



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 gunna get outa yo face", for moving back; or, "Thas a good 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.

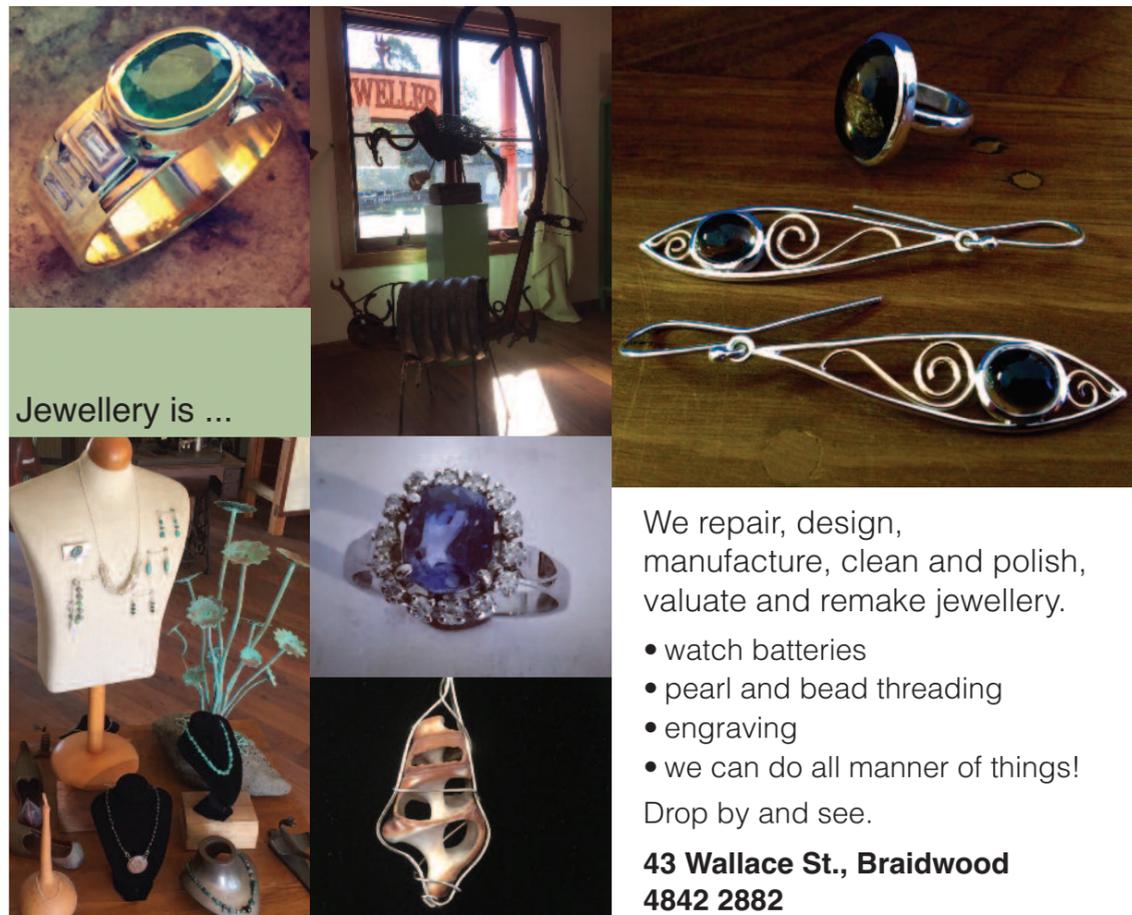
It seems absurd to see the President spruiking a Space Force, the 'fourth arm' of the services, with no idea at all of what it could possible achieve while each day commuters in New York wait patiently for the subway train to take them home as soon as the antiquated signalling system can be fixed.

CHES 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



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DINING IN STYLE



COMMITTEE MEMBERS GILLY BURKE, FIONA HALL, KIRSTY ALTENBURG AND LYN 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 brainchild 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.

We were surprised to hear the sad story of Mrs Beeton's life. Most people picture Mrs Beeton as an elderly woman, however, we discovered that she and her husband produced their famous volumes of recipes and household hints when she was still a very young woman. Sadly she died from complications of childbirth when aged 28. Her husband continued to publish these books in her memory.

We toasted Mrs Beeton with champagne, and marvelled that she was

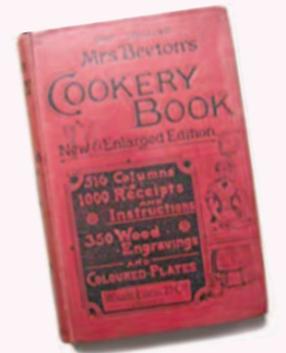
THE FOOD ARRANGEMENT WAS STUNNING.



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.