Hickey tells a story about the pleasures of just sitting around spinning a yarn or two.

Braidwood boasts an array of clubs and special interest groups. Some, like the Show Society, BRAG, SES and most of the sporting organizations feature often in the local news via the *Braidwood Times* and the Community Radio. But what about those unofficial groups — the book clubs, walkers, discussion groups and others you don't hear so much about. Drill down a bit and you'll find there's a whole lot going on under the radar.

Once a month in sleepy Mongarlowe, craftswomen from the local area and beyond gather at the home of Sandra von Sneidern. They start arriving early and by midday Sandra's house is full of enthusiastic fibre workers. They bring their latest woven pieces, spinning, embroidery, rugs and knitting to show off and to work on. Between them are years of experience in textile arts and crafts and there are few problems they can't resolve between them. Over a delicious shared lunch they sort out the problems of the world. It's a shame they are not in charge!

This group started back in the early nineties by which time acclaimed weaver, Solvig Bass Becking had

moved from Canberra to Mongarlowe. Originally trained as a production weaver at Ekeby on the Norwegian border, Solvig became highly skilled and knowledgeable in all aspects of weaving and design. She emigrated from her native Holland to Australia in 1974, settling in Canberra with her husband and bringing up her three children there. For over 40 years, she pursued an active art practice, weaving, teaching and mentoring. She was one of the founding members and later President of Crafts ACT and was on the Board of the Australia Council Crafts Board for five years.

Sandra von Sneidern and Solvig first met in 1988. They were both weavers and came from countries steeped in the tradition of professionally produced textile crafts, Solvig from Holland and Sandra from Sweden. They clicked immediately. Solvig subsequently sold a portion of her Mongarlowe property to Sandra to build a home there.

Solvig's reputation was as an excellent teacher who brought her ethical views and philosophy to bear on her art practice. People in the Braidwood area were keen to learn from her so Solvig

began giving workshops at her home. These were highly enjoyable sessions and it was decided to form a weaving group, meeting regularly. Some of the early participants included local residents Sandra Hand, Jenny Tozer and Jo Gordon. They would bring along their looms and textiles and share lunch and their ideas. Jenny told me of the fun they all had along with learning from a leader in her field. Solvig was a perfectionist and brought a professional approach that was appreciated greatly by her students —but she was also a great companion and friend.

By 2005 it became difficult for Solvig to host the group at her house so the monthly meetings moved to Sandra's —first in her original home and more recently, to her new, smaller house on the same property.

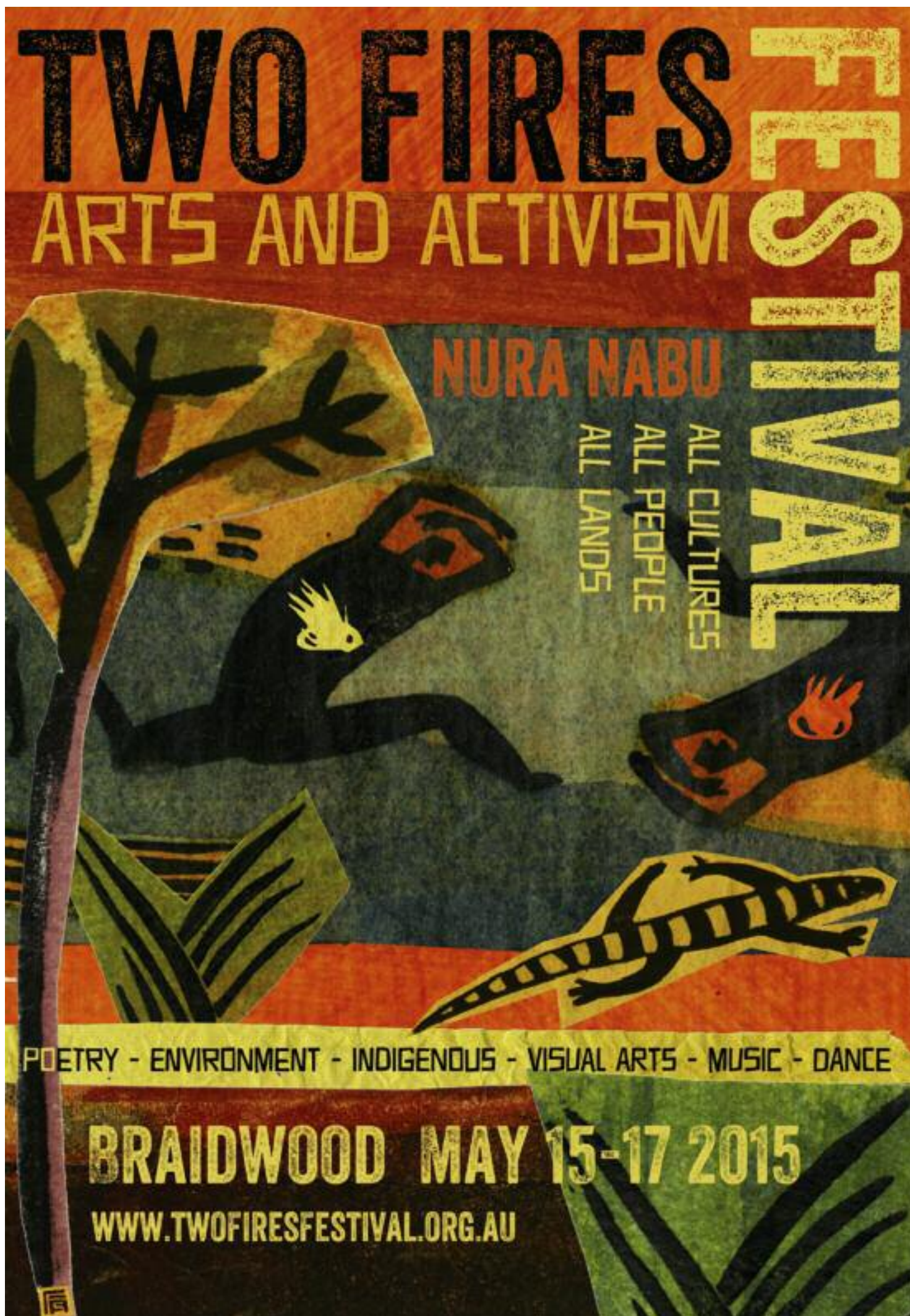
There was less space at Sandra's than at Solvig's so people no longer brought their table looms with them but smaller projects — knitting, spinning and latterly, rag rugging. Sandra's new home is even smaller but she has managed to accommodate her large floor loom and despite a tight squeeze, everyone finds a comfortable spot to sit. The camaraderie, the sharing of skills and the enjoyment in good company continues to this day.

Jocelyn Sussman who was one of Solvig's original Braidwood students, moved some years ago to Bawley Point on the coast but she continues to travel to Mongarlowe each month to join the group. It's a similar story with a long time member who comes from Goulburn. One or two come along from Canberra nearly every month. Most months, around a dozen women attend.

Eventually Solvig had to give up her Mongarlowe home due to failing health. She was first in Narbethong before being moved to Canberra where she died in 2011.

These days, along with many of the original band of fibre workers, there are new members who never knew Solvig but her memory is kept very much alive. Few are the meetings when her name does not come up. She left a legacy for those of us involved today to enjoy. We don't keep minutes and have no rules except, "bring something to share for lunch, your latest craft project and stories and news to share". Sandra sends around an email to remind us when the next session is to take place. That's as formal as it gets.

Marvellous! Thank you Sandra for hosting it all these years. Long may it and all the other informal interest groups around our region, endure.



ROCK ON

A word from the stonemason, Ian Marr

I've been working with this Mintaro slate for many years because it's a beautiful stone for hand letter carving which has been my craft for 20 years.

Mintaro is a small village near the Clare Valley in South Australia. The quarry has a history of its own. The stone there was discovered there by an English stonemason named Thompson Priest in the early 1850s. He recognised it as a wonderful material for both construction and transcription. Within 20 years they were building wine vats and floating floors out of great big pieces of stone. Thomson also started carving beautiful hand-cut memorial stones for people all over South Australia and western New South Wales.

If you travel in SA, the floors of old flour mills and wineries are made of this stone, it's everywhere. It's one of the beautiful unique regional architectural materials of Australia. It gets better the more it's walked on as it gets polished by the shoes.

It's a 900 million year-old metamorphosis stone, deposited layer upon layer in a lake, perhaps volcanic, formed deep in the earth's crust. Then it's been subject to extreme heat and pressure — cooked.

I found this 3000kg rock in the Mintaro quarry a few years ago and brought it and some other monumental stones back to New South Wales. When some members of the Two Fires Festival came to our farm one day they realised that this stone was special and could be used for this public monument.



JULIA GREEN CHECKS THAT THERE'S ONLY ONE EL IN 'RECONCILIATION' BUT IAN MARR HAS IT ALL UNDER CONTROL.

The Dhurga rock

A timely public sculpture for Ryrie Park writes Julia Green.

The Two Fires Festival Committee conceived the Dhurga Rock project in January 2014. Braidwood was gearing up to celebrate its 175th anniversary and the lack of public reference to the long Aboriginal history of the area was a stark oversight it seemed to us.

The Festival Committee had been told by descendants of local Aboriginal people that Braidwood was considered an unsafe place, with the result that after early dispossession people stayed away and have not felt welcome to return.

We checked the idea with Uncle Max Dulumunmun Harrison, traditional elder for the Two Fires Festival, and his family. They were enthusiastic. We consulted with the Batemans Bay Local Aboriginal Land Council (which includes Braidwood), and they also expressed enthusiastic support.

Most importantly we consulted with key individuals and groups in the Braidwood community, and we were most heartened by their early responses. Without this local support and involvement, the project would not have progressed at all. The Dhurga Rock is a community expression acknowledging the rich and long history of people living on and caring

for this land way before the first white settlers arrived.

There are very few community-driven public acknowledgements in other towns in Australia. Whilst there are monuments in places where known massacres of Aboriginal people have occurred, it is rare to see a monument acknowledging and addressing the general dispossession and resulting trauma affecting Aboriginal families and tribes.

The Dhurga Rock will stand strong as a very beautiful work of public art, placed in Ryrie Park in the centre of town. It is a step towards healing past dislocation, and, over time, teaching us about the rich Aboriginal history and culture of our place.

"We know we can't live in the past, but the past lives in us"

Charles Perkins

"This to us is a huge step forward in creating social harmony in this community"

Noel Butler, Indigenous artist with family links to this area

Fixing an ongoing miscommunication

People from the Gundillion area are fed up with having no reliable telephone service, neither mobile nor landline.

Mandy O'Brien got her email through eventually.

In December last year, through Christmas and into the middle of January, Gundillion did not have any landline service at all. There was a major outage at the exchange so no one up this way had service for about four weeks. We are unable to receive mobile service so the community was fairly upset with Telstra. I contacted Eden-Monaro MP Peter Hendy with my concerns and asked him if he would come to a meeting up here.

The meeting was very well attended with over 80 people turning up to voice their views. The depth of concern was evident with the continual stream of speakers covering issues including the lack of a dependable landline service, which is ever-aging and ill maintained, and the non-existent mobile phone coverage. This endangers peoples lives, jeopardises road and work safety and causes incessant business disruption with businesses losing work because of constant communication blackouts. It also creates havoc when accidents occur through not being able to contact emergency services.

Even though other parts of Australia see advances in technology, we are

technically going backwards. The meeting attendees spoke with sincerity and honesty with regard to their personal and business situations where the lack of a steadfast phone service had impacted on their lives. We regard any form of phone communication a luxury in the Gundillion area.

Safety is our number one concern and Neville Marsden our local Ambulance Officer certainly highlighted and illustrated this through his experience with callouts into the Gundillion district.

Due to the unreliability of our landlines and no mobile phone coverage, some residents have purchased a personal EPIRB [Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon], so that if they have the misfortune of having an accident or are unwell, contact can be made with essential services so their lives aren't put at risk. These are extraordinary lengths to go to in this day and age.

As a result of this meeting a delegation has been formed to meet with the various stakeholders including politicians and providers which will begin the task of securing a mobile tower in our area and the sooner the better.

MORE THAN EIGHTY PEOPLE GAVE UP THEIR MONDAY MORNING TO MEET WITH LOCAL MP PETER HENDY AND MAYOR PETE HARRISON AT GUNDILLION HALL.



Chauntelle Hindmarsh adds:

I don't think most people would be aware of just how bad the landlines and exchange have become. From a personal point of view, our phone has no dial tone randomly throughout any given day and is worse in wet weather or will drop out during a call with no warning.

I am led to believe, from Telstra technicians, that it is bad here and other places because over the years, as properties have been divided up and new homes or hobby farmer sheds have needed phones, Telstra has split the old phone lines instead of laying new infrastructure. In our case I think there are eight dwellings using the one line over 20km from the exchange.

We've had satellite phones issued from Telstra for months at a time and over the years I have written letters to our Federal Members, a submission to the Regional Telecommunication Review in 2011 and also the Mobile Black Spot project — but mostly no one cares.

It is very frustrating to be in the situation where your child is injured at school and might need to be taken to the hospital and you can't be contacted because the phones are out; or your husband is losing work or can't make business calls because the phone has stopped working.

At Christmas the phones were out for a month, so there were no Christmas day phone calls from family and friends and no new years phone calls. Nor birthday calls which can be hard for people who are socially isolated because of distance, or are flooded in which happens on all of the roads up here a minimum of four or five times a year.

Over Christmas and into January there was the potential for chaos should there have been an emergency such as a bushfire. UHF radio was all we could have used.

Last year we had more than ten faults reported for our phone, each takes at least a fortnight to a month to be fixed. One day we are apparently going to get 90m of cable replaced where it was hit by lightning, but this was ordered by a technician several years ago.

At the moment it is easy to feel as though the area has gone backwards in the last ten or fifteen years with the essentials of roads and phones deteriorating. We need the active help of all levels of government to have in our region the services that most Australians take for granted.

I wrote a little poem called 'Wattle' when I was eight. Then there was one about monsters when I was twelve — my teachers and my parents loved it — and my friends enjoyed it. I love words, everyone who likes to write does I guess. I had encouragement and I liked putting words together.

I started writing many of the poems in the book 'My Uncles Cat' when I was eighteen. So I put a second introduction in the book because the other poems were written so much later. They were quite different work to that of a girl of nineteen — you get a progression, perhaps.

I started getting neck pain and back troubles at 13. I had flu-like symptoms as well where I'd be sick for a while, then back to school for a while, then sick again... But it was not serious enough that anybody took much notice. I bumbled along like that until I was 15. I started getting sicker and I still went to school but I didn't do much else which was like an alarm bell ringing. I'd get home from school and flat-line.

I remember the onset of the horrible grey drag in the second half of year 10. The maths teacher kindly gave me revision notes for what we'd learned — it just wouldn't stay in me, it'd just float away and I couldn't get it back.

At the end of that year I slept right through the holidays and at the beginning of year 11 I thought, no, no, I can't. I rested for a year and hoped I'd get better but I didn't.

My first experience with a specialist was being told to go home and 'sleep it off'. He expected me to get better in 3 to 6 months. I didn't — but at that time I thought, as I did for ten years after, next year I might get better.

In those first five years I thought, well I can't go to uni now, but I might be able to when I'm 21; I never thought I'd still be sick after that. I'd read the literature, CFS could last for up to 5

What is a Poem?

A spoken song,
The voicing of wrong,
Done to one or to many,
A way to understand if there is any.

A story, a feeling,
With troubles dealing,
A description, an ideal,
All that it makes you feel.



Poetry and pain

Katishe Reynoldson lives with Myalgic Encephalomyelitis and Fibromyalgia. She also writes poems.

years if you were unlucky. Well, it turns out that I'm very unlucky.

I've been tested for everything you can think of. In the general tests nothing showed up, not even arthritis which is sometimes related to fibromyalgia.

In my 20s the doctors diagnosed me with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome which is what you have when all other tests fail. That is, a 'syndrome' being a collection of symptoms.

I should have written a poem with a verse on each of the doctors, they were such a varied group. They're very human especially on the first visit.

I've found Doctors anything from remote to the point of disinterest, reassuringly brilliant, likeably hopeless, through to infuriating full of assumptions. The last, be they sloppy or arrogant, are the most dangerous to your happiness; they can scar their patients and impede their recovery. That said, the work doctors do is immensely difficult and I try to remember that — particularly when I'm paying the bills. I've had years and years of doctors and quacks. Seventy percent of suffer-

ers get better within three years. I've been diagnosed to have Myalgic Encephalomyelitis or ME for short. It's symptoms overlap into Chronic Fatigue Syndrome.

This year I've had Botox injections for the headaches and the spasms in my face muscles. It's helped quite a lot with the pains around my face.

When you're living with any chronic illness, the room starts out this big but because it's shrinking so gradually you think, I can live with this. To start with, I could still do things, hobbies like writing, then with the light sensitivity it became much harder. You try doing much with the curtains closed all day.

This year I found a couple of things I wanted to say so I started writing again. It's great how everyone likes a different poem. I like poems that have nothing flabby about them. That's why I love 'My Uncles Cat' because it's long but not flabby. I do like black jokes — that's why I write them.

Poetry is when the written word is like music. When you get it right it's like

Shakespeare — when he gets it right you can almost hear the song.

A poem should never be discussed on the first reading — you have to read it twice.

Introduction to Part 2 of Katishe's 'My Uncle's Cat'

Now I'm Forty

What's changed? Well, my dear old grey cat has gone but I have full-filled my life-long wish to own a black cat. My little poodle is deaf with age. My sister has made me an Aunt and I am considerably fatter. I still enjoy the sound of my own voice enough to enjoy this book. I hope it will please you too, even if only one of my efforts does the trick. I have written very little the last few years but I fixed the story poem, The Shadow and Martin Dooner, it only took me 10

years. I wrote The Opal and Upon the Road in 2013.

I dedicate my best work to my parents and my worst to my brother Todd, in revenge for his honest opinions about my handiwork. Randal, Shaunea and Frank can share the middle for reading my work and looking at my paintings. My beloved nieces, Juanita and Genevieve and my Goddaughter Teeghan, are forgiven ahead of time for not getting around to reading my poems.

It is my personal opinion that I will never write anything better than the black joke My Uncles Cat, hence the title but since I likewise believe that poem to be really very good this does not dismay me. My health has decayed further and my optimistic outlook has failed with it, but I still love poetry and I thank anybody who takes the time to read mine.

Love to all, Katishe.

KATISHE WITH HER PARENTS MARIE AND MALCOLM.



THINGS YOU
NEED TO KNOW
ABOUT YOUR
SERVICE

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IT'S LIKE ...
"HELLO?"

IT'S HOW
WE COLLECT

Helstra

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My Uncle's Cat

One midnight which was fitting
For the evil work to come,
I took up my few tools
And went about it dumb,
At the top most of the staircase
I rigged up a simple trap,
I reckoned just below the knee
Was the right and fatal gap,
To string the fishing line I'd brought
Till musically tight,
To send my frail rich uncle Ned
Pitching down the flight,
I thought I heard a sound and froze
Then relaxed and sighed,
For upon one glance about
Of fright I nearly died.
I finished quick my business,
I looked up and saw the cat,
Like an idol, coldly staring,
Uncle's pussy still-ly sat,
And my shoulders shook with laughter,
That I should jump at that.

Well, my uncle took the trip I planned,
He sent no postcards back,
And left me all inside his will
So I should never lack,
And since t'was I who found the corpse
Then disappeared the line,
That helped me to a better life,
So everything was fine;
I went to old Ned's grave
And laid a rose on him,
And blessed the money making skills
That would keep me in the swim,
Returned to his sprawling house,
That's when began the fear,
It crept upon me chill and dark,
I'd bought my riches dear,
There was one soul who knew the truth
But he could scarce have talked,
And so began the persecution,
Anywhere I walked,
Xavier, my gentle uncle's cat,
Behind me silent stalked.

At first I thought it funny
Then it began to wear,
My face grew strained, my laughter forced
Under Xavier's stare,
Over the whole estate
The pocket leopard followed me,
Always when I'd look behind
My accuser there I'd see,
That maddening little sheriff
Was there when I hit the sack,
Xavier was making a point I knew,
And I was about to crack,
A friend suggested loneliness,
Now Ned had gone away,
Said that was why the pussy
Dogged my footsteps every day,

But I'd have bet all that I had,
He didn't want a pat,
The way he lay just out of reach
Put paid to thoughts of that,
I had no doubt he hated me
My murdered uncle's cat.

I was a driven man by then
Xavier would have me mad,
I'd clung to hope that
He'd leave off his little pussy fad,
I swore I'd have that wretched moggy
Underground and dead,
So I lifted up the phone
Put through a call and said,
"Please come lay down some poisoned
meat
I've got a rat to kill,"
Relatively sure the cat
Could not survive the pill,
Now my uncle's torturing cat
Would stop this hounding me,
Half-insane I danced about
In weird unholy glee,
He took the bait, Xavier
Wriggled then he lay,
All still upon the Persian rug,
I shouted screamed "Hooray!"
But when Xavier got up again
I not a word could say.

Forward I sprang and grabbed him,

He scratched and spat, and bit,
I threw him at the farthest wall
And with a thud he hit,
Incredulous I watched
As he got up again alive,
He seemed to feel no pain at all
Had easily survived,
It was my turn to stare at him,
Staggering in surprise,
To see a cat now two times dead
Un-fazed again arise,
I was feeling weak be sure,
My energy on the lag,
But I clutched his scruff and stuffed
The beast into a handy bag,
I marched straight to the garden pond
And in it Xavier sank,
Mine own eyes with terror saw
The cat crawl up the bank,
As I advanced with a golf club
The cat just calmly drank.

What was my horror next morning?
To see Xavier in the light,
For with my feather pillow
I had smothered him last night!
That day by use of cunning traps
Went forward the campaign,
I gave him every chance to die
He seemed each time to deign,
I pulled the noose and sapling trick
And I know he fell,

I distinctly heard the splash
Pussy was in the well,

The covered pit succeeded
So I swiftly filled it in,
The two bull-mastiffs I employed
Ate him bones and skin,
And it seemed with this last,
I surely had my win.

So the deed was done, but was I free?
I fled back to the house,
And curled with my feet up
Like one who feared a mouse,
But I would welcome rodents
It would mean the cat had gone,
I cannot slay cold phantoms
And I fruitless cry begone,
I made a curse to damn me
Each time I stilled his breath,
That cat just arched his back
Beneath the stroking hand of death,
I cannot be alone now
A tribe about me prowls,
Blue eyed ghosts stare here, stare there
The afterlife allows,
I finished off that hellish cat,
Nine times I laid him flat,
And my haloed relation
Is full revenged in that,
Since now there's nine editions,
Of my uncle Ned's white cat.

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DEE'S



JACK ON THE RIVER AT TURLINJAH, NEW SOUTH WALES, IN 1953.

When my life changed forever

Another extract from Marge McCann's autobiography, "Bobby".

He was handsome, charming with bright blue eyes and a perfect body. He was the greatest of bushmen and always knew his north, south, east and west — even on a cloudy day. He knew the position of the stars in the sky and at night knew exactly where he was.

He would walk through thick bush, uphill and down for a day then walk back to the car in a straight line. He knew the time of day or night by the sun or stars.

He was the best axeman who knew every tree, whether it was sound or hollow, by hitting it with the back of the axe. He could fell a tree exactly where he wanted it to go on the ground and never hung a tree into another. He knew how to burn off the bush to save a village.

It was 1949 and I had just turned 21 with a successful nursing career, a car and two blocks of land. I was never miserable and life was so good. I was on annual leave, holidaying on the South Coast with my sisters, swimming every day and walking along the beach when this muscular man walked up beside me. I told him that I preferred to walk alone and politely said goodbye. The next day he was chatting to my sister on the beach who was married with a young family. He called out to me that he was going to the local dance

that night but I didn't answer as I was already going with a friend. When I came across him in the progressive barn dance he asked if he could see me home. I said no and told him that I didn't like him and thought he was married — but it was just a hunch.

The next day he was even more persistent stalking me on the beach so I cut my holiday short and left for Sydney with my sister and her husband. I followed them behind in my car and we were standing on the side of the road after their car had a puncture when he speed by leaving in a big cloud of dust in his best mate's car. They stopped and he said, "I will travel with you in case you get another puncture." I protested, saying I didn't like him and that he was too pushy.

He was 36 and I asked him if he was married and he flatly denied it. I told him that I thought he was lying but he kept denying it. I let him travel with me to the outskirts of Sydney and told him to get out as agreed, said goodbye and felt relieved that I had got rid of him.

Two days later there was a phone call for me at the nurses' home. I thought it was a very good friend of mine who I had grown up with, but it was him. He had phoned every hospital in Sydney asking for Nurse Berriman until he tracked me down. I slammed

'BOBBY' BY

the phone down on him. The next day was my day off and I was intending to go into Sydney with friends for lunch. But there was an urgent message for me to go to the hospital gate.

There he was again, calling out for me to hear him out. He was delivering meat to the butchers' shops and pleaded with me to go with him. I asked if he had permission for me to be in the truck and he lied again. He was such a show off driving around the corners on two wheels with all the meat swaying in the back to impress me and I started to think who was I to judge this man and gave him another chance.

That was to be my biggest mistake as he forced himself on me and got me pregnant. When I told him that we had to get married — he said he couldn't because he was already married with two children. I was devastated. The world that I knew fell apart as having a baby as a unmarried mother was just unimaginable. I couldn't stand the disgrace. In those days there was no welfare, no money and only my savings to get me through.

I went to an abortionist at Jack's request but couldn't do it and walked out the door. I soon found myself alone as Jack had left his marriage and gone to Narrabri to make a clean break.

He had to pay his wife maintenance and asked me if I could help him as in those days men were put into jail if they missed a payment. I was to spend most of my earlier life paying Jack's maintenance as he couldn't look after us if he was locked up.

My dear friend Cliff, who I'd grown up with as one of the boys, drove me to Bodalla to tell my parents that I was pregnant. When I told dad he said, "there's the door and don't you come back." That's all he said to me and mum never said a word. On the way back to Sydney Cliff proposed to me. But I said, "No, it's not your child and you have a future ahead of you. I couldn't do that to you, to bring up another person's child." I never saw him from that day on.

My early life with Jack

We spent 60 years together. Sixty years of hardship along a very rocky road. Jack in all those years never asked me if I loved him. If he had the answer would have been no. He just assumed it because I kept telling him how much I loved my children. I stayed with Jack because I believed

MARGE MCCANN

my children needed a father — but it wasn't easy. When I did leave him I'd always come back for the children. In our later years we became a little closer.

He died on Valentines Day 2009, in his 97th year. He had dementia and didn't know who he was. I miss our cups of tea together and the conversations we had — although I didn't always agree with him!

In 1950 I lived with the shame of being an unmarried mother who lived with a married man. We'd moved from McConkey's Pub to an iron shed at Stoney Creek where Jack had got a job in the mill. We had no money and no furniture — but I had my car. Lyn had to sleep in a box and we slept on the floor.

He was finding it hard to get work around Bodalla because he wasn't a local until an incident happened that changed his status. He was out in the bush cutting sleepers when a man approached him for help after his horse had thrown him when it fell down an unused mine shaft.

The hole was the same size as the horse and the water in the mineshaft was keeping it afloat. Jack got the rider to go into town and come back with strong ropes and a tractor while he talked to the horse to keep it calm. He tied the rope around his waist and lowered himself down onto the horse's back. Once he was down he untied another rope and placed it between his toes and slid sideways to push it under the horse with his foot. Then he slid to its other side, found the rope and secured it around the horse's belly. The horse was restless and if he'd slipped off its back he wouldn't have been able to get out. He then got the men to pull him out of the shaft. There was a great cheer and another cheer when the horse appeared after it was hauled out on the rope by the tractor.

SLEEPER CUTTING ON THE NSW SOUTH COAST. FROM LEFT: JACK, MY BROTHER-IN-LAW RAY KNIGHT AND CUTTING WITH MY SISTER BETTY ... CHAINSAWS IN HAND!



2015 AUTUMN



JACK AND MY TRUCK WE USED FOR TRANSPORTING THE BILLETS.

Sleeper Cutting

Jack was good at cutting sleepers from the trees he would fell in the bush. Even if all the good trees had gone he could still get some that were left over. But it was slow work for little reward. In the early days there were no chainsaws and he would use a crosscut saw and a squaring axe to cut the measured lengths of wood out of the logs. I still have that squaring axe.

One day we had loaded the truck with the billets (wedge-shaped logs). They were nine feet long and we had loaded them one behind the other on the tray with an overhang of six feet.

I was driving with Jack and my daughter sitting in the cab beside me up a steep windy track that was as wide as the truck. I was almost at the top of the hill when I changed gear from second to first and missed it. I knew there was a big blackbutt at the foot of the hill that we had come up. Out of gear and no brakes, we were going faster and faster backwards down this hill and I was thinking we'll all be killed when we hit the tree and the billets come crashing into our cabin.



BWD

I just held the steering wheel firmly, never looked back and turned the wheel at the right moment missing the big blackbutt. The truck stopped half way up the track! I put it into gear to hold it until I stopped shaking. I told Jack that I couldn't drive it back up the hill because I was so shaken up. But I did pluck up enough courage and put it into low gear at the bottom of the hill and held onto that gear stick until I was at the top.

Another day Jack asked me to drive the truck out on a ridge, way out in the bush, where he was cutting sleepers. He said I would know where to find him by turning off on a track he had blazed with an axe to the gully where he was working. It was down hill and the truck still didn't have any brakes because we couldn't afford to fix them. Our young daughter was with me and I had to use the gears to stop it. We found Jack and he told me to back the truck onto a heap of slippery 'fliturs' (small pieces of timber cut from the sleepers). I backed the truck onto the pile next to a tree to stop it.

My young daughter jumped out of the truck all excited and ran around the back of the truck placing her chin on the table top with the back of her head against the tree. I said as calmly as I could to get out of there as she could have been decapitated if the truck had moved. When she was in a safe position I then started the truck and moved it back firmly against the tree.

In those days there were no road worthiness inspections when registration was renewed.

The tyres on that old truck were so worn that we had to cut rubber from old tyres to make a sleeve to put inside the tyre to repair a puncture.

(To obtain a copy of *Bobby*, see the ad on page 16.)

Twenty-five people are currently being assisted by the 'Growing the Braidwood Garlic Growers Project'. It's a collaborative, regional approach to growing garlic funded by a 25th anniversary Landcare grant.

The funding is to enable and engage people in Braidwood in growing garlic and to develop an alternative agricultural enterprise for this district. The project is looking at options for the region in terms of agriculture and climate change.

The participants have purchased garlic seed to plant beyond either what they would normally plant or for the first time. So, through the Garlic Project, 600 kilos of new garlic is being planted in the region.

Australians consume a lot of garlic but we only produce about 20% of that. One of the reasons this is that the main varieties of garlic that are grown, which we grow in this region as well, are from a garlic group that does very well over a broad range of climate zones but doesn't store for very long. Most of the garlic grown on mainland Australia needs to be planted by March or April and harvested by November. They sprout in March/April which means they are not keeping for you to sell later in the season. Most of our garlic gets sold through November — February and sometimes into March period. From then on we don't have much Australian garlic on the market.

However there are a large number of varieties that grow in very cold climates across the northern hemisphere. Given the cold climate we have in Braidwood, we are in a position to grow some different varieties of garlic that are planted later. We can be planting into May and June, harvest later in December or January and also have a much longer storage capacity.

These varieties will store for a period of 12 months without wanting to sprout. This means that, as a region, we could position ourselves, with some of those varieties, to be supplying Australian garlic when there is no other Australian garlic on the market.

That is a really significant step for a region to take and could provide a



viable alternative source of income. In that sense it is a very exciting project! We didn't get the funding contract signed off until March this year so that made it difficult to do a lot of planning or source these other types of garlics to start for this season so we decided that we would run the project over two growing seasons. We have to expend the funding by 30th June 2016 and we had to commence before 1st July 2015 so that means that it does encompass two planting seasons.

BRONWYN SPEAKING AT THE INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE GARLIC PROJECT.



The idea for this year was to encourage people to grow more garlic and to encourage people who hadn't grown it before to get into garlic. I think we are doing that quite well given that we have a lot going into the ground. At the moment we are primarily growing the common varieties that are grown right across Australia, because, in the time that we had they are the easiest to source. Other varieties are potentially going to be quite expensive for people to start getting into because they are rarer in Australia and, for first time rounders, it is a bit scary to be spending a lot of money on seed. Growing the cultivars that we know grow well and are manageable to grow is a good way to get people into the project and significantly increase the seed stock of garlic in the region.

That means that people can grow what they have grown this year or double it but also start thinking about the other crops and developing seed stocks of other varieties to plant next year.

At our launch workshop we went into a lot of detail about how you grow garlic, quantity, spacing, those sorts of things. Through April this year everyone will be very busy planting, including me, so this couple of months is extremely hectic in the garlic season. Once the garlic is in the ground we will all have a little more time to do other things. We are keen to start exploring the different cultivars and to hold various workshops around that subject. We are also planning to visit a large garlic farm to see how garlic is grown on a larger scale.

In terms of participating in the project, it's too late for people to get seed and be included in the project this season as we have sourced the seed and it's all gone. If you haven't prepared a plot ready to plant you are too late for this season anyway but that doesn't mean that you can't keep informed about how the project is progressing and look at participating next year.

The people who are already planting their seed and who are in the project will keep a diary of how they cultivated the garlic, what additives they put in the soil and how it is growing. The Project will provide, or assist people to purchase, a rain gauge and a soil moisture tester because we need to keep accurate records in the different areas across the region.

If you are interested, email Su Wild River: upper.shoalhaven@gmail.com and she will include you in the Braidwood Garlic digital forum group. That is the forum where we are distributing information and letting people know what is going on.

People v Cyanide processing



Following a packed meeting at the Majors Creek hall with Monaro candidates John Barilaro and Peter Marshall, Matt Darwon spoke to Palerang Council at its April meeting.

Thank you for allowing me to address you this afternoon. I have no doubt, that had Cortona lodged an application to process on site using cyanide, after having consulted with the community and the local council for years, they would have been met with fierce opposition and would not have secured an approval to mine at Majors Creek.

All over Australia, in fact, all over the world, communities are getting fed up of having to compromise their existing amenities, their local environments and waterways, their livelihoods, their land, and their children's futures for the sake of short term profits for the shareholders of mining companies and the directors of those companies and their five and six figure salaries.

I have not heard one person other than a Unity employee, since November 11th last year come forward and say that processing on site at Majors Creek using cyanide and using a tailings dam to store the heavy metals liberated via that process is wonderful.

I have not seen a single letter of support to the to the same effect in a newspaper. I have not overheard a conversation in a café or in the street and I have not seen meetings supporting the proposal held at majors creek hall where the space overflowed with people, or demonstrations where people shouted we love cyanide, we love heavy metals, we love toxic chemical storage facilities, we love risk to our environment.

Why? Because Unity Mining Limited

does not have the support of the community at Majors Creek, or the community at Araluen or Braidwood, or those people who live within the Eurobodalla Shire.

There is a term for what I speak about here. Its called 'Social License to Operate'. This term refers to the level of acceptance or approval by local communities and stakeholders of mining companies and their operations. The concept has evolved from the broader and more established notion of Corporate Social Responsibility and is based on the idea that mining companies need not only government permission but also social permission to conduct their business.

It is the belief of the Majors Creek Catchment Guardians that it is the responsibility and duty of our elected representatives to ensure the process of determination of such applications to the department of planning are

scrutinized and indeed follow appropriate paths and channels. Who can the community turn to when government departments make decisions without securing social license to operate? The answer is the people we elect to represent us.

I do not stand here as a single individual.

I stand here to represent my local community and specifically to put forward a suggestion to the Councillors in this room, that when the public advertising period for these modifications commences not only should the Palerang and Eurobodalla Councils employ an independent expert to examine the social, economic and environmental ramifications of the proposal but that the Councils each put forward a two tiered submission, the second tier being one of outright opposition and objection to the proposals based on the overwhelmingly strong community objection to these modifications. I ask on behalf of the community that Council resolve to be the voice of its ratepayers in the capacity for which it was elected.

MATT SPEAKS ON BEHALF OF THE MAJORS CREEK CATCHMENT GUARDIANS INC.



HORRORSCOPE FOR?THE?AUTUMN MONTHS 2015:

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

TAURUS

You might struggle to be funny today. Is desperation the father of humour? Is mother the necessity of invention? Hear the patter of tiny jokes.

GEMINI

All that glitters is not gold, do what you're told or you'll get rolled. If the hills above Majors Creek become inundated with a downpouring of Aquarius from the heavens, everything down stream might go under the influence of Ξανθός, more commonly known as Xanthates god of yellow grass and agricultural despair.

CANCER

Ay-te-en-tee, first god of communications is playing havoc out Snowball way. Really, there's nothing cosmic about failing infrastructure. Ploutos, god of wealth has long determined that Doofus, dog of NBN Co will not waste money where Votus hath no power.

LEO

Hayz is when a Masculine and Diurnal planet is above the Earth. Haze on the other hand, or in your eyes, is when the air is crook — just like in Beijing. But what nearly everyone can see is that burning coal has to stop. Energy boffins in Canberra are not heliocentric.

VIRGO

First there was the grunt, then words formed, complex ideas followed — stick figures spearing cows developed into the written word. A few hundred thousand years of evolution later comes FaceBook and social media. :-) OMG what's happened ... LMAO? 🐼🐼🐼. Back to the cave walls I spouse.

LIBRA

Relationships between the planets are called aspects. People who dress differently to us are called suspects. What a tragedy that so much strife is caused by arguing over whose imaginary protector is the one true.

SCORPIO

Be open in all that you do today. You might as well because the government is watching you. Feel free to browse but be mindful that somewhere in a monstrously expensive building in Canberra, prying eyes are tracking your every interest.



SAGITTARIUS

Get in to the waves today. Is that the rhythmic energetic pattern that does not have mass as generally understood, but is rather an oscillation in or of a medium, you ask? Or do I mean grab your board and head for the surf? Then there's wave length. Is it 3G or 4G or maybe just gee I wish I could finish my download.

CAPRICORN

According to science, billions of galaxies thousands of light-years in diameter are scattered across the universe. That reminds me of comedian Peter Cook who said when he gazed at the night sky it made him realise how insignificant he felt it all was.

AQUARIUS

Your day may be waxing, an aspect made from the faster to the slower planets in the order of the signs. Not to be confused with ripping that unsightly hair off your whatsits. Ouch!

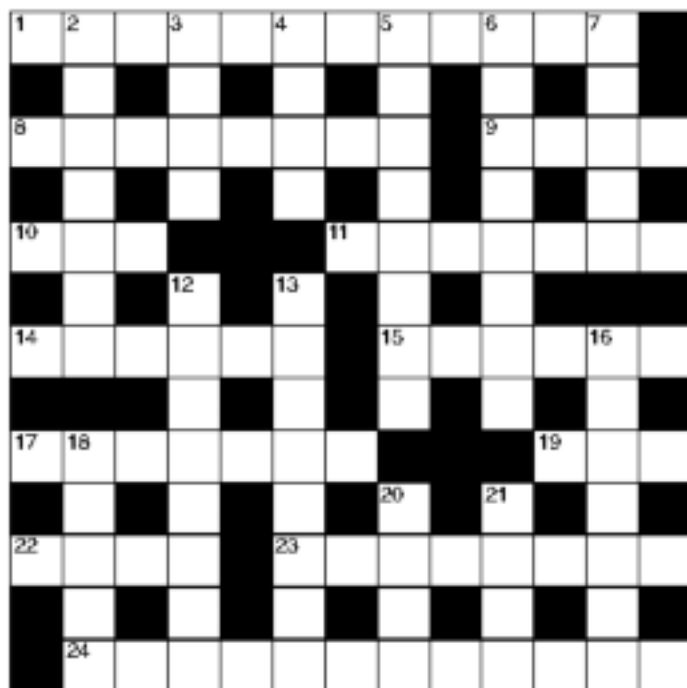
PISCES

Be on the lookout for the Quincunx, with an aspect of 150°, creating stress, unhappiness and sorrow. Be glad that in this country we aren't under the influence of Dopeycunx who lurch about the place in stolen utes, brandishing heavy weaponry and acting with indiscriminate violence.

ARIES

A waning Moon is not to be confused with waning interest. It gets clearer by the day that it's up to us. The golden rule that, 'he who has the gold makes the rules' is the price we pay for indifference or complacency. It would be nice to live in a world run by normal people.

BRAIDWOOD BAFFLER #8



ACROSS

- 1 (3,3,6) Best in the bunch
8 (7) Heavenly musicians?
9 (4) Chisel-like tool
10 (3) Timid
11 (1,6) Single carbohydrate
14 (6) Colour; fruit
15 (6) Decrees
17 (7) Regular market in Braidwood
19 (3) You won't get one of these in Braidwood now!
22 (4) Announce
23 (8) Wet or fat!
24 (8,4) You get this at the 17 Across market

DOWN

- 2 (7) Avoid bad luck! buy it from a gypsy.
3 (4) Band
4 (4) It costs more to send a message this way!
5 (8) Estimated
6 (8) Citizen of one USA Southern State

- 7 (9) A special commemoration day in April each year
12 (8) Illustrated children's book by Graeme Base
13 (3,5) Informative American programme re broadcast on the ABC
16 (7) Instructor: sports shoe
18 (5) Aids and ...
20 (4) Australian Graphic Design Association (init)
21 (4) Sales Performance Incentive Fund (init)

SOLUTION TO BAFFLER #7



Paper for where the sun doesn't shine

What a disappointment! The Australian Government's Energy White Paper is like a blast from the past.

"But what about the coal industry?" must have been pencilled in the margin of the early draft. It's page after page of caution over renewables and nothing but gung-ho on coal and gas.

According to the White Paper, a shortage of cheap domestic gas is likely and the reason is the 'unnecessary policy barriers' imposed by the States. That's a bland dismissal of wide-spread community concern over the compromising of agricultural, food-producing land for the short-term profits of gas companies.

"The Australian Government is committed to achieving co-existence outcomes that balance the need for new gas development with the rights of landholders and the integrity of prime agricultural land and water resources."

What's with the bulldust about 'balance'? It's not a question of deciding how much we value the integrity of prime agricultural land and water resources. We have so much gas that the gas extractors can still make money by compressing it into a liquid and shipping up to Japan. But we only have one land.

If that's not bad enough, some of the White Paper's statements make us out to be self-serving and immoral.

"Recent decisions by the World Bank, European Investment Bank and the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development to limit investment in coal-fired power plants limit the ability of countries to access finance for least cost and low emissions energy technologies."

OK, so what's a low-emission technology that we should be encouraging the developing world to buy from Australia? The Report provides this clue.

"Currently, geological storage is the only way to permanently remove large amounts of CO2 from the atmosphere. The capacity to store CO2 will be critical to Australia's continued reliance on coal-fired

power stations and our capacity to reduce emissions from our LNG sector."

Of course the whole thing is a monstrous fraud. Back in 2009, Time & Energy, then in the *Braidwood Times*, quoted Martin Ferguson, Labor's Energy Minister, saying he was: "clearing the way for greenhouse gases collected from coal-fired power stations to be injected through the seabed and captured in geological formations similar to those in which oil and gas are found".

Since then, nothing's been done to capture emissions from any of our coal-fired power stations. The reason? It's vastly expensive, technologically challenging and nobody has any idea where to put the stuff.



Into the future by Paul Cockram

The cost of running a pipeline from the power station chimney to an injection pumping station, either on land or at sea, would make coal-fired electricity prohibitively expensive.

That's on top of the immorality of pressurising the planet with a poisonous gas and hoping it will stay put. Another 'live it up today and let the future figure it out' ethically bereft, expedient 'solution'.

Worst of all it's a technology with no long-term working models from which to assess its feasibility or safety. It's a



FOREWORD TO THE PAPER:

"Australia is a growing energy superpower."

HON IAN MACFARLANE MP
MINISTER FOR INDUSTRY
AND SCIENCE

rubbish 'throw-away' line that has no place in a nation's serious future energy strategy.

The White Paper does, however, understand the danger to Australia:

"Without commercially available and cost competitive low emissions fossil fuel technologies, there is a growing long-term risk for our fossil fuel export industry in an emissions constrained future."

So while the Government might take advice from climate sceptics and fossil fuel advocates, in its policy paper it agrees that we are facing an 'emissions constrained future'.

But once again the thinking of the Government and its advisors shows through:

"The Australian Government supports a technology neutral approach to our future electricity and transport fuel supply and will continue to support research, development and demonstration of new energy technologies, while removing unnecessary regulatory and other non-market barriers to future technologies."

For 'technology neutral' I think we can safely assume that to mean no special support for renewables. Removing 'non-market barriers' means not regulating carbon emissions.

Read the Energy White Paper for yourself. I don't think it's just me trying to score points off a government that appears to have no idea for the future. There is some good stuff in there too. Encouraging the rollout of smart electricity meters, support for more efficient appliances and so on; all that is in there as well.

But it's a backward-looking document on all the big structural challenges facing us, not only in Australia, but right across the world. It fails to see, or has been encouraged to turn a blind eye to, the biggest opportunities in energy reform.

It is a sad reflection on us as a caring, intelligent people that our government can so openly support the coal industry's attempts to secure new markets in the developing world.

Solar and wind energy for electricity generation is the way of the future. It is by far the best system to introduce in countries that do not already have wires and poles criss-crossing the countryside with a multi-national corporation on one end and a regular bill payer on the other.

It's true that Australia has a vast amount of cheap energy available to us but what we urgently need is a government capable of seeing the obvious by looking up and not down.



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