



## PICKING PEACHES

Araluen or Braidwood. It is very much by word of mouth; we also get a lot of backpackers. The social media, Facebook and Twitter, have been fantastic for us.

We have got some Italians who first came three years ago and they refer people every year, so I don't have to advertise any more, which is fantastic. The people who are referred are as good as the ones I had three years ago so good old Facebook works very well. We have got camping grounds here for the backpackers. There're cabins, ablutions block, barbecue area and we have badminton and volleyball setup for them. Each year we spend a little more on the amenities. Now, most people are able to stay in the cabins, with only the overflow having to stay in the tents.

Jackie French has a great story about how Ned started the orchard. It's about how Ned or his father saw peach seeds grow in the ground very easily with the soil here and the micro climate of Araluen. It is not as cold as Braidwood in the winter but hotter in the summer, and the water supply today, apart from the droughts, made it ideal for growing peaches. But that's a story for another time.

There has been a change in the composition of our workers. When I first came here we had a lot of young people who had just finished school. That was quite challenging because it

was the first time they had done any physical work — so it was quite hard. We have now gone for an older age group; there are quite a few uni students, local people from the coast,

## Eyes sky high

*"Look! Up in the sky. It's a bird, no it's a plane ... no, it's a hexicopter ..."*

*John Dawe is down below*

**M**Y INTEREST IN MODELS goes way back to when I was a kid and I made wooden toys. It's amazing what you could make out of matchboxes in the days when they were made out of wood. I've always been interested in building things. It's been a natural progression.

For years as a modeler, radio control was the stuff of 'Buck Rogers and the Twenty-first Century'. When remote control came in a big way in the 1960s, that let loose all kinds of things — boats, cars, planes and all sorts of stuff. It was everybody's dream to be able to control their models by radio.

I've now got a couple of boats, a 'plane and the hexicopter which is like a helicopter but with six motors. It's a wonderful machine for sneaking up on wildlife. Kangaroos, for instance, don't really know what it is so they just sit there. The hexicopter is the latest progression in flying, because unlike helicopters which can be difficult to control, the hexicopter doesn't require as much practice and skill to fly.

The hexicopter carries an on-board camera and records in high-definition. It also displays its flight view on the hand-held remote so that I can see what it sees, even if the machine is flying out of my sight. When the clouds come



over the range (the Budawangs) I can get it up there and capture magnificent shots of the weather. I've been able to capture some spectacular cloud shots.

For years I built wooden aeroplanes but these days it's more common to buy the 'plane complete. That's a pity because I always enjoyed making them as much as crashing them (laughs) and I've cracked quite a few. That's all gone now, the petrol motors, the balsa-wood and tissue. Now it's all foam and electrics. Battery technology is so good now you can fly for an hour or so. It all comes from China and it's amazing what you can get for the money.



SERGIO IN HIS BRAIDWOOD SHED.

## Bedrooms across the border

*What's in a name ... or a nationality? Sergio Jachin knows more than most*

**T**HE WORLD WOULD BE a far better place if most of the population lived in border towns. To know, respect and appreciate other cultures and languages is a way of life that has continued happily throughout the world through the ages. Occasionally it is interrupted by political, racial or religious fanaticism initiated by people seeking their own agendas, but generally it is an enriching and satisfying experience.

In the northern Italian towns most people speak German because it used to belong to Austria. There are two official languages, German and Italian; all street names are written in both languages but other languages are spoken as well because borders do not matter too much to these people. They intermarry, do business together, and get along well. As long as you are

a good person you are alright. If you are an asshole then everyone knows and treats you as such. It's a good thing living on a border, you become more human.

Instead of conscripting young people into armies, we should give them money to travel the world and meet other peoples and experience their cultures. That would stop a lot of the wars.

**Border changes can cause confusion.**

In 1945 they drew lines on a map and people went out and marked the borders. The local cemetery at my father's home city of Gorizia was divided during that border change. Half was in Italy whilst the other half was in Yugoslavia. Half the people buried in Northern Italy were now buried in Yugoslavia without being exhumed.



SERGIO WITH SISTER GABY, NORTHERN ITALY 1944.