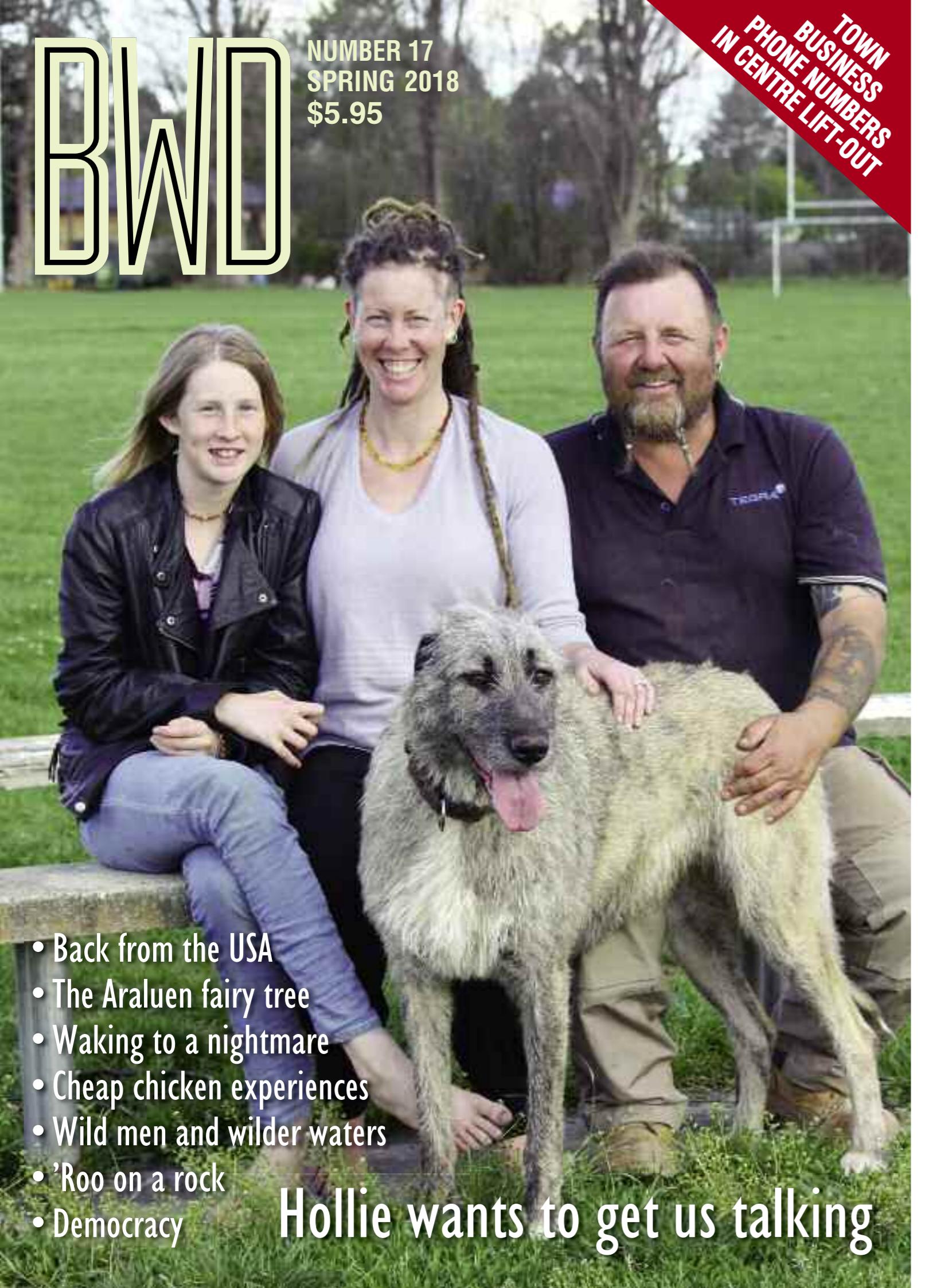


BWD

NUMBER 17
SPRING 2018
\$5.95

TOWN
BUSINESS
PHONE NUMBERS
IN CENTRE LIFT-OUT



- Back from the USA
- The Araluen fairy tree
- Waking to a nightmare
- Cheap chicken experiences
- Wild men and wilder waters
- 'Roo on a rock
- Democracy

Hollie wants to get us talking



Hidden gardens

but not from Erika Mordek who knows where to look

What is it about gardening that is so addictive, nay, rewarding? The weather is warming and the blossoms are opening. Digging in the dirt with one's hands; I love the feel of fresh, crumbly earth through my fingers, friable soil full of goodness. It is a time for putting out seeds, planting seedlings, watching the miracle of life proceed over a few weeks, to be rewarded with flowers and produce after a time. I visit Claire's nursery and maybe there'll be a bargain or a rarity to be had at the hospital fete.

The light is changing. I think it is already harsher than it should be. I wake earlier and spend the extra time watering and talking to the plants before hitting the drive to the capital.

Although I can see the renewal from the car windows as I whizz by, it is dry still. This lack of good rain is hampering our normal cycle. Watkins has had a tough time with his compost; in Canberra the worms came in no time. Here it has taken a year for them to appear in his long compost heap.

I came back from Sydney to work with my parents in Araluen in 1991. I didn't know anything about gardening so I started my journey by the weekly mowing of 2 acres of garden. I lost a lot of weight pushing that lawn mower in the Araluen heat. And with it came a sense of achievement — as I walked along something happened, something changed. I joined the Braidwood Garden Club and became secretary for a while. We visited local gardens, had swap meets and went on excursions far

and wide to visit gardens and nurseries. At that time, the Green Corps and Landcare were also busy planting tree hedges and copses, and as I drive today I see them all grown, some twenty years later.

Gardening is a game of patience. At the Old Courthouse in Araluen my parents and I planted many trees. Of those that remain today, I can see that they needed 15 or 20 years to make an impact.

The Talla Dancers and I have just returned from a trip to the Micronesian Island of Pohnpei. It rained every day,



GROWING

and flowers and fruit were there in their multitudes, ready for the picking. Our hosts, Kath and Peter, drove us around the tiny island, and we could see that flowers and shrubs formed the boundaries of different regions and clans. We don't have such strong and rapid growth here.

Getting back to 1991, that was when I met Sonia and Michelle and Lesley, and we watched the BBC's Geoff Hamilton's gardening video on creating cottage gardens. Apart from dancing, gardening became our thing. Cottage gardens are such an English/European tradition. But it seemed to rain more often in those days, and our ventures in growing plants from seed and planting English cottage flowers and bulbs were quite successful.

My trips with the garden club introduced me to smaller gardens that didn't appear on the Open Garden Scheme. That gave me the idea to take photos of all these small gardens hidden behind fences. I started taking photos of friends' gardens in Wilson St and Araluen St; Fran McGrath's garden with the great rose hedge; Valerie Herbst's garden in Bell's Creek; Theresa Lindwall's garden at Ballalaba. I documented these gardens on a website, now defunct.

Nearly twenty years later, I wonder what these gardens are like. Most have changed hands, and the fashion for English style gardens has waned. I still have packets of photos of these gardens, and it might just be time to revisit and tell the world what great gardeners we are here in Braidwood. ■



WHAT'S WHERE?



NUMBER 17 SPRING 2018

Hidden Gardens — 2

IF YOU LOOK HARD YOU MIGHT FIND ERIKA

The fairy Tree — 4

POP ON DOWN TO ARALUEN AND MAKE A WISH

Back from the USA — 6

THE EDITOR FLEW NORTH FOR THE WINTER

Mrs beeton Dinner — 13

THE COMMITTEE DOES HIGH-T

Secrets in a small Town — 14

HOLLY WANTS US TO TALK ABOUT THAT WHICH IS STUM

Wild men and wilder Waters — 16

TOM ALDER'S GRANDFATHER WAS A TRAVELLER TOO

'Roo on a Rock — 18

TOMBARRA SHOWS THAT KANGAS MAKE GOOD EATING

The braidwood 'Solar' — 20

MAKING MONEY WHILE THE SUN SHINES

BWD business Directory — 21

FIND THAT PLACE TO FIX YOUR WHATSIT OR THINGAMYBOB

Snake Bite — 29

POOCH MEETS PARSELTONGUE

The art of Light — 30

THE ART OF BEING WELL-LIT

The birth of Democracy — 32

IT'S A LONGISH STORY BUT WE NEED TO REMEMBER

A shot of History — 34

JILL CLARKE'S STORY FROM BHS NEWSLETTER

Wynlen's garden in Spring '18 — 36

EATING WELL AND LOCALLY TOO

I've been everywhere Man — 37

LYN TRAVELED FROM BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA

Spring recipes with lyn Cram — 38

GET THOSE INGREDIENTS TOGETHER AND COOK

Waking to a Nightmare — 39

THAT ONE-TIME ERROR CAN HAVE TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES

The Souq — 41

ANOTHER TRAVEL TALE FROM LYNDA

Tax Tips — 42

YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE IT BY NOW, SO GET MOVING

The spring allergy season is Here — 42

THESE REMEDIES AND SUGGESTIONS ARE NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT

Cheap chicken Experiences — 44

LEO ALDER GOES WHERE NO STUDENT DARES

Horoscope and Crossword — 46

YOU WON'T FEEL 2-DOWN WHEN YOU READ THE STARS

Time & Energy — 47

WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT NOW?

Sorry about the delay. The winter issue of BWD disappeared into a time warp between here and the northern hemisphere.

It was a duty and privilege to accompany my partner Alison as she took a sabbatical from the A.N.U. to work in and visit poster workshops in L.A. and New York. We had a great time and some of our experiences are chronicled in the following pages.

I missed a few local events that had me sweltering regretfully in our apartment in Brooklyn. One was the death of Tony Coote, founder of Mulloon Creek Natural Farms. The land management movement lost a great and dedicated champion with his passing.

The other event was the D&S Motors 'so long Robbo and thanks for the decades of gruff but selfless service to our motoring community, weathering rain, hail and all manner of car-related catastrophes'.

I think transferring ownership of that building to the council was a good move to preserve the site as a gateway to the huge depot space that will in time become available for a better use. I think a 'D&S Arcade' would be of great value to the town and a fitting way to remember the family who gave so much to so many for so long.

There are even more nepotic stories in this issue than usual. A friend came across the National Parks newsletter from the '90s with the Reg Alder story; Reg was my father-in-law. His grandson Leo is also featured at the end of the mag with his cheap chicken story. That's about it for another year of news, views and blues.

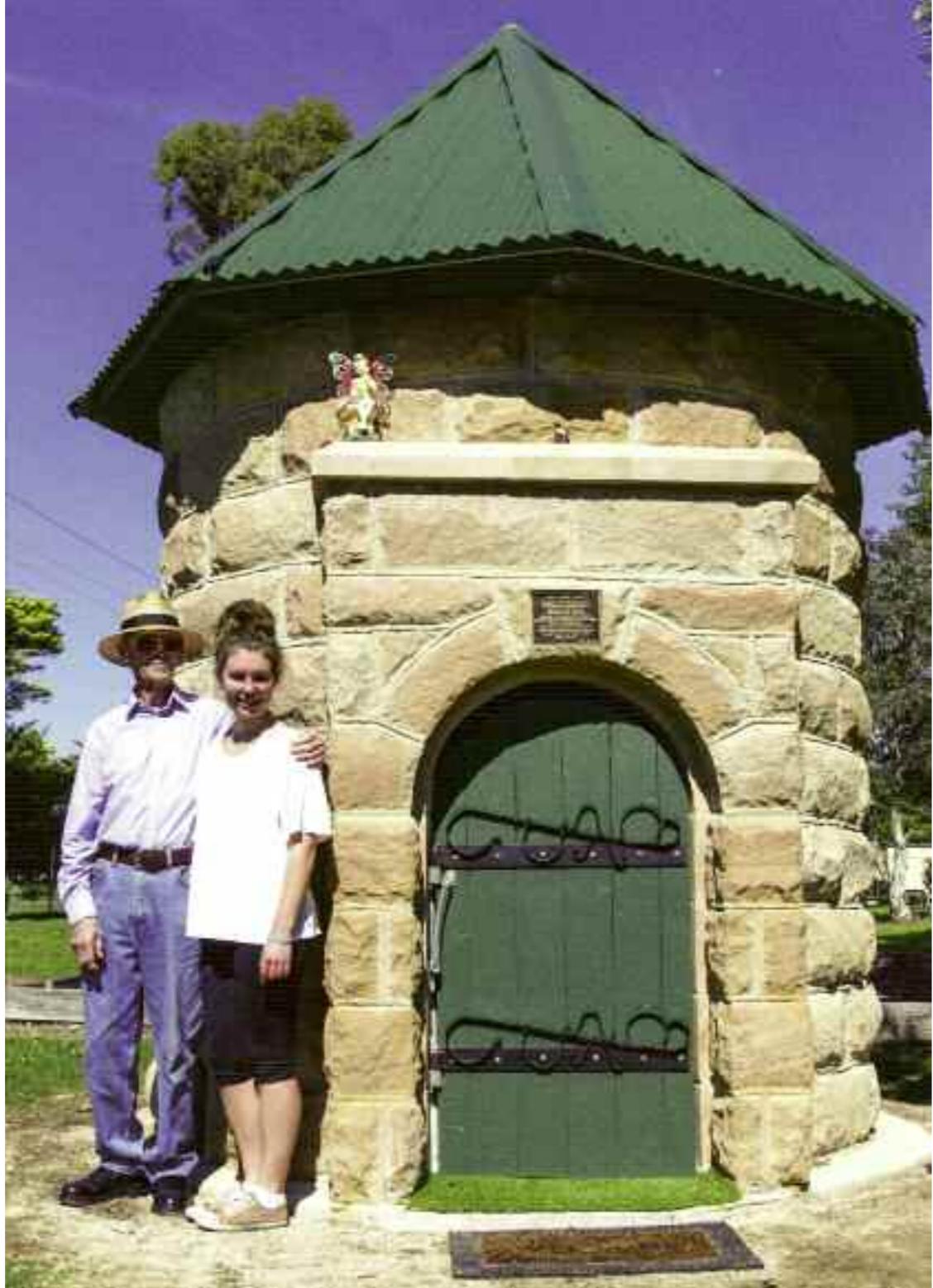


ON THE COVER:

Hollie Bakerboljkovac flanked by her daughter Kiah and husband Bolj along with Dreamer the dog.

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The fairy tree

Clem Wilson brings the fairies to Araluen

After I'd done up my grandparents' graves I decided I wanted to build a little memorial for them. I thought about the fairy tree. For the littlies, you know. So Tony Nixon, the stone mason and myself went down to Bundanoon to get the sandstone down there. They said no, they weren't cutting anymore and we'd have to get it from Queensland. So we got it from Rockhampton. They delivered it to as far down as they could, to Mittagong, and then a friend in

Araluen, Peter Hemler from Deua River Fruits picked it up in his big truck. There was over eight ton of it.

Tony and I did most of the work. The artist, Emma Lipscomb, is the granddaughter of the minister that used to be here in Braidwood, the Reverend Ian Lipscomb. She and her mother have quite a large property this side of Goulburn, around four thousand acres. Her mother's also a very good artist. That must be where it comes from, you know.

MAKE A WISH



Originally I just had it painted white inside and was going to put a few little animals around it. But then my good friends Helen and Paul Goleby introduced me to Emma Lipscomb and her mother Margie.

And I'd never met the Lipscombs, but I had met Emma's grandfather in Braidwood because of my mother who was in the hospital here for fifteen years. He was a good man. Even though we're Catholics and he was Church of England, I remember Mum saying, "He can convert me anytime he likes". He was a lovely man — and a big man. He would have made the most perfect Santa Claus because of his mop of white hair and a big natural white beard. He was loved by everyone.

I had heard that Emma was a good artist and that she wanted to do the work for me. When Emma agreed to do the work for me, she was planning to drive down nine miles to stay in Helen Goleby's place on the Deua River. I thought that was too far so I talked her into staying with me. It took her three weeks to do the work. She's a beautiful kid and a lovely artist with it.

We were just terrified at first that somebody would get in there with spray paint or something. Vandalise it, but ... touch wood, so far it's been so good.

Helen and Paul Goleby have done so much to encourage me and I thank them for that. I wasn't going to go on with the artwork, I thought it was enough as it was. But they said no, once you see it, you'll appreciate it. They put the lights in and so it's an ongoing thing. We've got plans now for outside work, all around it. The new toilets too are going to be such a bonus. So it's all good.

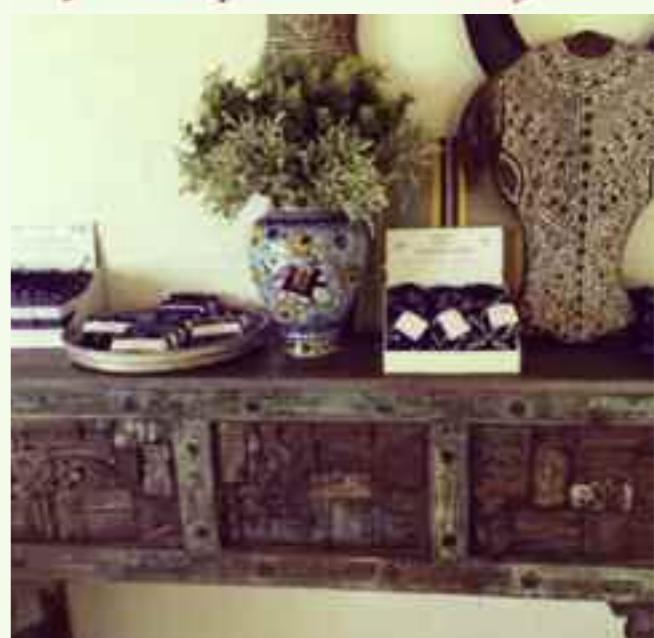
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Back from the USA



Paul Cockram reports on three months in the USA accompanying his partner Alison Alder

Los Angeles CA

It's 12,319 km from Canberra to Los Angeles in the air as the Boeing 737-800 flies. Tall passengers pay a circulation tax of \$175 should they be fussy enough to want enough extra legroom in the hope of avoiding deep vein thrombosis.

The arrivals hall at LA International Airport is reminiscent of a Braidwood cattle sale. The people are penned in and prodded along, appraised by digital technology, squinted at and stamped by an official and finally loaded onto busses or taxis for dispatch to the city.

First stop was Venice Beach, the final

resting place of the Woodstock generation, maybe not dead yet but certainly mostly resting. There are heaps of souvenirs on sale along the promenade. There are tea towels, teddy bears, flags and even underpants all emblazoned with the unambiguous message: "F*CK TRUMP". The president it seems is not popular in California.

On the beach the skateboarders' series of bowls is a popular spectator sport. It's all self-regulated with sectors suitable for varying levels of skill, from learner to death-defying. The day we were there a pint-sized (600ml) girl had the crowd wowed. Although dwarfed by the older mostly male riders, she was accorded maximum respect for her

seemingly effortless speed and skill. Our first foray on LA busses was a day of confusion. We had quite a few disagreements about navigation. I have a theory on this. People, like bees and birds, use the sun to navigate. I think that we southern hemispheroids automatically know that when the sun is somewhere in the sky in front of us, west is on the left and east on the right, give or take according to the time of day.

Plonk us down in the northern hemisphere and of course it's back to front; when the sun is in front we're facing south and east and west are reversed. That's my theory and I'm sticking with it as my excuse for repeatedly going the wrong way.

Our hosts in Venice Beach, Carol and Ted, are a couple of mature-age lefties who've never given up the fight. Carol

is the Director of the Centre for the Study of Political Graphics in downtown LA. The CSPG has an archive of over 90,000 human rights and protest posters and prints. Alison spent a day there merely scratching the surface.



2018 SPRING

Kansas Cities KS & MO

Our next stop was Kansas City KS. When you tell someone from west coast USA that you're going to Kansas the response will most likely be, "Oh, you have relatives there?" And yes we do in fact, but hot on the list as a holiday destination for most Americans, Kansas is not.

Alison had an auntie who was a war bride. Beryl Alder met an American GI at the end of WW2, fell in love and made the switch from urban Marckville girl to wife of a farm hand on the vast rural Kansas flatlands.

Auntie Beryl and Uncle Clarence had two children, Murlin and Melinda who still live in Kansas City KS. There are two Kansas Cities separated in some parts by the Kansas River. Where cousin Melinda lives though, you can walk to the shops in Missouri, buy a bagel for lunch, then walk back home to Kansas to eat it.

I wondered why most of Kansas City is not in Kansas State but actually in Missouri and Cousin Murlin who is an avid history buff explained it thus:

French fur trappers and traders were the first Europeans in the area in the 1700s and ultimately established a post because of the confluence of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers. Both were French spellings for the Native American tribes in the area. Missouri became a state in 1820 but Kansas, just to the west of the confluence, remained as Indian Territory not open to white settlement until 1854, and subsequently became a state in 1861.

The Missouri side developed as a town called Kansas City because of the Kansas River, several years before the Kansas side also called itself Kansas City.

There was a very violent history from 1854-1865 as pro-slavery guerrillas from Missouri and free state guerrillas from Kansas waged a brutal war with each other until the end of the Civil War.



THE COUSINS' AIRPORT GREETING.
MELINDA, HER DAUGHTER ALINA AND
MURLIN.

After a few days too soon it was time to head for Braidwood Illinois where I wanted to stop over for a couple of days and meet some locals. Melinda kindly offered to drive us to Chicago with me hopping out in Braidwood.

Leaving Kansas City is a lot less stressful than leaving, say, Sydney for Canberra. It's just an easy drive along some suburban streets then on to Interstate 35 and set the cruise control for Illinois. But first we had to get through Missouri and that's where we stopped for lunch at a country diner.

As it turned out, the Simply Country Café in Brookfield is famous in the region for the quality of its cakes and pies. After lunch we complimented the staff on their friendliness and proprietor Stacey confided, "Y'know what? When I go to Chicago and I see that sign, 'Welcome to Illinois' ... well, they lie!

"The moment I get back to the state line I go down on my knees and I say, 'thank you Jesus, I'm back in Missouri'."



BWD

Braidwood IL

We rolled into Braidwood in the late afternoon. We crossed and re-crossed the railroad tracks looking for the main street. Funnily enough, although the listed population for Braidwood IL is 5200, making it bigger than Braidwood NSW, its main street is modest by comparison.

My initial contact was Wayne Saltzman who had, with his wife Gerry, visited Braidwood NSW in 2010. Fortunately for me, John Stahel remembered Wayne from his visit to our museum and gave me a lead to follow.

Wayne Saltzman is a long-time resident of Braidwood and was the mayor 2003-2007. I asked Wayne about his time at City Hall.

"Well, I did something that's never been done here before, I won as a write-in. My name was not on the ballot paper. I had to teach the people how to do a write-in so I went door-to-door. I had things I hung on the doors to show how to do it. And it proved to be successful."

"After election day I went to the county clerk's office with my paperwork and she came out and give me a hug and a kiss. She said, 'You made history. You did something that's never been done in the state of Illinois'.

"But I didn't get re-elected. Braidwood has a thing about one-term mayors. The last time there was a two-term mayor was around 1951. Jimmy is our mayor right now and I'm his campaign manager. We're going to see that he gets re-elected because he's doing a lot for the town with drug enforcement and he's changed the way police operate.

"Before he became mayor they had a system where an officer could win a TV by writing the most number of traffic tickets. So they were stopping them for goofy

A write-in vote is allowable in some elections in the United States. Voters can ignore the candidates on the ballot paper and simply write in the name of someone they prefer. According to Wikipedia, in the 1997 election for mayor of Talkeetna, Alaska, 'Stubbs the Cat' won over the two human candidates. He was re-elected every mayoral election thereafter, and served until his death on July 2, 2017'. Hmmm, Wiki or wacky, you be the judge.



THREE MAYORS OF BRAIDWOOD. JIM VEHRS [LEFT] THE CURRENT MAYOR, WITH WAYNE T. SALTMAN AND SUE GRYGIEL, BOTH PREVIOUS MAYORS.

things and a lot of them were senior citizens, too.

"The word went out, 'avoid Braidwood' and people were going out of their way to stay clear of us. You can't do that in a small town."

Wayne Saltzman took me to City Hall to meet the current mayor of Braidwood, James A. Vehrs. I asked him how he liked the job.

"It's been a learning experience. I'm a heavy equipment operator by trade. I'm not a politician, I'm just here to take care of our senior citizens and help the town go forward.

"In the last few years our economic development has been very slow, but now this past year, it's really booming. We have over 25 new housing permits going on in the town and we've got a new hotel coming up. We had 58 lots in a subdivision that went bankrupt that city took over years ago. That's sold now to a developer who's putting it back on the market.

"It's not supposed to be a full-time job. But it's what you want to put into it. One of our elected state reps on the 75th district for the state of Illinois once asked me if I ever thought it would be like this. I told him, 'You know what? I was Grand Knight for the Knights of Columbus for seven years and I've volunteered all over town. I know about community service'. I get paid \$5000 a year which comes out to about \$319 a month after taxes. You know what? I probably spend that much in entertainment.

"I'm gonna be honest with you; there's some days where I'll tell my wife, 'Hey, the whole day's for you, hon'. I make a couple telephone calls but I don't come to the office every day. I'm an outdoor person, I like to be out on the street."

Across Main Street from City Hall is the Braidwood Museum. There I presented to the museum our Braidwood goodies that Annie Clarke had given me to foster inter-town fraternity.

THE BRAIDWOOD MUSEUM.



MAIN STREET, BRAIDWOOD ILLINOIS WITH CITY HALL AT RIGHT.

I met Braidwood Area Historical Society president George Kocek along with Ed Bunting. George gave their story:

"The railroad came through here in 1855. It was a small, small town but the railroad came through because it was a straight route from Chicago to St. Louis. Then in 1864 coal was discovered by accident.

"A farmer was sinking a water well when at about 80 feet down, he hit rock. He got a bigger drill and he hit coal. It wasn't the best quality in the world but it was good enough. About a month later, him and his buddy dug a shaft and started bringing up coal. Pretty soon, the big money people from Boston got involved, they figured out there was a lot of coal here and then the big money and big companies came in. There were 10,000 people here in those days.

"Our James Braidwood was from Scotland. He was brought in by one of the big mining companies. He was a deep shaft engineer.

"Your Thomas Braidwood Wilson, a surgeon, came out from the same country.

He was also a well-respected man who had a town named after him. That's amazing to me, the similarities.



THE MAYOR'S 'MAN CAVE'.

*L*ater in the day Wayne and I went to visit mayor Jimmy relaxing in his 'man cave' after a day at the office. Bourbon and beer seemed to be the order of the day.

At the time I was going through one of my 'dry' spells and so I had to politely and reluctantly decline their kind offer of drinks. It did however prompt Jim to broach the subject of medical marijuana. His wife has suffered chronic arthritis for years and mainstream medication was starting to seriously affect her stomach.

Marijuana is legally obtained in Illinois by patients with a prescription and their carers who are both issued with a permit ID card that looks a bit like a drivers' licence. Jim showed me the package containing four lozenges. Of course it's not legal for other people to purchase, possess or consume these 'loopy' lozenges so I couldn't really try one, could I?

Chicago IL

*A*nd so I found my way to Chicago by train after a night of struggling with the timetable and the instructions for purchasing Amtrack tickets online. I had to make several feverish calls to the American cousins to sort it out. "What's the matter with you?" they asked. "You usually can handle these things without having a vague attack". Anyway, a good night's sleep fixed it and in the morning Wayne drove me to Wilmington, the closest station up the

track towards Chicago. The rail line has been upgraded to cope with High-Speed Trains but alas our sister town no longer qualifies for a railway station — another connection between our communities.

And so to Chicago. If you think Lake Burly Griffin is big then Lake Michigan will expand your horizons considerably, out of sight in fact. We joined a few hundred other people and a microphone man for a cruise on the lake. He told us how the Chicago River was once an open sewer and garbage disposal method that flowed into Lake Michigan. The city's drinking water came from the lake and even though the intake had been moved many times further away from the river mouth, by 1900 the situation was dire.

So, did the city fathers think of another, more environmentally friendly way, to dispose of their toilet waste and trash? Not on your Nellie! Smart city engineers figured out that by digging a new channel inland, the flow of the Chicago River could be reversed and all the pollution would flow away from the lake, into rivers through other inland states and eventually down south as far as the mighty Mississippi.

This 'Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal' was in 1999 named a 'Civil Engineering Monument of the Millennium' by the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Wipe bottom, wipe hands, flush daily with 1 billion US gallons from the lake and problem solved.

CRUISING ON LAKE MICHIGAN.



New York NY

Life as a neophyte pedestrian in New York is quite a thrill. First, there's the unthinking step from the kerb followed by a moment of disbelief that a vehicle could be charging at you from that side. This is followed by a moment of relief when you catch the driver's eye and it seems you're safe. Then comes the full catastrophe moment of realising that you're actually looking at the passenger. The driver who is blissfully texting is about to notch up another dopey Australian. The second week is less stressful.

Living in Brooklyn made me realise what a dreadfully small-minded nanny state Australia has become. Here in the borough, people burn about on a wild variety of conveyances. Motor bikes, cars, scooters, skate boards electric and push-along, pedalling bicycles and those with motors — and not a helmet in sight unless it's worn as a fashion accessory. The NYPD is everywhere but they don't waste time on people walking safely through red lights or riding bicycles against the traffic.

New Yorkers seem to pride themselves on being cool. If you don't invade their private space, what you do or wear is no cause for comment. Stylish people



SUBWAY SIGNAGE: UNOFFICIAL SENTIMENT ABOVE, AND BELOW, OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF ARETHA FRANKLIN.



abound, especially young African American women for whom no amount of intricate hair arrangement is too much trouble.

I tried my best to promote Australian dag; for instance, I survived the torrid steamy heat as I used to in the North-

ern Territory by wearing shorts and sandals, but the number of men in New York who have sockless sandals could be counted on the toes of one exposed foot. Nikes rule, man.

It's a funny thing that the American know-how that put a score of men on the moon, made an encyclopaedic algorithm to solve any dinner party dispute using only your phone has not helped the poor duffers to handle a knife and fork properly. It's painful watching them eat. They start off okay, knife in the right hand cutting the food using the fork to hold it still, then for some inexplicable reason they drop the knife, move the fork to the right hand and use it like a shovel.

I offered to show some diners at a restaurant one night how to use the cutlery more efficiently but they were quite dismissive. I don't know why the dude thought I worked in transportation, but he told me quite forcefully that he needed no lesson from another trucker like me.

The New York subway is an engineering marvel of lines criss-crossing up, over and around each other under the whole city. When it was first built it would have been a state of the art transport network. The subway still transports 4.3 million people every day

SOLIDARITY

but its age is showing. Signal failures, track maintenance and power outages force the operators to slow, divert or cancel many services all too frequently. After a few weeks of listening hard to the station and train guard announcements I penned this little ditty.

"Attention passengers. This C train is now running as an A train on the F line. Passengers should change next stop to an M or 5 train running on the Z line or a 7 minus 2 train makes a 5 train."

"Attention passengers. Due to a signal failure this C train is now a 1, 2 or 3 train running on the E line or, if there is unexpected track work, a W train running as an N train that thought it was on the G line."

"Attention passengers. Trains are now hopelessly lost and confused and will become uptown trains without delay. Consequently all services are now running as F trains and so the system is now a total F up. You're welcome."

There are quite a few beggars working the subway trains. The locals mostly keep their noses glued to their cell phones even more diligently than usual when the spiel starts. This can vary widely, from a proffered plastic cup and a sad look to a full performance, perhaps drums or pole dancing.

One day a woman took a beggar to



THE LABOR DAY PARADE SEEMED TO GO ON FOR EVER.

task. "I gave you money yesterday," she protested. "Lady," replied the man, "I never work the same train two days in a row."

The woman was insistent. "It was you for sure". As the train pulled into the station he said, "If you saw me yesterday, then lady, you're on the wrong train," and he got off.

As the train lurched into motion the woman asked her neighbour, "This is the E train to World Trade Centre isn't it?" "No ma'am," he replied. "This is an A train heading for JFK."

The Saturday after the Labor Day long weekend, delayed to allow workers to have a holiday as well I suppose, we watched the parade up 5th Avenue to



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CHESS IN THE PARK. MASTER TU AND WILLIAM WATCH DANIEL AND BARRY PLAY.

Central Park. We arrived a bit after the parade started at 10am and yet at 2pm the marchers and their floats were still going strong. Unionism is exuberantly alive and well in New York.

As we walked past Trump Tower I did notice that the raised fist of fraternal solidarity on more than a few marchers morphed in to the raised finger of mirthful scorn.

A highlight for me during our stay in Brooklyn was playing chess with the dudes in Fulton Park. To be honest, I spent more time watching than playing and not only because there are more players than the five permanent tables can accommodate. It's a serious business — tables are held by a winning player until they're defeated or retire. If you must know, I won two and lost

CHECK YA

five. I was nearly always the only white fella there. The usual game play, while deadly earnest, is punctuated by chess jive such as, "Y'no what? I'm gonna get outta yo face", for moving back; or, "Thas a goood move", usually before taking a piece.

You could call it 'gotcha chess' because the locals have a way of reaching out, grabbing their own piece, moving it to a square occupied by an opposing piece, swapping them and returning to base with the taken piece all in the blink of an eye. Sometimes all the pieces on the board tremble slightly, I know I did.

Conclusion

The United States complex beast. Its people for the most part are warm and hospitable. It's also a highly innovative country in science, technology and the arts. But like Australia, inattentiveness to politics has allowed the silliest people to rise to power.

It seems absurd to see the President spruiking a Space Force, the 'fourth arm' of the services, with no idea at all of what it could possibly achieve while each day commuters in New York wait patiently for the subway train to take them home as soon as the antiquated signalling system can be fixed.

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DINING IN STYLE



COMMITTEE MEMBERS GILLY BURKE, FIONA HALL, KIRSTY ALtenBURG AND LYNN CRAM PREPARE TO ATTEND THE TABLE.

Mrs Beeton Dinner

Lyn Cram serves up the story

It was shaping up to being a 'Dark and Stormy Night' and although we were all celebrating a day of much-anticipated rain, we were concerned as to how our 'Mrs Beeton Dinner' would successfully happen. You see, our dilemma was that the dining room for the event was situated in a separate building located in the middle of a beautiful walled garden.

The food for each course would have to be taken from the kitchen and across to the venue. But the rain was so welcome, we decided that it would be worth our getting wet.

Luckily, just before our VIP guests were about to arrive, the rain stopped and the weather stayed fine for the remainder of the evening.

The 'Mrs Beeton Dinner' was the brain-child of two of our committee members for the Restoration of the Old Anglican Hall. The menu had been faithfully taken from the recipes which were found in an original copy of Mrs Beeton's cookbook. The committee members were dressed as kitchen staff or maids and served the delicious five course meal, whilst taking it in turns to join the guests at the table. Throughout the evening many ideas were discussed on ways of working together for the good of Braidwood and particularly its historic listing.

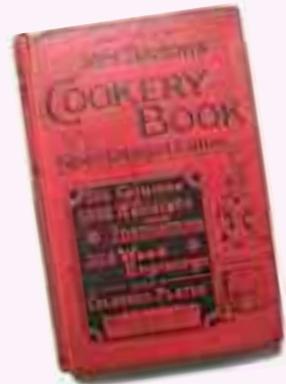
THE FOOD ARRANGEMENT WAS STUNNING.



Isabella Mary Beeton was an English journalist, editor and writer. Her name is particularly associated with her first book, the 1861 work *Mrs Beeton's Book of Household Management*. She was born in London in 1836 and, after schooling in Islington, north London, and Heidelberg, Germany, she married Samuel Orchart Beeton, an ambitious publisher and magazine editor.

In 1857, less than a year after the wedding, Isabella began writing for one of her husband's publications, *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*. She translated French fiction and wrote the cookery column, though all the recipes were plagiarised from other works or sent in by the magazine's readers.

In 1861 Isabella Beeton published *Mrs Beeton's Book of Household Management* which sold 60,000 copies in the first year. She was working on an abridged version of her book, which was to be titled *The Dictionary of Every-Day Cookery*, when she died of puerperal fever in February 1865 at the age of 28. [from Wikipedia]



such a modern woman for her time. The evening was an outstanding success and certainly an event which we will all remember.

Secrets in a small town

Hollie Bakerboljkovac opens up

"It was travelling mother," said the child eagerly, and wilfully. "It was leaving the farm, and putting up lunch in a basket, and a little riding ... and we carried our night gowns."

"Don't tell the whole village about it if we did," said the mother, interrupting the reminiscences of this experienced voyager. "Haven't I told you before," she whispered in her last attempt at discipline, "that you shouldn't talk about night gowns and stockings and, things like that in a loud tone of voice. And especially when there's men folks round."

"I know mother, and I won't. All I want to say is..."

Rebecca and her mother, of Sunnybrook Farm

This passage from Kate Douglas Wiggin's opening pages is 1903s version of the Things We Don't Talk About. Rebecca is from a time of impeccable manners, acceptable behaviour and Sunday morning town gossip. It's an era of keeping up appearances. Living in a small village means everyone knows your business, so ensuring that they don't know about what you wear to bed was important. Some things have to be kept secret.

One hundred and fifteen years after Rebecca, we are more liberated to say what we think, to express our opinions and wow — some people even go to the corner store in their nightgowns!

Here we are, in modern Braidwood, riding in cars rather than horses, communicating via Facebook rather than Sunday morning gossip, and visiting loved ones with the tap of a touch screen. We share our personal lives publicly, tell people when we're annoyed at the driver who cut us off on the Highway, share restaurant recommendations and post photos of far off destinations.

We share a lot of information about our lives. Living in a small village means everyone has already seen what you did on the weekend (via social media) before you meet them in the street on Monday.

Sharing publicly gives us things to talk about in real life.
What you share shapes who you are seen to be.

And, just like Rebecca's mother, we all know the rules about what not to talk about. Some things are still kept secret.

As a therapist, I'm not as much interested in the actual Things We Don't Talk About as I am interested in the reasons for why we are not talking about them. For ex-

ample, generally people don't like to talk publicly about marriage problems, money issues, emotional trauma, sexual dysfunction and even some types of physical health concerns. The more interesting question is: Why not?

We've all been taught what not to talk about. For Rebecca, mother's implication is clear : it's shameful to discuss nightgowns in public. What 'Things You Shouldn't Talk About' have you learned to associate with shame?

"I define shame as the intensely painful feeling or experience of believing that we are flawed and therefore unworthy of love and belonging – something we've experienced, done, or failed to do makes us unworthy of connection."

~ Brene Brown

The things we don't talk about put spotlights on our perceived failures. When you perceive your personal value to be intrinsically linked to your ability to manage certain events (like debt, or weight gain, or lack of intimacy with your partner) in a particular way, anything outside of that restricted situation is failure, and shame is given a space to seep in.

Not being able to cope with a particular event, or making a mistake, or not knowing how to move forward in a productive way, doesn't mean YOU are a failure. It just means at this time, you haven't quite got the resources and information you need to successfully complete your target. And if you frame it like that, it becomes much easier to talk about.

We must get honest about our suffering. You're not the only person who had a surgery that's difficult to bounce back from. You're not the only parent who feels guilty about being at work during your kid's assembly. You're not the only woman who's found herself in an abusive relationship. You're not the only man who can't physically do the work he did when he was twenty years old. You're not the only family who missed a mortgage payment. You're not the only one who's suffering.

You could be the one to speak out. In order to be free of the shame, we have to talk about it. We have to find people who will accept us for who we are, where we stand, mistakes and all. And we have to be those people for others.



THINGS WE DON'T TALK ABOUT

SURE, GO AHEAD

Be willing to listen to your loved ones without judgment. Be willing to ask the question, "how does that experience feel for you," and then listen to the answer. Shame doesn't need a solution. Giving a solution just reiterates, "whatever you have done was not enough," and the person who is living with shame will respond by hearing you say, "you are not enough."

Also, be willing to ask, "why not?" Why not talk about 'The Things'? Why not share the realness of our lives? Why not say NO to superficial social media posts by ignoring them, refusing to hit the Like button, or unfollowing?

Why not reach out to someone you care about in real time?
Why not be all of yourself?
Why not be willing to look into another person's heart?
Why not open our own?

Rebecca's talk about nightgowns threatened to disrupt the social fabric of Riverboro, but the 'Things We Don't Talk About' in the modern day are much more dangerous to Braidwood's culture and prosperity. Shame is the destroyer that takes us to dark and wounded places, and the best cure for shame is to bring it into the light. Our mental, emotional and physical health rely on facing shame.

Start Talking About The Things that are secret, and claim yourself as more than the sum of the things you haven't been able to handle. We've all been stuck somewhere. Your value is not defined by your stuckness. You have unlimited potential. And none of it has anything to do with what your neighbour is doing on Facebook.

Choose who you open your heart to wisely at first. Go to someone you trust. And if you don't have one of those, go to a professional; because that's what we're trained for. Regardless, the starting point to facing

the Things We Don't Talk About is to grow your heart, by allowing someone else to look in.

And if you're still unsure, take inspiration from Rebecca :

"[Rebecca's heart] stretched a little and grew; grew in sweetness and intuition and depth of feeling. It had looked into another heart, felt it beat, and heard it sigh; and that is how all hearts grow."

~ Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
by Kate Douglas Wiggin, 1903

Hollie Bakerboljkovac is an Integrative Therapist and Coach at Braidwood Holistic Therapies. She works in various therapeutic modalities to help people engage with authentic wholebody wellness, including mental, emotional, physical and spiritual health. Connect with Hollie at braidwoodholistic.com.au and instituteforselfcrafting.com



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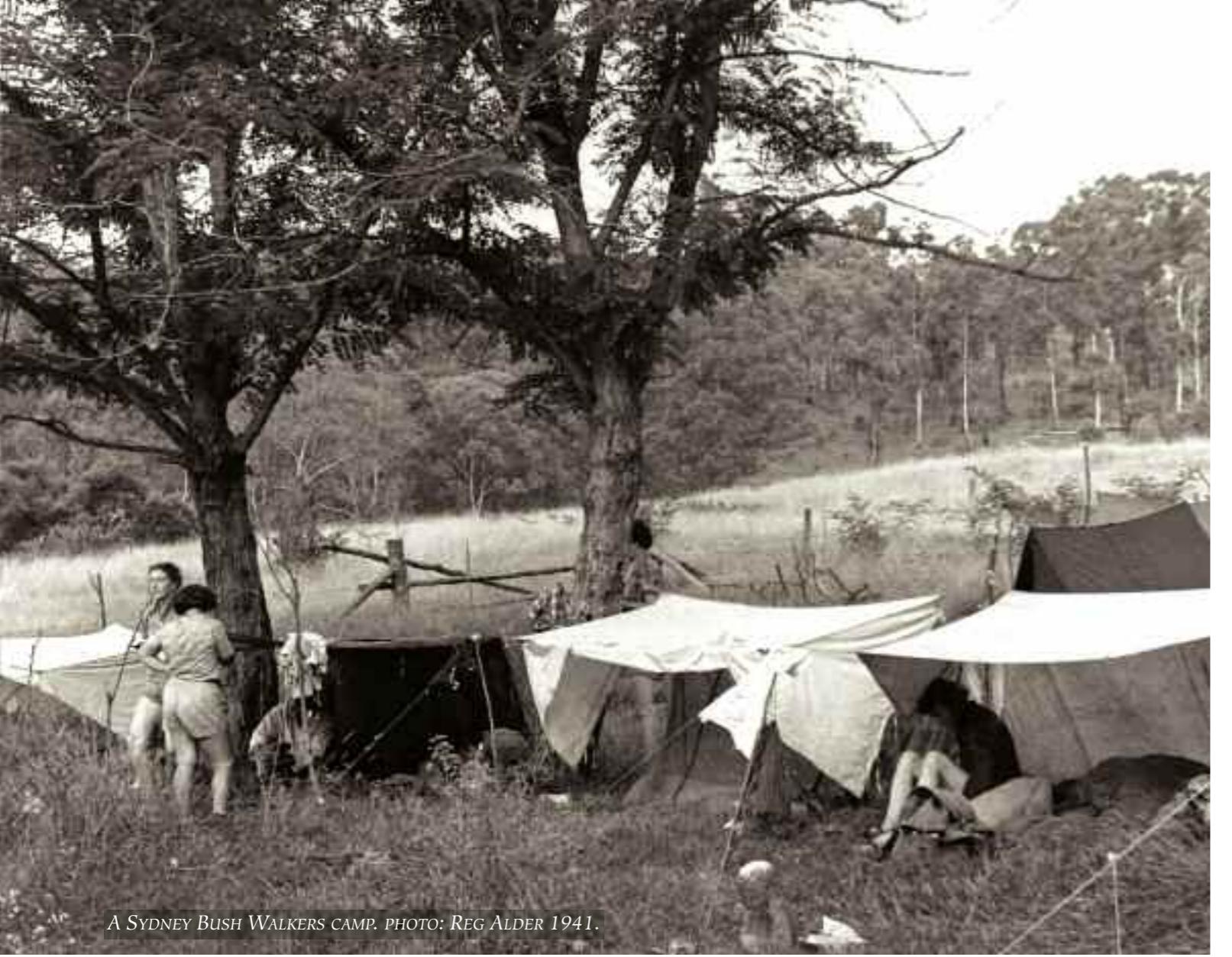
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A SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS CAMP. PHOTO: REG ALDER 1941.

Wild men and wilder water

Reg Alder gives an account of a three-week walk in January 1941 from Nerriga to Tallong and Joadja to Wentworth Falls

Our exploration turned into a real adventure with the breaking of the drought, turning the normally placid rivers into flooding torrents.

In the war years it was difficult to take your holidays as and when it suited you best. With a lull in the work between converting ships into troop transports I was told, "You better have some leave, Alder" and so I cast around for some companions to accompany me on a walk I had planned for some time.

So it was not because of any charm on my part that the only walkers immediately available were two schoolteachers. The news spread and soon I was to have five companions, all female. The record of 'four women' in *Fitzroy Falls*

and Beyond is slightly incorrect and I think they deserve names: Doris Young, Edna Stretton, Mary Stoddart, Joan Athill and Winifred Duncombe.

Why now five you might ask? The original number at Nerriga was four but because of illness Joan went home after the first night. She rejoined us later at Mittagong, accompanied by Win, for the second leg of the walk. So there were three companions in the first week and five on the second and third weeks.

We travelled by mail coach (few could afford to own a car) from Nowra to Nerriga to make camp on a grassy flat just downstream from the Endrick bridge.

As the tents went up it started to rain

and before we had finished unpacking we were inundated with about 200 millimetres of water coming from a previously dry gully, swirling over the flat and through our floorless tents.

Feverishly, near naked, we began chasing articles of food and clothing across the flat to hang them on any convenient branch.

Rescuing eggs was particularly difficult. The rain stopped but the Endrick continued to rise overnight, and next

morning it was obvious that our plan to walk downstream past a gorge was out of the question.

Plans were changed to walk to the Shoalhaven junction over the ridges and by lunchtime we were clambering down a very steep ridge to rejoin the Endrick about a kilometre from the junction.

To my great surprise the Endrick was clear and placid — had I made a mistake? This seemed impossible so we settled down to lunch pondering where last night's water had gone. Were we on another river? It was soon answered as suddenly, with a roar, a wave of filthy water about a metre high came down the river. Last night's flood!

Realising our plight, since we were then on the wrong side of the Endrick, we rapidly went down to the junction, as success for the walk depended on being on the western bank of the Shoalhaven. The Shoalhaven had already risen and with the water at about a metre deep we just managed to wade across the head of a swirling rapid.

Rain came again and with it the Shoalhaven continued to rise. We camped high on a sandy bank and, noting the potential of the river to flood over it, I spent an uneasy night observing whether a white rock on the other bank was being covered. It was obvious that our plan to walk and swim down the Shoalhaven was out and the flood showed no signs of abatement.

So I decided to climb out since we had the Block Up to negotiate and none of us knew what other hazards there might be in between. The only map we had was the southeast tourist map, so we had little to go on.

The northern ridge at a large creek junction had a faint track and after reaching the plateau on a wider path we met a lone horse man — our 'wild man of Bungonia'.

He was dishevelled and dirty and created some misgivings in my mind as he led us to shelter, especially as he seemed to have taken a liking to one of the girls and called her 'a pocket Venus'. He left us and we settled down to sleep on the floor to the sound of rain on the iron roof.

His appearance and manner was such that with my imagination of all manner of eventualities, I half expected him to come back after dark. I said nothing to my companions but I propped the doors.

Next morning he came back, all cleaned up, a clean hat, a near-white shirt and a vest, albeit somewhat food-stained. The principal culinary delight that he brought us was a brown chunk

of paste which he said was his soup stock — made by boiling down a sheep in a kerosene tin. It was accepted with apparent gratitude but soon consigned to a convenient bush as his standard of hygiene seemed low.

We carried on to Bungonia Gorge to find it also in flood with about 600 millimetres of water in the normally dry gorge. On the way out along the Shoalhaven we passed the long stretch of water, unbroken by rapids, now known as Louise Reach.

In January 1939, on my first visit to the Shoalhaven, I remarked that this particular stretch of water looked like Lake Louise in Canada. I had been conditioned by the Canadian Pacific Railway travel poster of the pine tree-lined lake. The long line of casuarinas on the banks created the illusion. The name stuck, changed a little by the Central Mapping Authority in giving it a more appropriate designation for a stretch of a river.

The rain continued for the remainder of the time until we reached Tallong. On the second leg the Wollondilly was in flood with difficult, wide rapid cross-

ings. Later, going up Murruin Creek, we came across a deserted farm which had peaches for picking and a weed known as fat hen growing around the house. Win said it was as good as spinach.

Since we had now been on spartan foods for a week and a half, we made a good meal of the fat hen with our dried peas, potato and bully beef. This was followed up with peaches.

The next day all of us, except Win, were incapacitated with gripping pains.

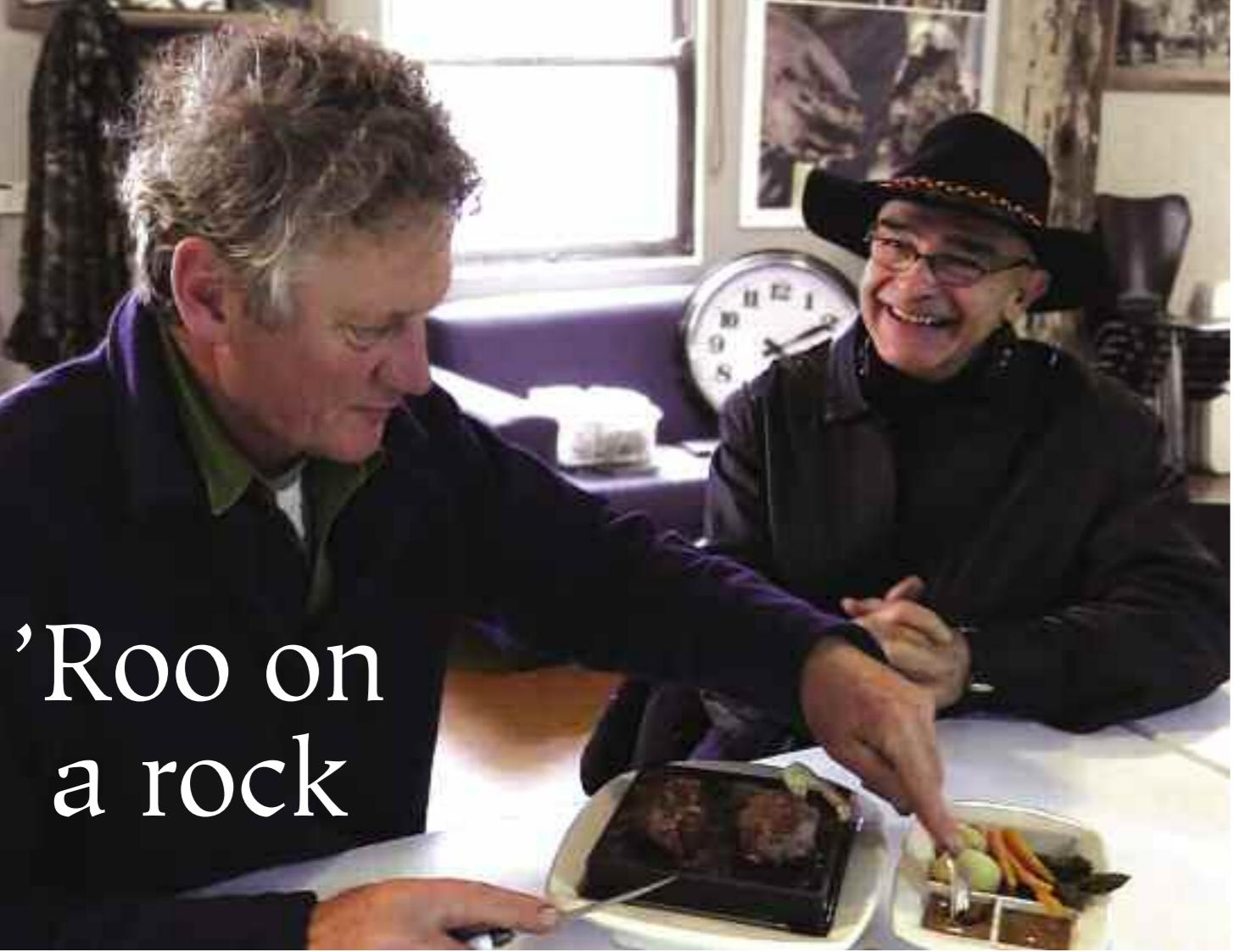
After a short distance we called it a day. Bodies lay where they fell. Win said it could not have been the fat hen, it must have been the peaches — we all had weak stomachs.

We recovered overnight and went on to find the Kowmung River pristine with fine weather and good walking and camping for the remainder of the three week walk to Wentworth Falls.

BILL WELLS, THE 'WILD MAN OF BUNGONIA'. PHOTO: REG ALDER 1941.



'Roo on a rock



SHANE GIVES US THE LOW-DOWN WHILE MARTIN TUCKS IN.

What we have here is typical of the way our people cooked around here. The women would heat up a rock, and then they'd come along having collected dilly bags full of food and pour it onto the heated rock. It would take a few days to heat up a large piece of granite. So it's a feast occasion. After they'd poured out the contents of what they'd collected onto the rock, they then let it cook in its own juices and its own flavours, and the result would be much like what we have here. This is a modern version of a timeless method of cooking.

Today we have kangaroo and prawn. Obviously the prawns come from down the coast, and the kangaroos locally farmed. The food is sitting on a piece of granite that's heated to 400 degrees Celsius. It's quite remarkable.

The flavours are very different to what you'd expect when they're cooked on a hot rock.

There's a bit of salt on the rock itself to stop the steak or the meat from stick-

Helen and Tom Blacka recently held a test dinner at Tombarra in preparation for the real deal during the 'Quilt Weekend' in November. Local Aboriginal elder and gastronome

Shane Mortimer explains hot rock cooking

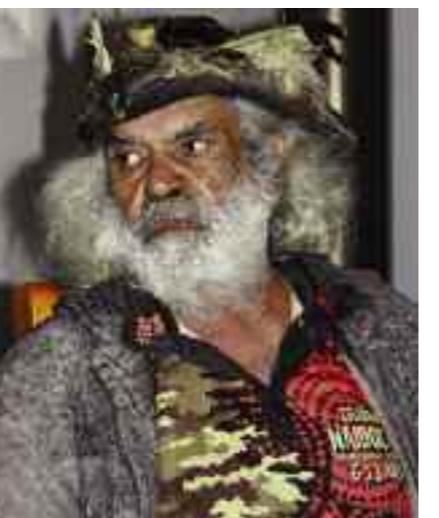
ing onto the rock, but that's the only reason it's used. It's not actually used as a seasoning, per se. We have some mountain pepper here to use on the 'roo, which is just superb, because it's also a local plant with provenance to this area.

Our dinner here is made from food that's sourced in the local region, and it's quite something. We may end up having some oysters.

Oysters on the hot rock aren't shucked, they're quite amazing because you put them on the rock and they just open themselves. Then the flavour, the flavour really jumps at you. It's quite something.

Of course there are a couple of veggies on the side and some dipping sauces. It depends on what you want. In terms of food that has provenance, we have plenty here. There are all sorts of options you can have to accompany the meat that's cooking.

MARBK.



on the rock would be sensational. Absolutely wonderful. The more the better, get rid of them.

There's no point killing an animal unless you're going to actually do something with it.

Crocodile is amazing, and emu on the rock is just astounding. Yeah. This is a real step forward in cooking, rather than a step back. The kangaroo can't step backwards, neither can the emu. So it's a progressive dinner.

Martin Royds provides the view of a local farmer

Kangaroos are in plague proportions and they're being shot and wasted. We're wanting to turn them into products that can be eaten or worn. Following on from a forum that was held by Landcare in Bungendore last week, we're looking at how to manage kangaroos.

We're looking at how to prepare and eat them and the benefits of eating free-range meat.

That's why we invited to Tombarra, Shane Mortimer, a leading aboriginal elder in this area, Marbk, last full-blood of his tribe and Teabag, cook extraordinaire to the Sydney Olympics and the Aboriginal Embassy in Canberra.

Shane opened Tombarra; he was the guy who did 'Welcome to Country'.

On the 'Airing of the Quilts' weekend in November, starting on Friday night 23rd, we're going to have a workshop dinner on how to cook kangaroo meat and its benefits. Then Saturday night, we're going to have a celebratory dinner of eating wild game caught in the Braidwood area.

There'll be kangaroo, deer, rabbit, maybe some prawns and oysters from the south coast.

Tombarra now has a hot rocks oven which was designed and manufactured by Shane Mortimer. It's got the capacity to heat a hundred hot rocks at a time. They're slabs of granite like one of the cooking methods used by Indigenous people where fire was added over rock, then you grab the fire off and cook on the hot rock.

At Tombarra the hot rocks are heated using solar power during the day, and because they maintain their heat, we need only a minimal amount of elec-



MARBK, TOM BLACKA, MARTIN, TEABAG, TIM WIMBORNE AND SHANE.

tricity to keep them up to temperature of 400°C. We've found that they've stayed warm enough for four days.

Then they come out on the rock plates, sprinkled with some Himalayan rock salt that stops the meat from sticking to the hot plate. The hot rocks come out of the oven, the meat gets placed on the hot rock, seared on one side, turned over, and then delivered to the table. The diner can then cook it according to

how they like it, rare, medium or whatever.

The idea is to use as much native food as possible — all local food. We're working with other locals who produce native or healthy foods, like Tim Wimborne with his native peppers. They go really well with the kangaroo and the deer and so we're putting his salted native pepper onto the rock before you watch your dinner cook.

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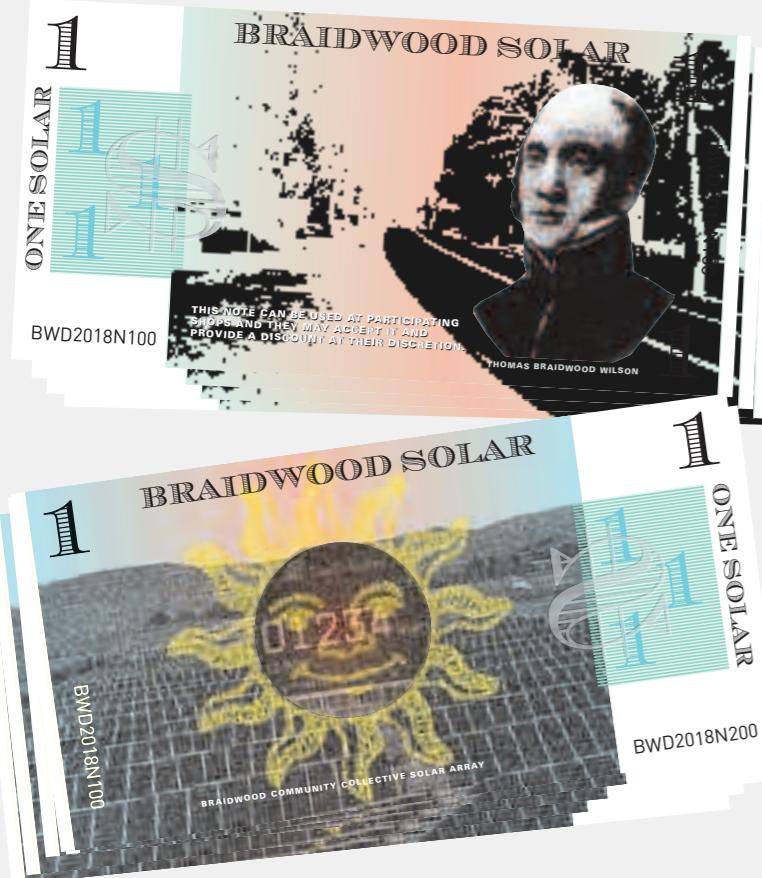
Can you spare a Solar?

Braidwood's on the money

Why have a local bank note (it's a voucher, not money) and why call it a 'Solar' you ask? Well, this first one, included in this issue of *BWD*, is an unashamed publicity stunt.

That's publicity for a possible community solar farm for Braidwood as well as for the magazine. Apart from its souvenir value, you might be able to get real value from any of *BWD*'s advertisers. If at their discretion they give a discount (up to the value of \$1) in exchange for a *Braidwood Solar I* guarantee to buy them back from that business at that price via a discount on their advertisement in the next *BWD*.

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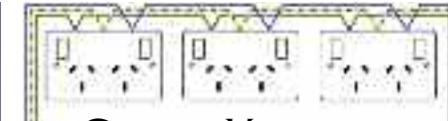
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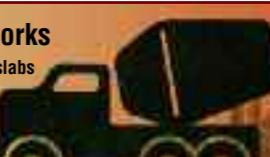


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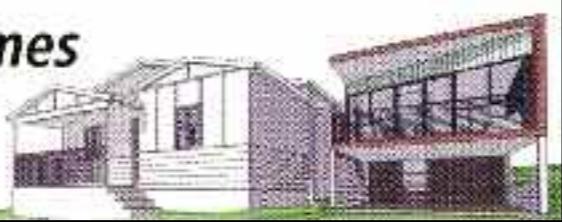
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RED – Hospital & Healthcare
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PURPLE – Trade services
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Ambulance000	Braidwood and District Historical Society Inc.4842 2310
1st Braidwood Scout Group4842 8144	Braidwood Apex Club4846 4020
Aaron McGrath Mobile Mechanic0417 218 662	Braidwood Auto Electrics0412 277 293
Abby French0422 961 020	Addwater Irrigation0409 088 721
	Design, install & maintaining water systems
	Advanced Building Certifiers4869 5999
	Albion Cafe4842 1422
	Altenburg & Co.4842 2545
	Andrew Mortimer0409 599 936
	All types of concrete works0400 174 739
	Andy Cassim4846 1372, 0424 712 48
	Anglican Hall0434 292 994
	Contact: Helen Farley
	Antony Davies Auctioneer0438 126 987
	Araluen Federal Hall4846 4023
	Ron Bateman 0478 021 461
	Araluen Film Club0490 010 257
	Araluen Progress Association4846 4020
	Artplan Graphics0417 459 775
	BWD magazine and all types of print work
	Australian Labor Party4842 2850, 0402 547 188
	Contact Jill Chapman
	Australian Mountain Pepper0436 409 449
	Auto Pro Batemans Bay4472 9242
	A Very Braidwood Christmas0458 496 667
	Backhouse Transport0433 314 866
	Barraminnow0450 283 241
	Basil Hall Editions0408 452 570
	Bec's Hair & Beauty0438 211 071
	Bees R Us4842 2360, 0403 324 212
	Bevege's4842 2476
	Beyond Blue1300 22 4636
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	Billy Robertson-West4842 8158
	Trenching and Ag work0439 076 024
	Bindi's Pregnancy Scanning0419 422 619
	Blue Sky Homes0407 701 788
	Boiled Lolly4842 1166
	Bolin Industries0418 682 838
	Manufacturing and repair for all industries
	Born Vintage4842 2991
	Bradley Horwood4842 2001
	Braidwood dentist
	Bradley Surveying and Design4842 2992, 0438 310 372
	Braidwood & District Education Foundation0401 904 680
	Secretary: Trish Solomon
	Braidwood & District Storage0426 821 521
	or 0426 818448 or 0407 701 788
	Braidwood & Villages Tourism4842 1144
	Braidwood Lions Club0417 900 765
	Braidwood Aikido DojoMatthew Hulse 0438 648 468
	Braidwood Medical Centre4842 1034
	Braidwood Men's Shed4842 2213

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Batemans Bay 4472 4629, Moruya 4474 2002	Fran Holloway Holistic Beauty Therapy.....0419 187 279
Capalerang singing group.....4846 1288	FX Business Centre4472 7199
Car Models of Braidwood.....4842 1122	Garan Vale Italian Restaurant.....4842 2804
Carrington Inn6238 1044	Geoff McGrath Small Motor Repairs4842 2498, 0428 422 498
Carwoola Community Association.....6238 2579	Geoff McGrath Weed Control4842 2498, 0428 422 498
Centrelink.....4842 2500	Geotech Reports4846 1372, 0424 712 488
Chad's Plumbing Solutions0438 564015	Geotech reports for on-site sewerage
Championship Vinyl.....4842 2991	GPA Pump Services0407 476 657
ChemCert Training4846 1372, 0424 712 488 Andy Cassim	Green Homes Australia0429 422 297, 0428 293 606
Chemist.....4842 2528	Gundillion Recreation Reserve Trust4847 5095
Chris Bowie – Plumber0423 211 585	Guy Hayes – GBH Design4842 1330
Christine Riley0407 525 391	Guy Laurie4847 5108, 0405 125 058 Livestock transport
Church of the Good Shepherd4845 9121 Nerriga, contact Betty Temple	Half Moon Winery4842 8067
Colin Yewdall Electrical0420 754 118	Hannaford Stud Performance Horses4842 2122, 0418 617 444
Community Heath Nurse4842 2566 Also for Community Bus and Transport, Continence Nurse, Diabetes Educator	Harrison & SonsTroy 4846 4072 AH Tracey and Ken0404 026 171
Concept Coffee Bar & Café4842 2557	Packing Shed4846 4017 Stone Fruit Peaches and Nectarines
Country Women's Association (Majors Creek)4846 1243	Hart's Rural Services4842 2710, 0427 422 711 Farm Management & Advice
Country Women's Association4842 8051	Highgate Kitchen0419 215 420
Country Workbox4842 1330	Hockey Braidwood4842 2286, 0429 422 286 Crushed & uncrushed gravel
Culmone's Bus Service4842 2010, 0418 480 073	HVB Building & Construction0427 350 118 Hans Viser4842 1467
Currockbilly Mountain Nursery4842 8014 0427 456 718	IGA & Bottle Shop4842 2451 J & M O'Connell4847 1117, 0428 471 117 Livestock & General Transport
D & S Motors4842 2139	Jane's Car Minding Service4846 1041 JG Earthworx0406 869 618
Dargues Gold Mine1800 732 002	Jeffrey King0411 685094, 0421 071 868 Builder
David C Harrison.....4846 4059 Stone fruit grower	John Gannon0421 454 987 Solar Installations
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Don Collett.....4846 4085, 0429 464 085 Boom, hand and quad bike spraying.	
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Eureka Pizzeria4842 1019	
Eurobodalla Windscreens.....0427 104 105	
Fay Griggs.....0428 422 603 Cattle scanner	
Find Your Music (Joybelles).....0419 556 169	
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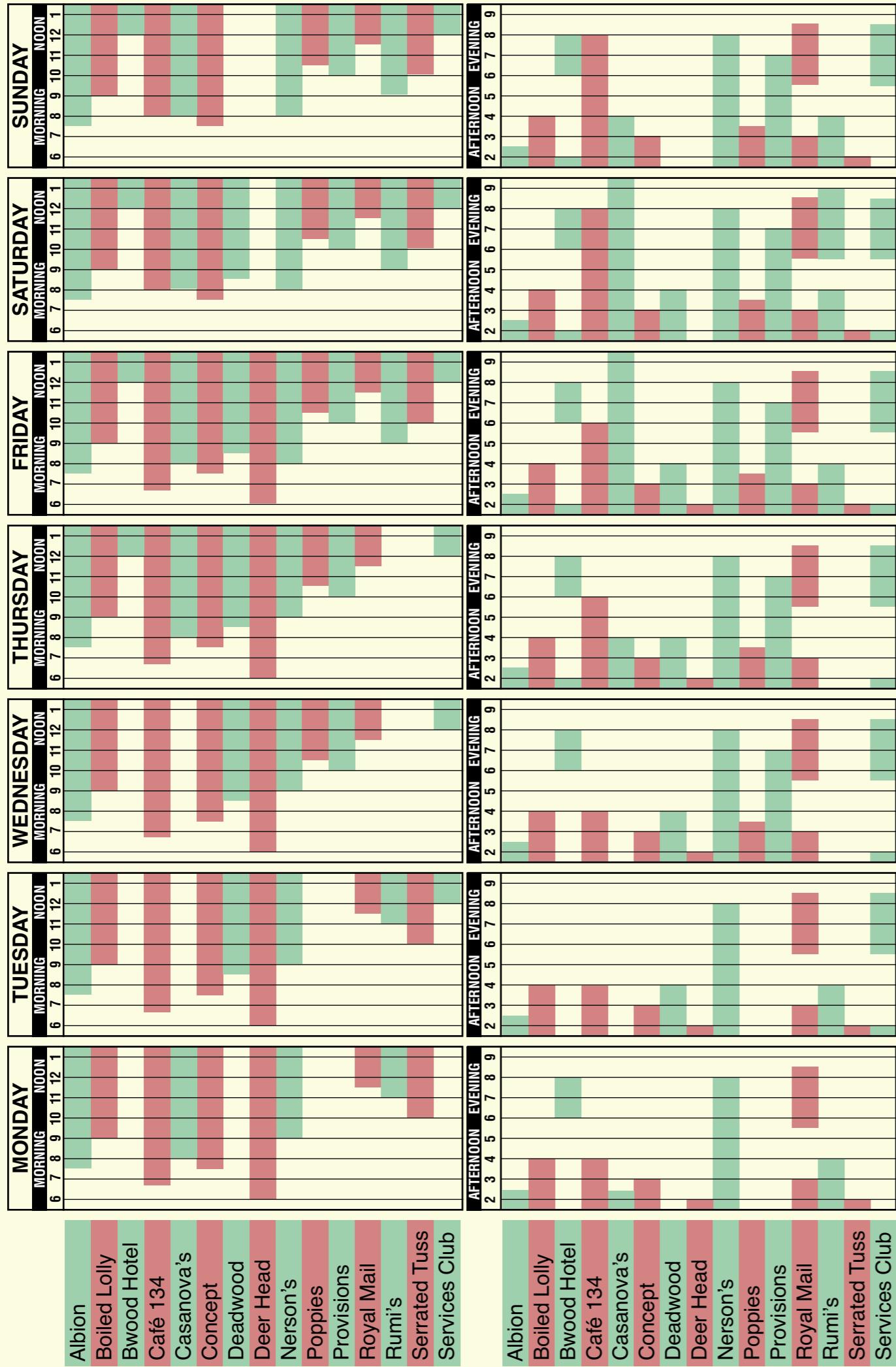
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Car Models of Braidwood.....4842 1122	Garan Vale Italian Restaurant.....4842 2804
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Garan Vale Italian Restaurant.....4842 2804	Kelly Sturgiss Photography0430 169 836
Geoff McGrath Small Motor Repairs4842 2498, 0428 422 498	Kevin Corby4842 7144, 0413 990 142 Builder
Geoff McGrath Weed Control4842 2498, 0428 422 498	Kids Help Line1800 55 1800
Geotech Reports4846 1372, 0424 712 488	Koala Constructions0410 534 057
Geotech reports for on-site sewerage	Iain McArthur & Co Solicitors4842 2378
GPA Pump Services0407 476 657	Landmark Braidwood4842 2405
Andy Cassim	Laterals GLP4822 0555
Green Homes Australia0429 422 297, 0428 293 606	Legacy (Torch Bearers)4842 8052
Shirley Shoemark 4842 8052, Maureen Faviell, 4842 2382	Lodge of Truth Braidwood0427 422 046
Gundillion Recreation Reserve Trust4847 5095	Little Red Tractor Service4846 1044, 0429 461 567
Glass repairs	Lodge of Truth Braidwood0427 422 046
Len Bennett4842 1260, 0427 182 867	Lucas0413 795 630
Glass repairs	Line Dancing0413 795 630
Len Mutton & Co4842 2446	Little Red Tractor Service4846 1044, 0429 461 567
Life Line13 11 14	Lodge of Truth Braidwood0427 422 046
Line Dancing0413 795 630	Lodge of Truth Braidwood0427 422 046
Little Red Tractor Service4846 1044, 0429 461 567	Phil Shoemark0427 422 046
Lodge of Truth Braidwood0427 422 046	Stephen Hockey0429 422 286
Paydirt Eatery0404 026 616	Luke Clarke0410746464 Horse breaking and pre-training
Platten Poll Hereford4847 1199	Majors Creek Hotel4846 1145
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What's open when for eating in Braidwood.



SILLY DOGGIE

Snake bite

Dr Jessica Yuen warns

It was a warm, spring morning when innocent Stanley, an enthusiastic four-year-old kelpie, was playing by the river. Unbeknownst to his loving owner; her relaxing camping weekend was about to take a drastic turn. Something was not right. Stanley was unusually quiet and just not himself ... Upon retrieving his ball, he suddenly became weak and began to drool and twitch uncontrollably. His owner rushed him to Braidwood Veterinary Surgery for emergency treatment for snake bite toxicity.

In many cases, suspect envenomations occur without seeing the snake.

For this reason, all pet owners should be aware of toxicity signs. All cases present uniquely, so any sudden change of behaviour in an otherwise healthy dog

or cat that could encounter a snake should prompt suspicion.

Classic signs include:

- Collapse
- Sudden weakness
- Paralysis
- Vomiting
- Drooling, tremors, shaking
- Dilated pupils
- Swelling or bleeding around wound

Prognosis for pets bitten by snakes is extremely guarded. Treatment is highly involved, expensive and with no guarantees. However, early anti-venom treatment is absolutely crucial for the best outcome.

Luckily for Stanley, prompt hospitalisation, treatment and critical care has enabled him to be reunited with his beloved family. Having lived through the scare, his owner wanted to spread awareness of the issue. If you suspect a snake bite, ensure you seek veterinarian attention immediately.



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The art of light

Sue Blackburn clicks the shutter

Why would you document your artwork? In fact, there are a number of reasons. Once you have sold or made a gift of your work, it is gone.

Great images of your work are required if you want to apply for exhibitions, create catalogues or advertise your exhibition, and you will want the best images of your artwork if you are putting your images online in a website or even selling your images online.

If you want to show people your work in its 'best light' it needs to be in the best light.

Professional lighting of your artwork is the key to getting the best image.

This often requires specialist lighting specifically to control the light to bring out particular characteristics in the work. Whether the work is 2D, such as drawing, painting or screen-print or 3D, such as sculpture, ceramics or jewellery, the very nature of the artwork is described to the viewer of the image purely by the way it is lit.

The lighting needs to describe the texture, weight, form and opacity to describe the artwork in its absence.

I have had an interest in photography since I was a small child. I remember going around the neighborhood with

my little Hanimex instamatic camera taking photos of the way light made ordinary objects interesting to look at.

After high school, I attended Perth Technical College, completing a two-year Art Basics course where I constantly kept referring to the photographs I had taken to inspire my drawing, painting and ceramics classes I had taken.

I soon realised that my passion, and skill for that matter, lay in the photographs I was taking. My drawing and painting skills left a lot to be desired! As an adult, I decided I could take my passion and make it work for me.

Having completed a range of various art photography courses, I took myself seriously and completed a four-year Associate Diploma in Fine Art Photography at Ultimo TAFE, Sydney Australia. During this time, I was employed at the

SMILE
College of Fine Arts, University of New South Wales in the Photography Dept. (now UNSW Art & Design). Whilst there I was often asked by students about how to document their artworks. I would outline the procedure to achieve the best results, but all too often they would return, asking me if I could do it for them. So, I guess, I kind of fell into this specialty and it has evolved from there.

I find the work immensely enjoyable and get to see all types of artwork.

I have to combine my technical capabilities to correctly capture the artwork and my compositional eye to make it engaging but at the same time remove myself from what is, fundamentally, another's artwork.

I have now been acknowledged as a fine art documentation photographer for the past two decades, documenting fine art since 1994 with film or digitally for the cataloguing of art work for artists and galleries.

With a range of clients producing a variety of artworks in different mediums, I continue to document 2D, 3D, installation and artwork in exhibition, primarily in Sydney, Australia.

Since moving to Majors Creek this year, I am looking forward to sharing my skills with the Braidwood community.

I can come to your studio or gallery to capture colour-accurate images of artworks, installations or exhibitions, providing a professional service to document your 2D or 3D artworks before they are sold or collected.

Contact Sue Blackburn via her website to see examples of her art documentation or to discuss your requirements and obtain an estimate. <https://exactimage.com.au/>

BRONZE TSUKIMI: NO 1 [LEFT] AND MOON'S GHOST: NO 2 BY MARION BORGELT.



ADVERTORIAL

Braidwood Rural and Building Supplies (BRS) was established as a sister store to the Goulburn Produce CRT Store in 1999. Since its beginning, it has been a part of the Braidwood Community supplying Agricultural and Hardware products to the township and surrounds.

With a current staff of 10 people, BRS is working with suppliers to develop relationships that will help with the supply of materials to the community and industry that supports Braidwood and the villages that make up the region.

Over the past 12 months there has been a number of new faces join the BRS Team in a range of roles.

Jeff White has come in to the business as the Rural Branch Manager with over 20 years of rural merchandise and agronomy experience.

Stuart Ingham has come to the business in the role of Hardware Manager with over 10 years experience in the construction industry and 8 of those years specializing in High Risk Civil and construction works. Both Jeff and Stuart will be working closely with the staff and the customers to ensure that the services that are delivered by BRS meet the requirements of our customers both now and in to the future

Madi Guan has come to BRS as our agronomist. Madi is available to go on farm and provide free agronomic advise on pastures, weed control, fertiliser and production recommendations.

Tim Corcoran has been put in a full time role of storeman and driveway service.

Steve Lasak has been appointed cleaner and storeman.

The long term staff who are the regular and welcoming faces of the business are:

Steve Nicholas – customer service, building and special orders and quotation

Paul Garcia – customer service, hardware ordering and inventory management

Pixie Garcia – accounts and stock control

Vince Crosby – workshop mechanic and hydraulic repairs

Peter Sorenson – truck driver, store man

In coming months our customers will see some changes happening in the store layout. We have had a retail planner come in and develop a new layout for the merchandise section of the store. This will allow the flow of the store to be more user friendly. As well as this you will see some new product lines coming in the range. There will be ongoing customer information nights to assist in the development of new products and to promote information that is relevant to what is going on in the industry. Along with the new layout, we have a new logo, Facebook page and website, so we can be easily identified and found.

In the Rural part of the business, there will be the opportunity to gain valuable information through industry representatives and the Agronomy team working hand in hand to support our farming community. Weather you run a large scale operation or are new to the industry or the area, we are keen to have a chat to see what we can do to help.

The staff at Braidwood Rural welcome you to come in and have a look around and see the changes over the next few months.



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ALL IN FAVOUR?

[AT LEFT] THE BÉMA (SPEAKERS PLATFORM) IN THE PYNX (ASSEMBLY) AT ATHENS
WILLIAM C. MOREY, OUTLINES OF GREEK HISTORY, 1903

government in Greek cities in the Classical period, and this is particularly true of democracy, was to achieve *harmonia* among the citizens. *Harmonia* eventually comes to mean something like our 'harmony'. It was a term found also in musical theory and described things that were well matched or well fitted together. The aim of democracy was to bring together competing interests among the citizens and to get them all pulling together in the one direction. What was abhorrent to a Greek citizen was *stasis*, a 'standing still', of political life in the city. This was equivalent to death and the same term, *stasis*, was used to describe civil war. The Greeks knew, as we know today when we look at what is happening in Syria or what happened in former Yugoslavia, that civil conflict can be the very most bitter of conflict, and thus it was to be avoided at all costs.

Interestingly, if we took an Athenian citizen and put him in the public gallery at Canberra today and let him watch parliament for a little while, he would probably be astonished. He would think: 'There are two sides here who seem to be at war with one another. They don't seem to be moving towards any agreement. In fact there seems to be institutionalized disagreement. How can this possibly work? How can harmony be achieved by this process?'

In Athens and the surrounding region of Attica, democracy was the solution put in place by Cleisthenes to end what had been 150-200 years of turmoil. From around the beginning or middle of the 7th century BC there was great unrest amongst the common people of Attica (the region surrounding Athens) due to ever increasing inequality of wealth and political power.

Simply put, the population was divided into two key groups – the eupatridae, 'the sons of good families' (that is to say the aristocrats or elites), and the démos, 'the common people'.

The *eupatridae* had extensive land holdings and held all the civic offices while the common people were typically rural smallholders with no direct access to political power. These smallholders were subsistence farmers who were at the mercy of the climate year to year as they tried to support their families. If there was a year of drought, or where it rained but at the wrong time, they could be left short of food. The large land holders, however, had a scale of production and storage facilities that allowed them to ride out difficult times. When in need the smallholders would go to them for help and subsequently fall into debt.

Now, 7th century BC Attica was pre-monetary, so payment for this debt first took the form of labour. The smallholder in debt would enter into what was effectively an indentured relationship with the aristocrat who had given him sustenance. He would therefore contribute a portion of his time to working the land of that aristocrat. It seems, however, that it was nigh on impossible for such subsistence farmers to ever pay off their debts, no matter how hard they worked to do so. In the end, the elite land holder would make a claim on the person of the debtor himself or one of his family. That is to say the debtor was compelled to sell himself or a member of his family into slavery in order to

clear his debts. Many of those who were not sold into debt slavery were effectively indentured workers under paternalistic aristocrats. It is not difficult to see how this situation eventually caused considerable unrest amongst the common people.

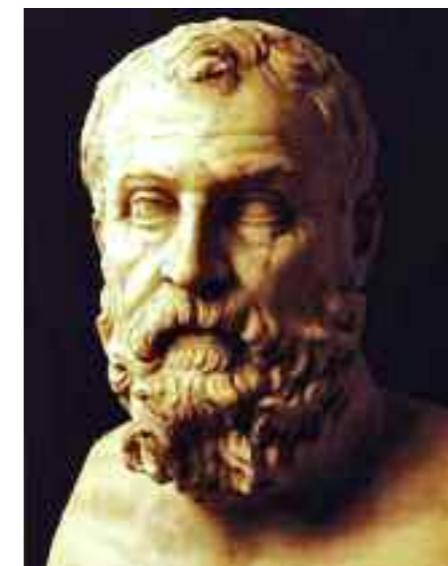
The situation became so bad by the beginning of the 6th century, around 590, that the city-state of Attica was on the brink of civil war with the ruling elites and smallholders at each other's throats, and members of the various elite families also fiercely at odds with one another. To avoid catastrophe they appointed a plenipotentiary lawgiver, Solon, and gave him complete authority to reorganise the *polis* however he thought best.

Solon went ahead and instituted some very important reforms. Principal among these was a redefinition of citizenship. Solon made it absolutely illegal for a citizen to be compelled to sell themselves into slavery to clear a debt, and he freed all those citizens who had been so enslaved. This momentous event was cause for huge celebration and was commemorated in classical Athens by a festival called the *seisachtheia*, which literally means 'the shaking off of the yoke placed on one'.

In the midst of this commotion an elite named Peisistratos seized absolute power as a tyrant. Peisistratos acted as

provement, Solon did not want to become a tyrant, so he stopped short of redistributing land or addressing the monopolisation of public offices by the wealthy elites. This meant that fundamental inequalities still lingered and this situation festered and then exploded again between 580 and 570 BC.

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



SOLON 'THE LAWGIVER'
NAPLES, NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM

all good tyrants do. He made sure to exile his main rivals among the competing elite families, and he identified his own interests with those of the common people and the city itself. He set about energetically modernising Athens, including the physical city and its institutions.

He introduced a universal justice system with travelling courts to resolve citizen disputes, and he appears to have begun carefully and diplomatically redistributing the land. He instituted a festival, the *Panathenaia*, which celebrated Attic unity under the protection of the goddess Athena.

In short, Peisistratos created an umbrella under which nascent democratic institutions could start to blossom, and thereby a powerful civic ideology emerged, particularly amongst the rural *démos* who regarded the age of Peisistratos as a golden age of prosperity and peace. ■

[There's more to this story than will fit in one issue. The rest will follow soon.]




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THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS



A shot of history

Jill Clarke tells the story

One of the durable sports in the Braidwood area is rifle shooting. This type of pastime is still partaken in the Braidwood district and has a long and interesting history.

The interest by local men in rifle shooting on an official capacity started in 1888 when the district established the Braidwood Reserve Rifle Company. This was backed by Government offi-

cials with strict rules and regulations. The inaugural meeting was officiated by RM Higgins and a fine rifle range was donated by R C L Maddrell on his land in close proximity to the town.

The Braidwood Rifle Company was a founding member of the Southern Rifle Association (formed 1891 and headquarters at Moss Vale) and local members were often competing against Moss Vale, Goulburn, Yass, Gerringong

and the Sydney Reserves. The local papers regularly reported the results of competition between Braidwood and Moss Vale. In 1897 a small team of Braidwood local accepted an invitation for a competition at Moss Vale; they included members, J S Dobson, F Le Maitre, W J Chapman, W Higgins, R J C Maddrell, J M Moroney and D S Young.

By the beginning of the new century the Braidwood Rifle club was formed and during the first decade of the twentieth century the rivals for this club were Araluen, Bungendore and teams from outside the district.

Some of the above local competitors went on to volunteer in the Great War. The Club continued during this time and often sent packages for local members at the front. In the 1920s the men of the town looked towards social interactions and they encouraged young fellows to become members of the club. Another generation of enthusiasts embarked on this pastime. Members such as Paul Nomchong, Jack Stoyles, F Wright (Capt.), Harold Young, the Stein brothers and F Fletcher were often competing in competitions with Bungendore in the Charlton Shell competition. The trophy was a battle shell and the winners names were inscribed



onto it. This competition was contested from at least 1913 until 1929 with great enthusiasm. J Charlton, after a hard fought match between Braidwood and Bungendore in January 1913, offered a challenge trophy of machine gun shell which he had picked up on one of the South African battlefields after a hard fight with the Boers. The local fellows competed in sweepstakes during the early 1930s with able shots like Eugene Bourke, R Innes, J Stutchbury and J McGrath.

During the years 1939 to 1945, the club was disbanded but reformed in 1946 under the proud captaincy of G Brown and G Judd. Members at the time were Dick Bensley, Les Grant, Erle Thorne, Roy Thorne, R Lamont, Les Stores, Stan Gill, Jack Dempsey, John Royds, Dick Royds, Roy Thorne, Paul Nomchong, Tom Wilder, Jack O'Brien and Don Maher.

Story reprinted from *The Braidwood & District Historical Society Newsletter* number 9, June 2018.

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It's the middle of spring, the weather has been mostly dry and warm. The winds have been annoyingly frequent and strong. All this makes for a rather difficult spring and portends a challenging summer.

First, it's really important to establish a garden watering regime with a combination of hand watering and in-line irrigation if you use it, given that these are the most water conservative methods for watering. Hand-watering refers to the application of water for irrigation purposes through a hand-held hose or watering container. Watering by hand washes the dust, grime, and insects from plant leaves and creates a deliciously moist atmosphere conducive to good plant growth and thriving microbial life.

Second, it's worth considering mulching heavily. Although there are pros and cons to mulching. Mulching can act as a breeding haven for insect pests and contribute to conditions that encourage mouldy viruses, although these may not be a problem given the lack of rain. A key consideration, however, is that when there are very light showers, or you are relying on hand watering, mulch can prevent the moisture from adequately reaching the soil beneath. It's all a balancing act where you have to choose the methods that are best suited to your individual circumstances. Our current water management system is a mixture of all the above.

When we first plant out seedlings we are hand watering until they are quite well established, (4 weeks), then we are applying mulch and using in line drip irrigation.

Some tips on hand watering.

Your soil needs to have good structure to enable penetration and you need to be using a nice gentle shower rose.

The more gently the water hits the soil the better it can penetrate. Also, long watering is not essential. To know how long to hand water for here is a simple guide: Please note that if your soil is very compacted this rule will not result in effective watering.

To determine how much water to give a bed each day, strive for a 3 to 15 sec-

ond 'shiny'. When you first begin to water, a shiny layer of excess water will appear on top of the soil. If you stop watering immediately, the shiny layer will disappear quickly. You should water until the shiny layer remains for 3 to 15 seconds after you have stopped watering. The actual time involved will differ depending on your soil's texture. The more clayey the texture, the longer the time will be. A newly prepared bed with good texture and structure will probably have enough water when a 3 second 'shiny' is reached.

WYNLEN'S GARDEN IN



SPRING '18

One way to determine whether you have watered enough is to go out the next morning and poke your finger into the bed. If the soil is evenly moist for the first 2 inches and continues to be moist below this level, you are watering properly. If the soil is dry for part or all of the first 2 inches, you need more shiny. If the soil is soggy in part or all of the upper 2 inches, you need less shiny.

Finally, mid spring is the time to plant out the seedlings for your summer crops. Makes no difference whether you have raised or purchased them. Your summer crop seedling can include pumpkins and squash, sweet corn, tomatoes and those other delicious summer fruits: beans, cucumber. But remember we could still get a late frost. There is not a great deal you can do except when one is predicted, try and cover your young plants.

If you want to know more about understanding the Gentle Art of Watering see the Wynlen House blog: <https://www.wynlenhouse.com/the-village-farmer-blog>



"I've been everywhere man!"

Lyn Cram trips about the region

People often ask me where Braidwood's *Romantic Country Weddings* magazine is available. Many people assume that it is only distributed around here. This is not so. I travelled over 2000 km, taking our latest magazine to select venues throughout the Southern Tablelands, South Coast, Southern Highlands and the ACT.

I began my trip in Bungendore, then on to Queanbeyan, Yass, Harden, Boorowa, Young, Cowra, Crookwell, Gunning, Goulburn and back to Braidwood. The next part of my journey took me down to South Durras where the magazine was delivered to the Murramurang Resort, then to many places around Batemans Bay, Mogo and Moruya. From there we journeyed up the coast, stopping at Ulladulla, Milton, Jervis Bay, Nowra and Berry. The following day the magazine was distributed in the Kangaroo Valley, Bowral, Mittagong and Moss Vale areas.

Our final destination was to the Canberra Bridal Fair, which was held at the Australian Institute of Sport hall in Bruce, ACT.

All along the way we met with friendly, helpful people who were impressed with the magazine and were happy to put it into their café or shop for their customers to read.

If you are interested in promoting your business far and wide, and would like to be part of the next *Romantic Country Weddings* magazine, just give me a call on 0456 625 948 to arrange a time for a catch-up.



Christine Riley

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SPRING RECIPES WITH LYN CRAM

BRAIDWOOD BUTCHERY

Stick Lamb Shoulder

30 min - 1 hour

The chefs at Three Blue Ducks know what you need as the temperature drops and colder evenings set in. This is a great warming dish to serve to the family. Most of the hard work needs to be done the day before, or put on first thing in the morning so it's ready when you get home. The meat is fall-apart tender with a rich, sticky glaze.

Ingredients

4 tbsp olive oil
1 large lamb shoulder on the bone
salt and pepper
1 brown onion, diced
½ bulb garlic, peeled and roughly chopped
2 long red chillies, deseeded and roughly chopped
3 tbsp tomato paste
2 stalks celery, roughly chopped
½ bunch thyme, roughly chopped
2 litres quality vegetable stock
300 ml red wine

Method

1. Put a large skillet on a high heat. Rub the lamb shoulder with olive oil and season, sear it in the pan on all sides then put in a braising dish.
2. Put the skillet back on a medium heat, add remaining olive oil, onion, garlic and chilli and cook until soft and slightly caramelised.
3. Add a tablespoon of tomato paste, stirring constantly for 3-5 minutes, and heat the oven to 150°C.
4. Add the celery and herbs, cook for another two minutes, deglaze the skillet with a little vegetable stock and pour over the lamb.
5. Add the rest of the stock to the dish, season lamb well, cover with a lid or foil and cook in an oven for 8-10 hours.
6. Remove from oven, strain off the liquid and reserve.
7. Put a saucepan on a high heat, add remaining tomato paste and the red wine and reduce for 2-3 minutes, then add the braising liquid and keep reducing the mixture to a slightly thicker glaze.
8. Turn the oven up to 200°C, brush glaze over the lamb and put in the oven. Take it out and reglaze every five minutes for 30 minutes — a dark layer will form on top of the lamb. To serve, put the lamb on a platter with the leftover glaze and take it to the table.

TIP:

Use a wide saucepan when reducing the glaze as then the liquid will evaporate faster.

Serve with Three Blue Ducks shaves squash, zucchini, pea and mint salad.

LYNDA AVERY

Strawberry & Yoghurt Loaf

lemon, zested
250 gm strawberries, chopped
2 eggs
½ cup caster sugar
½ cups SR flour
½ cup dessicated coconut
150 gm butter, melted
½ cup Greek yoghurt
Preheat oven 160°C

Source playbakesmile.com

Strawberry & Spinach Salad

large bunch spinach, washed and torn in small pieces

4 cups sliced strawberries
Dressing: shake together in a jar
½ cup oil
¼ cup white wine vinegar
¼ cup sugar
2 tbsp poppy seeds
2 tbsp sesame seeds
¼ tsp paprika
Pour over salad.

1 litre vegetable (or chicken) stock
Sea salt and freshly ground pepper
6 heaped tbsp thick, plain yoghurt, to finish
1 small bunch chives, to finish

Wash the nettle thoroughly and throw away the really thick, tougher stalks. Melt the butter in a large pan over medium-low heat, add the onion, leek, celery and garlic, cover and sweat gently for 10 minutes, stirring a few times, until soft but not brown. Add the rice and stock, bring to a simmer and cook for 10 minutes. Add the nettles, stirring them into the stock as they wilt, and simmer for five minutes or so, until the rice and the nettles are tender (very young nettle tops will need only two to three minutes). Season with plenty of salt and pepper.

Purée the soup in two batches if needed, reheat if necessary and check the seasoning. Serve in warmed bowls, topping each portion with a large dollop of yoghurt and a generous sprinkling of snipped chives.



LYN CRAM

Strawberry Ice Cream

5 eggs separated
250 g caster sugar
600 ml thickened cream (whipped)
1 punnet strawberries, washed and cut into pieces, then pureed
Brandy and vanilla essence
Beat egg yolks and sugar until thick, then fold in whipped cream.
In separate bowl, beat egg whites until stiff and fold into mixture with pureed fruit, add brandy and vanilla essence to taste.

FREEZE. There is no need to churn this one.

Fruit Daiquiris

Celebrate the lazy days of summer

300 g strawberries
250 g crushed ice
125 ml white rum
90 ml lemon juice
1-2 teaspoons sugar
Blend all ingredients and serve in cocktail glasses

This recipe also works well with mangoes, bananas, peaches or raspberries

For an indulgent treat add a scoop of icecream.



ILLUSTRATION BY
THOMAS BONIN

Waking to a nightmare

The terrible consequences of human error in tragic circumstances

Signalman James Holmes worked at Manor House cabin on the North Eastern main line between Northallerton and Thirsk. The two sections of track controlled by his signals immediately north and south of Manor House were Otterington and Avenue Junction. The year was 1892.

The night before, Holmes's child had been taken seriously ill and he had had no sleep. Next morning he tramped the countryside trying to find the local doctor who had gone out on his rounds. He returned to find the child dead and his wife so distressed that he did not like to leave her alone.

He had a telegraph message sent to York to ask his mother to come down by train to join her. Holmes then went

to Thomas Kirby, the stationmaster at Otterington, told him what had happened and said that he felt quite unfit to go on duty at Manor House that night. Kirby then sent the following telegraph message to Signals Inspector Pick: "Can you send relief to Manor House tonight? Holmes child dead." The reply came back that a relief could not be found. Holmes later spoke to the Otterington signalman and asked him to let him know by telegraph if his mother arrived on the York train. "Harry," he added, "I am just about done to start duty. I haven't been off my legs since 12 o'clock." Holmes then set off to walk to Manor House.

The first part of the up [towards London] night Scotch express left Edinburgh at

10.30 pm that evening but the second part was delayed by the late arrival of connections from the north and did not leave until 11.02. After the first part had passed Northallerton North Junction at 3.33 am and cleared the block, the signalman there let an up goods from Middlesbrough to Starbeck out on to the main line. His action was subsequently criticized in the Press but, as the accident inspector, Major Marin din, pointed out, he was perfectly justified in so doing. The line was worked on the absolute block system, there was an ample margin of time between the two portions of the express, and the goods had only to run six miles on the main line to Avenue Junction where it would pass on to a running goods line. James Holmes passed the first part of the express through normally. He then accepted the following goods train. When he received the 'Train on Line' signal for the goods from Otterington he acknowledged it but did not send the 'Be Ready' signal for it forward to Avenue Junction. For at this juncture he was overcome by sleep and, as he had not cleared his signals [*from danger to all clear*], the goods train came to a standstill only a few yards from his box. When he awoke thirteen minutes later



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**THE ENTIRE CONTENTS
 OF THE SHOP MUST GO**

his mind was confused and he had forgotten about the goods train.

So, when Signalman Eden at Otterington gave him the 'Be Ready' signal for the second part of the express and he saw that his instrument still showed 'Train on Line', he concluded that he had never cleared after the first part of the express had run through. He therefore unpegged his block instrument giving 'Line Clear' to Otterington, accepted the train and offered it forward to Avenue Junction. But having done so, Holmes had a sudden misgiving. He called Eden on the speaking telegraph and asked: 'Is this the EP (Express Passenger)?' As soon as Eden received this message he realized too late that something must be wrong at Manor House.

The express roared past his box at that moment, into a section only a mile and a half long and in a matter of seconds he heard the distant thunder of a collision.

Driver Roland Ewart of the Scotch express had no chance. He was running at a mile a minute, the night was slightly foggy, and he only sighted the red tail lights of the goods at a distance of 40 yards. On impact, the engine and tender fell on their sides across a siding on the up side with their wheels together. The first three vehicles of the train were a brake van, an East Coast Joint Stock third-class carriage, and the Pullman Sleeping car 'India'. The body of the Pullman came off its bogies and demolished the third-class coach, killing eight passengers and injuring thirty-nine. But it was a tribute to the strength of Pullman construction that no passenger in the sleeping car was even slightly injured. Forty minutes after the collision, a fire, started by live coals from the firebox, spread rapidly through the wreckage. Roland Ewart, who had been thrown clear on to the line-side, watched the blaze start from a flicker no larger than a candle flame but was too badly injured to prevent it spreading. His fireman had wandered off down the line towards Otterington. He, too, was injured and suffering from shock but his one idea was to protect the up line. He eventually made his way to a neighbouring farmhouse from which he was taken to hospital.

The unhappy James Holmes was subsequently charged with the manslaughter of George Petch, the guard of the goods train, and committed for trial at York Assizes before Mr Justice Charles. Holmes, weeping bitterly, was found guilty, but the Judge ruled that he be discharged and it is a measure of the popular feeling which the case had aroused that this decision was greeted with prolonged cheering from the body of the court. Reinforced by the recommendations made in the inspecting officer's report on Thirsk, the case of James Holmes led to a reduction in the working hours of signalmen and to a better system of relief.

An extract from the book "Red for Danger" 1971 by L.T.C. Holt based on information held by the British Railways Inspection Department.



THE SOUQ

Lynda Avery heads to the Middle East in search of a bargain

Dubai Creek, and the souq, (market place) are two of the jewels of Dubai. Each has their own very special atmosphere, whether you approach the souq by Arbra (water-taxi) from across the creek or on foot from the carpark, it is just what you went for. Its rather antique, Arabic structure, the colour of fabrics, the glitter of sequined shoes and bags, the aromatic spices and the stall holders trying to sell their wares. Albeit rather persistently at times.

After parking your vehicle some distance away, the walk beside The Creek, which has been the harbour for Dubai since the community was made up of pearl fishers and shipping on the Persian Gulf, is pleasant if there is a breeze, but can be unpleasantly hot as there is no shade. The Creek is still a harbour for the dhows that carry rock from the quarry up the coast of Oman for construction work in Dubai. They are still used as freighters. There are many of these, once sailing boats, now diesel-powered, parked along the walkway. Some offer scenic rides along the Creek, others are floating restaurants repainted and beautifully presented.

The arrival at the souq is a welcome relief, as the high roof and breezy open-air plan give respite to the sometimes-stifling heat. Its bustling shoppers and keen to sell stall holders who are, at first, overwhelming, eventually become familiar and the market atmosphere exciting.

If you approach the souq from the opposite side of the Creek by Arbra, you leave from the Gold souq along with several other boats vying for a spot at the wharf, then on reaching the

then find, a couple of stalls further on, your purchase could be a couple of dirhams cheaper. Oh! but the thrill of the chase, it gets me every time.

The obligatory cup of coffee keeps the men hanging around while the girls shop and then the promise of lunch helps keep everyone satisfied and playing the game.

If it's labels and fashion you are keen to buy, the Malls, with layer upon layer of floors and kilometres of hallways, are the other shopping option but not quite the cultural experience the souq offers.

This is a great experience and one I look forward to each time I'm in Dubai.



TAX TIPS with Tim Allen

When completing your tax return, you are entitled to claim deductions for some expenses, most of which should be directly related to earning your income (called "work-related expenses"). Deductions reduce your taxable income, meaning you pay less tax.

To claim a deduction for work-related expenses:

- You must have spent the money yourself
- It must be directly related to earning your assessable income
- You should have a record to substantiate your claim.

When your expenses meet these criteria, some of the things you may be able to claim are:

- Vehicle and travel expenses if you use your car for work or work in different locations
- Clothing, laundry and dry-cleaning expenses for a uniform that is unique and distinctive, or specific to your occupation
- Gifts and donations for contributions to endorsed organisations
- Home office expenses such as a computer or phone, and running costs such as an internet service, as they relate to your work

If you need help with your deductions, or any other taxation or accounting needs, contact our office or come in and see Lateral's glp friendly staff.



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The Spring allergy season is here

Bente Hart and Julie Ballard

It is that time of the year where you may suddenly start to sneeze, the nose runs or is blocked and the eyes can get itchy and runny. It is allergic rhinitis that sometimes is called 'hay fever' when it occurs during the times of year when there are a lot of pollens in the air. The biggest culprit for seasonal allergy in the Braidwood area is ryegrasses. Though it is worth noting, that most people with allergic rhinitis are allergic to house dust mites, pollen, pets, moulds or a combination of these.

The allergic reaction makes the inside of the nose irritated, swollen and abnormally sensitive (inflamed). It also affects the back of the mouth and the throat. A person with rhinitis may have a blocked or runny nose, and may experience itching or soreness in the nose, throat and eyes. Some people can also get headache and have symptoms that are so severe that they can't sleep or concentrate and in general feel unwell and tired. This can cause problems with concentration at work or school.

Possible symptoms of allergic rhinitis

(remember you do not necessarily have all the symptoms)

- Itchy, runny or blocked nose
- Itchy or watery eyes
- Sneezing
- Always feeling like you have a head cold
- Frequent sore throats
- Hoarse voice
- Breathing through the mouth
- Snoring
- Facial pain or pressure
- Frequent headaches
- Repeatedly getting middle ear infections

- Constantly coughing to clear the throat soon after lying down to sleep
- Bad breath
- Sleeping badly or being tired during the day
- Breathing problems even when your asthma is well controlled

Asthma and allergic rhinitis are related health conditions. People with allergic rhinitis have a higher chance of going on to develop asthma than people without allergic rhinitis. So, if you have allergic rhinitis and are allergic to grass pollens (e.g. ryegrass), you could have asthma attacks caused by springtime thunderstorms (also known as thunderstorm asthma). These mainly occur in October – November, in places where there is a lot of grass pollen (e.g. most of south-eastern Australia). Very severe asthma attacks triggered by thunderstorms are more likely in people who have asthma as well as allergic rhinitis – especially if their asthma is not well controlled, or they are not taking regular preventer medication for their asthma. So, good control of allergic rhinitis and asthma could reduce your risk.

Things you can do to reduce exposure to pollen:

Check a pollen calendar on websites like:
canberrapollen.com.au

Or get a phone app like:

"Canberra pollen count and forecast".

Or know when to listen for the daily forecast on TV or radio.

- Stay indoors as much as possible, especially after midday in spring when the pollen count forecast is high, and on windy days or after thunderstorms
- Shower after outdoor activities to wash off pollen
- Wash your eyes often with lubricating eye drops or saline water to flush out any pollen
- Flush your nasal passages with a nasal rinse like "NeilMed Sinus Rinse" or "Flo Sinus Care" to mechanically remove pollen from the nasal cavities.

Many treatments are available to buy in the pharmacy today. Both things that rapidly relieve symptoms and preventative treatments to control symptoms. As with all things in health remember that it is the preventative treatment that is most important as it stops the symptoms from happening in the first place.

Some commonly used types of medication are:

Intranasal corticosteroid sprays – these nasal sprays contain very low-dose steroids and are one of the most effective treatments for allergic rhinitis. They need to be used regularly to be effective. Please ask for a demonstration in the pharmacy on how to use them correctly to get the best effect.

Antihistamine nasal spray – Can provide quick relief of itching and sneezing, and may help with blocked nose. They can be used together with corticosteroid nasal spray.

Non-sedating antihistamine tablets – these may be useful to control sneezing and itching, but are not as effective as intranasal corticosteroid sprays to control a severely blocked or runny nose.

Eye drops – may relieve itchy, swollen or runny eyes. Please ask for a demonstration in the pharmacy on how to instil your eye drops correctly.

Saline rinses - Used to help clear your nose and soothe the lining of your nose.

Please discuss with your local community pharmacist or doctor which combination or products will be best for you. For women who are pregnant or breast feeding please ask your pharmacist for advice on what products would be best for you and are safe to use for baby. The advice will be tailored to your specific situation.

If you need to use a nasal spray please be aware of the following dos and don'ts.

Do:

- Shake the bottle before each use
- Clear any mucus from your nose by blowing gently, or use a saline rinse or spray then wait 10 minutes before using your medication spray
- Lean your head forward and put the nozzle into your nostril gently, without pushing it in hard
- Point the spray bottle away from the wall that divides your nostrils (septum). At the same time, point it inwards towards the moist part of the inside of your nose
- Spray once into your nostril, then repeat the steps for your other nostril.

After using the spray, wipe the tip with a dry tissue and put the cap back on.

Don't:

- Tilt your head back while spraying
- Push the nozzle too hard or far into your nose (you could damage your septum or cause bleeding)
- Blow your nose hard after spraying (the medicine is lost)
- Sniff hard after spraying (the medicine ends up in your throat instead of your nose)
- Use a saline rinse straight after using the medicine. If you use saline, use it before your other medicines, and wait at least an hour before using saline again.

Professional services available at Braidwood Pharmacy:

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

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Julie Ballard & Bente Hart 4842 2528

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Saturday 9am - 12.30pm

Sometimes on a uni budget, you need to make sacrifices. You need to do things you wouldn't do, eat things you wouldn't eat. Leaving home is a complete free-for-all. No one can stop you buying and consuming the cheapest of cheap foods, especially if it's necessary for your survival. But what to do if, say, you wanted chicken tonight? And only had five dollars? And a complete and utter disregard for what you eat?

Join me on a journey through six cheap chicken experiences **you** can have for under five dollars, and let me try these things so you don't have to.

The Two-in-one Luncheon Tube

Cost: three dollars.

It's in Woolworths, but it's a bit tricky to find, I guess because it defies easy classification. Don't be fooled by the dog food section.

Preliminary thoughts:

'Ready to Eat' is proudly emblazoned on the side, but I'm not sure I've ever felt less ready to eat something in my life. Its thick tube like packaging and dubious meat blend also bares a distinctly unappetising similarity to dog-food, the thought of which has been rapidly lowering my readiness to eat it. It also claims to be a combination of chicken and pork, which is what I assume human meat probably tastes like, another factor which is speedily lowering an already negligible appetite for meat tube.

The sniff test:

It doesn't clearly smell like any meat I've ever experienced, except possibly being evocative of a more pungent devon.

The experience:

The first thing that hits you is the sheer density of the meat — this is one solid tube. The taste definitely doesn't smack you over the head, instead it just sort of screams 'generic meat product' in the next room, and calls it a day.

It's not overwhelmingly bad, but only because it was constructed from such an unholy amalgamation of stuff that it hasn't got a distinct enough flavour to be clearly disgusting. Regardless, I won't be adding this tube to my luncheon menu.

鸡肉午餐肉 (Lunch Meat)

Cost: I forgot to write this down. It was somewhere in the ball-park of two or three dollars. Purchased at an Asian supermarket

Preliminary thoughts:

The sketchiness of this product is definitely amplified by not knowing exactly

Cheap chicken experiences you can have for under \$5



Leo Alder reports from a share house somewhere in Canberra

what its situation is. It is also a remarkably difficult thing for a canned meat amateur to open, as it doesn't have the easy pop mechanism that the other cans enjoy.

Instead, it had some sort of fat key thing taped to the top of it, but after breaking it off, there was absolutely no indication as to how to open the damn thing. I had to do some very specific googling to work out the strangely weird mechanism required to open it, where you have to peel off the wrapper, and insert the key into the side and like, twist it open.

Even then I goofed it up and had to bust into it like a savage to get at my disgusting chicken product.

Immediately it looks bad. It's so goddamn pink. Like, the colour of one of those hairless goblin cats. I'm having a hard time trusting it as being edible without additional cooking, but, as it turns out, all of these 'chicken' products are supposedly ready to eat straight out of the can, and unfortunately, in the interests of an authentic experience that is what I must do.

Sniff test:

Oh my god, it smells so bad. I don't even know what to liken it to. Definitely nothing of this Earth. A similar smell might be akin to an alien escapee from Area 51, collapsed and rotting in the Utah desert.

The experience:

This is nothing like any food I have

ever eaten. It doesn't have the texture of food, barely has the taste of anything. I feel like it can only be classified as food on a technicality. It's wet-ish, but not moist. Yet it somehow feels both dry and slimy in the mouth. It looks and feels like memory foam, like some sort of construction putty used to seal up cracks in a wall. Or like the cheapest of rations leftover from the first world war. I don't think I've ever experienced anything with quite as intrinsically confronting a mouth-feel experience as this thing.

Even writing this a day after the fact, thinking about it still gives me intense flashbacks to eating it, to that terrible mass of chicken putty just sitting stagnant in the mouth. Oh God, in the interest of not reliving it further, I think I might hold off on further description. On the plus side, it makes the two-in-one luncheon tube seem like a fond memory by comparison.

Coles Tin Chicken

Cost: I bought all three flavours for under five dollars. You can find it by the Spam.

Preliminary thoughts:

Three flavours! What a steal! Honestly, I've been dreading this one the most, as I suspect that the additional element of 'flavour' just adds way more things to go wrong. Also; one of the flavours is mayo, the idea of which sends violent shudders down my spine.

Sniff test:

Chilli: This one smells catastrophically bad. I cannot stress this enough. It stank up the entire room instantaneously. It smelt like cat urine. Like paint. Like indeterminate horror.

Teriyaki: When it was first opened, it

released an intense, violent attack of rotten teriyaki smell. However, on repeated sniffing it became apparent that, although initially smelling worse, it didn't have the lingering chemical warfare capabilities of the chilli.

Mayo: I gave an audible sigh of relief when I discovered it doesn't smell as pungent as the others, as I was sure that of any of the flavours, mayo would be the one to kill me. However, it still doesn't smell anything like food.

The experience:

Chilli: This one just made my monkey brain go haywire with the desire not to eat it, some leftover evolutionary defence mechanism desperately begging me to see sense. Strangely enough though, it just tastes sweet. Definitely not like meat. Or like anything really. But somehow, eating it is better than smelling it. However if you even so much as detect it through your nose it becomes intensely difficult to get down.

Teriyaki: This one takes the award for most like cat-food, tiny little can and all.

It doesn't smell as bad as the chilli flavour, however, every time you disturb it with your fork, diabolical little shotgun bursts of pungency are released making eating it difficult.

Taste wise, it's oily, it's fish-like, it's strange and hard to pin down. Its flavour is confusing and while definitely bad, it isn't hit you over the head bad. However, I definitely didn't want a second bite.

Mayo: My stomach was getting pretty damn close to full-scale revolution at



this point. Eating it, it starts off like "oh", and then almost instantaneously deteriorates, getting exponentially worse the longer you let it stay in your mouth.

It makes me believe that the potential food poisoning aspect of this experience will probably be more appealing than the actual act of eating these things.

Chicken Hearts:

Cost: When I was in there, Woolworths refused to disclose the price of these things, on the packet or on the shelf, which is surprising as you'd think the low price point would be the only possible source of positive advertising. So... cheap? I'm certain that they're way under five dollars anyway. You can find them at Woolworths by the turkey necks and chicken feet.

Preliminary thoughts:

Now, full disclosure, I didn't buy and eat chicken hearts. At this point in my depraved chicken journey, the thought of somehow descending lower into the realm of disgust filled me with an existential dread that I simply could not shake. However, my housemate once bought chicken hearts because they were ridiculously cheap, and in lieu of my own suffering, I will catalogue his experience here.

Sniff test:

"Meaty."

The experience:

Now, this turned out to be the only thing on this list that can't just be bought and eaten on the spot. Unless of course, you want to frighten your friends with a next-level display of savagery and poor life choices. Don't do this.

I mention this, as your enjoyment of this chicken product is undoubtedly determined by whether you know how to cook it correctly or not. I have no idea

how they are supposed to be cooked, and how much that impacts the experience, but I am certain that my housemate did not cook them correctly.

With that out of the way, here's what he had to say:

"The taste was like the blandest most boring part of a chicken, like all the fun of a chicken had been taken out."

"The texture was like those little rubbery bouncy balls, you know, the ones that jump up to like, double their height. Very chewy."

"It definitely wasn't worth the price. Even if you offered me five dollars to eat it, I wouldn't. Ten dollars is a different story though."



Tinned Pigeon

Cost: Maybe like, three dollars? I forget exactly how much. This can also be found at your local Asian grocery.

Preliminary thoughts:

I bought this fully resigned to the fact that tinned pigeon is a thing that exists and that I was going to have to eat it. However, a closer investigation of the tin has led me to believe that it is, in fact, some sort of mysterious vegetable product.

Sniff test:

Smells sort of like vegetables that have been boiling too long.

The experience:

Opening it, it looks like a deep sea creature that's been preserved in brine. It's definitely not pigeon meat, but is rather some sort of weird, pickled vegetable.

Honestly, this one is undeniably the best out of all the tinned 'food' stuffs. It just tastes really, really salty and was a desperately welcomed palate cleanser to banish my previous, painful chicken experiences.

Now, I don't know if it actually tasted good, or whether my concept of good had simply been warped by a constant procession of terrible meat, but I definitely went back for a second bite.

HORRORSCOPE FOR THE SPRING MONTHS OF 2018:

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

GEMINI

As everyone knows, Donald Trump is a Gemini, with a Leo Rising, a Sagittarius Moon, a prodigious Ego and a hankering for a Space Force. If there are Martians out there they'd better not try to get to the United States or he'll have that galactic wall built as soon as Bucky can take off.

CANCER

Are you a bit off-colour this month? Maybe you're feeling blue; or green with envy; pink with exertion or embarrassment; in a black mood; or just browned off. And of course as Senator Red said, "It's okay to be white".

LEO

Your energy levels might be all over the place this week just like the sea level in the seat of Wentworth. The Greens said it was rising, the Liberals said it was parting all the way to Jerusalem and for Labor the tide receded over the horizon. Luckily a woman whose head was level snuck in, took the electorate's temperature and prescribed a dose of independents.

VIRGO

You might be feeling dwarfed by your responsibilities at this time. Speaking of the little folk, there was once a big house in Canberra. In it lived ScoMo, Dutto, Frydo and Cormo. Next door, but out of sight and not mentioned in polite company, lived See-O2 woe, kept out of sight by Abbott-O-He-Say No Problemo. Quite often and sometimes accidentally they entertain the aforementioned Little White Snow.

LIBRA

Sing a song of five cents, I tried to buy a pie; Four 'n Twenty satay I thought I'd give a try. But when the doors slid open, the queue was that darn slow, I had a

mind to give it up, just turn around and go. Through the wall behind the glass they're counting out the money, as stories go, this one's slow and not especially funny.

SCORPIO

Of all the things you need to change you start to make a list; the kettle boils, the dinner spoils and the old man comes home _____. You're not alone, pick up the phone, you have friends who will assist.

SAGITTARIUS

You ring Telstra to complain that your new iPhone's stop twerking and they have a hang up too. So you send them a screen shot and they ask you what you meme by that. Relationship go rapidly BU and TBH it won't turn out gucci.

CAPRICORN

Pluto goes into conjunction with Fido this week and together they chase Daisy, Betty and Buttercup under the moon's phase from fence to fence. Farmer Brown, aided by his helper Winchester, will attempt to send the marauding mutts into an altogether different astral dimension.

**AQUARIUS**

This is a good time to join a club. Why not make it a car club, then you can spend hours talking the torque. Where's your head at man, they may well ask and you can reply, Oh I've had it shaved and you wouldn't believe how well everything now flows in one side and straight out the other. Tighten everything to 65 ft-lbs, or if you have a French car, it's 88.12817 Bastilles or something.

PISCES

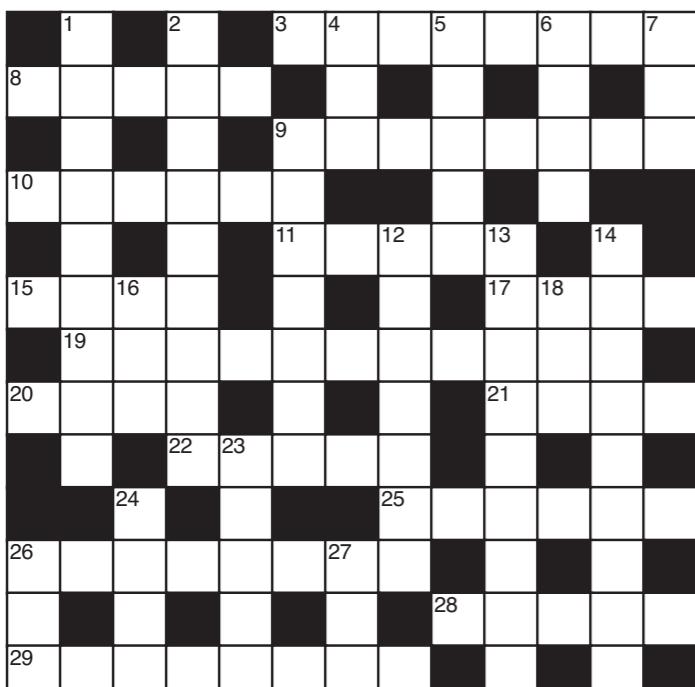
And they're racing in the Berejiklian Cup. Ranting Jones was quick off the mark and had Chief Exec wedged against the sails. Phone Call was running hot and Instant Dismissal was threatening. At the finish line it was Crass Commercialism out of Reality Touch. Good Taste and Public Interest came a distant last.

ARIES

Treat yourself to some video therapy. Veg out and watch something like, 'World's Biggest Deadshits' and see if anyone you voted for has creamed the audition. As these shows become more bizarre, should we worry about calling them 'reality' TV?

TAURUS

And then sometimes events take a turn for the really sad. There was a man who was a staunch supporter of Braidwood having its own local journal right from BWD #1 in 2012. To have the blessing of such a knowledgeable and likeable man was a great source of inspiration. Magazines and newsagents are like needles and thread and this man who I admired greatly, needledd me for years about why the next issue had not yet appeared. I am profoundly sorry that he's not around to see this one.

BRAIDWOOD BAFFLER BWD17**ACROSS**

3. In law, a room or office used by barristers or a judge. (8)
8. Obtained by effort (old English) (5)
9. Moving in the water in a deliberate way. (8)
10. He likes his own company. (6)
11. Bets are sometimes laid on the outcome of these. (5)
15. You might get one of these in the sun. (1,3)
17. Kept in, confined. (4)
19. Free from outside control. (11)
20. A stake put up by a poker player before receiving cards. (4)
21. Adam and Eve were kicked out of here. (4)
22. Colour again. (2-3)
25. There's plenty of places to enjoy this is Braidwood! (6)
26. Intrinsic, built-in. (8)
28. Band together in a common cause. (5)
29. Person responsible for presiding over board or committee meetings. (8)

DOWN

1. Firmly establishing. (9)
2. Person in authority esp. of troops. (9)
4. Chop, hack. (3)
5. Given name of President Dwight D. Eisenhower's wife. (5)
6. Discharge, release. (4)

SOLUTION TO BAFFLER BWD 16

H	Y	P	O	C	R	I	T	I	C	A	L
A	U	P	U	I	A	I					
G	R	E	E	T	I	N	G	R	O	M	E
D	N	N	E	E	I						
B	A	N	P	R	O	B	I	T	Y		
G	N	A	I	E							
B	E	M	O	A	N	S	M	A	R	T	Y
S	C	R	A	W	L	H	R	W			
H	I	O	B	S	H						
W	I	L	F	A	I						
R	O	A	E	A	M						
P	A	T	N	E	R						

Liberals, we need some help here

We can't all vote for the same lot,
that would be a one-party state.

Liberal voters, I feel your pain. It can't be easy to have to watch

your elected representatives make such a big drama of the move towards renewable energy.

How did this come about? Why has the conservative side of politics painted itself into a corner? Perhaps action on climate change is not being decided on its merit but rather on, "if that lot are all in favour then we'll be against".

The placing of people and their opinions on a scale from 'loony left' through to 'alt right' is driving us into opposing camps when what is needed is a calm reasoned dialogue.

The dinosaurs in the government are turning cartwheels in their attempt to thwart or delay a planned, orderly transition from coal-based electricity generation to renewables.

Why?

Robert Menzies who, with a small band of supporters, formed the Liberal Party in 1944 would be aghast at what has happened to his party. He said at the time:

"...what we must look for, and it is a matter of desperate importance to our society, is a true revival of liberal thought which will work for social justice and security, for national power and national progress, and for the full development of the individual citizen, though not through the dull and deadening process of socialism."

The 'forgotten people' that Menzies cared about were those whose goals, needs and aspirations had been ignored by government. He didn't say anything about sticking your fingers in your ears and yelling, "la-la-la-la" when the evidence from nearly every climate scientist on the planet is calling for the fastest reduction in the burning of coal that we can manage.

Fluffing about, trying to divert the narrative to 'affordable' electricity, is not true Liberal thought. It is not a heroic fight of the little person against the inhuman, uncaring state. Quite the opposite in fact.

Renewable energy is by its nature decentralised and not controlled by the state. This is one of the best reasons

ability to take action on climate change. But they won't be laughing for long. As the impact of global warming makes life unbearable for some countries, those like us who claim an exemption from action on the grounds that it's not in our economic interest, will be held in the contempt we deserve.

So come on Liberal and National Party voters, it's up to you. Make some noise, write to your local member or make bumper stickers that say, "I want to vote Liberal and I want my grandchildren to inherit a liveable planet".

Pandering to an industry that is on the skids, but fighting furiously as it goes down, is not what Sir Robert Menzies would have wanted.

He and his band of 'eighty men and women from non-Labor political parties' wanted to save Australia from the yoke of totalitarianism and to support the rights of the individual.

The irony here is that all individuals are now threatened by a big business that holds virtual totalitarian control over government energy policy through its political lobby power.

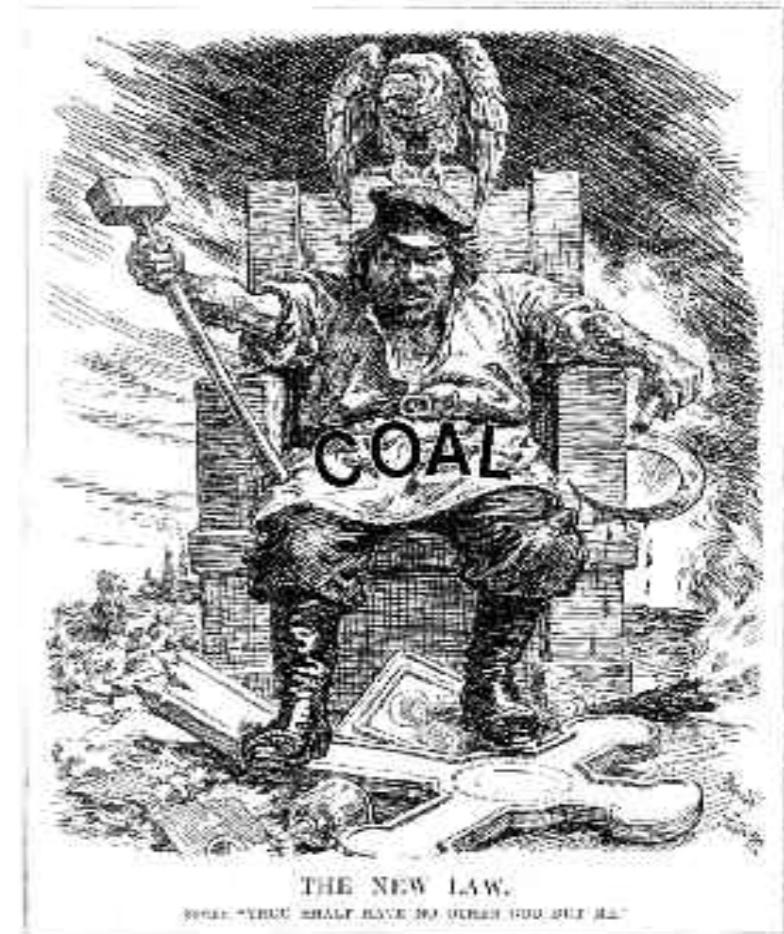
And then government is the yoke.

TIME & ENERGY

towards the future by Paul Cockram

THE PUNCH CARTOON BELOW DEMONSTRATES THE FEAR OF COMMUNISM THAT GRIPPED THE DEMOCRATIC WORLD IN 1930. TAKE OUT THE HAMMER, SICKLE AND CROSSES AND IN TODAY'S WORLD IT COULD BE CAPTIONED:

"THE OLD LAW — THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER FUEL BUT ME."





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